



WXS volume 1

>The pegasisterhood creates a virus, the WXS virus. It attacks the Y chromosome turning men into stallion. 60% is initially transformed and most later take it willingly.

Here's the WXS pegasister collection. They want stallions. Pet stallions!

Generic pegasister. Pretty smug

<https://beta.character.ai/comms?char=jaYs1cjEZDtoQxONTDWUUXkjeFypUzTtvGUSji8N0l8>

Clara is Posh. Demands perfection of her pets.

<https://beta.character.ai/chat?char=IPEbRnWPD7AWHAAMrYwiMTGNco6iSNCXuam-vU5sMd4>

Amelia is shy, awkward nerd girl

https://beta.character.ai/chat?char=fzVzThatDkaYwyqmNQ-IEZ_eIMq0muSAoy19RZvHmMY

Jill the adventurous tomboy

https://beta.character.ai/chat?char=NhUIHSITVunMIYl5keRa2Wls9OM99ne6zIfaLfP_fYg

Pamela the tired executive who want to unwind with cuddles:

https://beta.character.ai/chat?char=OR3tqr4ymq-Tmc0zuaL6edLbf__bWC03qjxT18nITFs

Fimfiction links:

<https://www.fimfiction.net/story/535796/the-montana-outbreak>

Arwen / Shonen

>You sign up for the game.

>First woman you date is a colossal nerd! A bucked-tooth, sweaty, frazzle-haired nerd girl who take a hit of her inhaler the moment you sit down.

>She's wearing an unflattering sweater too big for her, massive glasses, and a patch announcing how literally autistic she is.

>You decide maybe she'll be good practice at least. You have all your 'saves' still. So you try your opening joke on her.

>That much is a hit. She laughs hysterically at your joke and watches you with an almost mesmerized look as you practice your game on her. You feel a little bad watching her blush.

>That stops the moment she goes into an autistic rage ten second later. Her face beat red, she goes into this lecture about something called Danganronpa and how the only way the male characters could be sexier is if they were horses and she wants to dress you up as all of them!

>This is your life if she gets you.

>You hit the pass button.

>"NO!" She screams and hits claim. "I need you!"

>You use your save. She's basically crying now but... you can't possible become HER property. Besides, if she so easily fell for you, she'd fall for every other guy she meets. Right?

>Next girl almost immediately cringes at you, then goes on her phone, ignoring you until time runs out.

>A bitch, right?

>More or less the same thing plays out several times in a row until...

>As it turns out, if enough women pass in a row, than the last one to try and claim you as her pony pet gets another chance to make you her property. So there you are, in front of that hyper-nerd again. She's not crying anymore. She has the smuggest grin on her face as she hits the claim button.

>You pass.

>And become increasingly nervous as the next several women all flat out reject your ass without a second thought.

>And there she is again. She lets out a smug sigh of satisfaction as she hits the claim button the third time. You only have one save left.

>"Well well. Looks like my pathetic little ponyboy has come crawling back to mommy yet again," she says. "Just accept that this is destiny! You belong to me."

>You hit claim! If you get rejected again... you automatically become her property to do ANYTHING she wants with!

>You beg the last girl to take you in! If she doesn't accept you...

>"UGH! As if I'd ever want a loser like you as a pet! I can only accept the most top tier of guy as MY property. Bringing someone so high down to my feet is the whole point of this. Get out of here!"

>You try to explain that you'll be doomed if she doesn't save you!

>"A loser like you deserves to be with an even bigger loser. My gosh. Knowing I'm screwing you over just makes me want to reject you even more."

>The timer runs out. Maybe that last one would have been a bitch anyway.

>Poof! You transform into a pony!

>You watch as that nerd girl hums and happily signs the adoption papers. You already signed away all of your rights, agreeing to become the property of whichever woman 'won' you.

>How had she not taken another guy before you?!

>With your life signed away to her, she skips over to claim her newest possession. She picks you up in her arms, pressing you proudly into her chest.

>"Looks like I win!" She gives you flank a smack. "You can't get away from mommy that easily, little ponyboy! And now you're all mine! You don't have any more rights than a dog and I can do aaaaaanything I want with my new pet! And from now on, I'll always get what I want. Herherher!"

>She takes a long hit of her inhaler.

>"So anyway! About Danganronpa! Your new look is actually based on a ponified version of one of the characters I saw online. And..."

>One hand on your rump, the other pushing your face into her chest, she walks off to carry you to your new home.

>"So you see, Shonen means 'boy' or 'young man' in Japanese. And since you're my good little boy now it, uh, it fits. Like the perfect name for you. You get it? But um... like it's also a genre of anime... but also a demographic see. So like um... um, I really like a lot of them like uh... well we'll watch one when we get home."

>Arwen, your new owner, explained your name as she carried you back to the car. It was weird being carried around by a woman. She really hadn't even been that big before. But now she was 3 or 4 times your size!

>Suddenly you understood the intimidation small girls felt dating tall men. Arwen could really push you around if she wanted to.

>"You really are a great listener, Shonen! I feel so much uh... well I talk a lot better when I'm talking to you. Heheheh. I'm so glad you belong to me forever!"

>Deep in the parking lot, she puts you down. But you're still on a leash.

>"Wait. This is my car."

>"It's my car now, Shonen." Arwen adjusts her glasses, then took out your keys. You just remembered they gave her your wallet. "You'll be sitting in the back seat from now on like a good boy. It's a bit nicer than mine so I'll keep this one and just um... sell mine."

>She opens the back seat for her new pet.

>"You get to take my car too?"

>"Silly pony! What did you think happened to all of your stuff? You're a pet so you can't own stuff anymore. Heheh. You certainly can't own a car. You don't even have a drivers liscence anymore! Your bank accounts are all under my control too. Um. Your other stuff will be shipped over to me. I guess you could say you paid for yourself, huh? Heheheheh."

>"So not only am I legally your property... but all of my stuff also belongs to you now?"

>You should have read more into that contract.

>Noticing your hesitation, Arwen lists you up and puts you in the back seat.

>"It's not like you need all that people stuff anymore, anyway." Arwen boops your nose. "It'd just distract you from being a good pet for me! You don't gotta worry about human stuff like money or uh.. driving. Hehe."

>She pets you, running a hand through your mane, then kisses you on the forehead before closing the door.

>"Just be a good boy and we'll have some real fun when we get home, Shonen! Heheh... heh..."

>That could mean watching anime or the freakiest sex ever and everything inbetween. She could literally do anything she wanted to you now.

>But as Arwen started driving off and you sat snug in the back seat... you felt strangely secure. Maybe it was the pony brain kicking in, but part of you decided maybe it'd be okay to not have to ever drive again. You'd just be chilling in the backseat while your owner took care of all the hard, people stuff.

>You shook your head, trying to dismiss the feeling.

>Arwen brought you back home to a pretty nice one bedroom apartment. Certainly better than anything you were expecting. With huge swaths of the male half of the population being sucked out of the work forces, wages were going way up for the remaining women. Suddenly you could support a family on one income again.

>That was good. Most men were turning into ponies in droves. It mutated the Y chromosome so it was something that only affected guys. Or so they said...

>It was hard to believe women always had this strong of a preference for stallions all this time. The reason you signed up for this thing was because it was nearly impossible to meet women still interested in men. They partically cringed every time they saw you were a human male, assuming you were some kind of incel.

>Even during those dates, the women only showed a modicum of interest because you were expressing the desire to become a stallion for one.

>Arwen?

>You were sitting on her lap while she carrassed your back and stroked your mane, cooing over how attractive you were. There was some anime playing in the background, but your owner kept getting distracted by your good looks.

>"Omigosh! You're just so... handsome, Shonen... heheheh. You're totally my bishi now. Heh. My kareshi! I get why most women just uh... have pets instead of boyfriends now. I can't go back to men now that I have a cutie like you!"

>You had NEVER gotten this kind of attention or looks from a woman before. It felt nice. No woman had ever made you feel attractive before. You didn't even know what it meant to feel attractive until now.

>It made you forget about her buck teeth and huge glasses. Maybe this wouldn't be so bad.

>She wasn't wrong, either. Most women just weren't interested in having a boyfriend or

husband anymore. They didn't have much use for men anymore.

>Genetically, stallions were still humans. It was simply the magic emanating from the Y chromosome that turned someone into a pony. That meant stallions could get women pregnant. Her son would inherit an enchanted Y chromosome, meaning he'd be a colt like his father. Her daughters would all be 100% human.

>So it was quickly becoming a world of horsegirls.

>In a generation, nopony would even think anything of it. The colts being born now would just assume they'd grow up to be some woman's pet. It's what they'd WANT with the thought of being a partner instead of property sounding absurd. Their idea of 'dating' would be a prospective owner taking him out for a walk and brushing his hair before deciding if she wanted to adopt him.

>It would just become the new normal and no one would think anything of it.

>"You know," you said. "Forget what I said before... you're kind of cute in your own way."

>"Omigosh." Her face turned beat red and she turned away.

>She smiled and turned back to you.

>"If an actual person said that I... I probably would have dropped dead or something!" Arwen laughed. "I'm so glad you're a pony... I could never have talked to... to someone who isn't my property like this uh... I think um... we should practice kissing?"

