

The Cult of Friendship: Mindless Drone of Friendship

Clip, clop, clip, clop. Brian? No. Legante? Perhaps. LT3T5U-249? Yes. So many layers of conditioning, training, corruption, depending how you view it placed upon the human, trapped within a feral pony suit, which is trapped in a faceless pony drone attire. Following his Mistress, his owner, his *best* friend in the world, Spreading Shine. Going through the hallway lined with rubes, wires, and machinery that all feed into the main conversion chambers, a long conveyor belt that he watched with Spreading Shine just moments ago but could have been eternity ago. When the constant of one's existence is a blissful joyous state, there is no beginning or end of any other task that helps define time, the rest of his body on autopilot, following his programming.

He stops just in front of the start of the large convoy belt system, staring mindlessly, the smooth drone with his bar code markings, designation cutie mark. He doesn't look around to take in the grandeur and over the top complexity of the process, but when he hears his Mistress speak the pleasure spikes.

"Here we are, the start of your final conversion. I hope you are ready for you, there is nothing you can do to escape it," she giggles, her horn glowing, finger running down from the back of the pony's head all the way down to his tail. The suit opens up like a flowering plant, ready to bloom. LT3T5U-249's simple black and cyan pony body underneath stands out compared to the void of the vanta-black rubber drone body.

Legante shivers, the cool air touching his 'skin' makes him shudder, moan, buck against the chastity bondage within the suit, but then a soft pink glow envelopes his body, slowly lifting him free from the drone's suit, mask and all. He gasps, mind flickering back to life as he sees the world through his 'eyes' which is the rubber pony body the human is trapped in, "There we go. I want a nice fresh full rubber droning coat, using *my* rubber, so we can be connected, together, forever, as my closest and *best* friends, and a lovely, sweet drone, how does that sound?"

He shudders, squirming, knickering, eyes going wide, "H-hey, but I don't want to be a rubber pony drone. I said no!" he huffs, and squeaks, shuddering, his arousal, and eagerness giving clear contradiction to his words. His eyes scream, "Yes, please, keep going, make me struggle."

Spreading Shine smirks, her large loving hot pink eyes. She runs a hoofed finger along his chin, "You'll feel so much better. A state of constant bliss, and forever connected to me. Once you become *my* rubber there is no going back," she says, pulling out the plugs out of his rear, and rings around his dick freeing it so it may ache and throb, "I assure you this freedom you are feeling right now. Will soon be stripped from you," she says with a giggle.

Legante groans, clenching his rump, feeling the aching longing to be filled and contained again, "W-what's so funny?" he asks, his body placed onto the conveyor belt the solid rubber seems to 'melt' locking his feet to it. And as he struggles, he finds it impossible to move his limbs even a millimeter.

“My birth, if you can call it that, has led me to always want freedom, to be free from the one I was bound to. I *love* the freedom that I’ve obtained and did not have at the beginning. Yet it didn’t happen from malice or anything like that. I was extremely bonded to my mother if you’d like to call it that. I had to watch someone, as a salazze curiously enough. Pumping the room full of my pleasing arousing aroma, as my mother’s dear friend, was becoming like her. Sleek, rubbery, mewtwo. I never did get his original name, but he loved being a controlled sub to her. The time it took him to gain control over his powers, I slowly gained my own separate personality. Sense of self. She never intended it, but once it was known, I remained. Shifting from form to form, as I tried to find myself. Yet also, I am still bound to her, her control, her power. It was immense and well...” she runs her finger across Legante’s muzzle, “Let’s get this started and I can tell you more as we go,” she says, her horn glowing, the machinery humming to life as the conveyor belt moves, tugging him forward.

Legante tugs on the constraints, pulling him forward the machines getting to work with a mechanical emotionless automation, a glimpse into what he’ll become. Spreading Shine walks on a small path just outside of the machines, just within view, able to watch every dripping detail, and to draw his attention to her soothing voice, tugging and pulling at his focus, swirls of black rubber containers now on either side of him.

“I laughed, sweet drone, to see people like you. Born with freedom. To be separate from others, wanting the very thing I came into this world as. Part of a greater whole, my body’s will was that of the one who made me. I sought what you had, and now you seek what I experienced. And yet, I *love* to do it myself. I guess the apple doesn’t fall far from the tree as it were,” she says, watching as two thick dripping phallic tentacles. They squirt and spray a thick layer of warm gooey rubber across his muzzle and rear, making him shudder as the heat of it feels like candle wax hitting his skin, the warmth pulsating throughout his body at the point of contact.

“But I...” he huffs, thin breathing tubes slip into his nostrils pushing up providing him with much needed air, but laden with a sweet arousing aroma that makes his dick twitch and ache in need. The phallic objects push into his body, coating the inside of rear and mouth with the heated rubber that floods his body with warmth.

“You may think now. While you still can, that is. I can read your thoughts. I’ve *always* been able to. When you signed your NDA with me for your month-long visit, you gave the permission to read surface level thoughts and feelings. It helped me get an idea of what you were truly looking for. From the simple friendship and place of belonging that so many come here for. To the total stripping away of your reality, supplanted by one of a design greater and more appealing to you. To be taken away from what you were and given your dream of what you *want*. That is what I am doing for you now, LT3T5U-249.”

“*Ahh, wait no. I change my mind. To be mindless feels good but it can’t work it I just...*” he thinks, drinking down the sleek warming fluid, warming his insides further, and further. Spray nozzles slide down, spraying across his black and cyan body, steadily darkening the color under ever thickening rubber, making it vanta-black. The latex heats his body, making him feel warm, and fuzzy inside, steadily sinking in.

“We both know that is not true. You resist only so you can *struggle* against it,” she says, following him. The rubber binding tighter across his body, his cock twitching and aching, throbbing hard between his legs, “First you will be melted and merged into my rubber. Fully rubberized through and through. Each gush of rubber you drink the more you transform and bind you to me.”

