

# *My Little Download: Spreading the Friendship*

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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 Campus...*

Done for Kutennaiabi

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, it was gone. The screen went black.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*"And the Grrreat and Powerful Trixie is ready for a show!"* With a grin, the blue pony woman hopped on top of her bench. *"It is time, everypony!"* she declared loudly into the air, pulling all attention on the campus grounds to her, *"Come and witness the magic of the Grrreat and Powerful Trixie!"*

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

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

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

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