

Link:

<https://docs.google.com/document/d/1imxrv4FrOtIM4GYYOLOhjAPeXSa5uWDv1terhb0M0uo/edit?usp=sharing>

Summary:

A friend of mine had given me one of these new holographic character, a Pinkie Pie, apparently. I had been quite excited. Then I had found a glitch in the program, but a good one, an interesting opportunity, a Centaur. This is where it all begun.

Summary:

My friend gave me a holographic character, Pinkie Pie, as it turned out. I was excited as I realised what she gave me. Then I found a glitch in the program, only this time someone had opened up a loophole in order to give me the opportunity to have a centaur, which is a strangely uplifting surprise.

I had also found a note, explaining how to adjust her, letting on that I could make her real, in a more physical sense. That sounded like fun.

The final discovery, a small set of articles, the items required in order for me to make her stay with me, as the friend I may choose for her to be.

A Gift: 1

My friend Hitomi had been over at my place over the weekend. As she left, yesterday, she handed over a small gift, in a neatly wrapped box. Inside it, I had found a holographic character, contained in a pink USB stick, obviously it is Pinkie Pie, which I could read on the front, just as I could see the three balloons on the back.

The package contained a handwritten note, explaining the content and how to make the best use of it. There is a small set of items, intended for making her a physical individual, as opposed to the original holographic character she had been intended to be.

I had thanked her and even kissed her on both cheeks, before she left. Then I had promised to let her know how she came out and send her a picture of her, once she was ready for it.

She had pointed out that the Centaur basically was a quadruped version of an Anthropomorphic Pony, even if it is more of a Chimera, then the straight up morphed form, halfway through. Yet, it does open up a few interesting possibilities. Some of which she knew I would enjoy. It is what she had told me and I chose to believe her.

From what I had understood, looking at the product, there is nothing that prevented me from creating a second or third character, so long as the first and previous once were no longer actively running. If they had been canceled or made into physical individuals would be the same. The emitted did not take this possibility or opportunity into account since it had never been intended to be possible. Even if the manual had stated clearly that the character would interact with physical matter and objects, just like I as the user and owner does on a daily, continuous basis. Maybe the wording had stumbled, but it is what you expect from these manuals.

Since Hitomi had left on the train just after dinner, I have several hours to myself, before I need to go to bed, which feels convenient, maybe she chose this train, just to give me some time to tinker with the gift.

Once I got home after seeing her off on the station, I had little else to do, so I got right to the point and slipped the stick into the emitter and activated the program, only to find what she had been telling me about, earlier as she gave me the gift. Good thing I had opened it right away, not just to see what was inside, but in order for her to explain the details she had prepared for me.

With just a large muffin and a glass of juice in my belly, I felt ready to get to the point. Why prolong what I knew I had to do. She hadn't given me this, just for me to stash it away in a drawer, or sell it of somewhere.

I chose to give her what would appear to be a rather ordinary human face, while keeping the characteristics, like her ears, eyes, muzzle and mane. For some reason, I found an interesting option and gave her a nice red rubber top to go, although I chose

an A cup with fairly large nibbles. Maybe I like to have something to tease her with as I chose to see it. Since I chose to keep her mane, her tail would be a perfect match.

Looking closer, I gave her Pony body a more equine look to it. A correct posture and highly pronounced hooves. After a few minutes of tinkering, I was happy with the result. There was no point in adding any more clothes or garments to her, although I guess I could make a small set of tops for her on the go. As it turned out, I did have the chance to see several different tops.

From this Centaur version of my Pinkie Pie, I made her arms slender and Human looking. I chose to make her hands match her overall and arms more so than the rest. Only then I thought better of it, giving her miniature hooves in place of her human nails, just to see how it would come out.

Once the final choice had been made, I could see her come out of the screen, standing beside me, while looking curiously at me with a joyous smile all over her face, just the way I had imagined her to.