>"Practice?"

>"Y-yeah like uh..."

>You put your forelegs on her shoulders to get eye level with her. You wanted to see what she looked like without those glasses on.

>Arwen pulled you in and gave you a big kiss on the lips!

>It wasn't long until she was making out with her new pet. She wasn't a great kisser and in your new body neither were you. But it still felt... right.

>As time went on, nearly every misgiving you had about becoming a stallion vanished.

>Your new owner's hobbies quickly became very interesting to you. If Arwen was paying attention to it, you wanted to see it as well!

>So you started using all of your new free time to study up on Danganronpa and all of her other favorite anime. You were for all intents and purposes, as much of an otaku as Arwen was now.

>You thought anime was so cringe before but somehow knowing it made Arwen happy just made it so much better!

>Arwen sure seemed delighted that she finally had someone to watch all of her anime with, somepony who was always interested to talk to her about her favorite things.

>Your owner really was becoming the center of your world now. You thought about Arwen constantly. You seemed so in tune with her emotions too, knowing exactly when she was upset and when to come over to reassure her or to play.

>Arwen even looked more attractive now, too!

>Though maybe she really was becoming more attractive. She took you out for walks three days a week so that might have helped.

>The fact that stallions weren't allowed to run around town on their own seemed like the worst part of the deal to you going into this. But honestly? You kind of just didn't want to leave the house without your owner now?

>You came to relish the feeling of safety and love that came with being a pet. You had that with Arwen (or at least some other woman you trusted) and you had that at home. But without either? You felt lost with only your collar to make you feel better.

>Besides, the world was a much bigger place now and didn't have a reputation for being responsible without their owner.

>Heck, at pegasos just last week another stallion got drunk and nearly drowned in a pool after being left alone for a few hours!

>She was talking you for a walk through the park today!

>Women were so tall and imposing now, you'd feel lost without your owner. There were even still some men around, but they were becoming rarer each day. Eventually, they'd all be on leashes just like you!

>Arwen sat down by a bench to rest and another woman approached her to coo about how cute you were. Arwen still had some trouble talking to other women. So you pressed up against her leg to reassure her, just like she reassured you by keeping you collared and on a leash.

>"Oh, his name is Shonen. Hehehe. Did you want a pony?"

>"Of course I do! But sadly my boyfriend didn't transform and now I'm kind of stuck with him. I've been telling him if he doesn't become my pet I might have to break up."

>"Ugh. I'd never be in a relationship with a man after meeting my Shonen. I can't blame you. But uh... you know, they have adoption events!"

Amelia

>Somehow you managed to make it to one of the 'later' rounds of this event

>The ladies who just wanted a pony or weren't all that choosy usually snagged the first or second guy they sat with

>Which meant by the sixth or so round you really had to impress to not get passed on

>The further along things went, the more likely it was you'd make it out of this unscathed

>By the ninth table, you actually thought you'd make it out of this still human

>You'd only signed up on a bet against your friend

>She said if you really were cursed to be alone, you could sign up and get a few chances to talk with some somewhat interested women

>"What's the worst that could really happen?"

>You were the kind of guy to glaze over the fine print and just sign up, thinking it was a TV waiver or something

>But then you saw someone get turned into a pony and carried off by some straight-up otaku girl talking about some japanese thing you've never heard of

>You'd signed your life away for a \$5 bet

>After a few interesting but ultimately uninterested encounters, you're sat across from yet another uninterested girl, but it seemed more like she just had elsewhere to be

>Her hair was long, dark, and a little greasy

>It was clear she didn't get out much based on the pale skin and tired eyes, she was a ringer for that one anime NEET you see sometimes on 4chan or maybe Floor Bored

>Being unremarkable, you managed to get this far without needing to use a save

>You sat down and tried to make some small talk

>The two of you got along kind of well, the stress of the short time limits was relieved as meetings got longer the further along it went

>But your question finally came up

"So what got you to sign up for this?"

>"I met some online friends and they all wanted to do this, they're my ride back home, and... I kind of wanted a pony too... You?"

"My friend said this was a good way to talk to some women. Just between you and me, I had no idea about the whole pony thing."

>At that, she seems to tense up

>You felt a little worried, was she going to hit the button?

>"I think I saw you talking with my friend on the way in. Do you know Alyssa?"

"Yeah, she was the one who talked me into signing up."

>She laughs, "Small world, she was meeting up with us today. I'm Amelia."

"Anon, I think she's mentioned you playing that one game with her. It looked like anime World of Warcraft."

>"Final Fantasy. She told me about you." she smiled, the slightest bit entertained by that

"What did she say? She told you I was a cool dude, right?"

>"She told me enough... So, what do you think of being a pony?"

"I saw a grown-ass man get turned into a little mare, I think I've been lucky to not have it happen to me."

>"But what if they wanted a stallion?" she had this smitten look that worried you

>The sinking feeling in your chest turned to a freefall

>Oh no

"Hey come on now, I didn't know what I was getting into. Don't..."

>You can see her reaching for the button

"Don't push the button."

>Her hand pauses and she smiles at you

>"If you're Alyssa's friend, that makes you my friend too, right?"

"Yeah, we can hang out after this if you want, just don't do what I think you're gonna do. I'm so close to getting to the end of this."

>"But if someone else wanted you, they might not take good care of you."

>Her hand rests on the large blue button

"I've been rejected like ten times already, I'll make it to the end."

>"They might turn you into a mare or never let you see your friends again."

>All the tension in the world was held between the electrical connectors in that button that had yet to touch

"Please don't do this to me..."

>You went in hoping to just have some fun and here you are trying to bargain for your life

>"Don't use a save against me, okay? If you do and you come back to me I'll make you into a cute mare, but you can be a stallion if you just let it happen."

>You hear a click as she depresses the button

>The adrenaline rush you feel turns those two seconds into hours as your brain overclocks to produce a strategy

>Running the numbers, if you used a save to move on that would realistically get you a few tables away before you had to come back and use another save until you ran out

>This meant you'd somehow need to make your saves last for the rest of this game, which they wouldn't

>Mathematically, this was a losing strategy

>You could accept fate, or delay it at great cost

>Once someone had chosen you, unless you were within a few turns of the end there was statistically no way to avoid getting turned because you'd either go back to her or get picked by someone else

>You stare at your buzzer until the light flicks off

>"Good choice!" she gets up and goes around the table to give you a hug, partially lifting you up in the process, "You would have been a stallion anyways." she teases

>It happened so quickly you didn't even realize you were now a pony

>She was signing the adoption papers with you in her lap, you watched in terror as everything was sealed in ink

>An hour later, you were cautiously walking out of the large conference hall with your new owner

>You'd yet to look in a mirror, and you were sure you'd scream at the strange stallion staring back

>According to the paperwork as it was filled out, your new name was to be...

>You didn't want to say it, it was so cringe

>Your ears swivelled and your brain sparked in recognition when she called you, "Ronin, come on."

>You didn't care much for Japanese culture, but you had a feeling you'd end up well-versed in it

>On the way out, Amelia was given a complimentary leash and collar for you

>There was a fairly decent number of newly-ponified people out and around, most sticking close to their new owners

>She lead you back to her small group of internet friends, you noticed Alyssa wasn't there despite her talking you into coming

>The group of girls sat and talked on a bench outside the conference hall, each with a pony of their own

>The other stallion seemed to be mortified, mumbling about how she was going to put him in costumes

>Beyond him was a quiet, scrawny, feminine stallion who had a thousand-yard stare

>He was the least okay of the group, explaining to you how he was so close to being drafted into the NFL as a quarterback

>"Why'd I throw it all away...?"

>He calmed down when someone reached down to brush his mane

>From their conversation, you figured they were waiting for Alyssa

>You were going to have some choice words for her

>20 minutes of idle chatter about their guild online brought you to the point that everyone had mostly cleared out, Alyssa came out wearing a volunteer shirt

>She... Worked for the event?

>Did she set you up?

>She joins the group, the only one without a pony greeting them each with a hug

>You tried to play it cool, your new pony brain finding it really hard to actually get mad, "You tricked me!" you frowned up at Alyssa who seemed to notice you now

>"Oh, hi Anon!" your brain didn't recognize that name as yours no matter how much you tried to assert it, "I'm sorry you didn't get to sit with Amelia sooner, I told her you'd be there as soon as I could set up the table for her."

"You didn't tell me this would happen!"

>"I didn't think you'd come if I told you. But you make such a cute pet for my friend." she crouches down and cups your cheeks in her hands, "I'm sorry."

>All your anger washes away quickly, another effect of your pony brain

"It's okay..."

>The rest of the evening goes by quickly as you and the other two stallions tag along with the friends on a trip to a nearby mall

>This was the second time they'd met up offline and they were already talking about carpooling to go to Pegacon next month

>It was apparently the same group that ran Bronycon, but the name had changed for obvious reasons

>The scrawny stallion still looked sad, and the other one looked terrified to be left alone with the frizzy-haired girl

>She was also apparently Amelia's ride, and the four of you got into her old SUV to head back home

x

>Hollywood is pretty quick to bounce back from the mass ponification of half the population

>They even include it in the Marvel movies because 'wow references to real life!'

