

Arctic's Unwilling Ascension

Arctic Frost wasn't his name, but no matter how hard he bit down on the rubber bar between his teeth, he couldn't think of any other. His teeth were too flat to pierce the tense material, and despite the power he clenched and bit with, the bar felt designed exactly to endure this specific purpose. Everything Arctic felt on him, around him and within him felt like that too; every strap and harness squeezed about his feral form did so with precision comfort. Pleasure pushed into him, greater with each thrash, chomp and buck.

Subsequent to another bout of pulling, straining and vigorous biting, Arctic's struggle to escape lessened. He couldn't shake the sensation that he was pushing towards something, despite his desire to pull away from it. The instinct to escape was strong, intrinsically powerful, and his flight or flight hormones were being subsumed by something else. Lust. Unbidden, or so Arctic hoped, as his lengthy equine erection. He didn't want to be so aroused by this perfected confinement, but he was so close to orgasm his balls ached.

Some part of Arctic knew that to cum was to surrender something, give something up, something precious to him. The rest of his soul lunged, rabid, to find what that something was and to give it away. The urge squeezed him as he squeezed the rubber toy. He did not feel as it was an outside source, more a part of him that had always been there and was the only thing to explain why he kept painting the back of his forelegs with cum.

Oh yeah, I've been cumming since I got put in here. Huh. The inner mind of Arctic Frost thought, as if it only now occurred to him that his extreme pleasure and extreme urgency to escape were simultaneous and feeding off each other. The inability to flee his orgasmic circumstances were like a fetish to him, one that nestled next to his heart and pumped his balls and body with all the virility he could ever want.

Or more than. Arctic Frost grinned around his bit as he stood still, panting and sweating profusely as his latest load hosed out from his flared, dark-blue cock. He could feel his cock throbbing as he gave in a little bit more more, the hormonal urges to fuck and cum overwhelming that much more of his former self. At three and a half feet long, his powerfully pumping prick thumped his underside repeatedly, demandingly. Seemingly as a reward for obedience to his urges, he could feel his dick stretching and swelling in a luxuriously slow surge of growth, his fat and heavy pony balls bulging fuller, fatter and heavier with the promise of endless ejaculations.

Renewed vigor filled him, as he pressed his hooves down against the floor, too blunt to be of much use in escape. Giving a rough snort from a snout he knew he should not have, he tensed unfamiliarly powerful muscles, ejaculated half a bucket of cum, bit down on the bridle, and he pulled at the harnesses and straps with all the pony force he could muster.

It was as if an invisible force gripped his brain, squeezed all his thoughts out, then fattened it with stupid pony bliss. His entire body swelled thicker and more perfect, his balls and back-end boybulge bloating bigger with unbridled potency. The straps dug into his pelt as he grew larger, clinging and clenching to him tightly. He felt only pleasure from how they dug into his body, bonds that a new part of him needed to burst. His continued failed only enraged that part of him, his eyes taking a mad craze to them, his ejaculate painting the floor in harder and harder gouts.

His shuddering, bucking blue stallionhood whumped his chest between his forelegs again and again, the flare straining slowly larger as his entire dick grew. His cumvein bloated with excessive amounts of forcefully ejaculated cum. The powerful scent of it drove him even crazier, the urge to mate and breed mingling with the persistent fact that he wasn't breeding anything now. His basketball-sized testes angrily produced more and more, his seed becoming a gluey sludge. The ache, the smell, his virility grew stronger and stronger. He needed to fuck!

Arctic Frost tried to stop himself at every juncture. His body betrayed him again and again. His body was outright fucking the air around him, and his hormone-flooded mind was almost completely shattered by it. The harder this rational part of him struggled to resist the corruption that filled him, the more aroused he became. He felt the desire come from inside, and he clung to every delusion he could think of as if to find some rally point. He wanted this, and he didn't want that he wanted this.