For a moment, I had been worried, what if the change would make her unstable, or the specific choices wouldn't work out as I had expected, but these worries all came to shame as I saw her smile at me. This is still the very same Pinkie Pie I had come to love and enjoy. She would certainly give me a good time and bring joy to my life.

"I think you need a Muffin, but first I would like to give you a little treat!" I told her.

"A Muffin or two would be nice. A treat, I guess that could be fun too!" she responded.

"While I am at it, call me Umi!" I pointed out as I lined up the products intended to provide her with the treat.

"When you say Treat, Umi, do you mean it as in a Hooficure, or something like that?" Pinkie enquired in a hopeful voice, giggling slightly.

"A hooficure, yes, that would be included. Although I guess I should include a manicure as well since you do have two hands too!" I responded.

"That would make sense!" she pondered.

"Right this way, just follow me!" I continued as I walked into a small guest room, where I had arranged the products required for her treat.

"Okeley dokeley!" she responded as she followed me into the room.

"If you place your right forehoof into the bucket?" I instructed her, pointing towards where I meant for her to place her hoof.

"A hoof bath? Preparing for the hooficure, I take it!" she nodded.

"Exactly. When the water turns a light pink hue, you pull your hoof up and put the next down in. Should only take a few minutes per hoof, or so I was told!" I put forth.

"Pink, just like me? I guess that is curious!" she pondered as she pulled her right hoof up and slipped down the left one in its place.

"Just may be exactly why, you are pink. I wouldn't have you any other way, even if you still would be the same Party Centaur either way!" I responded.

"Oh yeah, I guess I happen to be your very own party Centaur. Just as hyper and out of control as I would have been as the Pony, Anthro or Human, though. I am still Pinkie Pie!" she responded, then slipped her fore hoof out and pushed the bucket back in order to place the left hind hoof into the bucket.

"Glad you don't have any problems with being a Centaur. My friend Hitomi knew my special love for Centaurs. Now I can have both Pinkie Pie and a Centaur as the same individual and friend!" I pondered as she swapped hooves again.

"I guess it is all right to be a Centaur. Now I am both Human and Pony at the same time, even more so than if I had been an Anthropomorphic Pony!" she pondered thoughtfully.

"You will just need a larger bed, but I happen to have a double bed to spare, so I just hope you will make due with it. At least until we can buy you a new bed, if you need it!" I explained.

Once she pulled her last hoof out of the liquid, I started to apply the clear gel to the first hoof, from the top and middle, downwards and interlacing, right and left. Then I repeated the process under the hoof, once more from the middle, but from the back, finishing it by a line along the upper rim, then the lower, thus covering the entire hoof.

"Just as you suggested, this is fun. Something Rarity used to enjoy when she went to the SPA. I enjoyed following here there and sharing the experience. In great part due to how happy she was!" Pinkie Pie pointed out.

When I started with her left fore hoof, she had already slipped the diminutive hooves that was in place of what should have been finger nails on my hands into the bucket. As I finished the final hoof, she had pulled her hands up, thus presenting her hands to me. With that, I continued the process.

I had chosen a deep cerise top coat for her hooves, which I started to apply, once I had covered all her hooves with the soft and elastic gel. Then I applied the utter gloss hoof shine and sealed the effect of the hoofcure in.

“One small detail, before the manicure is completed!” I pointed out, indicating the hand cream.

“Okeley dokeley!” she responded as she accepted the clear gel, scooping out a good portion; before she slowly worked it into the palms of her hands, feeling how it slowly made her skin softer and more elastic.

“Time for a snack!” I proclaimed as I lead her out to the dining room, only to stop by the kitchen and extracting a large package of assorted Muffins.

“Yummy!” she responded as she saw the pastries.

“I will have to ask you to bake more by tomorrow!” I responded as I placed the pastries on the table.

“I know!” she responded with a crooked grin.

“Besides, I will have to buy a large supply of ingredients for you to bake!” I concluded as I saw her enjoying the first of her Muffins.

