"Don't eat me! I swear I taste like shit! I haven't showered in a week! And I don't- OH FUCK-"

Woah! Okay... where the fuck am I?

One minute, I'm being chased by some sort of giant bear that looks like it's made of space, and the next thing I know, I'm sitting... uh, somewhere?

Wherever I am, the floor is pretty cold and I'm in near complete darkness.

I try to look around, but it's no use... the forest was already dark, but this is pitch black. And I'm completely out of breath. Who would have thought being forced to become a vegetarian would have caused me to become addicted to sweets? I'm not fat *yet*, but my diet is the exact opposite of healthy. I really need to destroy Sugarcube Corner before it destroys me.

Letting out a heavy sigh, I pinch the bridge of my nose in annoyance.

I've only been in Equestria for about three weeks or so, perhaps closer to a month, but things have been getting increasingly weird lately. Yes, weird even by Equestrian standards.

It took me quite a while to adapt to everyday life here, although it's not *that* different from life on Earth. Considering the fact that this is an alternate dimension full of talking horses, things could have been much, *much*worse.

But just when I thought I was starting to get accustomed to most of the daily weirdness this place has to offer... shit like *this* has to happen.

What exactly am I talking about, you may be wondering? Well, let's just say that every now and then, something strange will happen to me, or aorund me. And by strange, I mean strange.

Sometimes, I will simply blink out of existence and reappear somewhere else, as if I had somehow teleported. And some other times, objects will start moving around and hovering on their own around me... somewhat similarly to what a unicorn's magic would do. Although I have to admit that the first couple of times, I thought it was pretty damn cool, now it's starting to get annoying. And the increasingly common occurrences aren't helping me feel comfortable, either.

At first, I thought that there would be a simple, rational explanation... like, it could simply be a unicorn playing a prank on me. But the last few days' events are having me seriously reconsidering the existence of a rational reason behind these things. What kind of unicorn would follow me all the way into the Everfree forest and wait for my dumb ass to somehow get lost and end up waking up an ursa minor, only to teleport me out of harm's way at the most convenient moment, just when I arrive at the edge of a ravine that I can't possibly cross or avoid?

That doesn't exactly sound like something *any* unicorn would do. Or *could* do, for that matter.

And I really, really hope that the princesses have better things to do, despite their inclination to play pranks on... well, just about every creature they can play pranks on. Which is pretty much every living creature in Equestria.

Hell, a couple of days ago, there was this story that was all over the newspapers.

Princess Celestia stole a sleeping dragon's treasure, replacing gems and precious artifacts with worthless rocks and thousands of little pieces of scroll on which she had written '*ur a faget*'. On both sides.

She never admitted to have *stolen* anything, but I'm not as naïve and gullible as ponies, and I can read between lines. Also, Celestia has never really been her usual formal self around me, so I probably know her better than even Twilight Sparkle does.

Assuming that the skittish attitude she displays around me *is* her true personality, and not the other way around.

Anyway, according to the alicorn's official statement, the dragon tried to retaliate and is now '*enjoying well deserved holidays on the Moon*'.

I'm guessing it's probably some sort of secret code, or an insider joke or something like that... I don't know. Taking holidays on the Moon *does* sound pretty rad, though.

I sigh again, trying to feel the area around me. Goddamn, whatever it is, that shit is cold. It must be marble or something... which would mean I'm somewhere classy. The Carousel Boutique? Uh... yeah, no. I've been here for almost ten minutes and I haven't heard any drama yet. The Ponyville spa? Nah, why would it be dark in there? The hospital, perhaps? ...nah, it would be noisy and smell bad.

Maybe some random room in Filthy Rich's mansion, then? I sure as fuck hope not.

I survived babysitting his daughter that one time (although that was bad enough), and I even managed to put up with the pink abomination *and* her gray bitch ass friend, which was even worse... but having to listen to a drunken Mrs. Rich explaining me why she only wants pegasus lovers?

Fuck. No.

Never fucking again.

I put those thoughts aside and try to look around once more. My eyes have trouble getting used to the darkness, and I still have no idea where the hell I could possible be. Probably nowhere I've ever been... whenever I get out of here, I suppose I should go to Twilight Sparkle's library. That pony knows pretty much everything there is to know about magic and stuff, so ~~surely~~ ~~probably~~ hopefully she will be able to tell me what's wrong with me... if whatever is happening is even related to me, that is.

Besides, she's a nice friend, and pretty level-headed. And she makes good tea.

Not as good as Fluttershy's, though.

Now, if I could just figure out *where* I am... perhaps in the-

"Anon?"

Huh?

I turn my head back and wince at the sudden bright light coming from the ajar door. I'd recognize that tone anywhere, but that would mean I'm in-

"What are you doing in my sister's bedroom?"

Really?

I shrug and try to look as confused as possible. Which isn't too hard after hearing where I was.

"I don't know, Celestia." I reply in confusion. Seriously, what in the name of the fuck am I doing in Luna's bedroom, and how did I even get here?

The white alicorn shakes her head, fully opening the door as I cover my eyes. Goddamn, she's bright. She's literally bright.

As in, her body is literally radiating sunlight.

"Why would you lie to me, Anonymous?"

I frown. "I wouldn't, and I'm not, I have no idea how I got here, I swear to you! I was being chased by some sort of giant space bear, and... well, now I'm here. It's like I teleported or something. I don't know how it happened and I don't know why, but it's not the first time something like that happens to me, and I'm starting to freak out. I swear I'm telling you the truth!"

She raises an eyebrow and takes a step towards me. "You told me humans did not know magic."

"That's true, we don't. Magic doesn't even exist where I'm from, but... look, I don't know. Since I arrived here, things have been weird. I mean, weirder than I expected. Equestria is pretty weird, no offense, but... I've been noticing *really* strange things happening around me, and to me." I say, getting up and rubbing my eyes as they slowly adjust to the intense brightness. "Like those sudden... urgh. How do you call that? Teleportations?"

She cocks her head to the side and scrutinizes my expression. "Are you sure you didn't simply have a bad dream?" she inquires. "After all, you're in Princess Luna's bedchambers. She must have not taken too kindly to the presence of an intruder."

"Huh? Why, isn't she sleeping right now?"

"Of course she is," Celestia nods. "It's barely three in the afternoon."

"Oh. Yeah, I suppose that makes sense." I shrug, looking around me.

No, that doesn't really make sense in fact, but whatever. And damn, Luna's bedchambers are sexy. I'd like that wallpaper in my room, too.

"But, Princess... how could I have fallen asleep here in the first place? It's not like I could have entered Luna's bedroom, or even the castle on my own, and much less found my way around. I'm telling you, something teleported me here! It must have been a unicorn playing a prank on me... or something?"

"That's not possible." she replies, pointing a hoof towards the door. "Come with me, let's go for a walk while you're here."

"I didn't mean to end up here, I promise. I mean, I don't see what else could have caused that..."

"Come with me, Anon. We'll have a little chat."

I shrug, carefully following her out of the room and down one of the countless corridors, delving deeper in the Canterlot castle.

Even though she doesn't scare me *per se*, nobody in their right mind would want to get on an immortal alicorn's bad side.

"So as you can see, you are extremely resilient to magic. Nopony could have possibly teleported you, when even *I*can barely levitate you."

I raise an eyebrow at Celestia's scrunched face.

It's pretty damn cute, actually, but is she fucking with me? She can move the Sun in her sleep if she wants! Yet she's working up a serious sweat simply hovering me a couple of inches above the ground?

*Does she even lift?*

"Are you sure you told me everything?" she asks, panting from the effort.

"Yes, that's really all there is to it. I randomly seem to teleport, and sometimes stuff starts moving around me, that's all. I don't know anything else."

"Do you have any memory of a particular event triggering such things? Perhaps a feeling, an emotion, a sound... a thought? *Anything* that you could associate to those things?"

"No, nothing I can think of... it doesn't even look like magic when it happens. It doesn't make noise, there's no flash of light or anything, and when objects move, they don't even glow... it's just stuff moving around. I don't know what's going on. What can I do, Princess?"

She puts me down and lets out a deep sigh, brushing the sweat off her brow with a hoof. "I don't know, Anon. I honestly don't know. You are a very peculiar creature..." she trails off, looking out of a nearby window. "Of course, that is not to say you are not interesting." she adds really quickly.

"Uh, yeah? Thanks?"

She nods. "Do not worry. I will look into that. Perhaps I can find something about your... problem. Meanwhile, you should go pay my faithful student Twilight Sparkle a visit. Her library may contain more recent informations that the Canterlot Archives probably lack. After all, they're several millennia old."

"Actually, that was my plan. Before you found me."

"I suggest you get going, then." she says, nodding towards the little town of Ponyville, barely visible in the distance. "I wouldn't recommend you to take the train at night."

I raise an eyebrow, dusting myself off. "Why not?"

"Ponies traveling at night aren't usually the friendliest of creatures you can meet. I don't want anything bad to happen to you, Anon." she answers, looking away from me.

I don't know why she's always so bashful around me. As cute at it is, it's still a little more disturbing than cute. The way she goes from a majestic ruler to a nervous mare whenever I'm around... am I intimidating or something? I never hurt anypony.

Except that one time. Well, those two times.

And also that time I... okay, scratch that. I might be too edgy for ponies.

And perhaps I should tone down my language... heh. Implying I can tone it down any further.

I shrug. "Alright then, I'll get going now."

"Oh, one last thing..."

"Yeah?"

"In the very li-... um, very *unlikely* event that you *are* actually exhibiting magical abilities..." she trails off, blushing and shuffling her front hooves. "Would you be interested in becoming my very own personal bodyguard?"

I deadpan at the mare, blinking twice really fast. "Uh... no?"

"Oh..." she takes a step closer to me and gives me a disturbing smile, before clearing her throat. "It doesn't matter. But what about becoming my lover, then? Would that tickle your fancy, Anonymous?"

I put both hands up defensively and start walking backwards. "Hell no!"

"Not even for a night?" she asks, getting all up in my face and pressing her moist muzzle against my nose.

"No way! Princess, please, stop that! You're freaking me out!'

She doesn't stop, her grin widening as she raises a hoof. "A night with the Sun!"

"Stay away from me! You smell like hay and wet horse!"

The moment her hoof brushes my crotch, I let out a very unmanly yelp as she's violently flung backwards, and into a nearby wall, causing most of it to crumble. Her limp upper body slowly slides down to the ground, her rump above her head, resting against cracked marble debris.

Okay... wow. What in the name of fuck just happened?

I think I need to get out of here. And fast.

With Celestia (literally) out of the way, and apparently unconscious, I start running towards the train station. Well, towards where I think the train station is... I've only been to Canterlot like three times or so, I don't exactly know my way around.

But *anywhere* is better than here... holy shit! I don't even want to know exactly *what* I just miraculously escaped.

I mean, these ponies are nice and all, hell, some of them are even cute, but... doing *that* with a pony?

Even though I should be flattered to have the most powerful and respected mare in all of Equestria trying to court me (or more exactly, trying to force herself on me)... yeah.

Nope.

Ain't gonna happen.

"Yo dude, get the fuck off me!" I squirm, trying to shield myself from the barrage of hooves slamming against my shoulder.

"You smiled at my marefriend! I'm gonna kick your butt!"

"I'm not your marefriend!" a nearby mare says, crossing her front hooves and somehow keeping her balance.

"GET OFF ME, PUNK!" I scream, headbutting him. Fuck, his skull is thick.

"NO!" the stallion screams, spreading his wings.