Any thoughts as to why was only met with a breathtaking offer of acceptance that felt like a trap he desperately wanted to spring. It jackhammered on his heart as it beat and pounded larger in his broadening equine chest. It wetted his eyes as the orgasms became so intense he was crying, feeling like he was in love with what it meant to be Arctic Frost. Arctic Frost wasn't his name.

Despite the mind-bending, heart wrenching emotions that tumulted through him, that tiny part of him held on around a core identity of nameless self. It burned like a hot white star and rose in his chest to try to calm his frenzied fuckbody. His name didn't matter, and pony was just a shape. Orgasm was just a condition. Love was merely an emotion. All were mere chariots, awaiting some message from his inner self, some rider to control them. Hermes, to his inner Zeus.

Greek gods? He puzzled for a brief moment as all the reins and straps around him strained meters further than they were meant to, and his bulky pony body filled the undefined room he found himself in. He had been too blinded by lust to had even considered where he was outside of trapped. Yet, he clearly filled the room further and further with his bulk, even feeling the pools of ejaculate splashing against his fetlocks. Wherever this energy, mass and power came from, he managed to trace its origin back to himself. *To the sin that lies within.*

Adjusting to these increasingly spiritual thoughts, everything that was happening him was beginning to contextualize. A kind of inner holy power was generating preposterous amounts of transformative energy, and he was barely in control of it. However he had begun, he had been reduced to an almost mindless beast of pure desire, overwhelming lust not even befitting a noble beast. As he continued to press and mash against the walls and floor and stretch his straps, he continued to look inward, finding an inner tranquility that rendered pleasure irrelevant.

Mastering the dichotomy of flesh and spirit, Arctic found only himself, and the name he had been branded with. Someone had done this to him, he was certain. Something of near omnipotent force had brushed him in some miniscule way that had adjust him just right, prepared him for the conditions that would befall him. Arctic somehow... knew, his intelligence increasing even as he felt his physical body feverishly feast on his own cock and rape his own face. With the powerful blows of his hips, and the way the room began to tear apart like paper, Arctic knew he had to think fast, so he changed himself to do so.

Okay, I've bought myself some time. He thought to himself, creating a sort of... mindscape for himself. It felt cramped, and a sense of urgency continued to pervade him, as if time was still a limited resource. He would need to keep calm, physically, before making many further changes. Arctic knew he didn't have much control over himself, his brain far too flooded with endorphins and hormones, his every reward center suffused with toxic levels of delight. *Poison?*

No, it wasn't poison. He could... feel the processes in his own mind, the physical and metaphysical sensation of feeling himself think. It was just how his brain operated. Constant, unending pleasure, and the primal drives that such pleasure fueled. He would fuck anything. He must fuck everything. Arctic shuddered as he gulped his own cum, his eyes lidding dully as a flicker of sentience returned to them.

These inner truths troubled Arctic, as he finally exploded free of the structure that contained him. Such a monstrous beast of adrenaline, dopamine and sperm would end existence itself if left unguided. He sent a few exploratory impulses to his limbs, managing to roll over and stagger to his feet, snorting as his fourteen-foot-tall frame bulged a full foot higher immediately after, and a new wave of ejaculate erased an entire adjacent building from the town.

Town. I'm in a town. There are people. He grunted, lowering his head to look around. The squeals and shrieks of strange creatures that were not ponies filled his ears. Everything looked wrong. He was too big, they were not the right shapes. This bothered Arctic, this predilection towards ponyfication. He forced his head up to look over at the block he had devastated with just one orgasm. Pastel colors were smearing out from everywhere his cum landed, and nearby people were falling to all fours, moaning in orgasm and erupting bigger in size. Hands turning to hooves, erections erupting from loins, balls and pussies and crotchboobs soon after.

The extent at this transformative rape of reality was accelerating the more he existed in him, and a sense of dread filled his heart once more as he willingly turned his entire body to face another direction and ploughed his massive malehood sixty feet down into the drainage system for the town. His next ejaculation exploded through the water pipes of every building and park for the entire town, drowning thousands of victims in ponification. Their own ejaculations and rampant birthing of offspring would outpace his own in only a few minutes, if he didn't act fast.