A New Day: 2

Umi had apparently done as she promised, since I had found a large pile of supplies for my baking. She had insisted on having breakfast before I started to bake, though.

I shouldn't complain, I love my pastries. I love both baking, having and eating pastries, cakes and pies left and right. I have been known for the ability to consume absurd amounts of these, without batting an eye and finishing it all off in a very short time.

On the other hoof, I am also known to be hyper and out of control, partying all night, just as I can be very fast. I am also seen bouncing about, or around town.

The bed she had provided me with was serviceable. I could sleep in it, after all. Though I think we could find me a better and more comfortable one, if we went out. Only at this point, I know I can't leave her home since my hologram can't move past her outer door. Even if the emitter could reach as far as a hundred yards, I can't leave her home. The added distance would still do me no good.

She had actually been kind enough to explain the situation in detail. this was one of her main reasons in giving me the treat, the hoofcure and manicure, giving the substance a firm grounding. I just need to eat enough to build up enough substance for me to become a physical individual, the companion I had been intended to be.

Of course, it is illegal to trade in sentient beings, such as Humans. Since I could be argued to be considered Human and sentient enough, they had made me into a hologram, most likely in order to avoid the controversies. They had never intended me to become physical, even if the matrix I am based on, can interact with physical matter.

Just like the original Pinkie Pie, the Pony, I enjoy the same diet. Pastries and vegetables, mainly. I could never enjoy the regular Human diet, though. I never could as Pony, so it isn't in my range of acceptable tastes, even if I could be considered to handle it.

“Good morning, Umi!” I exclaimed as I found her by the table.

“Morn', Pinkie. Breakfast is served. I hope it is still good and that it is enough to make a breakfast!” she responded.

“Guess I wouldn't need a chair, but I can still enjoy the table. These Muffins does still look good enough!” I responded as I stopped before the table.

“Now, but you do need your Muffins. I could still order a chair or two made for you, on which you could sit. Just as I may need to order a new bed for you!” Umi pondered as she picked up her first Muffin.

“I will have to do some serious baking today. Your supplies of pastries and food will not last you the day. I guess you could go shopping while I bake since I will be busy with that for a good long while. I can't go out now, so this would be the best solution to our problems!” I responded.

“Yeah, that would be convenient, if you could handle the baking and cooking while I am out. Then we can go back to spending some quality time together as I get back. I positively love the squeaking clip clop noises your hooves make!” I pointed out, basking in the radiance of the joy she put out in the room.

“It sure would, we need the ingredients and I love baking. Some more quality time together with you is always fun. I think you caused them as you gave me the treat. Not to say I didn’t enjoy it and I certainly don’t regret it now. If you go, I could start baking, then we can continue where we left off as you come back?” I put forth.

“I know, I know. See you when I get back. Maybe you have a few fresh Muffins ready by then?” I responded as I walked towards the door.

“Just make sure to have everything I need for my baking and some vegetables would be nice too!” I put forth.

“See you, Pinkie!” she responded as she reached the door.

“Bye, Umi, see you as well!” I responded as she slipped out and closed the door behind her.

I may have seen her kitchen and most she kept there, but while she is out, I have it all to myself. I know, I can’t make too much noise or some kind neighbour may complain or even call the cops in the firm and justified belief I had been a burglar since they don’t know of me, or who I am. How was I to explain the situation?

Finally some fun. Eggs and milk was easy to find. Then I found flour and sugar, that was easy, almost too easy, if you ask me. Not that I am about to complain, even if I had had anyone to complain to? I was used to bake on my own, from my time at the Sugar-Cube Corner, I know my baking by heart.

Once I measured up all the ingredients for the first set, I started mixing according to what I was taught how it was done. As stated, I know this and Muffins is one of the more common pastries I was producing.

While the dough was resting, I rummaged after the final ingredients in order to make these my special Muffins, as opposed to ordinary standard, bland Muffins. I may still like them, but it is more fun and will taste much better, if I had something fun and tasty to slip in. Anything, like Apples, Raisin, Cinnamon or berries would make due.