"Flash, stop it!" the mare says, causing him to look at her, and giving me enough time to kick the orange pegasus off me. I get up, dust myself off and pounce him, slamming his head against the ground.

"My turn, faggot." I say, jabbing him in the chest.

"GET OFF ME!"

"No."

God damn it.

After nearly four hours of running around in circles and fending off jealous ponies, I *finally* found the train station... but now it's nightfall. Oh well, ponies are small, anyway. What can they possibly do to me? And I can defend myself, can't I?

I just did against a bunch of jealous stallions, so I know I can. Well, kind of. Against one of them at a time, at least.

And I only got hit like twenty times or so.

Fuck, I'm bruised.

Seriously, I hate Canterlot. Apparently, waving hello to a mare around here is considered flirting, and if there is another stallion nearby, it's like a *casus belli*... well, I'm not even gonna try to find an analogy to express just how stupid that is, it just is.

Yet another one of the countless strange Equestrian customs, I suppose.

I sigh internally (and externally), buying a ticket and entering the train car. I look around and sit down, sighing heavily one more time as I remember why I'm here in the first place. What happened to the kind-hearted, level-headed Princess Celestia I thought I knew? Has she really taken a liking to me in a couple of minutes, or is she in heat or something like that? Or has she always liked me, and only decided to make a move on me today?

And why would an immortal magical horse princess want to do anything like that with me anyway?

Ah, whatever. I'm *never* coming back to Canterlot.

Seriously, fuck this city. I'd rather go to Paris or something... heh. I wonder if they have an equivalent in Equestria? At least they have some sort of Eiffel Tower in the Crystal Empire, from what I saw in a couple of postal cards.

Oh well... time for a nap.

A loud rumbling startles me awake, followed by the world around me seemingly jerking back and forth. "CONTACT! SHOOTER WITH WEAPON!" I scream, instinctively thrashing around and falling off my seat. I hit the ground with a cartoon-ish '*thud!*' and grunt, weakly opening my eyes.

Shit is extra weak today.

Urgh... what time is it? Where am I?

Has the train already arrived to Ponyville? Have I missed the stop?

Is there even anything beyond Ponyville?

How big is Equestria? Is the planet round?

Is the-

I look around me, and all I see is annoyed ponies shooting nervous glances at their 'wrists'. Which is funny, because they don't even have watches.

I get up, stretching my tired limbs and staring at a nearby creature. What is that thing? It looks like an eagle... no, it looks like a lion... no, actually, scratch that.

It looks like an eagle *and* a lion. It's slightly larger than a pony and doesn't seem too friendly.

Isn't that one of these hybrid creatures I've been told about? Griffons or something? Pinkie Pie warned me about these things. Something about how they're all big meanies and should be dealt with using a hundred thousand volts taser and hot sauce or something like that, if I recall.

*Fucking Pinkie.*

I walk up to the (apparently female) creature and wave a hand. "Hey."

The griffon scoffs. "What do you want, dweeb?"

I raise an eyebrow before frowning, unimpressed. "Well, alright. Suck me off, then."

She smirks, her razor sharp beak glistening under the moonlight. "Heh... if I were you, I'd be careful what I wish for."

"I didn't mean it literally but, whatever you say."

I take a few steps forward and look around me once again. Damn, she must be some kind of slut.

"Yo, why we ain't moving?" I ask to no one in particular, this time looking out of the window. The train is stopped in the middle of nowhere, a couple of hundred feet in front of a tunnel. We're definitely *not* in Ponyville yet. What time is it?

The griffon sighs, pointing a claw towards the head of the train. "It's probably the knights, *again*... I hate those assholes so much. Hell, everyone does."

Damn, it feels good to hear the word 'every*one*' in the mouth of another creature, for once.

"The knights? Who... what are you talking about?"

She shrugs. "It's just a bunch of racist unicorns. They call themselves the Knights of the Invisible Crystal Empire, and they claim that they're fighting for race and, uh... nation, or some other shit like that? I don't really know, and who cares anyway? They're totally retarded."

I deadpan at her. "Yeah, they sound retarded, alright. Their name is also as retarded as it is long."

"I know, right? They think that only unicorns should be allowed to live in Equestria, and that every other creature, pony or not, is inferior and unworthy or something... I don't know, seriously, it's all a bunch of shit."

"Huh... so what are they doing? Where are they?"

She sighs again. "They like to have meetings on the train tracks at night, under the full Moon. They're probably right in front of the locomotive, doing one of their stupid rituals... give 'em twenty minutes and they'll be gone."

Full Moon? Are there Lunar phases in Equestria? Shouldn't it be always full since it's always opposed to the Sun? Since the two diarchs are controlling both celestial bodies... perhaps if one of them forgets, or wakes up too late or something like that? Or do they put on illusionary spells to bend or reflect light in ways that would give the impression of lunar phases?

God, where's the aspirin?

"Fuck's sake. I'mma go see the driver."

She raises an eyebrow. "Good luck with that..."

Fucking hell, this train is *long*. It took me several minutes, but I finally arrived in the locomotive. The driver jumps in his seat as the door is kicked open, before adopting a defensive posture.

"Who are you?"

I ignore his question and frown. "Why did you stop the damn train, man?"

He deadpans at me, pointing a hoof towards the windshield. "Look for yourself, buddy."

I walk up to him and look outside, frowning hard. There are four ponies right in front of the train. They're wearing white drapes that cover their entire bodies, and they're jumping and dancing in a circle around a large flaming cross.

Really? For real? Like, really, seriously for real?

"Really? You stopped for *that*?"

"Yeah. What else do you want me to do?"

"I don't know. Grow a set and run 'em over?"

"No can do, buddy."

"Suck me off too, then." I say, slamming a hand against the emergency button, causing the nearby doors to open. Why is there an emergency button and two doors inside the driver's cabin, anyway?

"Hey, where are you going?"

"I'm gonna get their asses out of here, since you won't." I simply reply, jumping off the train.

"Don't go out there! They're dangerous!"

"Yeah? Well, so am I."

I walk up to the four ponies in front of the locomotive and cross my arms, clearing my throat to get their attention. "What's up?"

[*Blue power, motherfuckers!*](http://youtu.be/dH6J7DRwQHE?t=4s)

They instantly stop what they were doing and glare at me. Or at least I assume they are, since I can't even see their eyes. How can they even see anything through those small holes, while ponies have huge eyes?

One of them seems to stare a little longer, before walking up to me. He gets up on his hind legs and awkwardly tries to wrap a foreleg around my waist, waving to his comrades with the other.

"Behold, my brothers! *This* is the perfect example of what a superior creature is supposed to look like!" he says. Or is it a she? The voice definitely sounded feminine...

I look down at the hooded pony and frown. "You what, mate?"

"Taller. Larger. Stronger. Tougher! Unlike those disgusting weaklings they dare calling ponies!"

I grab the pony's white hood and tug on it, revealing a blonde maned mare with an equally white coat, and large blue eyes. Goddamn, she's cute.

"Who are you?" she asks, her eyes fixed on me.

"Uh... my name is Anonymous. Who are *you*?"

She gets off me and shakes her head, causing her mane to flow against the light breeze. "Oh. I'm Aryanne. Proud member and leader of the Knights of the-"

"Yeah, look, I don't actually give a fuck. Move it."

She seems unimpressed, resuming her presentations as soon as I stop. "-Invisible Crystal Empire. We are a radical group of supremacists, and we fight for unicorn dominion all over Equestria and its allied kingdoms. Isn't that awesome?"

Unicorn supremacy. Right.

"No. And you're not a unicorn." I reply, deadpanning.

"I'm a unicorn at heart! But you obviously can't understand that."

"Sure, I can understand. I'm a fox at heart that's stuck in a dragon's soul that's stuck in a human's body that's stuck in pastel horse land. Look, just get outta here, alright?"

"What? Are you seriously trying to tell me that you haven't ever heard of us?"

"I'm not trying to tell you shit, but no, I hadn't heard of you until a minute ago or so. You're the racist queers who think the tracks are a conference room, right? Now get the fuck outta here, there are some people in this train who would like to get home."

She frowns, before cocking her head in confusion. "People?"

I shrug. "Ponies. Whatever, just get outta here before something bad happens to your asses."

"Wait! Wait! You don't understand!"

"Understand what?"

"Can't you see that Equestria would be a much better place if unicorns had supreme power?"

"No?"

She shakes her head

"So you don't wanna join us?"

"Join you? Shit no. Go away already."

"Come on! You could be our new leader!" she says enthusiastically, before nervously looking around. "H-how about that, huh?"

"I said no. Besides, you don't even know me. Hell, you don't even know *what* I am. And I sure as fuck am *not* a unicorn."

"But you... please! You could help us create a better world for unicorns! And for you! And for every other creature we allow to live!"

Why the hell would a unicorn supremacist see *me* as superior? Something about how strong and tall I am, she said? What the fuck is that even supposed to mean? I'm pretty far from being the strongest or tallest species around...

I swear these ponies are something else.

I simply ignore her and start walking away, only to feel a hoof touching my ass. Without thinking, I turn around and raise both hands as I feel a strange rush of energy coursing through my entire body. A shockwave causes Aryanne as well as the four hooded ponies to be thrown a few feet backwards, and the large burning cross is engulfed in a giant fireball, forcing me to shield my eyes as I recoil and trip, falling on my ass.

Goddamn. Did *I* do that? Why? How? What the hell is going on with me?

Does getting touched in inappropriate areas by colorful ponies make me blow shit up or something? First Celestia, now her... if I didn't know any better, I'd start thinking I have telekinetic abilities or something.

That would be cliché as hell. Just like so many things in Equestria, in fact.

"What? H-how? How did you do that?" she asks, wasting no time in getting back up, and all up in my face. She's even cuter now that she's at eye level with me, but... shit.

"I don't fucking know!" I nearly shout, trying to get away from her. Seriously, those ponies are creepy up close. Cute as hell, but creepy. Their eyes are the size of my fucking hands.

This shit is just wrong.

She glares at me before harrumphing. "Fine! We'll leave, but don't go thinking that you've seen the last of us! I*will* get you to join us, no matter what it takes!" she says, fuming. "The Reich shall rise!" she adds, waving to her friends who cheer and nod, before bucking down the pieces of charcoal that once formed a burning cross.

Eventually they're gone, and I walk back into the train, shuddering at... well, I don't even know. Whatever the hell just happened, which I'm not even sure can be described using words.

And I'm not sure what freaked me out the most, either. Apparently having telekinetic powers that activate when ponies touch me in ways they shouldn't is freaky, but being hit on by a female cartoon pony who also happens to be a Ku Klux Klan member might just be worse.

But seriously... psychic powers that randomly activate when I'm feeling scared or angry? Just how fucking stupid and cliché would that be?

"Oh my Gosh, Anon! I can't believe it..."

"What is it, Twilight?" I ask, struggling to stay still with a good fifty pounds of strange beeping devices planted around and on me, pumping violet electricity and other various magical shit into me. Yes, I have wires and stuff plugged *into* my chest. It doesn't hurt, but I don't even want to start thinking about how the fuck that works.

"You seem to have psychic powers that randomly activate when you're feeling scared or angry!" she says, suppressing a squeal.

I deadpan at her. "Really?"

"Yes!" she replies enthusiastically, oblivious to my sarcasm and discomfort.

"Psychic powers? Isn't that what you guys call magic?"

"No, not at all! This is a very different thing! Nopony has ever proven that psychic powers actually existed outside of fiction, but now... now we all know for sure! You're the first psychic in Equestria!"

"I'm a psychic? Does that mean I can see the future or what?"

