>You are anon  
>With your blonde hair, and blue eyes, you walk through Equestria facing many criticisms.  
>In your short time here you have met one pony, with, potential, a white mare with blonde hair and blue eyes, one whom goes by the name of Aryanne.  
>You plan to meet with her on this evening, to celebrate the great event, the birth of the Fuhrer.  
>She has expressed her excitement for the holiday, so you have prepared as is necessary.  
>The cake is prepared, the table is set, your ceremonial gift for the Fuhrer is ready, now you wait, Aryanne will be here at 19:00 sharp.  
>You glance to your clock and see it is 18:30 you make sure your uniform is pressed, and get dressed, making sure that you are in trim fashion.  
>The clock strikes 19:00 and there are 3 sharp raps on your door.

>You open your door with purpose, you look down upon the adorable mare.  
"Good evening, mein soldat."  
>"Good evening indeed, mein Stabsgefreiter" she speaks, with a slight whisper to her tone.  
"Speak up, dearest, now is not the time to be timid, today we celebrate! For today is the day of our Fuhrer!"  
>The excitement begins to well up inside of you, and as you speak you can see her eagerness rise.  
>She perks up quickly and speaks in a nearly singing manner "Ja! Of course, I am very excited for today, I have everything ready!"  
>You nod and look to the table.  
"I trust you brought your ceremonial gift for the Fuhrer?"  
>She nods quickly and smiles as she draws a small box from her saddlebag. "But of course!"  
"Wunderbar! I will put it on the table for you."  
>You hold out your hand, she gives you the gift, and as you make your way to the table she speaks up. "Mein Stabsgefreiter, I do not mean to question you but, today's activites, i am nervous."  
"Everyone is nervous for their first time, mein adorable little soldat"  
>You make your way back to her after placing the gift on the table and you squeeze her cheeks slightly, making her blush.  
>"You compliment me far too much, mein Stabsgefreiter."  
"Do not worry of it, shall I retrieve the cake?"  
>She nods quickly with a wide smile "Ja! Absolutely! Can I help?"  
"Of course you can, mein soldat."  
>You gesture her towards the kitchen and walk with her following you.

>As you arrive in the kitchen you gesture for Aryanne to assist you in carrying the large cake, it is a Red Velvet, with a large swastika upon its circular top.   
>The two of you work together to get the cake to the dining room rable, you move the gifts to the side to make room for the cake in the middle of the table, in front of the portrait of the Fuhrer.  
>Aryanne looks at the cake her mouth water's slightly and her eye's quiver. "Mein Stabsgefreiter, this is absolutely your best work yet, it is art!"   
>You blush slightly at the compliment  
"I am no artist, but thank you mein soldat. I worked very hard on it."  
>The two of you spend a moment looking at the cake, before you accidentaly lock eye's with one another.  
>The eye contact lasts for a while before you really notice, shaking your head slightly to snap yourself out of it.  
"I apologize, that was inappropriate."  
>She is startled by you talking, and snaps out of her own trance. "What? Oh, your apology is quite accepted..." She blushes deeply and her hat, which never really fit her in the first place, as it was your old hat, falls over her eyes, covering her face.  
>You laugh slightly and adjust the hat back for her   
"There you are, mein soldat, I was afraid you were hiding from me there."  
>You offer a soft smile and a hearty chuckle.  
"What do you think the Fuhrer would wish for?"  
>Aryanne appears to think for a moment before her ears perk up and she looks to you. "I think the Fuhrer would wish for equality for all, man, or pony, so that everyone could live together in a great harmony, of course, only the best, and most capable of those."   
"I think you, mein soldat, are very correct!"  
>You smile at her and think you catch a different glance from her... could it be.... frustration?

"Is something wrong mein Soldat..?"  
>She feigns a smile but give it up quickly "I apologize.... Anon.... but this whole.... Military thing, it just, sometimes it bother's me, I am 100 percent dedicated to the cause I just.... want you to call me by my name is all.." She looks at the ground a bit sad.  
>You scramble for thoughts  
"Mein So.....Aryanne... I am very sorry, if I have hurt your feelings, I will call you by your namem and you may call me by mine."  
>She looks up and smiles slightly "Thank you Anon, I enjoy your company as more than a commanding officer and I would like to speak as such."  
"Understandable. Thank you."  
>She returns her gaze to the cake "Sooo.... When do we eat it?"  
>You smile mischeviously and shrug "Whenever you want I suppose."  
>She looks back and forth a few time's between you and the cake, before she looks at you for a moment. "How long does cake keep?"  
>You eye her curiously  
"Im not sure, I catch what you mean."  
>She rolls her eye's "How long can the cake sit here before it goes bad anon?"  
>You shrug slightly and speak in a dismissive quiet manner  
"Probably a while... a few days... maybe a we-"  
>You are cut off as she pounces onto you, bringing you to the ground.  
"What are you doi-"  
>She silences you, by pushing herself further onto you, engaging you in a kiss, you fight back for a moment, but quickly give up, engaging yourself in the battle between your tongue's, sliding in between one anothers mouths.

>She begins to slowly grind herself up against you, as she attempts to unbutton your uniform, she pulls away from your mouth and mutters "These damn button's, why are there so many?"   
>You reach down and help, unbuttoning your own uniform and helping her remove your trousers. She resumes the kiss, but now much more vigorously, she pushes her tongue into your mouth, expertly swirling throughout your mouth and around your own tongue.  
>You stop making an effort to regain dominance, she has you now.  
>She continues kissing you, now grinding her soft, and now wet pussy along your midsection as her breathing accelerates, along with your own.  
>Without warning she sits up from you and positions herself over your now, fully erect member. "I would ask if you were ready..... but I really dont care." She quickly drops herself down onto your member, fully engulfing you in her hot pussy.  
>You take bated breaths as she slides up and down along your member, her inner walls, expertly milking and massaging your member.  
"A-Aryann-"  
>She puts one hoof over your mouth and begins to slam herself down on you much harder. She cringes slightly and her speech is slightly broken "No.... Talking..."   
>Her relentless assault is beginning to push you towards your edge. However, she does not relent, she continues slamming her dripping mare cunt down on your throbbing member, as she begins to moan loudly.