The Cinnamon was among the common baking spices, just as expected. Finding raisins wasn’t too hard. I also found a few cans of jam or marmalade, this should be good enough to use for baking. At least, now my pastries wouldn’t be bland.

Even though I did find a few apples in a bowl on the living room table, I still felt the need to ask for a few more, I would enjoy using fruits in baking and salads. Just as I did not find a juicer, so I had to ask her for one of these too.

Not that I mind tea, but a bottle of cider would be great from time to time, another item I had to ask her to get for me.

I had found cacao, but I think I would love some chocolate chips too. Just need to be a good quality chocolate, not the cheap substitute with little to no semblance to actual chocolate. I guess I do have a good list of items I had to ask her to buy for me by tomorrow. Naturally, I had made a list. Writing is only too easy now, I have real hands, even if I could have used my old style mouth writing. As convenient as it was to use mane or tail, it just wasn’t quite good enough for writing.

I chose to use Cinnamon for my first batch, knowing I could choose something else for the next, just as the set was intended to be more than a single batch too. Then I added just a hint of cacao, before I slipped the dough into the small black forms I had found for this purpose, before slipping the batch into the now hot oven. I just wait for the time to go, little else to do. I don’t need to sit, but I did not have any chair I could sit on in any event, not now, not just yet.

From time to time, I peaked into the oven through the small window, in order to see if they did look ready. They turned out to be ready, just on time. I had prepared the second batch just before the first was ready. Now I pulled the first out and slipped the second one in.

While I opened the still hot oven, delicious scent is spreading out into the small space of her, or our kitchen. it did feel a bit small on me, with my large bulk or Equin body in consideration. As if that had never been there before.

Mixing in the spices or flavours did not take as much time as it did take the oven to finish the Muffins, sadly, thus leaving me with several more minutes to wait. With just the one small private oven, I could do only so much baking.

Only while the second batch of muffins was in, I prepared for the next. Like a trained and experienced baker, I did not need to make haste, I had all the time in the world as I wait for the next batch, more time than I could make good use of. Simple as that. I soon decided to try to do something else, something more useful than just waiting the endless minutes for the next batch to be ready.

I ended up scavenging the fridge for vegetables, at least there is more than enough for a large bowl of fresh salad. As much as I am missing some of the vegetables I would like to see. Maybe I could ask her to buy them tomorrow, if they were available in the stores here. Sadly, I realized they wouldn’t sell either Clover or Daisies in any salads bar or vegetable store near here.

I could hear a distinct sound from the door as she walked in, followed by her footsteps, soft as they are onto the floor with her light feet. A moment later she was with me in the kitchen.

“Hiya, Pinkie Pie. I can see you have been busy baking here. Not that the delicious scents could hide the fact. Oh, you even made Salad?” Umi greeted me in amazement as she entered the small kitchen.

“Hiya, Umi. I have made a few batches of Muffins and pastries, but wouldn’t call it busy. I am an experienced baker, you know. With hands, it is only too easy. Yeah, I did make some salad, for the both of us with what little I could find. Should make due for today. I will have to ask you to buy some additional ingredients by tomorrow, since we are fresh out and was already lacking several items before!” I responded.

“Let’s go to the dining room, we have all day to discuss what items I need to buy tomorrow. although I do want you to dig in!” she responded.

A Pleasant Evening:

“I sure did enjoy the meal you prepared for us, while I was shopping!” I pointed out.

“That was obvious, from where I stood!” Pinkie responded.

“Yeah, I guess it was. Not as if I tried to hide it or anything. Why bother? I know you already knew that!” I suggested.

“I am not into hiding feelings, my own or any Pony else, I never was. Although I have gathered, this is in practice in some regions and countries, which struck me as highly illogical and counter productive!” Pinkie declared.

“Good, then we are going to get along just fine. Besides, I do love a good party!” I responded.