"Of course not! Don't be silly, Anon." she says, jumping on her hooves and trotting around me in a circle. "Oh my Gosh, this is so exciting! We *must* tell Princess Celestia about it! Actually, we should go to Canterlot! Right now!"

"Shit no!"

The purple unicorn freezes up, losing her smile. "Why not?"

"I..." I shudder, remembering yesterday's events. "I don't wanna talk about it, alright?"

"Okay, fine... but... b-but ponies need to know! The princess needs to know! *Everypony* needs to know! In the name of science!"

I take off the few plugs that were magically embedded into me, and shrug.

Ah, Equestria. Where two immortal rulers with the power to move giant balls of plasma and rock, and an alien from another dimension displaying the ability to use psychokinesis are both things that fall under the 'science' category.

But seeing the future is 'silly', apparently.

"So you're telling me I have psychic powers."

"Yes!" she says happily, clapping her front hooves.

*Behold... my powers! I am the strongest ~~Pokémon~~ human in ~~the world~~ Equestria. Stronger even than ~~Mew~~ Celestia!*

"That's uh... cool. Yeah. Cool. That's cool."

"Cool? It's more than cool! It's absolutely amazing! I'm gonna be able to learn so many things from you now! You're gonna have to stay here with me, though... perhaps for quite some time."

"You fucking what."

"I can't let you leave, Anon! At least not until you learned how to control your abilities. Otherwise, you could cause a lot of damage, and even injure ponies!"

I raise an eyebrow. "Wait, because I *can* actually control that stuff?"

"Of course! It just takes training! A lot of training. Come with me, we'll get started right away!"

"But I thought you said I was the first creature to ever display such powers?"

"Yes, you are."

"THEN HOW THE FUCK WOULD YOU *KNOW* THAT I CAN CONTROL THEM? AND WHY THE FUCK WOULD YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN HELP ME WITH IT?"

"I *don't* know. That's the fun of it!" she says, her enthusiasm not faltering as she remains oblivious to my increasing discomfort.

I decide to calm down, sighing heavily as I follow her upstairs. There's no point in trying to reason with any of these midget horses...

"Come on, Anon! At least pretend you're trying!"

"I *am* trying, goddammit!"

"Then do it already!"

I release my concentration and frown at the mare. "How the fuck do you want me to go from having zero control over shit to being able to lift your fat ass in only a couple of minutes?"

Twilight scoffs. "I'm not fat!"

"Well, you're kinda chubby." I reply, shrugging.

"Am not!"

"Actually yes, you are. You *are* a chubby little librarian." I say matter-of-factly, walking up to her and pinching her cheek. "And that only makes you cuter." I add, giving her a wide grin as she turns into a blushing, flustered mess.

It's always fun to fuck with Twilight, if not a little too easy. But seriously, who doesn't like a bit of extra cushion on their ~~girls~~ ponies? I know I do.

Perhaps she doesn't, though. She really doesn't seem too happy.

"Anon, don't try to get out of this! You won't, and I *will* have you control your powers! Imagine what we could achieve together!"

"What *we* could achieve?" I ask, raising an eyebrow. Is she gonna start ranting about how we should take over the world and shit?

She ignores me, instead motioning towards something behind me. "Let's try something easier. You see that cup, right over there? Try to move it."

I turn my head around and raise an eyebrow at the small teacup standing on top of a nearby table. "Uh... alright, alright. Let me focus."

"Take your time." she answers calmly.

*Nine minutes and thirty-seven seconds later...*

"So?"

"So what? I'm trying, for fuck's sake! What do you think I'm doing?" I reply angrily. Damn, I can feel the veins bulging on my forehead. How did I manage to throw the most powerful being in this world off me so effortlessly, when I can't even move a fucking teacup?

"When I told you to take your time, I didn't mean for you to take that long, you know." Twilight says as she levitates the cup, and bashes me over the head with it.

"Hey! What was that for?" I ask angrily, rubbing my sore noggin.

"I'm sorry," she says as she suppresses a giggle. "I thought that maybe anger would trigger it."

"Yeah, but if you want to anger me, you're doing it wrong."

"How do I anger you, then?"

"You don't expect me to give you an answer, do you?" I deadpan. "Besides, most of you ponies are already experts when it comes to angering me, anyway."

She shrugs. "Don't you remember something that happened before? Something that could have triggered the effects?"

How the hell do ponies even shrug?

But now that I think back about it, I *do* remember what seems to have triggered it. Danger, fear, anger, whatever... and lately, something else. So what am I supposed to do? Should I really ask a nerdy purple librarian pony to grope my ass or something? Actually, I'd be rather okay with the idea, but that alone means it probably wouldn't work. Also, maybe it *cannot* work if I'm expecting it?

Just like you can't tickle your own self.

"I think so, but... look, I really don't want to talk about it."

"I need to know."

"No. Believe me, you don't."

"I do!"

"My faithful student."

Both Twilight Sparkle and I jump in our seats, jerking our heads towards Princess Celestia. I thought randomly popping up somewhere unexpected was *my* thing, but... heh, she must be jealous of my skills.

*get on my level*

"Princess Celestia!" Twilight says happily, trotting up to the larger mare and making a strange purring sound as they exchange an awkward horse hug kind of thing.

The alicorn shoots me a glance, slightly cocking her head. "I came to see how you were doing, Anonymous."

"Uh, I'm fine, thank you very much goodbye?"

Twilight frowns. "Anon! It's Princess Celestia, show some respect!"

"No." I reply, a defensive hand covering my crotch.

Celestia grins. "You really impressed me yesterday, Anon. Your powers are beyond anything I would ever have imagined."

I let go of my crotch and scratch my nose. Damn. I think I need a shower. "What? What are you talking about?"

"Nothing! Nothing at all. Well, I hope you will continue making progress." she says, looking around, all traces of her enthusiasm gone. "Twilight Sparkle. Anonymous. Farewell!"

Before either of us can react, the white mare teleports away in a flash of bright pink light.

Wait... does this mean that she *knew*? What is she up to? What the fuck is going on?

"I don't like this." I say, looking sternly at a flabbergasted Twilight.

"I... I have never seen the princess acting like that." she says, shaking her head nervously.

"I know, she's a bitch! She's up to something, I can feel it." I shake my head and put a hand to my chin. "I don't like this one damn bit."

"She's not a bitch! Maybe she's just tired?" Twilight suggests. "I'm sure her duties are-" she's cut off by a knocking sound coming from downstairs.

She shrugs and trots down the stairs, and I follow her without much enthusiasm. I mean, whenever somepony bothers knocking on the door, it's either Spike carrying a gemstone twice his size, or Fluttershy. Her four other friends never actually bother knocking, not even Rarity. It could also be some nerdy teenager pony looking for a boring ass book to study... urgh.

Uninteresting as hell.

She opens the door, revealing a white mare with a blonde mane and-

Oh God.

Not *her*.

I run back upstairs as quickly as I can. Seriously, she has a fucking swastika inside a heart for a cutie mark, for fuck's sake!

The ponified female Adolf Hitler smiles at Twilight. "Sweet! You're a unicorn!"

The purple mare deadpans. "Who are you? What can I do for you?"

Aryanne takes a few steps inside the treebrary and looks around, still smiling. "Nice place! You should add a '*no zebras allowed*' sign, though... but otherwise, I like it! You should come to our meetings!"

"...ooooookay. What are you doing in my house, Miss... um, Miss?"

"Aryanne."

"Aryanne... uh, okay. What are you doing in my house, Aryanne?"

Sometimes I wonder if Twilight realizes that this is a fucking *library*, and therefore a public place, before being her house. Although I doubt that particular mare came to check out a book... hell, no pony ever does. Twilight herself must represent ninety-nine point nine percent of the library's 'customers'.

Still looking around, the white Earth pony loses her smile and adopts a more serious expression. "I was told the creature called Anonymous could be found here."

Well, shit. No point in hiding anymore, I guess... Twilight couldn't take a hint if both our lives depended on it, and she's about as discreet as a charging rhinoceros, so I can't 'warn' her that I don't want to see Aryanne without half of Ponyville knowing about it. I reluctantly walk back down the stairs and wave at the supremacist pony.

"You were told correct."

"You! I missed you." she says, trotting up to me and nuzzling my thigh with her head. Is that really the pony equivalent of those weird ass skinheads back home? A cute blonde mare who seems to want to hug me whenever she sees me?

Why did I never join a neo-nazi group before?

Twilight raises an eyebrow. "You know each other?"

Aryanne smiles, once again getting up on her hind legs and awkwardly wrapping a hoof around my waist. "It's a long story..."

"Not really, it's short as shit." I counter, frowning.

"Well, we have time anyway. I'm gonna make some tea." Twilight says, trotting into the kitchen.

*Goddammit, Twilight.*

"Anon! What were you thinking?" the lavender mare asks angrily as soon as Aryanne finishes her 'story'.

"They're racist!"

"So what? That's not a reason to be intolerant!"

"...IS THAT MARE FUCKING SERIOUS?" I scream, staring blankly at nothing in particular.

"Why would you disrupt their meeting?"

"They were fucking dancing on the train tracks!"

"What were you even doing in the train?"

"I was trying to get back home!"

"Why weren't you home?"

"I don't know! I somehow teleported to Canterlot earlier that day, and I ended up in Luna's bedroom! Man, that sucked."

Twilight and Aryanne both blush, exchanging stares as I clear my throat and continue. "So yeah, as I said, they were dancing around a burning cross and talking shit about how unicorns are superior or something like that, right? So I was like, '*bitch you ain't even a fucking unicorn*', and then she was like, '*wir müssen die juden ausrotten, ja?*', but then I was like, '*nein, the Motherland will never succomb to national socialism*' and then she touched my ass and shit started to fucking explode and everything!"

*Directed by Michael Bay.*

Aryanne looks away and Twilight shakes her head disapprovingly. "You have a wild imagination, Anon, I'll give you that... but don't you think you're exaggerating just a little bit?"

"No, I'm not. Tell her, Aryanne!"

The white mare looks at me, giving me a shit-eating grin. "Whatever are you talking about, Anonymous?"

"Fuck you," I point at Twilight, "fuck you," I point at Aryanne, "and fuck you." I finish, pointing at Owlowiscious who's sleeping on his perch.

"Don't take your anger out on poor Owlowiscious!"

"Fuck him. He's a bird."

"So?"

"I don't like birds."

"Me neither!" Aryanne squees.

I ignore her and rub my eyes, suppressing a yawn. "Look, can't we resume the training or something? I'm bored, I'm tired, and it's not gonna take too long before I get *really* pissed."

"Sure." Twilight says, levitating a book in front of her.

"What are you training for?" Aryanne asks.

"I'm not even sure."

"Come on Anon, let's go. Try to lift her! She's lighter than me."

The white mare raises an eyebrow at Twilight's slightly chubby frame. "Implying that's a feat." she smirks.

"YOU'RE A WHORE!" Twilight shrieks, pouncing the white pony with impossible swiftness. Goddamn, her weight is a touchy subject... and she's not even fat! Just a little chubby...

Women... Man. Women!

All I can do is sigh while the two mares start punching each other, occasionally screaming obscenities related to ethnicity, sexual orientation, promiscuity, incest and social class. I close my eyes, and for a few seconds, I feel like I'm still on Earth.

"RACIST CARPET-MUNCHING SLUT!"

"CRUSTY, NERDY, BROWN-NOSING ASSLICKING WHORE!"

"I'LL RIP YOUR HAT OFF AND SHIT DOWN YOUR CAPE!" Twilight shrieks, earning strange glares from everyone in the room, including herself in a nearby mirror. She shakes her head and wave a hoof. "Wait no, nevermind, I'm used to argue with Trixie, I'm sorry."