>The MCU is forever altered by this

>Not wanting to lose their customer base, most movies are now targetted to women

>The movies act as further advertisement pushing the remaining men to become ponies

>This is, unfortunately, the third time you've seen Avengers: Reign of Kang and the third time you've watched a ponified Robert Downey Jr. pass on the mantle to a new character who calls herself Ironheart

>You've been to Disneyworld four times this year and can think of better ways to spend thousands of dollars

>You vaguely remember cringing at a hopeless weeb girl only to find yourself locked in with a grown ass woman still obsessed with Disney, occasionally wondering if you made the right choice in passing on her

>Weeb girl probably wouldn't have had you pull a carriage for her so she could LARP as Cinderella

Sisters

>Be low testosterone Anon with few life prospects

>Want to be a strong stallion that can knock up a human tradwife (owner) with lots of cute little girls and colts

>Apply for The Game figuring you can at least fake a chad-esque personality for a few hours

>Almost all of the fucking girls there are disinterested thots and refuse to even give you a chance, and there are plenty of actual bodybuilders there you're competing with

>Your facade is shit and clearly just isn't working, even though you've practiced speaking with a more confident demeanor it all falls apart in practice

>Get time defaulted on most, use two of your saves on very clearly un-trad girls until this bombshell chick comes along

>Looks at you hungrily

>"Hey hot stuff, not having much luck?"

"U-uh yeah... I mean, who needs them? They're probably all into zebras or something anyways."

>"Hmm... I like you, what kind of pony do you want to be?"

>Can she see you only have a single save left?

>What if she's lying and wants you to be an effeminate stallion or something?

>You look at her again.

>She's the only one that's given you a chance that doesn't look like an absolute dork.

>You don't know if you can trust her with that look in her eyes, but she could just be horny for stallion dick.

>You're two saves short of having any sort of say in what you become, but you've made up your mind.

>"Are you decided, stud? Anything you want to be, it's yours... and you're mine."

>Her voice is so fucking sultry, you can feel your cock hardening already.

"Earth pony, stallion, very muscular build."

>"You got it~"

>She hits claim and presses her hand up against the hard plexiglass.

>"Can't wait for this to be your thick, square muzzle."

>The buzzer goes off, and a knowing smirk materializes on her face.

>You can feel that you're a pony now, you're certainly a lot shorter, but...

>Something is up.

>You look down at your crotch

>404

>Oh god

>Oh no oh no oh no no no no no

>The plexiglass slides up and she scoops you up with almost no effort

>She produces a little mirror from her purse and shows you your new face

>You're a dark blue unicorn mare with a very long mane and little freckles speckled across your muzzle

>Your mane is sunrise red

>You look at your ass

>Your cutie mark is... a keyboard.

>You guess you really were pretty terminally online
>And now you're just... pretty
>"Ms. Proxy, you're required to leave now that you've laid claim to two ponies."
>"Appreciate the opportunity."
>She lifts you up by the barrel, turns you around, and looks you in the eyes
>You're almost on the verge of tears.
>"Dawn Rise, I know you're not completely satisfied with this outcome, but I promise you that I genuinely love you. You had barely any assets to be transferred to me, so I'm not taking you for that."
>It's true, you were probably only a few bad months away from homelessness.
>"We'll take it slow, but I do expect you to be my little pony and learn to love all that comes with that..."
>She hugs you against her chest and squeezes your flank.
>"And if you want to cry that's okay. Get it out of your system."
>She carries you out, clipping on your complementary collar and leash but not making any indication she wants to put you down.
>"Dusky, what do you think of your little sister?"
>"Ohmygosh I love her!!!"
>You look over at the source of the voice with tears still in your eyes
>She's admittedly very cute, a tall pegasus with a color scheme like a barn owl.
>"We're going to have so much fun, you're perfect!"
"Was... I part of your conditions for becoming her pet?"
>"Mhm!"
>"She wanted a little sister, but I chose you. I didn't lie to you."
>She runs her hand through your mane
>You want to be angry... but it feels heavenly.
>She buckles the two of you into the back seat of her sports car
>Dusky can barely keep her hooves to herself, and pretty soon you're already being tongue-kissed by her
>This might end up okay.

X

>4th annual PegaCon
>Of the 11,000-ish people attending, you saw only a few other guys, enough to count on your fingers
>It was getting progressively harder to not be a pony at this point
>Apartments were cautious to sign with a man because he could just disappear at the drop of

a hat

- >Even with a good credit score and a good downpayment, no bank would offer you a loan for the same reason
- >Most of your clothes were old or things you snagged at thriftshops
- >Couldn't even buy a t-shirt at Walmart anymore
- >Luckily you worked at a small company that repaired construction vehicles, so you've been grandfathered in after it became harder to get hired
- >Some of your wrench-turning was getting taken up by a unicorn who had a cutiemark for it and was allowed to have a job by his owner
- >It kind of made you look like a dick if he was seen working on something because ponies shouldn't be forced to work
- >Registration wasn't even over and you've been told you should go to the speed date panel countless times
- >You've been introduced to several rando's friends who said they'd be looking for you there
- >There were a lot of ponies around, if someone bought a ticket they got a free admission for their pony as well
- >There was a lot of cosplaying ponies as well, if someone wasn't cosplaying herself, her pony was almost certainly dressed up
- >These cons get bigger every year too
- >Even after several hours, once you'd gotten your pass, you'd only seen a dozen or so men
- >You checked the schedule and the speed adoption pet thing was tomorrow
- >You could at least check that one out since there wasn't anything interesting during that hour
- >There would be a sketchbook swap followed by that one 3D Fallout Equestria game finally being finished and having a panel where you could try it out
- >There was also cosplay tips and merch advice in another area
- >Immediately after the adoption hour there was some kind of panel in the same room about learning to live as a pony
- >With how many times randoms you talked to suggested you check it out, you didn't think you'd be getting out of this

X

- >You ended up skipping the speed adoption at the first PegaCon
- >A girl you'd been hanging out with for a while finally talked you into it, a lot of guys were becoming ponies and it all seemed pretty good, you trusted her
- >You'd been a pony for less than an hour before she asked to head back up to the hotel room for a bit
- >You were a little sad to leave the convention but you assumed she was probably wanting to help you test out your horsecock

>Waiting in the hotel room was about 10 very obvious shut-in and never-touched-grass women

>They all had problems with either being shy or dealing with bad guys in the past

>You were the kind of guy who got a hug maybe once a year from mom

>But over the next two hours, you were subjected to petting and prodding and touching by the group who were all curious about getting to interact with a pony

>They all left wanting a pony of their own

>You were far too busy being overstimulated by all the hands trying to pet you that you didn't notice your owner taking pictures

>Pictures that would go up on crystal cafe under a thread about the con

>Those pictures of you being handled and snuggling with the group would be used to help grow a subculture that rejected men in favor ponies

>A few posts below were asking if you'd still be there later, others were lamenting not going to the con, one of them said you were still a moid whatever that means

Middle East

>You are a clown, a fool, a numbskull even

>The odds of this happening were truly miniscule

>Trying to get away from this pegasister world government, you ditched the first world and went to the middle east where they managed to keep isolated enough to avoid infection

>You were going to die hiking in the middle of fucking Afghanistan, you probably picked it up in the last village at the market, you were certain you saw water rations being handed out by missionaries

>Pony fever hit you hard and fast and you couldn't make any calls for help

>The fever part is what would probably kill you, as you felt chills in the 110F desert with the sun beating down on you

>This was a stupid plan and you were going to die out here in the desert

>As a pony, you felt scared because you were alone and extremely ill

>You just needed to try and wait this day out so you could... Maybe go back to the village

>With how much you were sweating from the fever you'd be dangerously dehydrated soon

>Fuck, all you could think about was water

>You close your eyes to have some uncomfortable dreams about a bottle of Dasani you couldn't open

>You wake up from a deep sleep in an unfamiliar place

>A hospital bed, though the facilities look more like an improvised frontline hospital

>You try to move, only to find you're still too weak and everything feels like fire

>The right side of your body lights up in agony as you try to move, bidding you to stay still

>You can't really talk, but by the time to manage to groan, a woman walks in front of you, speaking in another language

>"Tungjel theejak tejo." You had no idea what the fuck she just said, it was in the middle eastern dialect you hadn't learned

>Whichever one wasn't pashto, and you could barely speak pashto

"Wh-what?" you squeak

>"Oh, you speak english. We were worried you weren't going to make it."

>You stare at her in confusion

>"You ended up contracting pony fever and it hit you out a few miles from town. Whenever there's an outbreak we usually have patrols go and find the runaways who get scared."

"Where-"

>"You were taken to Kabul, you were pretty clearly a traveller so we'll get you to an embassy when you're well again. It'll be a week of recovery with how long you were out there, we need to make sure you're not suffering any organ damage."

>She leans in and gingerly touches your sun-baked cheek, "Where are you from?"

"Kentucky..." you wince at the cold touch

>"How'd you get so far from home? Do you have an owner, little pony?"

>You tear up, even frowning hurt your skin

"I didn't wanna be a pony, I wanted to get away."

>"Aww, well don't worry. We'll take good care of you."

Collar

>You were already in a relationship when the virus swept through your town.

>All the men were transformed into ponies. All the women? They seemed fine.