“Since you mentioned it, you haven’t lived, before you had been on one of my parties. I would have to make a few preparations, and then you would have to invite a few friends before I could throw a proper Pinkie Pie Party, but I guess that would wait a few days!” she responded. [hr]

“I wish I could let you go out, but you need to wait for that. Yet, I have the impression you will know exactly when that will be. Right now I can only hope you are not feeling cooped up in here!” I pondered.

“Unless there is some unfamiliar magic cast, in order to hide it from me; I would know. At least, I do have you here now, and I could always bake a fresh batch of Muffins for us, so long as I have the ingredients. I just hope they don’t get any strange ideas in any of the shops you go for the ingredients now!” she pointed out.

“Hitomi explained, that you will know exactly when the USB stick pops out of its socket. After that; you will be free to move about as you please, including leaving my home!” I added.

“Thank her for letting me know, for me, please! I am looking forwards to the first time I can step out of here, but I think you would be joining me on the exploration. Of course, it would be convenient if I could help you carry the groceries home for the both of us! Even if I imagine I would be turning quite a few heads, before people around here is getting used to see me out and about!” she concluded.

“Rest assured, I will; though I think she knew that, already. I am looking forwards, to seeing you trot out of the building, too, you know; and not just for the convenience of what you can help me with, either. Unless everyone in town, already had their Centaur companions out on the streets by then? It sure will be convenient, for you to carry things for me, and I doubt there are enough Companions, let alone Centaurs on the streets in just a week, or so!” I added, with just a hint of a tease.

“That would be interesting, if others have Centaur companions out on the streets, but I doubt that is that common! I was never intended to leave the comfort of your home, due to concerns on the part of the sales. The Centaur design is not even supported; as it is a third-party hacking effort, but it does prove the stability and liability of the original personality-matrix I had been built upon! On the other hand, I imagine you are due for a seriously massive delivery within the next few minutes!” she merely stated, with that knowing grin one only show when utterly certain of the facts behind once words.

“That would have been interesting, indeed. How could you possibly say that, and still grin from ear to ear, Pinkie? I guess you do have me there! A delivery, but I have not ordered anything, due today!” I gasped in response.

“Because, silly; I am Pinkie Pie and it is true! A delivery, indeed.. Exactly!” she responded, giggling.

Of course, the next moment, there is a knock on the door. I raise to my feet, and walk to the door. As I open, there is a huge sack of carrots and one sack of apples.

“I think I will need your help, Pinkie!” I exclaimed, quietly as to not bother anyone in the neighbourhood.

Pinkie Pie bounced after me; then pulled up the sacks on her back, as if she had been Santa on Christmas Eve, or something? I quietly closed the door behind her and followed her back into the kitchen.

“I guess this should cut down the time of your incarceration with at least a day!” I chanced, bravely.

I did not want to feel as if I was her jailer, or anything. I had chosen to make her my friend, even if I had not been obligated to. Of course, I know Hitomi had known how I was to react, but still.

“Horse Apples!” Pinkie exclaimed; giggling madly, as she had read the label on the large and very heavy sack of apples.

“What?” I inquired; making a curious face, as I looked at her in surprise.

“Apples, but for Horses; comes in larger quantity and is not considered quite adequate for Human consumption!” she responded, matter of fact, but with a raised eyebrow.

“The sacks look, as if it had been Santa’s sack, at Christmas Eve!” I responded, giggling at my situation.

“I could whip up a table full of goodies, with just a few additional ingredients; from what is contained within these two sacks!” Pinkie Pie explained, matter of fact.

“You could eat them, just as fast; I’d bet, Pinkie!” Bubble Berries chuckled, in amusement.

“I would not put as much as a rotten apple-core against either!” I responded, then giggled.

“Of course, betting against Pinkie Pie or her male counterpart is a fools’ errand; everyone knew that much!” I pondered.

“Since these are Horse Apples, maybe I should try one, or two; even if I am not a Horse, technically!” Bubble Berries suggested, with a hearty chuckle.

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