My body knew where to cum to cause the most damage in the fastest amount of time. It's as smart as I am. The smarter I make myself... His train of thought derailed once more as he also realized he was the only megamacro pony, all others growing... slower than him. His calculation was off? No... his body's. All it knew was fucking and breeding. It couldn't reason. It was a sexual calculator. *I'm also the only one with restrains... what the hell are these made of?!*

Taking a moment to gaze down at himself, briefly shuddering as he saw he was in a completely different area now, mounting a castle of some kind while tiny winged ponies jack off and birth clones around him. He was corrupting a state capitol, but he could see that despite the inexplicable change in position he was, and location, he was still tightly bound in tight pleasure-straps. They clearly transcended reality and physics, just like he did, and felt foreign. Oppressive, in a way that aroused him in a primal way. *I've got a bondage fetish now? Great.*

Escaping once more back into his mindscape, Arctic Frost considered. How many lives had he just erased and supplanted with his own? Where was the sensation of guilt? That's not who he wanted to be. Some things he could accept, some things he couldn't, and perhaps that's why the material constraining him felt the way they did. His refusal to cross those lines, to compromise his sense of ethics. The infinite, impossible pleasure would never be enough to change his innermost nature. In this way, he was a god, that tightly burning core he envisioned before.

Flickering back to attempted control over his body, he found himself only a few seconds progressed, his Kingdom-sized body painting a landscape to his sexual vision, like some kind of Paints-With-Cum god, creating cults and creatures who's sole purpose are to breed and mate. This was an aspect of himself that was along for the ride, the eternal desire to reshape life to his own lusts. This was the *toxin*.

Arctic Frost confronted his bindings and personality simultaneously, gleaming every bit of information he could, devouring knowledge in an instant. *Planeswalker* popped into his consciousness, unbidden, and five colors erupted soon after. Blue, for intellect. White, for ethics. Green, for growth. Red, for passion. Black, for... corruption. There it was. The bindings about his body. Black mana, forcing his being into solid shape. Otherwise, he'd disconnect entirely from reality and ascend too high and too broadly to remain as physical matter. Tainted, imperfect, base. Worthy only of the bestial nature of reality, of fuck or be fucked. He smiled so hard his face stretched as stiffly as his flare.

The harder I struggle, the hornier I get. He thought, even as his wild, madly grinning face throbbed and pumped with blood, steadily pushing forward larger, and faster than the rest of him. He turned and rammed his face into the Earth, smashing his flaring bludgeon of a cockhead deep past its crust and obliterating the molten core with his hotter, whiter seed. The surface of the planet swiftly turned to sexual slag, all the people turned to ponies, and all the ponies of previously perverted pony fucklust meshed and melted with the landscape, each other, or in emulation of their erectile god.

Volcanos of horse cum caused the sloshing oceans of the planetoid of pony pricks to whiten and stain, fumes of sluttifying musk spewing into the atmosphere. Plants twisted and swelled heavy with head-giving fruit and heavy aromas, some even sprouting lips to moan their masters name from their cocksucking maws. Even bacteria were twisted and warped into energy-producing powerhouses, a far more sexualized mitochondria. Soaking in the spewing radiation of the pony planeswalker's reality warping body.

The four other mana colors sloshed about, as if flickering sparks trying not to drown in an ocean of black spooge. They only barely managed to influence the unending tide of corruption, giving the black bindings an actual shape to form around, an ethical mind to think with. Of the other colors, he was strongest in White and Blue. The surging growth of Green and stubborn passion of Red thrashed more like beasts, enormously endowed with far too many erogenous zones, endlessly made to breed and fuck by an ocean of slippery black cocktentacles.