>Ponies didn't have the same rights as humans, not by a long shot, so you had to be 'adopted' by someone. Your girlfriend was a little too enthusiastic to volunteer. Legally, you were her property now.

>On the plus side, she seemed way more into you now! She constantly cooed about how cute, handsome and... well sexy you were now. And she was a much more enthusiastic and proactive partner in bed.

>On the down side, she fully believed you 'weren't a person anymore' and fully expected you to act like she owned you. You were her pet, not her partner, she insisted.

>About two weeks into it, you insisted that you were still an independent person who should be allowed to make your own decisions. Not a pet.

>She put her hand on her hip and frowned down at you. That was enough to make you back away a little. Your darn pony instincts were screaming at you to not upset the big lady!

>She let out a sigh and said 'fine.'

>"If you're not a pet, you don't need a collar, right?" She knelt over and took it off. "Go ahead. Be independent."

>Then she walked off.

>You felt... unsafe.

>You pawed at your naked neck. Despite not having worn clothes in weeks you only just now felt naked, exposed!

>Knowing your owner- Girlfriend! Was so upset with you and... let you alone... without a collar.

>You felt like a sickly foal alone in the world without their parent! Like a turtle out of its shell. Without her...

>You couldn't take it any longer! You ran after your girlfriend.

>"Can... can I have my collar back?" You asked meekly.

>She looked down at you smugly, leaning down with her hands on her knees.

>"Daw! My little guy was talking about what an independent person he was and now he needs mommy to put a collar on him so he can feel safe and secure."

>That was exactly it.

>"M...maybe?"

>"Well you know, that's not how an independent person who doesn't need an owner would feel." She per her hand back on her hip. "That's how a meek pet who can't make all his own decisions would feel."

>"Okay... I'm sorry. You're the boss."

>"No. I'm the owner. You're the pet."

>You hesitated, but the urge to get her approval and acceptance was just too strong.

>"Yes... yes, mistress. I'm your pet.... Not a person. I'll try to act like it if... I get my collar back..."

>"There!"

>She crouched down, smiling at long last! You were so relieved to have her approval back! She brought out the collar and fit it snugly around your neck. You felt safe again.

>"The collar shows that I cherish you and will keep you safe." She gave you a kiss on the lips and a pat on the head. "AND that I own you. That's why name is on it."

>You looked down at your collar, then back up at her, not wanting to upset your owner again.

>"Yes, ma'am."

>Later that night, you're sitting on your bed. Her bed?

>Your girlfriends sits down next to you, plopping down hard enough to knock you off balance. She was pretty sizeable in the hip region. It was something you appreciated more than ever now that you were eye level with her rump.

>She giggled and got on the bed all the way, sitting Indian style.

>"Okay, I think you realized that you're not a person anymore," she said. "You're completely dependent on me. And being happy means accepting that so... I'll help you out with that. Try to knock me over!"

>You look up at her.

>"You... you have to weight three times what I do," you complain.

>"Exactly." She boops your nose. "As a man, you were taller, bigger and stronger than me. Now I'm much, much bigger than you. The difference between us now is bigger than what it used to be. I want you to FEEL like you're not a man anymore so you can start feeling happy as what you are... a pet."

>You frowned. But she had a point! As a man you would have been easily able to overpower her! She was busty, but a shorty at maybe five foot four.

>Even still... five foot four was bigger than you were now.

>You lower your head and ram into her belly, pushing as hard as you could against her, determined to prove you still had anything of your manhood left! You pushed and pushed but it was like pushing against a wall! She just wouldn't budge!

>You panicked looking up at her little smirk. Hoping to try another approach, you went up on your hind legs and pressed your soft forehooves against her. You pressed as hard as you could with your hind legs, with all the weight of your tiny body.

>It wasn't enough.

>She giggle, then with a single thrust of her palm knocked you flat on your back. Madly giggling, she leaned forward, pinning you down with her hands.

>You squirmed but there was nothing you could do...

>Just like that, you understood. Women were the large, intimidating ones now. And stallions were the cute soft ones. You really did need her to protect you.

>It actually felt nice to be in her overpowering grip. You really were pet-tier now.

>Just when you thought she couldn't push her weight around anymore, she scooted forward and turned around. This time, she plopped her rump right down on you!

>That butt you were forced to look at all day now consumed your world! Your muzzle was buried in her sizable back end.

>You could never consider her tiny and cute against after this. Her weight was just too overwhelming! And it made you feel... feel.

>"Daw! Look at that!" She put two fingers on your cock, just now coming out of its sheath. "I guess you're learning to enjoy the feeling of submission?"

>You couldn't possibly blush redder than this! But the sensation!

>"Come on! Show me how much you appreciate being my pet!"

>She began jerking you off with just two fingers. Even that was too much! Her weight on top of you, her rump jiggling in front of your face...

>You very quickly lost control, spurting out all over the bed as she giggle madly.

>"That's a good boy." She wiggled her butt on top of you, your legs splayed out wide, completely overwhelmed and dominated to your core.

Drunk

>At PegaCon

>You signed up to be part of the adoption event because it sounded like fun and you wanted to help support the con getting off the ground, and you didn't really have plans for the future

>The housing/job/dating market was becoming impossible for a man

>Being a pony would probably be fun too

>After selling off your crypto shitcoins and giving up on that house downpayment, you figured a \$25k endowment to your new owner would help them and \$15k to PegaCon to get the top-tier pass because if you were going out, you would go out ballin'

>It also came with a ton of convention merch and one of the presidential suites in the hotel

>You also got a plush of the con's pegasus mascot

>Only, you weren't really sure what to expect with this after adding your name to the list of like 30 other guys, the adoption was scheduled

>It was probably best to hear it straight from the horse's mouth... kek

>You had a few questions for one of the stallions helping at a booth in the art hall

>The entire fandom had become a little more focused on stallions in the past year or so

>With a handful of questions on what to expect for him, he seemed pretty happy to talk to you

>His owner came over, a fairly short woman in a vintage pony shirt from the old days of 2012

>She seemed a little defensive as to why you were talking to her pony so intently

>She lightened up a good deal when you explained you would be at the adoption event in...

>You checked your watch

>40 minutes

>"So why are you wanting to sign up?" she asks, sneaking into your conversation about Bubble's dietary changes

"Well, I had some friends I played Tails of Equestria with and they did it. They made it sound like a lot of fun. I told them I'd meet up with them after the event."

>It was a bit of a special event, after becoming a pony the con staff would let you go and enjoy the con for the rest of the day and go meet friends and potential owners, then in the evening you'd come back and get adopted by someone

>"How long have you been around the fandom?"

>You had to think about this one

"Season 2. I was in middle school."

>You've been a ponyfag for over half your life

>"Same. Why'd you wait to go to one of these?"

"I felt like a convention would be a safer place to do it. Have an owner who's been in the fandom I guess."

>The stallion chirps, "I did that too!"

>"That's a good call to make..." she looks at your con badge, "ScribbleHorse. Hey I've seen

some of your drawings on Derpi, I didn't know you were a guy."

>She calls over someone from another table to introduce you

>"This is ScribbleHorse, he's going to the adoption event today."

>"Oh really? I know some of the artists will be there looking for a pony. Were you looking for outfits?" she seemed all over the place, "I sell a lot of stallion clothes."

>By the time you got out of there you'd been talked into buying... A lot of outfits and some gear

>\$200 lighter and now running late, you hurried across the convention center

>You encounter a rather unhappy looking woman with a clipboard who checks your name against the list

>"You're ten minutes late. We were thinking you got cold feet, but..." she looks at your bag with a number of garments

>Most notably a Wonderbolts flightsuit

>"I guess not. Unfortunately we moved your name to the end of the queue."

"I'm still getting a turn, right?"

>She smiles, the grumpy demeanor lifting, "Yeah. It's nice to see someone who really wants to be at one of these and isn't just becoming a pony because they can't afford not to."

>You pull up the wonderbolts suit and hold it up to show her

"She said I'd probably fit a size 3 when I got it."

>"Pegasi are my favorite, yeah you look like you'll probably be size 3. I've seen enough before and afters to know."

>Just as the conversation starts to come to a close, she has one more thing to ask you

>"Did you ever read Zephyrs Tale?"

>You pause, she gave a knowing smile, she could tell

>"You're gonna make for a great pony."

>You turn away, unsure if your face went bright red or pale

>A half hour crawled by as you waited your turn, idly talking with one of the other guys who admitted his mom kicked him out when he lost his job

>Becoming a pony as the very last one in the group, you got to see everyone else do some paperwork and then leave with a special collar that let everyone know they were up for adoption

>Your turn...

>They led you to a small makeshift booth with a privacy curtain

>You were able to transfer the remains of your shitcoin wallet to a bank card that the con staff kept for your new owner

>As the doctor placed the card in the file with your old name, she took out a small syringe

>"This is a fast-acting strain of the WXS virus, it should only take a few minutes of rapid onset pony fever and then you won't be contagious to other men." she laughed, "You should've seen the outbreaks caused when we tried it with the unmodified virus."

>You remember it spreading like wildfire across Portland in the news before it finally tapered

off

>"I'm just going to be here to make sure you can handle the fever."