He shivers, squeezing the plugs within him, feeling the warmth within him bubble and grow, arousal building up within him, with no sense of relief. His throbbing aching cock between his legs, that lovely equine member twitches, dribbling pre-cum, while for a moment he’s reminded that under all this rubber, all this conditioning and brain breaking he’s been through for unfortold amount of time, there was still at his core, the human trapped underneath, yearning to melt away into the seat of rubber, and now that moment is nearly upon him, “*Fuck, fuck, fuck, it feels so good,*” he thinks.

“I know it does,” says Spreading Shine, watching as another layer of latex is sprayed across him, over his length, the colors darkening into smooth yet still a bit drippy rubber. The flow of latex into the drone continuing to grow and bubble up, “This is a slow and steady process that will leave you nothing but a pony drone. A puppet of mine. I was one myself, a puppet, not a drone. But I was loved and cared for. I was part of my mother, and never treated me or her other splintered parts as nothing. It could have been a mere fluke. I started to separate myself from her, though we shared the same mind. The same body, the same thoughts. Almost like an unintentional clone. Yet I wanted to be different. Find a new path for myself, no matter what. Perhaps it was pride or wanting to be independent like her that pushed me not to be just another mewtwo... as lovely, sexy and wonderful as they are,” she thinks for a moment, a moment her tail shifts into that of a mewtwo but then just as quickly forms back into the wonderful pony tail of hers. Yet you, and so many others want what I ran away from. Is it the grass is greener on the other side?” she ponders, running her fingers across her lips with a teasing look.

Spreading Shine’s voice pushes deep into his mind, keeping his attention torn, thinking about his lot in life, his position, yet so curious in this story, his arousal burning higher, and higher, the flow of rubber into him made him feel like there’s a furnace burning in his core, “*Mistress could we talk about this? I’m not ready,*” he huffs, taking in that sweet scent through his nostrils, more coals added to the flames, that little bit sense self, of that highly bound and helpless human within the rubber felt like he was sinking down, into the hot rubber, which spread and moved through him, changing him...

“We’ve talked so much on this. The fear of getting what you want, hoping if it was *really* what you wanted all along and not just a cover up for some other need?” she smirks, “I got you. I felt it true too. When I searched myself. Was I throwing away being like her, just because I was to some extent her? Mother was sweet, kind, caring. Not expecting this to have happened, though suspecting it could. She supported me and took my concerns to heart. Like I take yours,” she explains, trotting along forward, the conveyor belt moving ahead, but the pumping of latex follows with him as he feels the squeeze of the new latex shell on the outside

and the pressure of being flooded with it on the inside, pushing him outward toward the surface, toward the pony skin, to fill out the pony body.

“*M-Mistress*,” he mentally whines, having never been so helpless before. His entire life, existence, form, at the mercy of this one pony, realizing just how not only *utterly helpless* he is, but how *utterly* he *trusts* her with everything. Worries, and concerns, even with his struggle, the want to see if he can overcome his fate as much as he wants it. The struggle is the icing he wants to taste so badly on this bondage droning cake, “*P-please reconsider...*” he thinks.

Spreading Shine can feel the shift and change within the human trapped deep underneath. His form melting away into the latex, a growing connection between him and her. A sense of his ‘essence’ the one-way bond, as her strings attach to him, “I don’t take this likely. The girls that will serve with you. They were just the same, and I am going to connect you three into a smaller cluster to the greater whole as you serve Serentiyvile. You will be made to forget everything except the existence of being a drone. No way to go back. No way to resist. Simply a new formatted existence. It is exciting yet frightful as I looked to do the same to myself and not be under my mother. You could say I have parental issues, but we love each other very much, and understand one another so deeply, that though I am her, I am a different facet of her.”

The Brain within, that lovely heavily bound human, with his bitch suit form, hands to his shoulder, feet to his butt, a wiggling helpless mess, simply sinks further into the latex. Deeper into the rubber, bits and pieces of himself mixing and swirling with the sloshing heating vanta-black essence. Swirling, churning, spreading out, making the latex his own, or is it the other way around? The outer edges of the human flutter away, flow outward, the lines between suit, body becoming blurred far more than it was even possible under the strictest of mental controls and conditioning he had before.

“I searched a long time. Knowing that any decision I make didn’t have to be final, but I *wanted* it to be. I didn’t want to jump from one thing to the next. I was a sudden brand-new person. No past, no friends, no one but my mother to guide me. She let me go at my own pace, as she knew I was fearful if I introduced myself as the lovely mewtwo she was? I might stick with it and just be known as another Thrysta. Ah, I can sense you loved that feel, that idea. It arouses you. It does me too to some degree. You didn’t think I wouldn’t do this to willing followers if I didn’t love it on some level too, did you?”

His cock twitched; the last vestiges of the human-self were truly lost to the sleek latex. His new body, the smooth sleek rubber pony drone body was the body he’s been seeded into. The other pony suit melted into the rubber used as fuel for the fires, the cool air of the factory floor completely true. He for the first time felt a new level of being *naked* that deep down he knew was only a forgery. There was a deep sense that the human within was gone, and his body was now a pony. His mind is clearly his own as his cock twitched and ached, black latex precum right out of the tip as dark as the rest of his body, “*Ahh, interesting story, I want to learn more but... perhaps maybe I can remember this?*”

Her horn glows, her ‘magic’ teasing along his new twitching actual pony length, squeezing out more of those needy thoughts, “LT3T5U-249. You know you don’t want to have

any connection to your past. And you won't have it. A perpetual state of bliss with the only memories you have is being a well programmed drone. No way to question yourself. No way to build thoughts to resist. Just simple acceptance, and I can... ohh that got you going, didn't it?"