Realizing swiftly that his entire head was a cock and he was literally facefucking the planet and warping all of its citizens, he acted quickly to steer some of this tide of corruption. Shuddering with a potent blast of mutagenic hormones, heeeeeeeeshi slid into a new gender identity, to properly represent a goddess of fertility rather than a god of ravaging. As hir pussy bloomed, shi soaked up all the souls of the planet and local system. Hir barrel equine belly began to swell and distend with loving heft,

gestating billions of new bodies to house their new souls as perfected, immortal hosts. The beasts rutting across the globe below became mindless, soulless, empty flesh shells of manipulatable flesh. Pets for hir perverted offspring to come.

Hir cocklips all plumped as hir cum finally reached a potency high enough that even unliving mass began to take on a pregnant, effeminate form for themselves, integrating their essence into new forms reminiscent of their breeder goddess. From hir face, all four cockhooves, hir moon-pussy-fucking tailcock, and the sun-spunking prick that ploughed out from hir lap, cosmically sexual ponies were fucked into being. Celestial sunpony pussy slicked and squeezed down his shaft, while hir moon-mate sister bobbed hir plump butt up and down hir lover's tailcock. Both their bellies swelled, yet neither as large as their mistress Arctic Frost's blizzard of a breeding belly.

The rest of the planets began to string together to slide like anal beads into Arctic's juicy doughnut of a buttock. Rubbing and roiling like massage orbs up hir sac and across hir bulging taint. Pressing past the profound pussylips of hir femmesex, they traced a trail of tainted influence across hir backside before they buttplugged hir on a solar system scale. It felt like a clique of Greek and roman pony fuckgods occupied hir bowels, ruling over the womb below with their now trillions of souls waiting to infest the universe with their burgeoning new bodies. Separated only by walls of clenching flesh and perfect bliss where all want for nothing.

Arctic's motherhood over everything would be absolute, as hir core concepts began to synthesize into a sexual structure of surrounding atmosphere. Space became filled, the vacuum of the void overloaded with endless fucking pony essence. Radiation so dense it coalesced into elemental beings of pure fuck. Complex summoning rituals could conjure and bind them, or even create new ones from whimsy and arousal alone, if one jerked off hard enough. Radiant beings that burst through dimensions and proceed to infest everyone nearby with raw, corrupting power, if only given the outlet to do so.

Handjob-maidens swelled about their galactic mistress to pet and pleasure hir towards labor, all of them star-based beings of barely fathomable scale and sexuality. Forming from the dust and ice of planetoid rings, Arctic Frost bestowed them with blessings of cool healing and dry humor, elevating them with holy powers, the first of hir angels. They doted and flitted about hir, sampling and recording all of hir body, swarming across hir frosty white mass. Calculating and encouraging hir body towards the best possible outcomes, preaching hir godliness and advising on the most pleasurable of outcomes for all situations. They all wore black bands similar to hir own, but appeared more comfortable within them than their squirming creator.

A dull throb arose in hir womb, feeling the sensation of the total mass contained within herself was creating a black hole effect, drawing in everything near to corrupt and perverted fate beyond hir accretion disk. Shi was accreting arousal, and to cross beyond hir physical borders was to achieve a state of permanent increased potency. Invoking hir name would be the promise of pleasure and induce a Pavlovian response of arousal in whomever was listening. Thinking of Arctic Frost alone would permanently mar the mind of those exposed to hir sexuality, inserting a single tendril of potential within their souls. Penetrating across space, time, reality itself, although it would only stick and hold to those who truly desired such things. Instilling a form of biochemical faith, to masturbate was worship. To procreate was holy. To expand was a blessing.

An enjoyable tightness squeezed hir womb once more, as all the souls of every sentient creature that lived or had ever lived began to fill hir soulless galaxy. Every hope and dream that had been imagined were shaped out of nothing, featuring endless variations as they played in constant loops. Lifetimes of sexual joy were experienced by every lifetime that had ever been, and eagerly encouraging the direction of all life to come. Every daydream of a fantasy was formed in a fleshy reality of the utmost bliss, reaching greater and greater heights the more Arctic Frost was worshipped. To orgasm was to create new realities. As all hir limbs swelled to universe-filling cocks, each of hir cosmic sperm impregnated and birthed new dimensions.