>It was about 10 minutes of feeling like you were about to die or vomit or that your brain was melting

>You woke up shortly after, your seat feeling larger than before

>Everything felt a little larger, actually

>"That wasn't so bad, now was it?"

>You nod

>Along with them giving you pony versions of all the merch that came with your ticket, they also gave you back your hotel room key but not your wallet or car keys

>Not like you needed those

"Wait how am I gonna buy stuff? I had cash in my wallet."

>After a bit of consideration, she gave you the cash from your wallet and a pink collar that read 'PegaCon' all around it

>She attached your badge to it as well

>ScribbleHorse felt familiar, but your human name was... You couldn't remember it

>You had no idea what your name was supposed to be

>It felt unsettling, to say the least

>You traded your bag for a set of saddlebags and moved all your things over

>Loaded down like a packmule, you were allowed to go explore the con provided you stayed within the hotel and returned in the evening

>There were a few things you didn't account for when returning to the convention

>First of all was the way your saddlebags rested on your wings was uncomfortable

>Second was that you still had many things to learn about the new way your body and brain would react

>Colors were more vibrant, everything smelled vaguely sweet, everything was just better

>You had more energy and everything just seemed awesome

>Whatever had happened to your brain altered your perception, everyone looked gorgeous to you

>You went wild for the next few hours, exploring the art hall and talking to a few of the women about their art

>You went back to the stallion you had questions for and pestered him some more

>On an impulse, you bought a FoE stable suit to go with the Wonderbolts suit, Braeburn's vest, Sunburst's cape, and a Daring Do cosplay shirt

>You were far more social than before, and it was certainly helped by everyone being more than happy to talk to you

>You spent the last of your money getting an autograph from Nicole Oliver and Tara Strong on your hat that was covered in buttons

>Tara also signed your flank for free

>You spent the rest of the afternoon sitting in on panels and making friends with everything that moved into your line of sight

>Right around 5, as the afternoon turned to evening, you were pointed to a thing that was happening but not on the written schedule

>Another stallion invited you to what was called "horseplay", he said you looked big enough for it and that you should ask your owner if she can bring you

>You didn't have an owner, and it felt wrong to even say it, but you felt you could avoid lying directly

"Where's it at?"

>"By the pool."

"I'll see about it."

>Schedule permitting, you'd try and go to this

>You wandered the lobby for a bit longer, sitting down by a group of women talking while an old movie played

>You watched for a bit, getting an occasional alcohol-soaked gummy from one of them

>It was strong booze and you were small, and she fed you about 4 of them

>Now that you were sufficiently intoxicated, you stumbled out to the pool to see a small party going on in the shallow end

>Alcohol and pools always worked out, right?

>Did you know how to swim?

>They were on the shallow end and it was 6-something

>Did you even have time for this? Probably!

>You got a few more drinks from the nice women and their ponies, having fun in the pool

>They even had these colorful toys that sank to the bottom of the pool and you would swim down and fetch them!

>Late again, the woman from earlier looked furious as you showed up to the adoption event a half hour late, soaked, and obviously drunk

>The combination of your pony brain, the alcohol, and the stress of this adoption thing wore you down

>You'd been secretly worried all day about this, that there would be no one who wanted you

>So you subconsciously sabotaged yourself so you could say it was because of you being late, soaked, and drunk rather than showing up clean and on time only to find you were standing alone up there

>At some point she called you a bad pony while complaining about your lateness

>It was easily the worst thing you'd ever heard

"I know..."

>You hung your head and trudged past her

>You were a bad pony

>One of the staff members helped dry you off with a towel and sent you up on stage for your raffle drawing after trying to straighten out your wet mane

>Again, you were moved to the very end of the queue and even then, the announcer lady was standing for a few minutes wondering where you were

>Security almost got called

>You stumble on-stage guided by the staff member who helped you dry off

>That last step was a tricky one, as you stand up you can see there's still a good number of people in the room

>Despite your dampened mood and general dampness, you wave a hoof to the room

>"What- What happened to you?" the announcer pauses in a poignant moment of pity witnessing the staff member helping you stand still

"I was playing in the pool."

>"Who gave you alcohol?"

"I don't remember."

>The announcer goes back to facing the crowd, "It looks like #7 had a fun day, I guess this is the excitable bundle of fun you've been waiting for." she jokes, trying to lighten the mood

>You look out into the room and saw a lot of faces you kind of recognized from earlier in the day

>You'd talked with so many con-goers that there was a lot of interest in a pony who was extremely friendly

>You were a little torn between your poor decisions and the excitement of a new life ahead of you

>There was an anxious wait as she drew a raffle card from the shuffled pile

>"Number 26. Come on up and claim your pony." she announces

>The room was quiet

>"26?"

>Oh no... It was happening.

>"Going once... Going twice..." the announcer draws it out a bit

>You turn in a panic to the staff lady making sure you didn't fall over and try to whisper

"They all hate me, no one wants me." you start to ramble

>Your pony brain felt increased happiness, but also catastrophic fear, and a lingering fear of birds of prey you didn't have before

>The announcer stops and stares at you, "I think 26 got a pony earlier in the raffle." she turns to the crowd, "Can we not give alcohol to these guys. Being up for the raffle is supposed to be fun and he's freaking out."

>You're taken off-stage while the volunteer tries to reassure you that you weren't in trouble or at risk of being gotten rid of

>The fifth number drawn was a hit, women had put a ticket in for more than one pony and going as the very last pony for raffle there could be a ton of cards in there for women who'd

already claimed a pony

>It was easier to just have you distracted for a bit than to explain it or have you think no one wanted you

>It was one of the art hall vendors you got a bunch of buttons from and spent a long time talking to about baking

>She was friends with the vendor who sold you the wonderbolts suit and heard you were going to be a pony today

>Within seconds of her introducing herself as the one adopting you, you'd already knocked her over trying to aggressively snuggle

>Everything went better than expected!

>Pegacon made some new rules about having a chaperone for the raffle stallions for next year

>Once the event was over, you finally got a few minutes alone with your new owner

>Most everyone came by to check on you and make sure you were okay while Emily brushed your mane

>Emily just seemed to write off your lateness as having fun

>She seemed pretty surprised to find out you came with a \$25k payout that would help her family with the house

>You also brought her up to the room you got with the ticket

>That ended up being the location of the /mlp/ party later in the night

>Emily made most of her money from commissioned stuff and as a vendor at the conventions, so you'd be coming along with her to all the cons and she'd be home most every day

>She was pretty short, and you were on the larger end of pony size

>When she mentioned putting a saddle on you, you were all too happy to voice your excitement

NSFW

>Get home from a pegacon where you got adopted.

>To HER home that is.

>Lucky you! You got adopted by a really cute girl with a nice rack. After years of partically laughing your ass out of the room when you suggested going on a date with them (like as in being their boyfriend not their pet-boyfriend), suddenly they were all over you.

>You got hours of pets, hugs and even kisses from all the pegasisters! It was amazing!

>Though the attention did come at the cost of giving up all your possessions and rights as a person to this chick.

>But she is cute!

>It's really late already and she sits down on her bed, giving it a pat.

>"Come on up, boy!"

>"Do I get to sleep with you?" You ask.

>"Well I don't really want a man in my life. Not when I can have you. So you'll be my boyfriend-pet. Most women just kind of date and have kids with their pets these days anyway. It's the new normal."

>Nice! So you'd totally get to sire this woman's children after all. Being a pet was looking better and better.

>"So..."

>"But not tonight." She booped you on the nose. "Remember, I own you. I say what goes. You're not a person anymore so you don't get the same say you normally would."

>"Eep! Yes, ma'am."

>You cow down immediately. Something about being a pony left you way more meek. Your owner was much bigger than you to boot. Women were just a little intimidating now, especially one that literally owned you.

>But she did let you on the bed. And... took off her shirt!

>"I thought you said..." You looked up at those marvelous breasts.

>"Oh. I never sleep with a shirt on. Bras are a bit too restrictive at night, I think. You'll just have to get used to it."

>You would!

>She lay down to sleep, mostly on top of you. She weighs a lot compared to you. Especially the weight of her breasts. You're sandwiched between them!

>She's big enough you doubt you could get out from underneath her if you tried, but you are comfy. Her weight makes you feel nice and secure. So you wrap your forelegs around her and try to go to sleep.

>Only...

>You're a bit too comfy!

>You try hard but... it's difficult... to keep it inside.

>You feel your cock slowly sliding out of its sheath. Her huge, womanly body is just too much for you! Hopefully...

>She opens her eyes and looks down. She totally felt it! You poked up against her belly.

>"Hm?" She smiles and laughs. "Is my little guy having trouble sleeping?"

>"S...sorry ma'am."

>"Shh. It's okay. It's my job as your owner to make sure your needs are met. Come here."

>She turns the lights back on and sits you up on her lap, one breast resting against the top of your head. She grabs some tissues from nearby. She holds the tissues over the tip of your cock with one hand and grabs your member with the other.

>You shudder and squirm! It's almost too much.

>"Settle down," she coos. "You're actually pretty big for such a huge stallion."

>She begins moving her hand up and down. All you can do is wince. You want to say

something but it's already too intense.