"It's nothing." Aryanne replies, smiling.

"Where were we?"

"Somewhere along the lines of... you fat bitch?"

"YOU SKINNY BITCH!"

"FRUSTRATED VIRGIN!"

"MUDPONY SCUM!"

"FURRY PURPLE CUNT!"

Eventually, I decide to get up and walk up to the fighting mares.

"WORTHLESS NAZI PIECE OF-"

I grab Twilight by her horn and lift her off Aryanne as she gasps and squirms in my grasp. "LET GO OF ME I'LL KILL BOTH OF YOU!"

"Tough shit."

It's *really* handy to know that grabbing a unicorn's horn completely nullifies their magic. Especially when you're a human, with hands and a near six feet stature allowing you to easily grab and lift a unicorn that way.

"Thanks, Anon." Aryanne says, her face bruised. Shit, Twilight did a number on her... although she's bruised, too. But then, it's barely noticeable with her purple coat. And purple eyes. And purple... everything. Shit, this mare is*too* fucking purple for me.

"Why the fuck are you two even fighting?"

"She said I'm fat!"

"You're fat!"

"Am not!"

Once again I have to grab a mare and throw her off the other.

"Will you two fucking stop it already? Twilight, your attitude is... shit, I don't even know. I know I'm in no position to talk about attitude, I mean it's not like mine is any better, but goddammit! You're Celestia's protégée, for fuck's sake! Start acting like you're worthy of being her special student!"

Aryanne smiles. "Kinky."

I frown and turn to face her. "And you! Why did you even come here? I'm not gonna join your nazi group, I don't care about race! You're not superior just because you have a fucking horn. Which *you* don't."

"You just don't understand, do you?"

"No, but there's nothing to understand. And just for the record, I'm not superior, either."

"Yes you are!"

"How the fuck am I? Twilight, can you get her ass outta here before I do it myself?"

Twilight shakes her head. "Nope. If you want her out of here, do it yourself."

I shrug, grabbing a screaming Aryanne and slinging her over my shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

"No!" Twilight shrieks. "Without touching her."

I raise my empty hands. "I'm not touching her."

The librarian rolls her eyes, levitating the neo-nazi pony off me, and onto a chair. "Try now."

The white mare frowns but decides to remain still and silent for some reason... I stopped trying to figure these ponies out the day I got here.

I sit down on another chair and sigh for the umpteenth time today. I focus on Aryanne's body as hard as I can, trying to remember the feeling of her hoof grabbing my ass, but all it does is giving me a semi boner.

Fucking hell.

As Aryanne starts giggling at my display of... well, nothing at all, Twilight lays a hoof on my shoulder. "Anonymous. Listen to me."

"Yeah?"

"Are you listening?"

"...yes." I reply, my deadpan so powerful that she must be able to feel it even without seeing my face.

"I want you to close your eyes, and remember the most scary, horrible and dreadful thing that has ever happened to you. Okay?"

Many things instantly fill my mind, but nothing really... out of the ordinary. At least nothing that really stands out, nothing I can quite concentrate on amidst the multitude of horrendous shit that happened to me in the past three decades. Or was is two? Two and a half?

Shit, how old am I already? Maybe time works differently here?

Maybe it's-

"I want you to pick up the worst memory you can possibly think of, and try to relive it in your mind. In the most lively way you can."

Heh. Why not giving it a shot? I have nothing to lose. So what's the single worst thing I have ever lived?

Hm... memories of Celestia's horse breath as she brushes my crotch with a hoof flood my mind. That shit was absolutely, positively *terrifying*.

"I can sense your distress! Concentrate on it harder!" Twilight squees, way more excited about this than she should be. "You're sad and angry, keep it that way!" she adds.

*Shit nigga that's edgy as fuck.*

A minute later, I sigh and slam my head against the wooden table we're sitting at, ignoring Aryanne's fearful expression.

"I can't! It doesn't do anything... I mean, I think I can feel something, like some sort of warm energy, but... it just won't work."

Twilight looks crestfallen. "B-but! But it *has* to!"

Aryanne's eyes widen even further as she points a shaking hoof behind us.

I turn around and scream in horror, falling off my chair in the process. The giant bookshelf hovering about six feet in the air drops to the ground, causing a sickening '*crack*' as it lands on Twilight's body, who was too stunned to react.

"TWI!" I scream, trying to move the large wooden furniture. How fucking huge can a bookshelf be? This shit must weigh at least five hundred pounds!

Aryanne jumps off her seat and tries to help me, but even with the two of us, it won't budge.

"TWILIGHT!" I scream louder as I feel a strange wave of energy coursing through me. I close my eyes and let the energy wash over me, the ethereal sensation of power flowing through my entire body intensifying as the bookshelf seems to move a bit. I open my arms and my eyes and scream at the top of my lungs, eventually managing to lift it off Twilight and throw it aside. It crashes againt the closest wall, shaking the entire tree to its very fundations as hundreds of books fall from it, and onto the splinter-covered wooden floor.

My Super Saiyan moment comes to an end as I rush to the injured mare. "TWILIGHT! Are you alright? Please, say something!"

She weakly smiles at me. "A-Anon... I... you..."

"No, don't talk! I'll get you to the hospital!"

"I... I-"

"Shut the fuck up! Don't talk, save your strength! Aryanne, help me!"

"Is the hospital run by unicorns?"

"I DON'T FUCKING KNOW AND I DON'T FUCKING CARE! EITHER HELP US OR GET OUTTA HERE, BUT DO SOMETHING BEFORE I MURDER YOUR ASS!"

She frowns, unimpressed, and she reluctantly turns around, trotting downstairs and opening the door as I follow her, Twilight Sparkle unconscious in my arms. She motions towards a random direction and I run after her, wondering why she would even know the location of Ponyville's only hospital.

"Is she gonna be okay?"

The doctor nods. "Of course. Unicorns are extremely resilient as long as their horn isn't damaged. Their magic source helps tremendously with regeneration. Some advanced spells can even allow a unicorn to regrow a lost limb."

"Really?"

"Hm, hm." the doctor replies absentmindedly, walking out of the door with his eyes fixated on a small clipboard.

"The master race has spoken."

"Aryanne, shut the fuck up."

"You know I'm right."

"Whatever." I sigh and look out of the window. The Sun is setting, and I have no idea how to get back home from here... oh well. it's not like Ponyville is large enough to really get lost in, anyway.

I can't say that I'm really happy with my life in Equestria so far, but I can't say that I'm unhappy, either. I didn't have many things worth mourning on Earth so there's nothing or no one I truly miss, but it's just been somewhat hard to adapt, to adjust and especially to accept the fact that I was effectively stranded here, most likely for as long as I'll live. As nice as ponies tend to be (most of them anyway), there are quite a few things I'm gonna need a *lot* of time to come to terms with.

Knowing that I'll have to choose between sticking my dick inside a horse or dying alone is one of them. The former option *does* sound slightly more appealing (or slightly less unappealing), but I just know that it's something I'll have trouble doing.

They're hardly anything like ponies back on Earth, but still.

A low voice stirs me out of my thoughts.

"Why do you hate me?"

I raise an eyebrow at the white pony sitting across the room, looking away from me. "Huh? I don't hate you. Hell, I barely even know you."

She briefly glances towards me, before looking away once again. "Why don't you want to join us?"

"Because your cause is retarded. Death to everything that's not a unicorn? Even if you don't take into account the fact that just about every single species out there is *needed* for the ecosystem to strive, that's still fucking idiotic. And nonsensical."

"Why?" she asks in an emotionless tone, still not looking at me.

"Why? Aryanne, come on! It's common sense!" I answer, exasperated. "Take Earth ponies for example. Even if you pretend you're not one of them, without Earth ponies, who's gonna put food on your table?" I ask, throwing my arms into the air to [emphasize my point](https://derpicdn.net/img/view/2013/12/22/503948.png). "Like you can even till! I know how sensitive unicorn hooves are. Fucking oh em gee."

"What?"

"Nothing. Look, beyond that, without other species like insects and birds and other things, plants wouldn't grow properly and you wouldn't have shit to eat."

"I never..." she trails off, looking at me.

"Unicorns may have *some* superior traits because sure, magic looks pretty damn useful, but that doesn't make them the only species worthy of living in Equestria, you know."

"I..."

"Miss? Mister?"

The doctor pony enters the room and motions to the door behind him.

"It's late, I'm going to have to ask you to leave. Twilight Sparkle must rest, and so should you."

I get up and stretch, several of my joints popping loudly. "Yeah, I'm pretty tired. You comin', Aryanne?"

"Huh? I... I need to go back home, too?" she asks, getting up as well.

"Obviously." the doctor replies awkwardly while I just give her my trademark 'implied facepalm' deadpan.

"But I live pretty far away!"

"Where?"

"Uh, I-I..."

I stare at her blankly before turning back and heading downstairs. Walking through the lobby and out of the building, I shake my head, trying to ignore the quiet sniffing coming from behind me.

What the fuck is wrong with this mare?

"Thanks for accepting to come with me, really."

"Don't mention it... it's not like I had anything else to do, anyway. I'm not hungry and it's too early to sleep."

I lay back and stretch my arms, sighing heavily. Those train seats are a bit too small for me, but they're still pretty comfortable.

"Aryanne?"

"Yes?"

"Where are we going, exactly?"

"To the Invisible Crystal Empire's headquarters."

I raise an eyebrow. "What? Why?"

"*\*mumble\**"

"What was that?"

"*\*mumble\**"

"Speak up!"

"I live there."

"Oh."

"*\*mumble\**"

"What now?"

"*\*mumble\**"

"SPEAK THE FUCK UP, GODDAMMIT!"

"I SLEEP UNDER MY DESK, OKAY? I HAVE NO HOME!"

Okay... that was unexpected. Every single creature in the train car is glaring at her now, and although I don't necessarily think I should defend a pony like her, I don't like their stares.

At all.

I wrap an arm around her and glare back at the dozen or so ponies and two griffons giving us the stink eye. "Why don't you take a picture while you're at it, huh? Fucking assholes."

Eventually, they all go back to ignoring us and looking at... well, whatever they were looking at before.

"I'm sorry." Aryanne says, avoiding eye contact.

"No look, *I* am sorry. I didn't know."

"It's not your fault. It's mine."

"I guess. I mean, uh..." holy shit I suck at cheering people up. Ponies. Whatever. "What are we going to do when we get there, anyway?"

"I was hoping we could spend some time."

"Spend some time?"

"Spend some time." she repeats in the same emotionless tone.

Okay then... "Spend some time doing what?"

Each other.

*HAHA ORIGINAL JOKE APPLAUD PLS*

"Each other."

*HAHAHA FUNNY*- wait.

"What?"

She stares into my eyes and her left eye twitches briefly. "I'm joking! Ha, haha! I'm just kidding!"

"Huh." seriously, what the *fuck* is wrong with her?

She looks away for a few seconds and stares at me again. "Do you like alcohol?"

*wut*

No shit I do... but I'm not so sure I should answer positively to that. This mare seems already pretty unstable, I'm not sure that I want to see what alcohol does to her.

Spending the night with a drunk nazi pony isn't what I had planned for tonight. But then I had no plans, so...

"Uh..."

*Say no.*

"I..."

*Anon this is brain, and I order you to answer 'no', damn it.*

"Hell yeah, I fucking love booze!"

*You stupid shit. I'll cut you.*

*Brain, c'mon, man! It's free booze.*

*Who said it was free, dumbass?*

*Whatever.*

"Great! I have a lot of stuff, you're gonna love it!" she says happily.