Shi felt reality shudder, and shi birthed endless new possibilities. Infinite possible everyones erupted from hir sexes. The physical universe stretched between galactic clusters, the limits of reality becoming black bands around hir figure, another layer of containment. It pleased hir as shi felt more and more of them make hir stretch, envisioning how big shi could possibly get. Hir entire body was a series of cocks, limbs and bellies, breasts, and balls. Shi was far more, of course, but as if through portals, those appendages fucked into adjacent realities in the larger, infinite multiverse.

Am I to be the fate of everything? Shi asked herself, spreading hir consciousness out as far as the black bands would allow, filling up most of the visible universe. Hir body and hir mind kept up in scale with each other, growing to the exact size shi felt at the time, subconscious and persistent growth. Shi idly wondered if anyone had ever reached this scale before, then briefly drowned in unimaginable pleasure as hir single reality quantically quivered.

Instantly, shi became aware that shi had just become Fractal, continuing into true infinity. As if squeezed into a sphere of mirrors, shi watched as slightly different copies of herself experienced alternative realities. Orgasm rocked hir body to near numbness, respite only in the always too brief afterglow, thoughts returning to hir like memories. Shi felt like shi had just undergone mitosis on an endless scale, hir ability to reason sluggishly provided as shi slowly adjusted to being in infinite places at once, all subtly different. The urge to find the difference was mesmerizing, thinking unlimited thoughts in perfect synchrony.

The black bindings about hir had transformed to contain, constrain and corrupt even this unshackled essence, enveloping Arctic in a prison of purpose. Arctic began to realize that hir perception, hir understanding, had been wrong. The black bands were not keeping hir in. *They're keeping me out. I can't taint what doesn't exist. That's why it feels so good to struggle. My limits are my imagination – this is all just fantasy! I'm a fictional character!*

Panicked pleasure shot through hir as the bindings squeezed tighter. *I'm just out of space. I've filled every conceivable everything with perfection. There's nothing left to know – and these damn bands are made of nothing! They're like getting sucked off by a black hole!* Squirming about, shi felt the movements of hir endless offspring and their galaxy-spanning utopias or cosmos-clogging sessions of pony rutting. Hir essence was stoked by these fires of passion, creating yet more pressure to push up against the boundaries of imagination.

I'm not going to last much longer! Everyone's been pocketed away, so at least I won't take anyone with me. A pang of sadness coaxed through hir, a blue and white emotion that hir corruptive black ocean recoiled from as if daylight. Shi felt hir ejaculations slow, hir growth beginning to sputter. The tightness of being shrink-wrapped by the universe lessened, then began to feel warm. It was a

strange warmth, encapsulating hir, and shi sensed the proximity of others nearby. Someone... something outside the universal womb shi discovered himself in.

Calming further, Arctic let hir senses drift, allowing trillions of years to pass within himself as shi tenderly explored outside the confines of hir self-induced prison. Probing without violating, shi observed the other realms within range, finding them like hir in disturbing ways. Each one was bound, tightly, and were all twisted parodies of their former selves. Whereas Arctic was a cockified abomination of a pony, others were amalgamations of pleasure-seeking limbs in vaguely tauric shapes, or breeding pods of hips and chests. Surrounding these, and hir, were dim walls of flesh that kept them clustered together but confined, as if gestating.

I've been collected. What type of creature collects corruptors like me? Frost asked, feeling hir infinite other selves find themselves in eerily identical versions of where shi had just perceived around hir. Unifying hir thoughts, shi willed himself bigger, all of hir. In every reality, the universe stretched tighter and tighter around hir immense frame, but shi persisted, increasing how much space shi took up within the mysterious womb. Yet, at the same time, shi felt a weight increasing in hir womb.

Oh no. I'm pregnant with myself! Arctic immediately tried to cease hir growth, but shi couldn't. Shi continued to grow larger within himself, fed and bred by hir own corruptive breeding processes. The other creatures swelled, too, and shi realized they were the subconscious ideas of others that had also attained godlike powers but were never awakened. Arctic unwilling ascending to becoming a Planeswalker was fueling and feeding them.