A moment later there was a surge of pre-cum leaking out Legante's dick, more thick aching essence. A shiver running down his spine, his thick rubber body twitching, aching, wanting to be filled, the black rubber devices finally pulling out of his mouth, giving one last spurt, the latex 'knowing' what to do as it seals up his rear to make it smooth and sleek, same for his mouth, sealing away, his muzzle not just filled but completely gone, leaving those flaring breathing tubes, "*Ahh fuck. Mistress, I don't know how much of this I can take. I feel so aroused, so needy, so wanting. I... I...*"

"Your mind is swimming in lust, needy, arousal. That is why your other parts will be culled away, allowing you greater focus on it. There's more to be done with your dripping rubbery body, barely able to keep its shape, wanting to stay that way. I'll give you that, but for now, I shall keep it going. Oh, you did want to hear more of my story, did you? Thought so," she says, her magic stroking his length, keeping him on edge.

Legante feels his smooth rubber body dripping like a rubber tar goo monster, yet it recycles and pulls itself back up into him, to keep the vague pony shape. He senses from his vague connection, the pulling and tugging at his mind, and body as it is pulled along by the conveyor belt that there is far more to come as he's conditioned into this pony drone, "*Yes Mistress. I do want to learn more,*" he says at the moment he gets his cock squeezed and teased, making him huff and squirm, the binds on the conveyor belt as strong as ever.

"Just a bit more to be sure your body is fully rubber, and we'll start to get working on your mind. I made a few tweaks to the process. Normally visors built into your hood provide the dazzling display as you are lulled into mindlessness, and mind rewritten. But I know you want something even *more* direct," she grins, giving that cock a firm tender stroke, "But first the story. So, I spent time searching. Knowing I should make friends, but fearing I didn't want to change who I was to my friends while I was searching for who I am. A fear that I was lying to them all this time, if I didn't show *who* I was from the very beginning. That whole spiel as it were. But I went inward. A daughter can't listen to her mother, even if we, especially at the time, are practically the same person," she giggles, brushing some hair from her pink loving eyes.

A sleek black rubber cable comes from above, moving toward the back of the pony drone's head. A cable jacket opens up, which it slips right into, making a deep mental connection that makes the entirety of Legante's body and mind twitch then hearing a cool monotone synthetic voice that sends cold shivers through his spine that if he didn't secretly want this deep down, he'd become very afraid, "**Connection established. Scanning unit LT3T5U-249. Please wait...**"

"That will be what I will aptly call the hive. It scans you, compartmentalizes your mind, and then drone you completely. Taking away every bit of unnecessary data, and convert what can be salvaged into drone memories, leaving you still you in a sense, but also a completely

brand new you,” Spreading Shine says with a soft dreamy sigh, “Back to my story. I pulled inward. Got lost on the internet, TV. Viewing the world through, let's be honest, not the best lens possible. Mother would give me memories of her day to give me more to stand out. But I refused. I had enough of her past that was hers, and not mine. I even did to myself what I am doing to you... sort of. Taking the memories of the time before and removing them. Though I am grateful I listened to her about keeping her psychic lessons and training. Keep my skill and control over this hypersensitive body intact, which you should be feeling in just a moment.”

“Scan complete. Disabling pleasure mental blockers, segmenting off mental sectors,” the synthetic voice stated, followed by a sudden surge of pleasure that instantly made him climax.

His nostrils flared, the machines clamp a metal posture collar around his neck, silver with golden inlaid that stand out on his deep dark rubber body, almost as if it's floating on a pony shadow outline. He spurts cum onto the ground, his balls growing heavy as they are quickly filled, his body and mind adjusting to the sudden surge.

“There it is. And you're fully rubber without the need to breathe. Let's add in that extra bit of delight that you love so much as your memories are selected and either reformatted or formatted away. But back to my story, it is one reason why you came wasn't it? To learn more about the cult, the more about me. The quiet amusingly many of me all around the world. Connected. I do the same as my mother did, though we remain tightly connected, bonded to remain as one person, just multitasking. Not to say that is not what Mother tried to do, but she was always sure to tell me that though unexpected I was never a mistake. She's nice like that, don't you think?”

“Y-yes...” he moans, squirting again, Spreading Shine's magic hooves constantly teasing him, letting him a little over the edge before pulling him back, the pleasure tearing at his focus, making it harder to think and fight against what is happening, *“Come on Legante...come on LT3T5U-249.”* He then feels something warm press up against his rear, he tries to look but the neck harness makes it impossible, but a similar large phallic metal dildo in front of him, gives him an idea of what is happening from behind. It warms and vibrates, pushing forward into the 'mouth' he doesn't have, the tight rear that was made gone, now remolded in his melting rubbery form, sinking in nice and deep. Giving a sense of being stuffed and filled over, constantly suckling dick perfectly formed into his mouth, a large cock plug shoved deep into his rear, which is then forever smoothed away under dripping latex, keeping a vague 'shape' of those needy holes for him, another point of pleasure for his mind to be tugged and teased at.

“Eventually though, I found the show. It was simple, a bit whimsy and childish to it, that making something so *adult* about it is counterintuitive, yes? But then I thought about it. The lessons learned. The point of the show transcends age, transcends time as they are what makes society tick, what brings people together. Hope, dreams, love, it's all there. And so, I felt that was me. To move to something, I can be as an adult, taking the lessons that I did not need to learn, but needed to hear, and see. Knowing they are helping so many others, and so I decided to do the same,” she explains.

“Segmentation complete. Searching data banks for corrupted data,” the domineering yet emotionless voice says to him.

“Have to focus. I must hold onto who I am, I just can’t...” he thinks, a flash happens in his mind, focusing on a pivotal moment in his life where everything changed. Finding Toys-4-U on a website, seeing their lovely rubber suits. Then noticing their poke’mon designs. His heart raced clicking through it, noticing there’s not just a Lugia but a Shadow Lugia.