Okay so, she's racist, unstable, and probably alcoholic... *oh shit, Anon. What have you gotten yourself into?*

"Look Aryanne, I'm not sure we should-" I'm cut off by a voice announcing over a loudspeaker that the train has just arrived to Canterlot.

"Canterlot? What the fuck, do you live here?"

"Our headquarters are in the suburbs. Come on, it's not too far." she replies, getting up and out of the train car.

What should I do? I swore to myself I would never set foot in Canterlot ever again, but then... it's pretty late. Celestia should be sleeping, and Luna might not be any interested in me. Hopefully.

Oh God.

A rapist horse speaking in Old English who also happens to be immortal *and* an emotional wreck, with authority issues and a possible personality disorder... fuck, why am I even thinking about that?

This is too evil to even exist. This cannot exist. This does *not* exist.

"C'mon, Anon! We need to move, it's not too safe around here at this time."

I shrug and keep following the white pony through what looks like some sort of ghetto.

About two minutes later, a bunch of Earth ponies walk out from behind a house and step in front of us, blocking our path.

I stop and raise an eyebrow, waving a hand in front of Aryanne's face. I sure hope that ponies do understand the universal '*shut the fuck up*' hand gesture.

One of the four ponies take a step forward and wink at me. "What's up, dude? You wanna buy some hay?"

I raise the other eyebrow. "Huh? Nah, I don't eat hay. I'm a human, we can't digest it."

The stallion shoots a brief glance towards his friends, and they all erupt in boisterous laughter while Aryanne tugs on my hand with a hoof.

How do they tug on shit with hooves?

Wiping the tears off his face, the stallion clears his throat. "It ain't for eatin', man! You smoke that shit."

Oh. Okay then. I'm in a pony ghetto, and they're drug dealers. Alright.

"No, I don't smoke." I state blankly.

"Why not? I promise you, this is dank shit."

Yeah actually, he's right. Why not? *4/20 BLAZE IT FAGGOT*

"I don't know." I say, frowning and pointing a finger away from me. "Get the fuck out, hippies."

They exchange confused looks, and the 'leader' cracks his neck, staring at me.

"I'm sure you want to buy some. Am I right?"

"No, you're not. Go away."

"Anon, buy it, please?"

"Aryanne, c'mon, what's wrong with you?"

"I r-really think you should buy it..." she says weakly, hiding behind my legs. Goddamn, for a supremacist she's beta as fuck. Perhaps it's Fluttershy in disguise, trying to find out if nazism is my fetish?

...wait. Where the fuck did that come from?

"Wait up! You hate Earth ponies, right? Why don't you give 'em a piece of your mind?" I ask her, trying to ignite her '*wir müssen die Erde vernichten ponys*' fuse.

One of the other three ponies, a large brown stallion, takes a step forward. "What's wrong with your little marefriend, yo?"

"She's not my marefriend, and I've been wondering about that, too. I don't know what the fuck's her problem."

"Anon, p-please!"

"Shut up, bitch!" the brown pony shouts in a vulgar tone.

I put my arms akimbo and use my height advantage to try and look intimidating. It probably doesn't work, but whatever.

"Look, what do you want? I'm not looking for trouble, but-"

"Nah, but we are." he says, cutting me off. "So you'll buy it, eh buddy?"

"No. I don't even have money on me! Hell, I don't even have my wallet." I reply nervously, and that's even the truth. Aryanne paid for the train tickets.

I swear those ponies have hammerspace or something... they're always naked, yet they can pull money and shit out of nowhere.

Once again, I realize that I'm right as the two other stallions produce switchblades out of nowhere. What's even more baffling is that they can hold those with their hooves.

Fucking great.

Well, I guess I better [sharpen up and get ready for a bit of the old ultra-violence](http://youtu.be/y9RyWMbw79s?t=10s).

"ANON, RUN!" Aryanne screams as one of the stallions pounces her. Holy shit, he's *fast*.

She narrowly avoids him, jumping away at the last millisecond, only to be cornered against a wall by the remaining three.

The stallion that pounced her, apparently the leader, tries to jump on me, only to get a faceful of black leather laced with enchanted reinforced steel. Goddamn, I'll never dis Rarity's gay shoes ever again.

"Let her go, you cowardIy motherfuckers!" I shout angrily, kicking him in the ribs for good measure. Why am I even feeling so protective of her?

Two of them jump on me at ridiculous speeds, pinning me to the ground as cold steel presses against my throat. Okay... now would be a really good time for that '*mentally fling them away from me at escape velocity*' shit to kick in.

Should I ask them to fondle my ass?

I struggle and squirm in their grasp, still finding enough time to scream in my best James C. Burns voice, "[YOU CAN'T KILL ME!](http://youtu.be/byz6hj3QZ7Y?t=2m29s)"

"Why not?" one of them asks, grinning.

"You do it, that makes humans extinct in Equestria! Celestia will fucking murder your asses!"

The two stallions chuckle and the brown one steps into view, and onto my chest. He points a hoof behind him. "Gotta leave him some privacy, you know?"

I look towards the pointed hoof and my eyes widen in horror. Aryanne is down, pinned against a wall by the stallion I kicked earlier. And his dick is...

"YOU DON'T FUCKING TOUCH HER!" I scream, now fueled by pure, unaltered rage. I somehow manage to free my right arm and throw one of them off me, surprising the other two and giving me enough time to grab the switchblade pressed against my bare skin. Flicking it around, I stab the brown stallion square in the face before rolling on my belly and getting up, bloody blade in hand.

I take off towards Aryanne at speeds I never thought myself capable of, and barrel into the pony about to rape her, bodyslamming him against a wall. Pinning him down between my knees, I start pounding his face with everything I've got.

Suddenly, another knife whistles past me and embeds itself in the stone wall.

I raise an eyebrow, briefly stopping my barrage of right hooks as I grab the second blade, looking at it. I get up and glare at the two remaining conscious ponies, cracking my own neck.

Raising both knives above my head, I let out a feral war scream as they run away, realizing that they have nothing left to fight me with. Still shaking with adrenaline and quite literally fuming with anger, I fail to notice the bright flash of light behind me.

"YOU WANT SOME? YOU WANT SOME OF THIS SHIT, HUH? COME GET SOME!" I scream, waving my arms around.

"Anonymous."

"YOU WANT SOME TOO, MOTHERFUCKER?" I turn around, only to be blinded by a bright light.

Both weapons are snatched away from me and a powerful shockwave knocks me on my ass as Celestia steps forward, towering over me in my (forced) sitting position.

"Princess Celestia?"

The white alicorn shakes her head, frowning. "I trusted you, Anon, and you disappointed me."

"Implying I give a fuck."

"You were supposed to defeat them using your newfound powers! Not... whatever it is that you did."

"Y-you... YOU STAGED THIS SHIT?"

"I may have."

"WHY?"

"It is not important. You have failed."

I get up, now slightly taller than her. "What's wrong with you? WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT PSYCHIC SHIT?"

"Now come on, Anonymous. This is no way to behave in the presence of royalty."

"Because trying to force yourself on me was a way to behave *for* royalty?"

"I *am* royalty. I do what I want!"

"Are you fucking thirteen years old or something?"

She snorts and looks away from me. "I have not felt the touch of another stallion in over three hundred years, Anon."

"So? I'm not a stallion! And why would I care, anyway? I mean, it's sad and all, but it's not my fault if you can't get any horse cock!" I shout, exasperated. Seriously, leave it to me to end up in an alternate dimension with a sexually frustrated immortal horse who appears to be into humans.

*At least she's a mare.*

*Shut the fuck up, brain.*

*You shut the fuck up. If you put it in perspective, considering her age, three hundred years is probably less than the time it's been since the last time* you *got any.*

*Whatever.*

"Other creatures are either afraid of me, or too respectful to even... consider it."

"I haven't gotten laid in ages, either. That doesn't mean I'm gonna go ahead and fuck an alien horse!"

"I'm not a horse, Anon."

"Instead of thinking with your pussy, help us! I mean, me! I mean... fuck! Why didn't you help us earlier, anyway? You were around and you had no problem letting Aryanne get raped and letting me get stabbed? Hell, you even*made* it happen!"

"Not really. If worst came to worst, your powers would have kicked in anyway."

"WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THOSE?" I scream, pouncing her and pinning her down.

Her eyes widen as I start to strangle her.

...

Several minutes passed and she's still staring at me wide-eyed, while she should already be dead since a good three minutes or so.

*Fucking immortal horses.*

"Since you're not even *feeling* that I'm trying to kill you, would you mind telling me why you're staring at me like you've seen a ghost or something?" I ask flatly, withdrawing a hand from her neck.

She points a hoof behind me, and I turn around, letting go of her. An expression similar to hers quickly forms on my face.

A house is hovering a couple of yards above us. An entire fucking house. Complete with a large patch of ground still attached to the bottom, with roots and pipes sticking out of the dirt. Hell, there's even a mailbox.

Before I can freak out, Celestia speaks in a calm, soothing tone.

"Stay calm, Anonymous."

"B-but I-"

"Stay calm. You *are* the one responsible for this. As long as you remain calm, you will stay in control."

"Y-you... you're telling me that right now, I am in control?"

"Yes."

"What do I do? I don't want this... whatever I'm doing, I don't want this to happen. I don't want a fucking house levitating above my fucking head! How do I put it down?"

"I..."

"How, Princess?"

"I don't know."

I deadpan at her and my eye twitches, causing me to lose control. I instinctively drop to the ground as fast as I can and close my eyes, pathetically trying to shield my head with both arms as hundreds of tons of rock and metal come crashing down onto us.

A strange whooshing sound and a few seconds later, I open my eyes.

"H-how?" I ask, my face white from fear as I lay on the ground next to Celestia, a couple of yards away from a gigantic smoking pile of rubble and debris.

"I teleported us."

"Y-you... you did? I thought you said you couldn't teleport *me*?"

"I usually wouldn't have the power to do so, but thankfully, adrenaline also affects magical power."

"Oh... uh... so uh, what now? I'm, uh... aw, shit. I wanna go home!" it takes all my willpower not to start crying on the spot. I'm not a very emotional man, but fuck.

Nearly getting crushed by a flying house after saving a pony from rape and saving my own ass from four stallions with knives... on top of all the shit that happened the last two days, including running away from a space bear the size of a fucking sauropod, avoiding rape from an immortal ruler and sending an Element of Harmony to the hospital?

A man can only take so much.

"I will escort you back to the castle. It is safer for you to spend the night here. You probably cannot feel it yet, but what you just did took a *lot* out of you."

"Uh... I guess... what about Aryanne?"

"Oh, your little friend here? She will be committed and judged for her hate crimes, and will most likely be sentenced to life in the crystal caves."

"What the fuck?"

"Let us go now."

I'm sitting on Celestia's bed, a cup of tea in a hand and a slice of chocolate cake in the other.

She may be a bitch who's trying to rape me, but goddamn, she knows how to treat her guests. This shit is delicious.

"So, do you understand now?"

"I guess... why didn't you tell me everything from the beginning, though?"

"I didn't want you to freak out. I was planning on telling you, but when you said that magic did not exist back in your home world, I figured that it might be best to leave you time to get used to life in Equestria before breaking it to you..."

"Because I didn't freak out, finding about it on my own? Okay, perhaps I needed a few weeks before I could accept that the only reason I'm never ever gonna see another human ever again is because you refused the sexual advances of some stone statue that was once a God despite your claims of not having had a good dicking in what, three hundred years? But... shit! I nearly killed Twilight and you're the sole reason I'm not dead as we speak. As far as freaking out is concerned... I've still had my fair share, don't you think?"