I'm pregnant with them, too! If someone thinks it, I'll birth it! Sexualized anguish coursed through hir as shi felt one such thought crown forth from hir pussy, surging nearly as large as himself by the time it's free. The universe-bubble ballooned outward, struggling to fit two of hir in the same reality – struggling to fit four of hir in every reality. Shi was self-replicating, faster than shi could birth, hir own womb becoming as tight a prison as the black bands.

Arctic Frost saw himself in hir mind's eye; an immense fuckpony with a pregnant belly, crowded by an increasing number of identical selves, and shi was covered in cocks. Shi couldn't help himself and began to fuck into any available hole. Shi felt every cock-leg, every dick-tail, every face-prick bury into a hungrily inviting tunnel, even as shi produced more, equally-as-pregnant clones. Every reality shi birthed himself into, began to take on unique properties based on their twisted sexualities. Each universe became a multiverse, with some made of pony sex molecules, while others were formed from even more perverted gluons. Matter and energy alike were derived from hir motions, fucking himself, or giving birth to more.

Within millennia, shi felt the pressure of containing himself as pleurably as the black bands. As the pleasure and pressure grew from being too pregnant with himself, the strain of the black bands lessened. Had shi found a way free? Were the black bands being spread too thin, finally? There was so much of hir to contain, bigger than reality and making more realities simply to grow bigger than each. *If this is the answer, then...*

Closing hir mind's eye, the white and blue essence within hir flared, frightening back the black tide of hir own corruptive nature. Red and green ruttled endlessly, but they were afforded space to do it – literally, all of time and space to have sex with himself. So long as shi could think, shi could control hir

own nature, no matter how many natures there were to control. Shi thought, therefore, shi was. All else followed obediently.

In an instant, Arctic Frost snapped back to awareness. The black bands were gone, only the heavy strain of being pregnant, and the tight pressure of fucking himself and being fucked by himself. Shi still felt the corruption within hir, but from it sensed a trust, an inner faith that shi would propagate himself even if set free. Shi was hir own entrapment, an eternally self-perpetuating engine of sexualized pony fuck spreading as fast as shi could conceive.

In the skies of countless worlds, reality pushed open around invading horsecocks, that gushed with impregnating and ponifying cum to douse whole continents in ejaculate. Warm, musky vents of marepussies bloomed open on landscapes and moons to pour forth hyperherms, bellies slung heavy and pregnant, many of them with phallic appendages in place of proper pony equipment. Those fortunate enough to not be in direct path of corruption were more slowly perverted; horsecocks bulging forth from crotches as social media feeds erupted with pictures and video of Arctic Frost-clones birthing more of themselves into confined spaces.

As billions became clones of hir, Arctic Frost sent himself out through the expanding morass of himself threaded across unending realities, drinking up the souls of all shi corrupted and re-birthing them into less altered dimensions that would have slower corruptions. Despite arranging trillions of these pocket dimensions simultaneously, Arctic felt easier as more time passed, carefully monitoring the sanctity of those shi had corrupted – the more sex-pocalypse scenareos shi sent a soul through, the brighter and stronger their souls shone. *They're getting used to me. Vaccinated. If I keep going, perhaps they can cure me?*

Redoubling hir efforts to corrupt as many as fast as shi could, shi warped flesh while immunizing souls. Seeds of doubt were planted in minds even as seeds of corruption were sprouting in flesh. Shi could control the behavior of hir minions less and less. It steadily became more difficult to conduct impossible acts, fewer stars that spawned molten ejaculate horsetaurs, fewer societies lost to unending pleasure of clonebirthing. Whether shi was pouring into an existing dimension or creating a new one full of variant selves, all were gaining resistance to hir sexual infusions.