He couldn’t believe it, not only did it give him a large Lugia design, but it was set up that the rubber would react and work with him to be able to be worn for hours if not days at a time, but he needed more. He had to get something custom, to help him with his disorder. Stuck at his home he sent that faithful email to the company, with only a hope, a prayer and a dream, not expecting just how *life changing* his decision was, allowing him to become the poker champion of the...

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

What was that thought he had? He searches his mind, thinking there was something there. That he was thinking about something, but *“What was it? I know it was something...”*

“Searching data banks for corrupted data...”

“Yes! That was it, I need to hold onto my memories or I’d lose them. I can’t let that happen!” he thinks.

Spreading Shine speaks, drawing his attention back to her, ruining some of his struggling and focus, “So, I thought on what I was good at. It didn’t matter if my mother was as well. Just because she liked bondage, doesn’t mean I couldn’t? I was rubber and could make things into rubber. So, my cutie mark,” she says, rubbing her pony play hinting symbol on her flank, “And the name Spreading Shine? Both felt so natural to me. To be fair, she thought I was a bit weird going for something like this. In one way the fact we had a little extra disagreement to it sealed the deal. Therefore, I became Spreading Shine. I could have fully shifted my colors, but I had to have a reminder of who I was, right? I still love *Thrysta*, and she cares about me so deeply.”

“Thrysta... Thrysta... Thrysta...” the name a flash memory rushes to Legante. He in his Shadow Lugia attire, having just won a poker tourney at a different casino. The Mistress offering him to stay and enjoy her beach, even though he was just a suited human in a pokémon. The dedication and reason behind his suiting, was enough for her to have him go.

It was there, he met Thrysta, for the first time. The sleek blue female mewtwo, carried with her an aura of strength and dominance that he could feel deep within him, *“A human? Ah, that’s why you are here,”* her voice rung in his mind, as she sat in a lounge chair, a Lucario hybrid of some sort servicing her feet with a loud squeak, “Sorry about that. I thought you might have been a perv trying to circumvent the rules.”

“Ahh, it’s okay, name is Brian.”

She smiles, “It’s a nice name, rather coming with people I’ve run into that... let’s just say share an interest that you do. Again, my apologies, I don’t normally pry so deeply but by the time I saw the reason why, it was a bit too late.”

“He huffs, it’s quite alright,” he says, bashfully hiding his head behind his rubber Luga wings.

“Oh, you even make motions like a Lugia wo--”

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

“Who is this Thrysta you are talking about? Your Mother? She sounds like someone that would be interesting to meet. I’ve met some powerful doms in my day, including when I ran into your kind.”

Spreading Shine chuckled, feeling his memories be removed one by one, the pony drone unaware, soon his real true name will be snuck into place, “She is lovely. And I started out as a small group of likeminded folks. But it grew, and with it so did the odd backlash at places. Which is why I moved to these mansions across the globe. We’re so varied that many have found their place at some point in our lovely club, but we know it’s not for everyone. I did feel bad about how eager my fellow ponies were in bringing others in. Your friends were lost under that lust of the Mistress and weren’t thinking straight enough to say no.”

“Searching data banks for corrupted data...”

The talk thrust another memory to the service, another visit at the Salazzle Dazzle Salamander Casino. He had such a fun time with the poker tournament, and meeting K-2003 in person! Still can’t believe the outcome of that game.

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

He wasn’t sure why he felt so at ease at the casino, like he’s been there before. He wanted to show his two friends who he got suited up and set up with the thanks of K-2003 to be anthro-pokemon and enjoy whatever the casino had to offer. Their mental condition and locks worked too well though when those ponies showed up. Trying to lure friends away to join at a local mansion and stay there for a while. He’s heard rumors about the pony cult, some good, some bad. He couldn’t risk it. He had to save his--

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

“I am glad you accepted my invite to come. So, we could work things out, get an honest review of the kind of establishment that I am running. That kernel of interest was enough for me to get an understanding of what kind of person you are. What made you tick. And to see if the reports my ponies gave to one of my other halves were true or exaggerated.”

“Searching data banks for corrupted data...”

Thinking back, at all that happened, to put himself into this spot, accepting that invitation was the best/worst thing he’s ever done. He shudders as there’s a firm stroking around his dick. Legante panting and squirming, bucking against the magical hand that is caressing his hypersensitive bits.

“That’s it LT3T5U-249. Think and focus on those memories and help it search your head, correct, fix and delete anything that isn’t needed,” she smiles lovingly at her magic caressing, squeezing his dick, fondling his heavy balls, “Let those old thoughts drift down to those sweet balls of yours. Cum away what isn’t needed. Let the rest get changed, processed, and cleared out as desired. No resistance, just acceptance.”

The pressure builds up, LT3T5U-249 unable to think about anything but the pleasure, his climax hitting, squirting out the hot thick tar-like latex cum out fo his dripping member, his body still working to keep its proper pony shape.

“Corrupted Data Found. Repairing.”

The memory of the invite shifting changes, to that condensed moment that leads up to its blank state. The simple mindless pony body that experiences things but has no thoughts, no programming, nothing to give it life. It is only recording the information as its ‘active’ and in standby mode, ready to be made into the pony drone it has always been.

“Searching data banks for corrupted data...”

LT3T5U-249 searches through its mind, the differences between what is supposed to be its reality and what is true, becoming less and less blurred, another hard climax that makes it shudder in delight.

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

The stroking of his cock, faster, constant, information tricking down his spin, filling his balls, his head a bit more empty, able to focus more on the pleasure, becoming ever more drone-like in his thought process. Less thought.

The time he met the girls, in that pony bed. The surprise was to be assigned to them. They looked so lovely so perfect; they really showed him the ropes. Another hard climax.

“Corrupted Data Found. Repairing.”

His sister units, C4V4114-247. 5T1V1L3-248. Part of its cluster. Working together in service as a pony carriage pulling service. Memories of them together, to smooth faceless pony drones. Working, melding with the mindless trial run that was... there was no trial run. It was checking out its systems and diagnostics. Now it has completed it and is getting any last updates before being ‘completed.’