She looks away, embarrassed. "I don't know why the Elements brought you here, but with Discord's last pathetic attempt at revenge, I didn't have much time to think about it. I don't know why he thought that giving you some of his powers would help him get back at ponykind, but I knew that you wouldn't pose a major threat to my subjects. However, I didn't think such an insignificant fraction of his magic would be *that* powerful, either."

"Whatever, I don't want any of this. I can't control it, it's too dangerous."

"You *can* control it."

"How? You said you couldn't find anything in your archives or something."

"That was before, I was trying to pretend I didn't know, as to not freak you out, I... um..." she trails off, trying to properly formulate her shit, regardless of how stupid it is. Being a ruler, that's probably an everyday thing for her. "Anyway, now that you know the truth... while draconequus magic is chaotic by default, it's documented. Come with me. I'll show you."

"Why did Twilight Sparkle call it psychic powers then?"

"Because that's how it's called."

"I thought you called it draconequus magic."

"Yes. What's the difference?"

"...go suck a dick."

"Gladly." she says with a grin. "I'm just kidding. Come with me now."

I cover my crotch with both hands and reluctantly follow Celestia as she trots out of her bedchambers, and down a corridor.

*[A couple of hours and a montage later...]*

"I did it!"

"Don't get too excited, Anon. I know it may seem incredible to you, but you're levitating an apple." the white alicorn says flatly. "This isn't even filly grade magic."

"Fuck off, you're ruining it."

She lets out a small giggle and nods towards the door. "We should go to bed, now. It's really late. My sister does not like rising the Sun any more than I like being woken up after barely one hour of sleep."

"Alright..." I follow her out of the room. "Princess?"

"Huh?"

"Can I ask you something?"

"Of course."

"Is there any way to save Aryanne from her life sentence?"

She gives me a devious grin. "You do care about her, don't you?"

"Uh... I'm not sure. Kinda? I mean, she's obnoxious and all, and she doesn't seem to be too bright, but she's... I don't know. There's something about her that is just endearing."

Celestia *d'awww*'s and nods. "There may be a way."

I raise a wary eyebrow. "Tell me?"

"I need a royal cuddler for tonight."

"...You gotta be fucking shitting me."

"Anon, Anon... do you really think I would, um, *fucking shit* you?" she asks with a smirk.

"Yes." I deadpan.

"You're right. But I'm not shitting you this time, so let us cuddle!"

"Okay, okay..." I sigh. "Fucking horse."

"What was that?"

"Nothing."

I sigh and follow Celestia into her room, now faced with a cruel dilemma. Do I ask for the bathroom and risk having her inviting herself in, or do I dare defile the royal bed with my stinky, sweaty body?

Heh. When put in that perspective, it's a pretty easy choice, after all.

I'm not the one doing the fucking laundry.

"Anonymous? Thou need to wake up."

I sit up and scream. "IT'S HAPPENING!"

Princess Luna takes a step backwards, raising an eyebrow. "IT'S TOO LATE!" I shriek, somehow jumping on her with my eyes still closed. "YOU COULD HAVE STOPPED IT!"

She pushes me off her, and back onto the bed as I slowly come to my senses. I look around and raise at least three and a half eyebrows. "Uh? Luna?"

"What is it that thou claim is happening?" she asks calmly, not impressed.

"What?"

She gives me an incredulous stare, and shakes her head. "Humans truly are strange creatures."

"You woke me up?"

"Yes, we did. Our sister told us that she had to discuss serious matters with thy marefriend."

"My mare- what?"

"Thou do not have to feel ashamed, Anonymous. Copulation is but a glorious thing."

"Huh?"

"We did not get to experience it firsthoof yet, but we have read quite a lot about its wonders. We are most eager to try it out someday."

"Uuuuuuh.... okay?" I swear Luna creeps me out... I'm not sure why, but I think it's her language.

Anyway, did I really cuddle with Celestia all night? Well, a few hours at least? Shit. That wasn't bad, actually. I feel better than I did in a long time, and perfectly rested.

"Our sister has instructed us to help thee into the royal bathroom."

"Uh... thanks? But I don't need help to wash myself, you know."

"We are merely following our sister's instructions." she says, levitating me into the bathroom as I scream and thrash.

She drops me into the bathtub, which is easily the size of my own house, and smiles at me. "Thou can wash thyself, now."

"Luna, what the fuck!"

"We know. Our magic is vaslty superior to our sister's," she says smugly. "The power we hold is unimaginable."

"What? No, not that!"

Although now that she mentions it... she *did* lift me effortlessly.

"Give me some privacy, damn it!"

"We are afraid we do not understand thy request." she says, cocking her head.

"Get the fuck out?"

"Oh."

Luna teleports- wait no, she's actually *walking* out of the bathroom! Maybe today won't be too bad after all... now if I could find the shampoo both princesses use to give their mane that ethereal, sparkling, flowing effect... call me a flaming faggot all you want, but I'm totally jealous of their manes.

I sit in the throne room, a croissant in a hand and a cup of tea in the other. I swear I'm starting to enjoy castle life, if not only for the food. I couldn't find the princesses' special shampoo, but I found something equally as fabulous, and now every single hair on my head smells like Bourbon vanilla. It makes me hungry, but shit, it turns heads. And stomachs too, probably...oh well. Whatever.

Luna said that Celestia should be back around eight o'clock, but it's a quarter past eight and she still hasn't returned... I really hope that she'll let Aryanne go. I kept my end of the bargain and cuddled with her hot flank. I mean, her flank is literally hot. I'm talking over a hundred degrees hot.

Although not *needed* with the overall warm Equestrian climate, it was still pretty nice.

Suddenly, the throne room doors open, revealing Princess Celestia in all her glory. She glances at me and gives me a warm smile. "Hello, Anon. Did you sleep well?"

I wave at her. "Yeah, pretty well, actually. You?"

"Better than I did in a long time." she replies, still smiling at me.

"So is she free?"

Her smile falters. "Oh... I, well..."

I get up and frown. "Hey, what's up? I kept my end of the bargain!"

"Things are more complicated than that."

"What's wrong? Talk to me, Celestia!"

The princess sighs as she sits on her throne, shaking her head. "The guard pony who took care of her custody told me quite a few things about her. Things I didn't know. She did a lot of bad things, Anonymous. I don't think you can bribe me to let her go, that would be wrong of me to allow it."

"What did she do?"

"Perhaps she could tell you. Why don't you stick around for the day? We can go down there tonight."

"Only tonight?"

"Anon, I am a princess. I have duties, I have things to do, and right now I have a meeting to attend to."

"Right. Well, I guess I'll just, uh... hang out."

"Meet me in the gardens at seven tonight."

"Alright, see you tonight, Celestia."

She nods at me and I turn around, before walking out of the throne room. God, what the fuck am I gonna do until tonight?

I could always go see how Twilight is doing... hopefully she's awake, at least.

The white nurse pony behind the desk raises an eyebrow at me. "Yes? Can I help you?"

"Uh, hey. Yes, I'm here to see Twilight Sparkle."

"'I'm sorry, sir, but visiting hours are between ten in the morning, and eight in the evening."

I glance at a clock on a nearby wall and frown. "Are you serious? It's nine fifty-seven!"

"Please wait three minutes, sir."

"Suck me off."

She smiles. "Hm... alright, that can be arranged." she says with a wink. "Do you have private health insurance?"

I flip her off and shudder, walking a few feet away and taking a seat.

Why are so many things here similar to how they are on Earth, when pony anatomy is clearly *not* designed for said things? Those seats are designed for humans, not for ponies!

Obviously I'm not complaining but damn, it doesn't make sense. Confound this dimension.

*[Three minutes and forty-eight seconds later.]*

"Anon!" Twilight says happily, albeit a bit weakly as I push her door open.

"Twi! How are you? Are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm fine."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, don't worry about me, Anon. I'm sorry, it was all my fault."

"No, it wasn't! It was *mine*. I... I did that to you! I mean, you forced me to do it, but... ah, fuck it. You're alright, and it's all that matters." I reply, walking up to her bed and giving her a hug.

"Hey, look what I can do!" I say, pointing a hand towards an empty glass of water resting on her nightstand. It slowly rises into the air, hovering a few inches above the table.

Twilight blinks twice really fast. "It's... it's amazing! How did you learn to control it?"

"Princess Celestia helped me. Also, according to her, Discord gave me some of his powers before dying, or whatever happened to him. So it's dra... uh, draco... uh, Discord magic. Not psychic powers."

"But, that's the same thing."

*Not this shit again...*

Sensing my confusion, she explains. "Draconequī have psychic powers, not magic."

"You said I was the first to have this."

"Besides Discord."

"But he's real, and you know he is. And his powers are documented."

"...they are?"

"Of course, Celestia showed me a book about it."

"Take me to Canterlot, now!"

"Twi, you need to rest." I say, patting her head. "I need to go back there tonight, anyway. I'll ask the princess if I can borrow it, alright?"

"Thanks." she says, smiling and grabbing my hand with a hoof. "Soon you'll be able to lift me!"

"Heh, maybe... perhaps you should train to be able to lift me, too. Celestia will probably make you a princess or something if you can reach that level."

"You think so?"

"No."

She pouts, looking away.

"Well Twilight, I'm gonna go. I haven't been home in over twenty-four hours, there's a lot of stuff I need to do, especially since I won't be here tonight, either."

"Fine. I'll see you later, Anon."

"Get well soon, Twi."

Giving her one last smile, I walk out of the room and down the stairs, passing through the lobby when I hear a pony calling for me.

The pink-maned nurse behind her desk raises a hoof, beckoning me to come closer. I walk up to the desk and she gives me a half-lidded duckface. "So, about that special oral care..."

I raise both hands defensively and nope the fuck out of here. What's wrong with these ponies?

Perhaps I should stop answering '*suck me off*' to everything and nothing, though.

Once again, I'm in the train, and headed for Canterlot. So much for swearing I would never set foot into this city ever again...

It's six thirty, I have half an hour to find my way back to the castle, wrestle the royal guards who never ever recognize me because apparently I '*never wear the same clothes*', and find the gardens.

Shit, I'm gonna be late...

*[Twenty-two minutes and a half later.]*

"...and four." I say flatly, knocking out the last guard. I'll never understand why a single jealous stallion can give me trouble while I can take on four elite guards at once so effortlessly, but whatever. It's like they're not even trying.

"HALT!"

Goddammit. "What?"

"Who are you?" a large white stallion walks in front of me.

"No one you know. Move it, Princess Celestia is expecting me."

"Princess Cele- oh! You're Anonymous, aren't you?"

"Uh, yes? Do we know each other?"

"No, but the princess has been talking about you a lot. Her new consort, right? The first in three hundred and fifty-two years!"

"...son of a bitch."

"What?"

"Nothing, gotta go! Bye!"

"Goodbye, Prince Anonymous!"

*FUCKING HELL.*

I finally arrive in the gardens at exactly seven o'clock, and sure enough, Princess Celestia is here, trotting around and throwing food and shit to some small animals. Heh, some of them look kind of cute.

"Celestia! I'm here!"

She turns her head and gives me a smile, slowly trotting towards me. Why is she cute, after all the shit she's done to me? Perhaps I should confront her now? ...nah, I better wait until she lets me see Aryanne to bring up the whole consort thing.

"How many guards did you knock out on your way here, Anon?"

"Uh... four?"

"That's not bad. But you should try the east gate next time, there are eight of them over there."