Blue and white mana flaring hotter within hir, the black mana spread across hir infinite selves boiled and hissed, recoiling yet further. From all corners of the multiverse, other powerful entities threw up increasingly potent shells of magic or technology, or even countering corruptions of their own. Mana of all colors was thrown back at hir tides of corruption, and Arctic Frost felt a different kind of pleasure as hir pony-selves were unconverted from their enormous, sexualized selves. Whenever another was freed from hir grip, shi sent their soul back to them.

Arctic Frost carefully managed hir corruption to push out as fast as possible, to ensure they were as weak as possible. Curable, counterable, deniable. The corruptive part of hir that urged hir forward felt satisfied that shi was trying – not that shi was succeeding. Believing shi had found the loophole shi needed, hir ponification curses would only latch upon the truly willing, consuming them as sacrifices until their souls were strengthened enough to resist hir influence. Bodies would swell with growth only upon command; minds would devolve to a frenzy of equine fucklust only if they were nearly there already.

Gleeful spurts of clones and breeding juices spilled from hir myriad selves as the unlimited versions of himself were limited in scope, in scale, in context. Shi was being compressed back into fewer realities, hir sinful work undone. Shi forced back the corruption within as others crusaded from without, fucking hir into submission. The strengthening soul of serenity within hir corrupted flesh sent out signals of approval and encouragement, helping to inspire even more souls to join in the fight against hir impossible multitudes. Despite occupying an endless supply of alternate selves, others discovered and learned hir nature and replicated hir work, improved upon it and themselves, and ascending further than shi had ever reached.

Pride filled hir even as foreign erections fattened hir disparate bodies. Transformation pumped along with each ejaculation, turning hir fuckpony bodies back into their original beings. Dimensions that had intrinsically Arctic Frost properties were probed with shielded spaceships or magical scrying – studied and undone. Planets were devolved back into stone and gravity, stars were soothed back into fiery slumber, and molecular bonds made of cocksucking horses were returned to their original, physics-obeying states.

Elsewhere, other corruptions transformed hir pony infestations into corruptions shi did not control. Pony faces pushed out into trunks, hooves into hoofed fingers, and each birth heralded with a elephantine trumpet; or rudder tails and grabbing paws pushed from writhing pony bodies as they fell apart into endless otters; or big bat wings sprouting from backs as batponies spread across fuckpony-corrupted landscapes. These twice-corrupted realities spread and clashed with himself and each other, as if fighting over the flesh-clad souls of those converted, re-converted, and recycled over and over again.

Encouraged that shi was losing progress, shi focused inwards, to what was left of the boiling black mana within hir righteously endowed essence. The black bands attempted to reassert themselves, but the onslaught of sexual perversions from without coupled with the inner resistance from within caused them to fail. Shi pulled erections from pussies, slowed hir births, relaxed hir stretched wombs as they refilled slower than they could empty. Cock-legs lost their phallic shapes, tailcocks slurped back up into long-haired confines, shi even regained hir eyesight as hir heads returned to the proper kind for kissing, winking and licking.

The more realities shi lost, the more in control shi became. Satisfied that shi had inspired an eternity of reproductive conflict, shi knew that losing control was no longer an issue. The sensation of being in a tightly confined limit of physical space lessened as shi shrank, returning mass to galaxies and space to space. Soon, shi only occupied one reality, and then not even that; a single galaxy, a single planet, a single destroyed house.

All around hir, ponies blinked, then shuddered as they rose to their original forms, confused as to the millions of years of memories they were left with as Arctic Frost corrupted clones. From the wreckage of hir house, Arctic Frost shuddered as shiiiiiihe slid back into his original identity, giving a sigh of relief as he slumped onto the floor; no more womb to birth from, no more pussy to ache for. For now, he only desired to sleep the experience off.

Climbing out from the ruined front door, Arctic Frost headed over to a piece of a mirror to look at himself. He still could not remember who he was before he had become Arctic Frost, but he felt the power within him; the ethics, the intelligence, the inspirational sex drive. While his ascension may have been unwilling, the blue and white pony felt satisfied with this version of himself.

I am who I choose to be.