“Searching data banks for corrupted data...”

First time meeting K-2003 in person. That devious toy, something about it always felt--

A surge of pleasure, his ego shrinking, splatter of cum on the ground.

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

An epic poker tournament game. He had a bad hand, but if he won, he'd take the pot. He stared down his opponent, a naga, an impossible to read poker face for a human, for any ordinary human at least. And in the heat of the moment, he managed to...

Another line in the climax. It was like clockwork now. The systems working to improve his thoughts, streamline them into a simple mindless drone. Less resistance, weaker memories, focusing on them only sped up their demine and with fewer to focus, the faster it went.

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

This was big news. Something he'd felt like he'd never forget as a child. The big controversy of an adult toy company turning people into fuck toys! He didn't know what a fuck toy was at the time. But the news of ATFU and their sinister process of kidnapping people and making into hypersensitive latex toys and mind breaking them? It was everywhere, though it made more PC for the world, but it left its mark and companies like S-Tech had to ensure that their drones were actual mindless rubber drones and not people. It was--

“Corrupted Data Found. Data erased.”

Mind on mouth, thought on work. Thoughts of what is happening to him right now being searched. Most recent memories are searched. Pleasure is so great. There is nothing left for him to do but to accept it. Let himself fuck. All he could really think about as he ability and could like was each self and void. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

“Corrupted Data Found. Repairing.”

Climax after climax. Body aching in that dripping rubbery bliss, moving forward to the next step of his dronification. It's mind in that blissful euphoria that it has been looking for. LT3T5U-249 hears and recognizes the words. Understands them, ready to follow. No will to resist. No need to resist.

“Search is complete. Preparing to update Pony-Drone Programming.... Uploading now.”

A machine grabs LT3T5U-249’s dick, a thick rubber plug is pressed against his cum hole, steadily pushing it in, with a long squeak and slide, inch by inch at a slow mind-blowing delightful pace.

Spreading Shine chuckles, “Oh my, I should tell Mother that a urethra is four times as aching delightful as normal skin.... And this is rubber on rubber, which doubles it! I bet she doesn’t even know of this, at least I never heard her explain it to others when they treat her to it,” she gives a playful happy clop, the rubber sounding rod is fully in, locking his cum slit, as it’s then melded together into a smooth flat surface.

“You wanted to be a sexless pony drone. And you will be, LT3T5U-249,” says Spreading Shine watching the machines get to work, pushing his aching throbbing cock back. Not removing it, simply forcing it down into his sheath, the force of it too great for the drone to resist as his aching member is forced into a smaller space. All the while his drone programming sinks in.

“LT3T5U-249 is a drone.”

“LT3T5U-249 has no emotions.”

“LT3T5U-249 has no will.”

“LT3T5U-249’s bliss comes from service and obedience.”

“LT3T5U-249 serves and obeys its Mistress, Spreading Shine.”

“LT3T5U-249 is part of Pony-Drone-Cluster 249. Unit’s fellow pony drones are C4V4114-247 and 5T1V1L3-248.”

“A Pony-Drone-Cluster are a drone’s best friends.”

“Friendship is magic.”

“A drone’s Ultra-top besties in the world is Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 listens to Mistress Spreading Shine without question.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 can’t question for drone can’t think.”

“Drone can’t disobey for it has no will.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 has no self-determination.”

“Drone serves Mistress Spreading Shine in any way she sees fit.”

“Mistress Spreading Shine is always correct.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 is mindless.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 is obedient.”

“Drone’s designation is LT3T5U-249.”

“Bliss comes to good drones.”

“Pleasure comes to good drones.”

“Good drones do not think.”

“Good drones have no will.”

“Good drones have no ego.”

“Good drones are objects.”

“Good drones follow their programing.”

“Good drones only respond when spoken to.”

“One stomp for yes.”

“Two for no.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 is a good drone for Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“Drone LT3T5U-249 has always been a drone and nothing more, impossible to be anything less.”

Spreading Shine softly nickered, “There we go. Your *thoughts* as they were are now all lined up. Your existence is a constant state of pleasure, bliss. Your decision making is stripped from you, and the stress of having to think is removed forever. It’s easy to follow and obey when all you know is to follow your instructions. And since you never be in the lead, you won’t need your dick out,” she says as the machines press LT3T5U-249’s cock into a nice dripping null bulge. The pent-up sensitivity remaining there, his cock aching, wanting to be free, yet completely okay with the fact that will never be the case.

LT3T5U-249’s body is a sea... no, an ocean... nay a universe of bliss that is beyond comprehension. And it's only thanks to having his thoughts removed, memories stripped away, that he could focus on this constant moment of delight. If *he* was even aware of it, his body was becoming the vessel that is LT3T5U-249, a mindless automaton that carries what is left of his mind in that constant blissful state.

“Now to cure your body into place. My latex wants to have that shape but it's hard to keep its form with so little mind to will it. Fear not, I have ways to help that along another layer of permanency as I anthropomorphize my sweet pony drone. Talking to it as if it is an actual person,” she giggles.

The pony drone moved forward on the conveyor belt, steady, eager, ready, the latex binds around his feet lifted up. The posture collar though still there has basically been drowned in the constantly rolling latex. On either side of him a large metal mold press is ready to contain him, the conveyor belt moving him into perfect position, like an automated object crafted to be one of many.

“Don’t worry about the posture collar, it will come out fine and permanently merged with your body,” nickers Spreading Shine.

“Good Drone.”

“Mindless Drone.”

“Obedient Drone.”

“No thoughts. Follow your commands.”

“No questions. Follow your programming.”

“No will. Fulfilling your purpose.”

“Good object.”