"Thanks, I was running late this time but I'll do that the next time."

"Good. So, shall we head down?"

"Sure, lead the way. But one day you should really consider getting some guards who can actually guard something."

The Princess of the Sun shrugs and starts walking away. I follow her down multiple corridors, and into her throne room. She walks up to a little hole in a nearby wall and inserts her horn inside, causing large metal gates to seal off all entrances as her throne flips over and reveals a spiral staircase.

However the fuck that even works.

*Fucking magic.*

"Shall we?"

"Yeah, I'm gonna shall."

She giggles and starts trotting down the narrow stairs, with me struggling to follow. Seriously, one wrong step and there's a several hundred feet drop! I'm starting to think that if this happened, I would probably find myself all the way across Equestria wondering how the hell I got there, but still, I'd much rather *not* fall.

She has wings, I don't.

A few minutes later, we arrive in front of a large glowing violet wall. It's pretty weird, and it looks like it's made of crystal. But then, isn't this place called the crystal caves anyway?

I wouldn't be surprised if they were actually made out of crystal.

Celestia exchanges a few words with a nearby guard pony and he nods, revealing a (previously) magically camouflaged hole in the wall. I shrug and follow Celestia through it, and down a corridor containing row after row of prison cells.

This is... [unsettling](http://youtu.be/JJ6QLdkdkIw?t=2m11s).

They're all empty though, save for two of them... each containing two of the stallions I fended off last night. I flip them off and make hip thrusting movements behind Celestia's plot as I pass by their cells. If their glares could kill... heh.

Serves them right.

I guess criminality isn't much of a problem here.

We finally arrive in a much better looking area, with larger cells and better lighting. The walls are strange... they're made of crystal, and they have varying hues of pink, violet and pale blue depending on the angle.

"Here," Celestia says, motioning to a corridor branching to the left. I shrug again and follow her.

How huge is this place? They don't even have enough criminals in the entire kingdom to fill up a police station, but they have a giant network of caves with enough jail cells to house the population of an entire city?

Eventually we arrive in front of larger cell with a sleeping guard in front of it. Celestia clears her throat, causing the guard to wake up and aplogize profusely. Celestia waves a dismissive hoof at him. "You are dismissed."

"W-what? Am I relieved or fired?"

"Dunno, just take a hike." I say, crossing my arms.

He does as he's told and scurries away. Heh, I guess Celestia and I *do* form a pretty intimidating pair.

"Did you fire him?" I ask her as she uses the guard's keys to unlock the cell.

"I don't know. Why, do you think I should?"

"I... uh... I don't know?"

She shrugs and opens the cell, walking inside and motioning to a dark corner. Shit, this room is huge. It's like the size of my own living room...

A sleepy Aryanne yawns, glaring at the princess. I wonder what she thinks of *ali*corns...

"Hey." I say, waving a hand at her. She spots me and instantly gets up, walking up to me and nuzzling my thigh, earning a glare from Celestia.

"Anon! How are you?"

"I'm fine, I guess. You?"

"I..." she trails off, looking around. "I could be better."

"Yeah, I know..." I say flatly before turning to face Celestia. "So, what's the deal? Why can't she leave?"

She takes a seat on Aryanne's (surprisingly large) bed, beckoning me and the white Earth pony to sit on each side of her. "Come, my little ponies."

I sit and frown. "I'm not a pony, and I'm taller than you."

She grins at me. "Suck me off."

"That doesn't work in a girl's mouth."

She points a hoof towards my crotch. "But this will." she counters.

"Suck me off."

Her grin widens and she clears her throat, ready to tell us about... whatever it is she's gonna tell us about.

Goddamn, my jaw hurts after having listened to Celestia's tales of ~~malice and betrayal~~ boring shit that should be recorded and used as therapy for sleeping disorders.

She can't be for real... of all the shit she claims Aryanne has done, nothing should come even close to what I did earlier, knocking out a bunch of guards to enter the castle! And she complimented me for it.

"You gotta be fucking shitting us, Celestia! You act as though she's some kind of dangerous terrorist, but the average Canterlot citizen is a bigger criminal than she is!"

"Her little group has been around for quite some time, Anon. It's about time we put an end to them, and although they have never killed or seriously hurt anypony-"

"See! Why not letting her go?

She sighs. "I never said I wouldn't let her go."

"You did."

"No. I said that you couldn't bribe me to let her go."

"So what does that mean?"

"Anonymous." she says, looking at me sternly. She wraps a hoof around me, and the other around Aryanne. "Have you ever had two mares at once?"

*I had quite a night last night. Two women! I made it!*

I would really, *really* like to run right now, but something more intriguing than fear or discomfort incites me to stay. "You two have been planning this shit, haven't you?"

Both white mares blush, looking away from me as I get up. Man, I should have known. Their attitude has been more or less the same...

"So, Anon. What is it going to be?"

"Oh, I don't know. With all the shit you put me through those last few days, I was thinking, maybe my fist right up in your face?"

"Don't you wanna aim for another part of my body?"

"OH GOD JUST LET ME GO!"

"You can go." Celestia says, grinning. "But if you walk away now, she won't. Ever."

I raise an eyebrow and Aryanne's face falls as she backs away from the alicorn. "Hey! You never said anything about keeping me locked up here!"

"The rules have changed." Celestia says, still looking at me. "So, what is your choice, Anon?"

What am I gonna do? Stick my dick in not one but *two* horses, or walk away knowing that a (mostly) innocent mare is gonna be spending the rest of her life in prison because of me, and that I'll probably have to deal with Celestia's antics again regardless?

Save my own skin, or take *two* for the team?

*Anon, if you do this shit, there's no going back.*

*I know, brain. But I don't wanna die alone, so... I might as well come to terms with it, right? Better sooner than later.*

*Whatever you say, you filthy horsefucker.*

I shake my head, close my eyes and take a deep breath, crossing my arms in front of Celestia.

"So? Have you chosen yet?"

"Yes." I answer emotionlessly. "Suck me off."

I walk past the white alicorn and sit down next to Aryanne, wrapping an arm around her. "You really want to do this?"

"Y-yes. I've been wanting it since-"

"No, no, look! This is hard enough for me, alright? So don't get all sentimental and shit. Just, just lay back and lemme... urgh. Do you ponies even know what foreplay is, or not?"

A warm tongue trailing up my earlobe works as an answer, but it also scares the shit out of me, and once again, Celestia is flung away from me at speeds that would make Rainbow Dash jealous. Her body is sent crashing through the closed gate, obliterating it as she flies through the corridor and eventually comes to a rest against a row of cells, pieces of crystal and metal littering the floor around her unconscious body.

Aryanne and I exchange confused glances, and a slight grin forms at the corner of my mouth. "Do you think what I'm thinking?"

"I think so... let's set her on fire and kill all zebras!"

"...no." I reply flatly. "Let's fulfill our end of the bargain, but... on our own terms."

Still grinning, I walk up to the guard's desk and retrieve two pairs of hoofcuffs, as well as a little golden ring from the drawer. Carefully treading over the debris, I reach Celestia's body and slide the little ring on her horn, before fastening the metal shackles around both her rear and front legs. I grunt as I lift her and sling her over my shoulder, wishing I had the 'skills' to levitate her.

She might be slender and all, but damn, she's at least three times heavier than a regular pony.

A few minutes later, Celestia is splayed out on the large prison bed, her limbs and horn all but useless. Now, she needs to come back to her senses... perhaps I should use an old, traditional human way to wake someone up.

I slap her across the face and scream, "WAKE THE FUCK UP!"

She weakly opens an eye and glares at me. "What..."

"Good evening, Princess. Just to clear things up, your four limbs are tied up and your magic source is nullified, so we're gonna play by *my* rules. Any questions? No? Good. Aryanne, shall we?"

The Earth pony brings a hoof to Celestia's face, forcing the alicorn to look at her.

"Watch out, Aryanne."

"Why?"

"If we're too rough, she may send us to jail."

We both share a laugh as I sit down next to her, wrapping a hand around her once again. I reluctantly close my eyes and pucker my lips, closing the distance.

*Well, here goes nothing.*

I freeze up as we make contact, the touch of her moist, slightly warm lips sending electricity down my spine. Holy shit, this feels good.

I let out a pleasured moan and wrap my other arm around her neck, rubbing behind her ear. She moans and slightly opens her mouth, her hot breath delicately caressing my lips. I prode hers with the tip of my tongue, and she reacts by sticking her own tongue out, giving the tip of mine an experimental lick.

Shuddering at the foreign yet very enjoyable feeling, I open my mouth and curl the tip of my tongue below hers, trying to recreate the '*come here*' finger gesture with it. She seems to understand and slips her long, flat pony tongue between my lips, caressing my teeth. I don't know what she's doing, but it feels amazing. We both moan louder as I start stroking her mane, and bring my other hand downwards, closer to her cute, round little pony butt.

I squeeze one of her flanks and she yelps into my mouth, causing us to break the kiss and look at each other before chuckling. "That was amazing..." she says, leaning into me.

"Yeah? Well, why don't you lay down and have a taste of *this*, then?"

She nods and lies down on her back, looking away as my eyes wander on her body. She's pretty... sexy, for the lack of a better word. Her two little pink teats look pretty inviting, and contrast nicely with her snow white fur. I smirk and flick them with my index fingers, eliciting a yelp from her. Wasting no time, I bring my head down and give one of her nipples an experimental lick. If her increasingly heavy breathing and moaning are anything to go by, I would say that she's enjoying herself.

Suckling on one of her little pony teats, I let go of it with a wet and rather erotic sound, and start suckling on the other one, using the leftover saliva to rub the unattended one between two fingers. Her rear legs start kicking around randomly and the heat radiating from between her hind legs intensifies. I trail kisses down her lower belly and around her wet slit, dragging it out until she can't take it anymore.

"Please, Anon... I need it too..." Celestia pleads weakly, reminding me of her presence.

"Maybe, if you're a good girl. Meanwhile..." I trail off, getting up and taking my pants off, motioning to my rapidly stiffening member. "I'm not even gonna *say* it." I smirk and bring my head back down to Aryanne's crotch, giving her slit a long, excruciatingly slow lick.

The feeling of Celestia's mouth eagerly wrapping around my semi erect cock would have probably spelled trouble for her if she hadn't 'warned' me by blowing her hot breath on it first. God, her mouth is *hot*. Why didn't I accept her advances sooner? This feels absolutely unreal.

Still grunting with pleasure under the princess' ministrations, I spread Aryanne's pussy with two fingers, tracing her sensitive lips with the tip of my tongue.

"Stick your tongue inside!" she orders, putting a hoof on my head. I smile and comply, sticking my tongue out and plunging it into her depths, as far as I can until my lips are pressed against hers. I wiggle the tip of my tongue deep inside her nethers and take a whiff of her strong scent. It's musky, with a hint of hay and... some sort of aromatic plant or something? Whatever it is, that shit is intoxicating.

With Celestia still trying her best to please me in a way that will make me reciprocate it, I slowly bring Aryanne over the edge by scraping at her vaginal walls with the tip of my tongue, all the while caressing her winking, saliva-coated clit with a thumb. Her rear legs kick wildly as she screams in pleasure, and a gush of fluids shoots out of her pussy, forcefully ejecting my tongue and spraying my face.

I don't really know what just happened, or how pony sex works in general, but I don't really care, either. She's enjoying this, and so am I.

This doesn't taste bad, either.

Gently caressing Aryanne's lips as she rides out her orgasm, I grab Celestia's mane and yank my junk out of her mouth. "Come here, Princess. Have a taste." I smirk, bringing my juice-coated lips to hers. She eagerly kisses me, her tongue flailing against mine as she moans wildly, wrapping a wing around me.

