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- >You are a little pony.
 - >You walk on four little hoofsies.
 - >You shake yourself dry in the rain.
 - >You curl up when you sleep, except when your master wants to spoon you.
 - >You purr when you're pet and yip when you get excited.
 - >You are a little pony known as Duster.
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- >It's a quarter past ten when you rise from your nap.
 - >Your bowls of food and water are still untouched from when your master, Sophie, laid them out for you this morning.
 - >You've been in her care for around a month now, and today you've decided to starve yourself to death.
 - >You would have preferred a much quicker method of suicide, like falling from a high altitude, but your wings are far too small to carry your equine body off the ground. Even if they could, you doubt you'd be able to halt your instincts telling you to fly.
 - >The clacks of Soph—Master's heels breaks you out of her thoughts and you look up to her from your prone position, head tilted just slightly.
 - >She instantly lights up with a smile and crouches down to pet you and scratch your ears. She loves it when you do that.
- "Hey Dusty! You wanna go for a walk? Hmm?~" She coos.
- >A couple months ago you would try responding with a defiant "no!" or submissive "sure..." but all that ever left your mouth was a whinney. You can command your tongue to shape the words in your head but the sound that comes out is not your own.
 - >You get up and stretch your limbs, savouring the touch of her fingers crawling down your spine and to your dock.
 - >She clips a leash to your collar and gives you a pat on the butt before rising and guiding you out the door.

>It's a crisp Canadian autumn outside and the leaves are halved between littering the ground, and desperately clinging onto the trees. The early morning sun still catches on the clouds and lights up the horizon in brilliant pinks and oranges. You can see flakes of white in the distance, but they melt before hitting the ground.

>Your owner tugs on your leash gently and you begin your walk, being sure to keep your chin high and wings just slightly puffed up.

>Sophie parades you through the crescent and down the larger streets, boots clacking and jewelry jangling all the while.

>A few times she stops to chat with the neighbours but you don't pay attention. You pretend to be preoccupied or looking around but behind your empty pony face lies an empty mind.

>Only when she gives you a command to "beg" or "curtsy" or whatever menial task do you respond.

"Oh my! So well trained!" they say, or "Aww, what a cutie~"

>Same garbage, different day.

>Your brain seems to shut off for the rest of the walk, you vaguely remember chasing a frisbee and a Starbucks.

>You are a little pony.

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>Master opens the door and holds it open for you. She places her venti frappa-whatever on the entryway table and hangs your leash on the wall. Removing her boots, she leans down to place a kiss on your forehead.

>She hefts you up and you lean your head on her shoulder, snuggling into her neck.

"Bathtime for Dusty to clean out the musty~" she sing songs.

>You're not musty...

>Master places you on the floor while she heats up the water. She closes the door, even though you've never tried escaping bath time. Maybe she's just being polite? It's only ever you two in this house. You don't know, you're just a little pony.

>The linoleum is slippery so you stay still until master puts you in the tub and you sit down in the water. It could easily hold four people, and maybe six ponies. You avert

your gaze while she undresses. It's not like she would hold it against you, being a dumb animal, but it feels wrong. Somewhere inside you know you're human.

>Master joins you in the tub and wets your fur with a plastic bucket, and begins humming a tune. Billy Joel you think, it's always something classic.

>You stand in the water and close your eyes, turning or sitting when she commands you. She takes extra care with your wings and occasionally stops to scratch your sensitive spots, at base of your wings, and your ears, or whenever her whim wills it.

>In your bliss it seems to be over almost instantly, and before you know it she's already dried you off and you're sitting on a towel while she bathes herself.

>She wraps herself in a pristine white bathrobe and lifts you into her arms once again. Peppering you with gentle kisses on your muzzle and jaw.

"My little Duster...My precious little stallion..."

>She breathes sweet little nothings into your ear before setting you down on your back on the bed.

>She carelessly tosses her robe across the floor and crawls onto the bed. One hand crawling up your belly, burying itself in your chest fluff, and the other propping herself up while she drinks you in.

>You feel your balls lift and your shaft fill as her knee pushes into you, putting light pressure just where it needs to be, only to be replaced by dexterous fingers a moment later, squeezing and fondling your bits until you're at all full mast.

>You were once more than an animal. More than a device of affection.

>You are no longer human.

>You are a little pony.

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