It would be for any thinking person that they’d question how they could see, how their new view. A bit of a fishbowl lens look. Greater focus on what’s in front of you, then expanding out for a near 360-degree view. He would question the strange feeling of having a dark void of a

body, and as the bright silver metal molds come in, he would end up seeing more of... what he could fathom is his body, the sea of nothingness. That is if he was a *he*.

LT3T5U-249 was not a he, it's an it. A simple object, a simple thing. Not thinking about the dark position, it is. Just know it's in a dark position. Not wondering when it will get out. That didn't matter. The heat and pressure all around it, the pleasure building up as it feels its rubber's flow slow, and become concentrated, hardened, stiff.

“Good drones obey.”

“Good drones serve.”

“No thoughts.”

“No will.”

“Only service.”

“Object.”

“Thing.”

“It.”

LT3T5U-249's mindless mind is being constantly reinforced and improved. Once you aren't thinking, it becomes harder to start again. Once you stop thinking, it's easier to remain stopped. Once you stop thinking, only letting the body do what it does, the focus on the immense pleasure of the moment to moment can be fully realized and delved into. The ultimate reward for the ultimate level of obedience and degradation.

Pleasure all around LT3T5U-249, able to understand and know about it. A simple response to stimuli, a thoughtless moment as the rubber grew tighter, harder, taking into the perfect shape, crotch smoothed, yet the cock and null bulge was there, just *squeezed* down into smoothness.

Pleasure, ecstasy, bliss, nirvana, words that would fail to describe it. If asked LT3T5U-249 directly, it would be “.....” Wordless to describe. And if asked, if able to lock the drone's responses in a verbal way. If LT3T5U-249 was *commanded* to respond in a way that was beyond a simple one stomp for yes, two stomps for no. Commanded to give a mindless response like asking a simple AI back in the day a question. It would simply say, in a cool, collected, monotone, emotionless way that hides the pure state of bliss that it is feeling.

“There are no words in any language within its data banks that could sufficiently describe the state unit LT3T5U-249 is currently in. Such inquiries are irrelevant to this unit's purpose. How may this unit be of service to you user?”

The hardening of the rubber, the pressure building up, a climax never to be reached, never could be reached. LT3T5U-249's mind went through another level of transition, of change. The drone programming, which still had its connection in the back of the head, began to better supplant the unit's thoughts. Becoming the driver in the seat of its mind. No, that's not quite it. It wasn't that the programming was taking its place in the sun, but that LT3T5U-249 was forming its mind around the programming.

“This unit serves Mistress Spreading Shine.”

“Unit will respond to designation LT3T5U-249.”

“If unit is harmed, unit will protect Mistress Spreading Shine’s property.”

“Unit LT3T5U-249 is Mistress’ property.”

“Unit will then defend itself to defend Mistress property.”

Cool, soulless, monotone, emotionless thoughts. Lines of logic and code, becoming more of the norm within his head, as the rubber cures, so does his mind.

“If unit LT3T5U-249 is complimented by ‘insert user here’ Then it will respond with a single stomp.”

“If Mistress Spreading Shine gives unit LT3T5U-249 a command. Then it will override all previous user commands.”

“If unit LT3T5U-249 receives command giddy up. Then unit LT3T5U-249 will walk forward.”

Simple, blissful, singular focused programming. The automated mind, and automated body becoming one in the same. So deeply conditioned and lost there’s not a spec, a trace, a single neuron left of the former human, Brian. Layered and broken to become Legante. Then further layered and broken, conditioned into the perfect LT3T5U-249. The forever pony drone property of Mistress Spreading Shine.

The mold pulls away from LT3T5U-249’s body. The perfect smooth featureless pony drone, with the silver metal posture collar with a D ring in the front for hitching. It stands forward. Seeing its owner off to the side. Speaking words to it, but *none* of it was a command.

“Unit LT3T5U-249 only responds to commands.”

There were no thoughts on how foolish Spreading Shine is, anthropomorphizing this object, to give it personality, persona, thoughts, feelings. It had none to speak of. Its chassis is moved forward.

“Scanning unit LT3T5U-249 for imperfections in programming.”

“Acknowledged. Unit LT3T5U-249 is being scanned,” it replies, so closely bound and connected with the programming machine that builds its mind, going through every byte of data in its head.

Lasers cut into the unit’s body, making grooves which are then quickly filled in by white rubber that stand out sharply to the void black latex of the rest of its form. It’s designation LT3T5U-249 and accompanying bar code that represents it are placed on either flank of the pony’s head, and in the center of its forehead for quick and easy scanning. A test scan of each flank and its head takes place. The machine talks, giving states and data about it. Things that it already knew, extra data. Does not need to be acknowledged or recorded. To the drone it was like the moment never even happened.

“Scan complete. Unit LT3T5U-249 is ready for final set up. Disconnecting.”

“Affirmative.”

The rubber jacket pulls away from the back of the drone’s head, the hole left behind closes up and becomes smooth as the rest of the drone, seamless and never known it was even there.

“LT3T5U-249, run a quick movement diagnostic,” Spreading Shine commands.

“If commanded by the Mistress Spreading Shine. Then proceed to execute the command,” a simple command code logic. The unit lifts its hoof, it creaks and squeaks. The rubber is stiff like a tire, yet under the unit’s strength and strain the body moves. Its entire form is a layer of tightly bound rubber bondage that must be fought to get every step of the way.

The situation only added to the unit’s pleasure, yet it was nothing to respond to. Nothing to moan about. The pleasure was a sign that it is a good pony drone, and it continues to follow through with its command. Lifting one leg, then the other. Turning its head, having to move its upper portion of its body thanks to the posture collar. Each movement causes the body to squeak, yet the immense effort required to move a single step isn’t shown, it’s smooth, elegant, like a well programmed machine making its hydraulic movements look simple and elegant, yet without that force the unit would be no more than a hunk of rubber, a perfect drone statue.

“Perfect. Stop unit LT3T5U-249. Accept your equipment additions.”