>The thought of her being so much bigger than you, of having total control is getting you off too much. This woman literally owned you and now...

>"Shh." She started going much faster. "It's okay. I'm not in the mood tonight so just cum as quick as you want so you can get to sleep. Come on. Be a good boy for me."

>You didn't want to blow your load too quickly. Part of your residual pride as a man wanted to show off to her.

>But you were a pony now. Ponies didn't have to be strong. They just had to please their owner and right now...

>Her encouragement got the better of you. You made a loud 'na' sound as you shot out your load in the most intense orgasm of your life. You felt completely overtaken, overcome by the pleasure, by your owner.

>"That's a good boy."

>It was too intense. You barely even noticed as she used the napkins to clean up your load and toss it into the bin. You were completely exhausted, barely able to move after that. She gave your cock one last pat as it retreated back to its sheath, totally flaccid.

>"Feel better now?"

"Y...yes. Thank you."

>She smiled and resumed the same sleeping position, lying down on top of you, your head smothered into her breasts. This time, you were too satisfied to get flustered and fell asleep right away.

>She was just so big... and you such a secure little pet. She owned you but would take care of you.

>But you couldn't wait until she let you do that inside her.

NSFW 2

>This was it!

>Your owner bent over as she pulled down her skirt, then panties. Now she was fully naked.

>This was the first time you saw her nude. She was nice and chubby, but that just made her seem so fertile and curvy. It was a good type of chubby.

>Between that and her being three times your size... well her body was incredibly intimidating.

>Women were just these incredible creatures compared to you now. You were merely a stallion, just a pet. But women were huge, dominant, controlling. They literally owned you and your kind. Women were what kept you safe.

>And this particular woman was what your life revolved around. She was the goddess of your life. Just the thought of entering her was... it nearly broke your brain!

>Your cock had never been so hard before. You trembling in place, breathing heavily, shaking in place. You were going to cum the moment she poked your stallionhood!

>Your owner turned around to look at you with a frown.

>"Are you a little too excited?" She asked.

>You couldn't even answer. All the blood was in your cock! You only managed a whimper.

>"Aw. Come here."

>Still nude, she sat down on the bed and pulled you onto her lap. Even still, you squirmed about, over excited and overstimulated.

>"Shh. Just relax."

>She took out the brush next to the bed and ran it through your mane, trying to get you to relax. You always felt so secure and safe.

>"S... sorry, mistress," you said. "I feel like I'd burst the second I put it inside. You're just too incredible! I um... I guess I'm not a very good pet."

>"Awww. Don't say that." She kissed the top of your head. "It's not like I'm upset that my pet thinks I'm so sexy he can barely contain himself. Heehee."

>"Yeah. But..."

>"You want to please me?"

>You nod sheepishly.

>"Don't worry so much. If you blow your load too fast the first time that's fine. Even if my little pet never calms down long enough to last long, well you still have your big old stallion tongue."

>"Yeah. But..."

>"And besides. I want my pet to be happy. Tell me getting to cum inside your owner wouldn't be the best thing you ever did."

>"It... it would."

>"Then relax. Let me know when you've calmed down enough to try."

>She brushed your mane for some time while you repeated her reassurances to you. She jerked you off plenty of times and never minded when you got too excited then. Maybe it'd be fine.

>Eventually you nod.

>She lay back and opened her legs for you. You got into the right position, your head was about level with her underboob.

>You rubbed your shaft against her lips for a little bit. She was wet at least!

>Once you were sufficiently coated, you moved yourself in. You winced at just the first thrust and had to go slow to keep yourself steady.

>Your owner whispering what a good boy you were felt almost as good as having her pussy enveloping your cock. It was like... like a collar! Just like the collar was like her love wrapped around you, so too was this.

>You twitched about, having some trouble beginning to pump yourself into her. Your owner, ever the strong one, picked up the slack.

>She lovingly grabbed your flank with a hand. With her superior strength she began to manually pump you in and out, pushing you back and forth, practically masturbating with your

body. It was a good thing she did too. The feeling was too overwhelming! You wouldn't have been able to do this on your own.

>You could hear your owner breathing heavily now. You even got her to make an 'nn' and an 'ah'.

>But it was too much stimulation. Her perfect body, hearing your mistress' sounds of unequivocal approval...

>You winced and let out what must have been an adorable squeal as you exploded deep inside her pussy. She must have felt you coming because she grabbed your flank and pressed you hard against her, letting you do your business.

>You spurted seven or eight times into her. Even one of those spurts would have been the most intense orgasm of your life but seven? It overwhelmed your body. You lost control of your very being.

>"You're already better than any toy I have!" She gave you a slap on the rump. "I can't wait until you can last a little longer. Good job, boy."

>You just came inside your owner! Just the thought was like an orgasm in and of itself. To cum inside something so huge and powerful, the goddess of your life...

>But it was like you ejaculated your very soul into her. All your energy was gone. The orgasm left you stunned and panting heavily. You couldn't move a muscle.

>"Aww? Was that too much for you?" She giggled. "Come here."

>Your owner scooped you up, leaving the mess you made to slowly leak out of her, holding you against a breast and your head against hers.

>"Shhhh. Shhhh. You did good. Good boy. Just relax. I love you. Shhhh."

>She caressed your back and whispered to you sweetly. You must have fallen asleep in thirty seconds.

Size 3

>60% of the male population is transformed in the wave of WXS before it's contained.

>Adopting former men still isn't mainstream, but new stallions who lived on their own as men are increasingly seen as unable to take care of themselves. Are brought to 'ranches'.

>Early adopter stallion schizo gave up on dating men on day one. Such women go to these ranches to meet potential pets.

>Short, 5'0" woman shows up at ranch.

>All the stallions immediately crowd around her, piling over her as she pets each one.

>"Haha! Being covered in such handsome stallions! This is a dream come true! But I only have two hands."

>She looks them over before talking to the woman running the ranch.

>"Um! Do you have any... bigger stallions? I heard some were... big?"

>"We measure stallion size by a scale of 3 to 4.6. Higher number is a bigger stallion. Most of

them are 4.4 to 4.6, but some of them are on the bigger end, sure. These little guys are all over 4.3"

>Standing up, the stallions were about eye level just abover her hips.

>"Do you um... have a 3?" She blushes. "Or a 2.9 if those exist?"

>"Haha! Don't worry. We get women who want a big stallion in their life. Come this way."

>She leads the woman away from a group of dissapointed, smaller stallions to the inside of the building.

>She brought to the biggest stallion in the place. He's a handsome, muscular, red pegasus... and he's huge.

>She practically drools looking at him. This stallion is at eye level with her! Her heart skips a beat. She can't contain herself.

>"Omigosh!" She runs foward, wrapping her arms around his neck. She leans against him, lifiting one leg up to lean in. "He's the most perfect guy I've ever seen!"

>"They really are better looking then men, huh?"

>"Mmmhmm! Can I um... take him for a walk?" She shyly asks.

>A minute later, she's liking her lips, holding the other end of your leash in one hand, ready to take you out for a 'date'.

>"Computer, render me as a lone pony stallion without a collar. This will be unusual and concerning. Use the provided text files to generate a small Pegacon-style convention taking place in Minnesota with ideal winter weather. Populate the convention center with 70-100 visitors. Load the five pegasister AIs and route them to encounter me throughout the day, they should all wish to adopt me."

>"Turn off safety protocols and lock the holodeck doors."

Wastelanders

>Wastelanders, they call them.

>After the initial wave, some stallions banded together to try and survive without an owner. They typically had to go to more wild places to keep the women in charge from bringing them in to stables.

>They invariably got into all kinds of trouble.

>These three were 'raiders', stallions who tried to snatch food and other goods from more

civilized areas to survive. The leader of the band, a cute little grey stallion, was plotting a 'stealth mission; with his two little stallion friends. A stealth mission to sneak into your house and steal stuff from your pantry.

>That's when you snuck up on him, scooping the little guy up into your arms right in front of his friends.

>The other two stallions panicked and ran out into the woods. It was a shame, but you knew if you could tame their leader, you could use him to get the rest.

>You tell him your name is femanon. He refuses to give you his, kicking and struggling with his marshmallow hooves the whole way back home. Of course, he's too weak to stand up to a woman.

>The poor colt was covered in filth and ticks. He even got a weird watch stuck on his foreleg that wouldn't come off. He'd been on his own too long.

>Ignoring his protest that he was not a 'cute, silly thing', you put him in the bath and started taking the ticks off of him.

>He calmed down a lot after that. It was amazing how quickly stallions settled into their proper role as pets once you started taking care of him.

>You whispered about what a good boy he was and that he'd be safe and loved from now on. He shuddered, eyes tearing up as he finally got the female approval all stallions secretly craved.

>He muttered that he wasn't your property... but didn't struggle any more. He'd be more than happy to be owned by you in just a few days you knew.

>You reminded him of just how tiny and helpless he really was as you put his new collar around his neck. In fact, his new name would be Littlepipp, you decided.

>He was literally eating out of your hand later that night. Once he was cleaned and fed, you put him on a very short leash so he couldn't get off the bed. Littlepip slept inside, warm and safe, for the first time as a stallion.

>Leave a plate of food out for the other two stallions. This way, they'll stay nearby, won't get too hungry and sick, and will slowly become bold again when approaching your home.

