

Rime proceeded to explain her plan, Ella would prowl the internet for willing volunteers, show you off, then go and nab them from their homes. An admittedly simple plan, leaving the question of just how effective the whole operation would be. Rime waves off your concerns, simply pointing out that the idea of being taken and turned into a pony is preposterous enough to be a good cover for the moment.

An awkward silence descends upon your group. You glance towards Ella and Rime, scuffing their feet along the floor.

“Guys? Well? Are we going to get started?” You exclaim, clanging a hoof against the cold floor. Cold feet already? It’s a bit late for that now.

Rime blows a lock of hair out of her face. “We already have a new target, but she doesn’t believe in the whole transformation thing. So; can you please stand in front of the computer?” She gestures towards the pile of assorted monitors and towers huddled around the rather substantial desk.

You happily trot over, before peering inquisitively at the monitor where the shocked visage of a tanned young woman performs an excellent impression of a fish out of water. Rime steps from behind you and scratches behind your ear, which feels almost unnaturally good. Rime clears her throat and her acquaintance snaps out of her reverie .

“As you can see, the process has been perfected. We can easily pick you up and give you a new body and life. All that’s left is for you to come here.”

She nods along to Rime’s proposal, spending several moments deep in thought. She reaches a conclusion and responds with fire in her eyes.

“I have a few questions. If I were to agree, and be turned; what would happen to me afterwards.”

“We have already discussed the terms of the transformation, you will be sold to a willing owner and cared for. Those hooves aren’t exactly practical you know. You’ll all but disappear off the face of the earth, unless the authorities suddenly believe reports about talking ponies.” Rime coldly responded, before bending down and scooping you up in her arms. It’s comforting, despite Rime’s frosty demeanor and you find yourself subconsciously nuzzling into her chest.

You get a closer look at the woman, she has black hair and piercing green eyes; her hair is matted in places and unkempt everywhere else. Rime cranes over and whispers a small plan to you.

“Alright, if you’re still sceptical you could talk to Breeze here. She is recently transformed though, so she might not be able to answer all your questions.”

She rolls closer to the camera, seemingly sizing you up. Looking for potential faults or fabrications in your existence.