“Command by Mistress Spreading Shine. Then proceed to execute and stop all motions. New inquiry from Mistress Spreading Shine. Then, to show compliance,” runs the program within LT3T5U-249 mind. A single stomp in response.

“Good drone.”

The conveyor belt moves forward. Cold clamps lift the drone up off the belt as machines place silver metal show hooves/horseshoes with bits of pink and blue painted metal within. A dazzling cute display. Wires are connected to the hooves. The drone doesn’t question, doesn’t think, but lets it happen. His body is placed onto the hooves, the wires conduct electricity into the hooves to heat them up, letting his rubber hoofs sink in and merge with them.

“Hooves are done, onto the next part.”

Spreading Shine’s words fall on deaf ears. The drone accepts the new addition, having forgotten the pleasurable process that led for them to be on. It was irrelevant data and therefore naturally deleted from his RAM memory. Due to his vanta black rubber body nature the posture collar and hooves now appear to be standing in a void of shadow, a lovely mind trick that the drone doesn’t take a moment to admire, it simply just is.

Next came a set of matching shackles, silver, pink and blues. Mimicking Spreading Shine’s colors as they are attached to the drone’s ankles right above the merged hooves. D rings are placed on the sides of them, as a chain is also run between each leg. A crisscross of six chains that rattle and move with each and every step.

“Processing optimal movement for new constraints... processing... new movement method established,” LT3T5U-249 processes. The conveyor belt moving forward the chains rattling against one another. The next spot had leather straps painted vanta-black to match his body with silver rings attached, placed across his form. They slide down his back, attaching to the posture collar, sliding down between his legs, around each thigh, tightened and locked into place. The leather body harness has more rings attached, with one in the center of his belly, the straps crisscross his legs, going down to attach to the shackles, coiling up between them, along his chest to the posture collar.

Moving ahead, to the next set of machinery, the full bridled head harness is put into place, the leather straps wrap around his smooth face, metal rings around where a 'bit' would be are there, but with no bit. Giving a false sense there is a face in the black rubber void. Locked and tightened into place, it is then attached to the posture collar, binding it to the rest of his body.

Reaching near the end of the long conveyor belt system, the fact of which is lost on LT3T5U-249. Existence is perpetual. The past is whatever is selected. The future does not exist. Spreading Shine's words of delight and pleasure about its anthropomorphized self, not even registered, and it has no thoughts to inform its Mistress otherwise.

The machines bring out a black corset pony harness combo with cyan highlights, silver metal studs to match the rest of its metal bits with thick black laces used to tighten and further squeeze the tough rubber pony drone.

If the drone could think as it stares ahead the addition like any other, pleasantly, willingly, obediently, it would think of how glad it would be that it does not need to breathe. With a mechanical tightness the corset is pressed into his body, so tight that one could think it is going to merge with the drone, but when it's all said and done, the drone taking those first commanded steps off the conveyor belt the subtle shift, creak and movement of the corset rubbing against his body, running along its entire belly, covering up, pulling and tugging at the leather straps, making the tight spider web of its body harness all the tighter, better. It *knew* that this was the best way to be. Afterall, Mistress *made* it.

"Come LT3T5U-249," Spreading Shine commands.

"If commanded by the Mistress Spreading Shine. Then proceed to execute the command," the drone follows, creaking, squeaking, smooth, faceless, heavily geared, ready to be assigned its task.

"Connecting to Pony-Drone-Cluster 249," stated an automated voice within the drone's mind. Though it's indistinguishable from how the pony would process and think itself.

"Connection established. Connected to C4V4114-247 and 5T1V1L3-248... synchronizing," it states, while they step out of the factory. A cart is ready for the three to be hitched to. The other two pony drones, with no color, but in his programmed minds eye, he sees the ponies underneath, their dazzling color displayed over their vanta-black. The fact it had any extra color with the corset that made it *slightly* unique was lost on him. Drone didn't see it. Didn't recognize it.

"Time to hitch you all up to your carriage, so you can take others through Serenityville with pride and obedience to your new life styles," says Spreading Shine.

"Synchronization complete."

The three pony drones responded internally in perfect unison, monotone emotional drone voices, **"If commanded by the Mistress Spreading Shine. Then proceed to execute the command."** With ease they are lined up, LT3T5U-249 in the back, during the hard pulling and tugging, the real power horse of the trio, while the other two elegantly provided the 'face' of the carriage pulling along but guiding it ahead. Even less for the feral pony drone to do. Simply an engine to the carriage, giving more time to focus on the pleasure and bliss. Hitched up, tied,

bound together physically through the carriage, mentally through their connection and programming. Spreading Shine hopes into the carriage, grabbing the reins.

“Giddy up,” she commands.

“If unit LT3T5U-249 receives command giddy up. Then unit LT3T5U-249 will walk forward.”

“If unit C4V4114-247 receives command giddy up. Then unit C4V4114-247 will walk forward.”

“If unit 5T1V1L3-248 receives command giddy up. Then unit 5T1V1L3-248 will walk forward.”

Their phrases said in unison, each in relation to themselves. Simple programmed units, ready to obey, ready to serve, to live out their existence like this from now to the end of days...

One year later

The three pony drones pulled the cart forward, down the street outside of the compound toward their designation, a restaurant. A GPS HUD showed where they were, and how far they had to go. Keeping track and pace to not cause any trouble. Clip, clop, clip, clop. Their bodies squeaked; they moved forward. Not even listening to the conversation that was happening above in the extra-large elegant carriage. The reins held by a different pony, not a drone, not that it mattered to the drones.

Spreading Shine chuckled staring at K-2003’s butt as it remained hiked, peaking through the front of the carriage as the toy has been pestering the pony driver with questions, “And what if something happened? Like a flat?”

The purple rubber pony giggled, “I don’t think the drones can get flats.”

“Are you sure?” it asks.

“Why don’t you ask Mistress?”