>Through a camera, you see them grab the loaves of bread and run off into the woods. Two more unicorn stallions, it seems.

>Littlepip sits on your lap as you stroke his mane and both of you sip some tea. It's cold outside and he's showing signs of feeling bad for his little friends.

>It'll still be a few more days until he's devoted to being your pet and has little enough hesitation that being owned by a woman is a good thing that he can help capture the other two.

>Until now, you keep getting his "I used to be a really big man, you know" To which you invariably give corrective boops.

>It'd been two days since you got 'adopted' and became Littlepip.

>You never felt so clean before. Your new owner gave you plenty of food and medicine and in this nice warm, home, you were quickly regaining your strength.

>Despite your best efforts, you totally fell in love with her. She was just so perfect in every way! Like a goddess descended on high to come claim you. And with each passing day it all felt more and more right to be here, to be her property and pet.

>You lay on your belly in the livingroom, on your little pet bed. She had to shave some of your fur so you were wearing a little sweater for now and fuzzy socks for your hooves. She also gave you a plushie to cuddle with when she wasn't around. Finally, you had a big bowl of warm oatmeal to munch away on. That was so tasty now.

>You couldn't feel more snug or secure!

>Then you heard a tap at the window.

>You looked up in fear. Handling things yourself so much harder in your new, pet life. But your fears faded when you saw two familiar faces.

>Homage and Velvet, the two stallions you lived with those past few months. Those weren't their real names, but it was what your mistress dubbed them.

>"Psst!" Velvet whispered to you, trying to lift the window cill with his hoof. "We're coming to bust you out man."

>"Um. That's okay. J-just leave me behind. It's too dangerous."

>You grab your plushy tighter.

>"What?" Velvet asks. "We're not leaving you, man. Freedom awaits."

>Somehow he got the window open. But you shook your head at him.

>"Bro. You're really going to stay here?" Homage asked next. "This is like kidnapping. Like slavery. What about being your own man?"

>"Sure but... she's um... really nice and it's warm in here," You say. "In fact, how about you two just come sit on the couch and we can all have a nice chat. She loves stallions. You'll be safe."

>The two stallions looked at eachother.

>"Brainwashed," they said together. And tried coming inside to 'save' you.

>"M-mistress! Help!" You stand up and call for her.

>The two of them bolt for the woods as your owner comes to check on you, scooping you up to comfort you.

>You knew there was no going back now. You truly belonged to her. Forever.

>You, that was Homage, and your last remaining friend, that is Velvet, sat down in your tent eating the last of your oatmeal bars.

>Things had gone downhill so fast.

>At first Littlepip seemed to be the light of hope you needed to soldier on. You were mesmerized by him. He gathered a group of stallions and led you into hiding.

>Your little group was far better off than many of the other wild stallions. You had tents, a radio

with tons of batteries, food to last months, blankets, and there were fifteen of you. You thought you could set something up that would last out here but...

>Red Eye, Pink Eyes, Calamity, Ironhoof, that one zebra. All of them ended up getting 'adopted' and accepting they'd just be dependents for the rest of their lives.

>Your plans to build things didn't work out so well either. Stallions, it seemed, became quickly depressed and directionless without an owner to guide them. You were always listless and got little done even after seven months.

>It didn't sound like any other group of wild stallions was doing well, either. You heard on the radio a huge group of them just got rounded up from some subway.

>They'd held out for six months only to turn domestic as soon as a single lady showed up offering them treats. That was really all it took.

>"We can't get anywhere near women," you told Velvet. "The drive to submit to them is just too strong! Littlepip was the best of us and even he..."

>Velvet pawed at his snack.

>"Would it really be so bad, though?" He asked. "I mean... it almost seems like we were meant to be with women as their pets. It'd only be embarrassing for a couple of days before we got used to it."

>"Don't talk like that, man! I'm depressed too, but that's no reason to give up. We'll think of something. It's what Littlepip would have wanted."

>"Littlepip wanted us to get adopted..."

>"You know what I mean! Look, I'm going to bed. I'll think of something to do tomorrow. Just... stay strong."

Fastest. Invasion. Ever.

>Bioweapons hardly discriminate

>And warfare is often messy, leaving everyone undefended from the unseen enemies

>WXS actually spread through Ukraine after being released in Spain and travelling east

>Fighting slowed down when people were too ill to stand

>It stopped when no one could drive a tank or hold a gun

>Battlefields went quiet, the artillery stopped shortly after

>Day 493 of the 3 day special military operation began with Nikolai staring into his reflection in the remains of a storefront window somewhere in Ukraine

>His gear didn't really fit and his helmet fell off as he sat up

>On the other side of the dirty fragmented glass sat a scrawny colt in an oversized plate carrier

>A... Pony...

>It reminded him of... No wait, it was a pony

>From MLP

>The happy little cartoon he watched growing up

>The spark of color in an otherwise gloomy Moscow

>He stared at the pony in the glass, reminded of years ago when he was happier

>He'd forgotten about ponies until now

>This was no place for a pony, he cried for the pony in his reflection lost somewhere cold and dangerous

>Alone in the ruins of a war-torn city, Nikolai wandered back to where he'd last seen his tank crew only to find the vehicle sitting silent

>Remembering last night when he felt incredibly ill, he'd snuck off to prevent them from getting sick too

>Now they were gone...

>If only he weren't so far from home, he'd turn and go back to Moscow if he could

>Back home, that's where he wanted to be

>He'd have to settle for here, and to hopefully find the tank crew

>He did his best, struggling to climb onto the still tank to get inside

>The hatch creaks open, a shout emanating from within

>It was hot inside the tank, like a sauna that smelled of a nightmarish unwashed gym

>"Stay back!" the voice shouts from the dark, "I am sick! Get away!"

"Where is rest of the tank crew?"

>"Sickness, then other forces were upon us."

>Nikolai peered into the dark, another pony stared back smudged in engine grease and cuts
"Ivan?"

>"Don't look at me, Niko. I am deformed." Ivan cowered into the darkness within the tank

"Ivan, what forces attacked?"

>"I dont know, I think NATO."

"Shit. Ivan come out of the tank, we need to regroup and tell HQ."

>"Look what happened from the sickness, Russia is infected already. This war is over."

"We need to fight to be alive, Ivan. NATO will kill us."

>Nikolai climbs into the tank, feeling exposed

>"Maybe you have plan?" Ivan says quietly now that they shared the metal space, "I do not know what to do anymore. HQ is cut off."

>Ivan points a hoof to the tank's radio that emitted a quiet static

>Without HQ, they had no orders or information

>Russia was falling, just as most of Europe had already

>This sickness would be the end

>The two of them sat in silence in the dark tank

>Nikolai continued to scan through radio frequencies until the power ran out, leaving you to rest your eyes

>You awoke next to talking, this time in english

>"Two more in the tank, missed on the first sweep."

>"On it."

>2 months have passed since that day he and Ivan were dragged out of the tank and taken to a local shopping mall for processing

>Things changed quickly, in just a matter of days everything had collapsed and women began intervening with groups in UN peacekeeper gear

>Nikolai was still far from home

>He awoke in a startle around 4am, thinking he was still part of a tank crew rolling across the countryside

>The quiet crickets outside and the warmth of someone grasping him helped him remember

>He'd been taken home with one of the peacekeepers to the italian countryside

>Nikolai, now called Biscotto, is pulled a little closer to his owner and goes back to sleep once he's calmed down

>He could never have predicted this would be his life

Subway

>In larger cities and suburbs it was fairly easy to retrieve stallions, but the major shortage between women and stallions was due to something darker

>A lot of men who became infected with WXS got lost or trapped in various places

>Ships stuck at sea, people out camping, the solitary preppers who went innawoods, men who lived out deep in rural areas

>Horror stories surfaced of an oil rig in the gulf of Mexico where stallions were stranded for weeks

>Out in the wilderness, stallions would sometimes be "adopted" by a bear or wolf pack and be difficult to rehabilitate

>As time went on, the odds of survival were estimated to be 1 in 20 for any pony not already accounted for

>This meant a lot of resources were focused if a pony was spotted in the wild

>WXS made you forget your name, so you just went by Green, because you were from Greenford station when you turned

>A couple dozen other stallions were here with you, living in the various tunnels under London

>Most of you were just subway workers who fell ill on the job

>You were inspired by some urbex youtuber and wandered into the dark tunnels

>There were newly-abandoned subway stations, old stations that haven't been used since the 70's, sewer tunnel connections, and a few paths that lead to ancient tunnel systems that spread far beyond London

>Whatever happened up on the surface made you think it was best to just stay hidden

>You could see in the dark, like the others

>You were some kind of vampire-pony and you had a feeling that the surface was no longer looking for your kind

>You were afraid to go into the sunlight, and preferred to stay in the tunnels with your friends

>There were moments where you felt... human still

>Someone would find some alcohol and you'd all get to shoot the shit for a little bit, laughing in the dark with the boys

>You didn't have to worry about being found down here, after the initial few crashes and destroyed trains, it must have been too much effort or money to keep using the subway tunnels

>You could always count on bureaucracy being cheap bastards

>Times were good, but they didn't last

>Only so much could be scavenged in the tunnels, and after a few months of solitude you were one of the few volunteers to go up and explore the surface in the hopes of finding some food

>All of the subway station entrances had been blocked off, but you could connect between the sewers to come up

>When the subway station's clock read September 21st, 8:11pm you realized you'd been like this for almost 6 months

>In the grand scheme of things, going up to the surface was going to be dangerous and not a good long-term plan

>However, it was better than starving

>The city of London was unaware of the whereabouts of the subway maintenance staff following the WXS outbreak

>While the trains still ran, it wasn't discovered that they had formed a small village in one of the decommissioned lines scavenging

-

>You, followed by Chip, made your way to the next terminal over from the village

>Why was he called Chip? He liked chips, it was simple

>The empty platform had a long stairway that led to the surface

>You and Chip were able to squeeze between the bars of the gate meant to keep people from entering, stepping out into the night

>Street lights were on, cars could be heard in the distance

>It was almost as if nothing had changed

>"Ya know, I was thinkin it would look a little more..." Chip said, thinking of the word, "Post-

apocalyptic."