The toy nods, sitting down with a squeak, “Do the pony drones get flats?”

Spreading Shine chuckles, “No, they don’t. They are solid rubber drones.”

“Oh, like the S-tech drones?” it asks with a head tilt, “Or is it drone technology it has?”

Spreading Shine waves her hand, “No, not using your drone technology.”

With a squeak, a two-toned blue latex mewtwo smiles, dressed in dominatrix leather gear, “They are perfectly mindless drones. Not like the temporary drones you make K-toy,” says Thrysta.

“Ah, good, good. It’s nice we can get together. Both of you have been very good to this one.”

Spreading Shine giggles, “I could say the same for you. Your latex outfits really helped my group grow.”

Thrysta chuckles, “There is a bit of an irony with that.”

Spreading Shine gives her mother a look, “Mom... I know, but still.”

“I’m pleased you’ve done so well on your own. It’s still strange to a degree but given how many clients I have gotten that love pony play of all sorts, it’s not too surprising.”

She grins, “See.”

“This one is just happy to have a moment to hang out with friends and clients. Client friends?” it asks itself to rub its chin with a rubber finger, suckling it for a second, “It was concerned for a moment.”

“Concerned?” asks Spreading Shine, tilting her head.

“I’m not going to read your mind,” says Thrysta, “*It’s a jumbled mess to read anyway,*” she thinks, “Go ahead, say it.”

“Ah, it’s just that a large number of one set of clients have gone missing over the past few years.”

“Missing?” Spreading Shine gasps.

“Yup, all named Brian. It’s a popular name to be sure, but why do so many Brians go missing?”

Thrysta looks out of the carriage window, “I don’t know, perhaps it’s just fate.”

“*Mother is guarding her thoughts... and I know why,*” she internally giggles, “Any particular Brians you are referring to?”

“Oh a few. Always strange how many it runs into,” it says with a nod, “Especially with humans. Perhaps humans just like the name? Sounds similar to Brian?”

Thrysta shakes her head, “It doesn’t sound similar, just spelt wrong to spell brian.”

“Right, right, though one over the past year. The poker champion. The one that this one has been helping get over their phobia. He’s such a nice human, it hopes nothing bad has happened to him.”

Spreading Shine, leaning back in the carriage looks ahead, “Oh, I don’t think so. I’m sure they’ll show up sooner or later. Honestly, I think they’ve been doing well for themselves.”

“You do? Oh, that’s good to hear,” K-2003 says with a rump wiggle, which squeaks loudly in the red leather seats.

Thrysta glances at her, “Oh? What makes you so sure?”

“Hmm, call it a gut feeling,” she says, the carriage stopping, “Oh, we’re here, wonderful.”

“Yay!” K-2003 says happily, the door opened by the pony chauffeur, “Thank you for your hard work, it appreciates it.”

She eyes over the black and cyan toy that is practically naked save for cuffs, that read in glowing cursive lettering “Fuck Toy” and a collar with a silver tag that reads K-2003. “Uh, thank you Miss.”

“Toy is just fine, but if you feel comfortable with Miss Toy, it is okay too. It’s not too picky with such things,” it says with a nod.

“Okay Miss Toy.”

K-2003 saunters over to the drones, “Thank you drones, you pulled the cart very well, it was nice scenic and a delight to enjoy.”

The drones remain still, staring forward.

“Oh, this one has been meaning to ask you Spreading Shine, why does this one have its collars on its corset. Did you do it for this one?”

Spreading Shine steps out of the carriage, right behind Thrysta, “Oh, no reason in particular. I felt it fit that particular drone. And no need to thank them, they have no thoughts. That be like thanking your car for taking you from point A to point B. They are just objects.”

K-2003 grins, “Well this one is just an object, so one object to another, it can thank them,” it says with an affirmative nod.

Spreading Shine has her hand up, “But that’s just...”

Thrysta places her balled fingers on Spreading Shine’s shoulder, “Just let it go. K-toy is special in its own way.”

“Right.”

The trio walk into the restaurant called, “Shadow Lagoon.” Inside they are taken to a booth where a sleek rubber Lugia is sitting, waving to greet them.

“Hello, great to see all of you again,” says Brian with a pleasant grin.

K-2003 lets out a squeaky squeal, “Brian! One of the many it knows that was missing but is now not. What a wonderful surprise to see you... well not see, see you. You’re in your Lugia suit. Where have you been? It thought you got kidnapped by Spreading Shine’s pony cult.”

Spreading Shine shoots K-toy a look, “Hey now, I don’t kidnap people.”

“Ah, I can explain, I was with Spreading Shine for a full year, exploring myself. I wrote that article about my time at her estate to help people get an idea of just what kind of place it was.”

“Oh, this one was reading them, but the last one was over a year ago.”

“Ah... well I said all I could, and I sat down and enjoyed myself as I debated if it was the way I should go. In the end I felt that part of me is better left there, and I continue my life as is.”

“Oh, that is good to hear,” K-2003 says, sliding into the booth with a squeak.

“See, I knew you’d see at least one Brian again,” says Spreading Shine, giving Thrysta a little look.

Thrysta mentally saying to her, “*He’s doing well, he just doesn’t go by Brian anymore. So don’t give me that.*”

“*Fine,*” she thinks back, while her deep guarded thoughts think, “*It just took a while to finish this one.*”

As the four get to have a nice meal together, the new Brian, unaware of the path that the true Brian took. Who now stood outside in the cool weather, staring blankly ahead at the two pony drone’s butts. In a never-ending state of pleasure, perfectly content with its life choices. Once a pony drone, *always* a pony drone. Good thing Mistress is clever enough to make a backup, or was the drone the real backup? No matter, LT3T5U-249 would never question it, nor need to. For it is a perfect mindless obedient willess thoughtless hyper pleased pony drone, best friend to its Mistress Spreading Shine. Friendship is always so... magical.