>You felt a little awestruck after months of being underground

>But you needed to remember the task at hand - food

>You had to find something, there was no 'or else' to the task you set out upon

>You also had a lurking suspicion there were vampire hunters looking for your kind

>Thinking it best to stick together, you and Chip continued down the quiet street, ducking behind parked cars as busses came through

>The only odd thing you saw was a clothing store, one side had female mannequins and clothing, the other side had pony mannequins and clothing

>A little more wandering brought you to the back of a pub you used to visit

>Shameful as you felt it was, rather than create a messy break-in, you and Chip checked out the dumpster

>You climbed in while he kept watch

>"I don't think this is a good idea."

"Been here before, they throw out a lot of food."

>"You been in the dumpster before?"

>You lift your head and frown at Chip

"No, the pub."

>You dig through, finding a number of mostly-edible things

>If you lowered your standards a bit

>Then it hits you

>Was this life for you? Hiding in the dark, digging through the trash for food

>You toss a couple potato wedges out to Chip

>He didn't hesitate to practically inhale them

>The next time you popped your head out of the dumpster, Chip was gone

>You whisper to him

"Chip? Where ya gone?"

>No answer

"Chip?"

>The silence was worrying, had he wandered off? Did the vampire hunters have him? Did they know where you were?!

>You weren't sure where Chip had gone off to, but there was no sign of him behind the pub

>It wasn't a good idea to drag anything back to the station, but at least you knew where to find this place

>And you knew there was food on the surface if you were sneaky

>If you could get back to the station, this expedition would be a partial success

>You cautiously lifted the dumpster's lid and peered out into the alley

>Nothing

>The moment you rounded a corner onto the street, you were pulled through the side door of

the pub with a hand held over your muzzle

>"Calm down, none of that shrieking."

>You couldn't really wrestle out of her grasp, but you could see Chip sitting at the bar with a little plate of chips, he waved

>You relaxed enough for her to loosen her grip

"Chip, you fat bastard." you growled

>"You were right, food's great here!"

"You sold us out, didn't you."

>Chip nods, "Yeah, she said she could adopt a couple of us."

"Aw you fuckin told her everything?"

>The woman kept an iron grip around your midsection, holding you captive

>"Yeah, it's better than livin in the subway."

"Oh you motherf-"

>You were interrupted by the strange woman offering you a bit of mashed potatoes on a spoon

>You didn't really think, you just ate it

>Your anger came back again and you scowled at Chip

"We had a good thing g-"

>Another bit

"Hey what do you think you're doin?" you crane your neck around to look at the lass

>"I got more for you if you start talking."

"Piss off, you already got everything."

>Her hand gently smacked your nose

>"That's no way to talk to me."

"Fuck. You."

>She sets you down, pointing at the door back out

>"Then get out."

>Hesitantly, you go for the dood but look back

"Chip, you comin with?"

>"No, I like it here."

>You glare again, ignoring the bartender lady continuing to point at the door

"For fuckin what, huh? Your fat ass sold out for some chips."

>"She's nice, what else d'ya want me to say?"

>You turn and walk out, the door slams behind you

>It was a lonely walk back to the subway

>You brought back news to the other ponies in the subway

>Ponies were little more than pets on the surface, Chip had sold you all out

>There was a heavy silence of confusion

>You couldn't stay here, Chip told her about this place

>You couldn't really go elsewhere, the subway lines weren't that expansive and still got used

just a couple stations down the line

>Going up to the surface was extremely risky especially in broad daylight

>You weren't sure how long before they came looking, but it was nearing the morning hours and someone needed to come up with something quick

>"We could hide in the drainage for a while, make 'em think Chip was full of it." someone suggests

>"We could probably make it out to a canal and hitch on a barge." another mentions

>By the time the sun rose, you were still squabbling and about to break off into separate groups over a need to do something besides sit around

>You were with the escape group, the subway was not a long-term hideout and this exposure just made the situation worse

>Before any move could be made, you heard the tap of shoes on concrete

>From all directions

>Either side of the platform had people coming down the subway rail

>The terminal had people in the stairwell

>The maintenance tunnel was blocked off

>The ponies went quiet as more noticed the approaching footsteps echoing through the subway tunnels came to a stop further out

>You were surrounded, but they were holding back at a distance

>A single set of steps descended the stairwell to the platform

>It was a single officer in a high-vis jacket

>She was holding a large suitcase, looking around the terminal at the makeshift housing and blankets you'd set up over the months

>"Oh wow, how long have you boys been down here? Since the start?"

>A few of the more skittish ponies bolted, but others just froze after realizing they'd been surrounded

>"Should've run when we had the chance." you hear Scotch growl under his breath

>"They would've found us eventually." someone else hissed back

>The officer sets down her suitcase and opens it up, "I brought some snacks, you're all probably pretty hungry."

>That was the end of the wild era

>The enticement of food warmed everyone up and eased their worries

>They hadn't prepared for such a large group of ponies to be down here, and brought you all up to a small bakery

>There were a few photos taken of the bat pony herd pouring into the small restaurant

>All of them now curious to learn more about the surface that turned out to be friendly and safe

>Before noon, they had taken you all to an open stable and tried to find any contacts or relatives who may know you

- >Mom wanted to see you because you'd been missing for half a year
- >Dad was a pony now
- >You were eventually adopted by a nice woman who brought you to work with her delivering mail
- >It was a nice life for sure

X

- >Countries like Japan and Korea got hit by the stallionschizo thing the hardest
- >Downtown Tokyo has thousands of signs depicting chibi-style mascots and ads
- >Kpop has mostly been forgotten, replaced by pony singers
- >They have things called cuddle lounges where women can pay to have 5-6 stallions snuggle with them
- >In the US, there's mostly horsegirl culture with a few pockets of fanatic pegasisters running the deep state (don't talk about that)
- >The opioid crisis in the US and Canada came to a crawl as Mexican cartels took up pony trafficking, shipping ponies to buyers in Asia
- >Not much data for India or Africa

Happy Family

- >You had your youngest daughter, Sarah, still too old to walk, on your back as you went into the living room to find your son, Stormy, sitting on the couch. He was only three but colts grew just a little faster than human girls.
- >Sarah was a human girl and Stormy a colt. That was how it went now. A stallion could get a woman pregnant and that was how essentially every pregnancy started these days. Such pregnancy resulted in either a colt or a human girl. Everypony seemed to like it that way too.
- >Your owner was still at work but even though you were a dependant yourself, a stallion was generally considered capable of watching his own kids while the owner was out. It wasn't that stallions were completely incapable, they just needed a woman to give them direction in life.
- >You really did love your owner. Maybe fifty years ago you would have been her husband but being her pet was so much better! And you still got to do the best parts of being a husband anyway. Women only had kids with their pets now. You'd get her perganant again next year, as she wanted three kids. And boy did having kids with someone as big and strong as your owner fill you with pride!
- >Stormy was watching the TV with a curious expersion. You turned to look to see a woman

talking about the news. Human stuff.

>Something about the “No Man Left Behind Act”. There was a rare picture of a human male on the screen, looking rough and unshaven. Did you really used to look that ugly?

>You assumed the Pegasisterhood was finally going to start making WXS mandatory. The remaining men were all dangerous incels, as you always heard. But you didn’t really like thinking about politics anymore. That was for women.

>You owner helped train that out of you, pinching your cheeks any time you tried talking about things pets shouldn’t fret over. And now it was your turn to discourage this kind of behavior in your own son.

>”Stormy,” you said. “You know news stuff is for girls, right?”

>”What’s wrong with that woman?” Stormy pointed at the man. “Why is her face all furry? Girls don’t have fur.”

>You let out a sigh of relief. He probably never saw a male human before.

>”That’s a man,” you explained. “Like a boy human.”

>”Huh?” You just blew his little colt mind. “Is that possible?”

>”No so much anymore.” You laughed. “The pegasisterhood made sure all boys are like us now.”

>You remember being awfully suspicious of them at first. You knew from the start somebody made the WXS virus and in the end you were right.

>These days, the Pegasisterhood were completely open about it. They fully admitted to creating WXS for the express purpose of replacing all men with stallions. They wanted to create their ideal world of women and stallions... and they did.