Uh-oh... I forgot about that. Perhaps I should have done something about the wings... but she didn't make any attempt to use them. So that means she *wants* to stay here, huh?

Naughty girl.

"Anon?" Aryanne asks, looking at me, still in post-orgasm bliss.

"Hm?" I 'answer' as my lips part with Celestia's.

"C-can I, you know... return the favor?"

"You don't have to *ask*, you know."

I readjust my position on the bed, laying on my back with my head turned towards Celestia as I start kissing her in a much rougher way, teasing her flanks with the tips of my fingers while Aryanne gives my erection a long lick, her tail brushing against one of my ears. She takes my member into her mouth and soon, her muzzle is pressed against my balls as she deepthroats me effortlessly. Now seriously, why did I wait a month before trying that shit?

My inhibitions are gone, and holy shit, this is absolutely fucking amazing.

I grab her white little butt and lift it off the bed, placing her on my chest, looking at her still oversensitive nethers. "Go ahead, Princess," I say between kisses. "Have a taste."

Celestia gives Aryanne's marehood a long lick, her flat tongue caressing both lips as it trails up to the smaller mare's little puckered hole, causing her to moan with my cock still in her mouth, which in turn causes delicious vibrations to massage my entire length.

I'm not gonna hold out much longer if she keeps that up.

Nibbling on Celestia's ear as Aryanne's marehood starts dripping on my (still clothed) chest, I bring a hand between the alicorn's rear legs and prod her moist entrance with a finger. It's much warmer and larger than Aryanne's, and it literally sucks me in.

Damn, this mare has insane muscle control. Her insides literally massage my finger as she uses her magic to tug on my hair and force me to kiss her, licking my lips and chin wildly and messily.

I guess magic nullifiers don't work on alicorns... she must be *really* enjoying this.

Still bobbing her head up and down on my member, it doesn't take long before Aryanne sends me over the edge, and into a toe-curling orgasm. I grunt and moan in pleasure inside Celestia's mouth, securing Aryanne's head in place with both hands as I shoot my load deep down her throat, coating her esophagus with sticky strands of hot semen. After a few seconds, I release my grip on her head and she comes up for air, teary-eyed and coughing as a mix of saliva and sperm drips down her chin.

"Give me a taste." Celestia asks, beckoning the white Earth pony to come and lay down between the two of us. They start making out as I take off my shirt, and an idea suddenly hits me.

"Princess, get up and fold your front hooves, keep your flank in the air."

She freezes up for a few seconds but complies, opting to simply levitate herself in the correct position after struggling with all limbs cuffed. I motion for Aryanne to follow my lead, and she gets up, her head at the same height as Celestia's private parts. She gives the alicorn's pussy a long lick and I smirk, sticking a saliva-coated finger into her plot hole, causing her to gasp.

"What's the matter, Princess?"

She grunts but moans as Aryanne continues her ministrations, tending to her princess' glistening slit. Still proding at her dark gray ponut, I pat the smaller pony's head with my other hand. "Come on, stick your tongue inside."

She complies and starts tongue fucking Celestia as fast as she can, causing the alicorn to shriek and her hind legs to buckle as she's brought to an ear-splitting orgasm within seconds. I withdraw my finger from her ass as she screams, a rush of mare juices spraying Aryanne's face as she slows down her tonguing, eventually stopping as Celestia's hind legs shake, the larger mare having trouble staying conscious after what was probably her first real orgasm in several hundred years.

"It w-was... it..." she trails off, her hind legs finally giving up as her flank slams onto the bed. She starts snoring quietly, her tongue lolling out as a strand of drool starts spilling onto the bed.

"Fucking hell, Aryanne! You're better than I am at this shit."

"Did you doubt that?" she asks, giving me a half-lidded smile with a juice-covered face. God... how can one single thing be cute, sexy and awfully nasty at the same time?

I move back next to the white Earth pony and give her a deep, sensual kiss as my hands wander all over her body. Our tongues explore each other's mouths and our hands (and hooves) explore each other's bodies for several minutes. Eventually we break away for air, and I look into her eyes.

"So you've really been wanting this?"

She nods silently and positions herself on my lap. Our lips meet again as she lowers herself, moaning loudly as the tip of my penis scrapes against her still sensitive lips. Gently suckling on her tongue, I caress her flanks as she slowly slides down onto my manhood, our lips never leaving each other's.

Hilting me, [she recoils a bit and moans as her eyes widen](http://youtu.be/k2_Z09WURSI?t=34s), staring deep into mine in a mix of awe and passion. She presses her lips against mine once again as her vaginal walls start to contract, massaging my length. With my hands still on her flanks, I knead her cutie mark and gently rock her little plot back and forth, causing her to yelp in pleasure. Her yelping turns into light moaning as our tongues connect, alternating between wild flicking and delicate caresses.

She can be really wild, but she can also be so loving and gentle...

Eventually I start thrusting inside her, synchronizing my hip movements with hers. For a few minutes, nothing else matters. Me, that cute little pony and the intimate moment we're sharing. There's nothing else in this world.

Several minutes of tender caressing, heated kissing and increasingly wild thrusting later, she slowly nears her peak as our lips finally part.

She has insane stamina for a pony... and I have absolutely shameful stamina for a human.

"Inside..." she says between pants.

I nod and go back to kissing her, thrusting faster as our tongues flail against each other. She reaches her orgasm and our lips part once again as she screams, her hips seemingly moving on their own as her insides violently contract around my member, sending me over the edge as well. For the second time, I shoot my seed deep inside her body as we grunt, moan and scream in ecstasy, holding each other as tightly as we can, a mix of our combined juices exploding out of her cunt and spraying my thighs, my crotch and the bed itself. Our tongue and hip movements eventually come to a stop as we catch our breaths, silently looking at each other for a couple of minutes.

She eventually gets off me and gives me a peck on the cheek, sitting next to me and putting a hoof on my lap. "So..." she trails off.

"So?" I inquire.

"So..."

*She's full of crap, or what?*

"Will you join us?"

As I'm about to unleash a stream of obscenities, I realize that now that my mind isn't clouded with lust anymore, I'm not too sure about Celestia's intentions anymore, either. Is she gonna let her out? Hell, is she gonna let *me* out? Whatever we did to her, was it enough? I hardly got to do anything before she passed out... and was it even an actual 'deal'? Or did she just want to...

"Fuck."

"What?"

"We need to get outta here. Come on!"

"What's the point, Anon? She's Princess Celestia, for crying out loud! If she wants us, she'll find us."

"Maybe, but at least we-" I freeze up upon hearing a low grunt.

Before I can react, Celestia is standing tall in front of us. Her horn lights up and she spreads her wings, the metal shackles and horn ring disappearing in a flash of light. Her face contorts into a twisted smile as a *huge* bright pink strap-on appears out of nowhere, and hovers in front of me before slowly levitating downwards, and in between her legs.

I almost grunt in a mix of amusement and bewilderement when I realize what's happening, and where exactly we currently are.

*Soap drop, nigga!*

Aryanne and I exchange fearful glances, but there is something other than fear in our eyes, and on our minds.

*'Enough... is enough!'*

"Anon... [that's not the deal you promised me.](http://youtu.be/Cb9Asuh2g8E?t=1m10s)"

Squeezing Aryanne's hoof as hard as I can, I shoot Celestia a defiant glare, all the while trying to ignore the one and a half foot long plastic horse dick hovering between her legs. "No... it's not."

A metallic contraption appears out of thin air and lands in front of me. I flick open a panel on it, and turn a dial.

The white alicorns frowns, using her magic to strap the fake appendage to her waist, fastening it in place. "You don't have to die, Anon. *She* doesn't have to die."

"Everybody dies, princess. The thing is to die well."

I grab a little piece of metal from the strange contraption itself and clench it tightly in my hand. Aryanne's hoof wraps around my hand, as she nuzzles my face with hers.

"What Discord said was... how can we die better than facing fearful odds, for the ashes of our fathers and the temples of our Gods?"

Conjuring up a bottle of lube, Celestia rears up on her hind legs as she empties it on the gleaming bright pink plastic, towering at well above seven feet and spreading her wings once more. "I brought you here, Anonymous. *I am* your God."

Aryanne and I give each other one last glance, and nod knowingly.

I shake my head and hover my thumb over the button. "Fuck you, Celly."

...

Uh.

So, as it turns out, that teleportation stuff also works when I'm expecting danger. Canterlot might not exist anymore, but I'm alive... somehow. And once again, I'm... uh, somewhere. Fuck knows where.

I sigh and trail my hands down my cheeks, thinking about what just happened.

Oh well, she had it coming to her anyway. Right?

Now if I can just figure where the fuck I am...

"Anon?"

That voice... wait. I feel like I'm reliving a defining moment as a nearby door opens, bathing me in brightness as I shield my eyes. I blink a few times, trying to get used to the light.

"This is our room, Anonymous."

"Princess Luna?"

The lights inside the room come on and I raise a wary eyebrow at Twilight Sparkle and Spike standing in the doorway, confusion visible in their eyes. "What are you doing here?"

"Uh... hey? What's up? Do you feel better?" I say awkwardly.

"Yes. What are you doing here?"

"I... uh. I'm not sure. I think I teleported again?"

Twilight facehoofs and grunts. "What did you do this time?"

"I'm not sure. I think I tried to kill Celestia, along with myself and probably all of Canterlot. Did it work?"

Twilight raises an uninterested eyebrow, motioning towards a window nearby. The city lights of Canterlot can be seen in the distance, the rest of the land bathed in the faint moonlight. "No, it didn't work."

*IT DIDN'T WORK, TIA!*[*I'M STILL ALIVE, MOTHERFUCKER!*](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=29NdwBLWbVo)

"Oh. Well, okay then."

"Are you sure you didn't have a bad dream or something?"

I frown. "Yes I'm sure, I wasn't fucking sleeping!"

"Sheesh, Anon! You don't have to get so angry." Spike says in a bored tone.

"Go eat a dick."

"No."

"Yes."

"*You* eat a dick."

"No, you."

The little dragon frowns, before raising a claw. "What's a dick anyway?"

Twilight clears her throat and her horn starts glowing, a violet light flashing from between her legs. She rears up on her hind legs and shows her new gear to Spike. "*This* is a dick."

"TWILIGHT!" Spike screams, before scurrying away as the purple mare bursts in laughter. As for me, my heavy eye twitching isn't getting any better, and I put a hand to my chin, scrutinizing the unicorn.

"Twilight... how can a man die better than facing-" I'm cut off as she emits a low grunt. "What's wrong?"

Her eyes suddenly widen in panic. "I CAN'T!"

"You can't what?" I ask, raising an eyebrow.

"I CAN'T GET RID OF IT!"

"For fuck's sake you fucking what?"

"MY COCK! I CAN'T GET RID OF IT!"

"Yeah..." I walk up to her and pat her withers. "I know that feel."

"HELP ME!" she shrieks, pushing me away.

I frown. "Alright then. Where's a knife?"

"ANON! THIS IS SERIOUS! I'M SCARED!"

"Scared of what? Calm down and explain me already."

"I..." she takes a few deep breaths and sits down, looking at me sternly. "I just... I thought it would be funny to see Spike's reaction."

"It was."

"But I c-can't... I can't revert back to my normal self!"

"What did you even do? Gender altering spell?"

"No." she deadpans. "I just, uh... replaced my genitals."

"Tough shit, you didn't even get to use the old ones."

"FUCK YOU ANON!"

"Not with that thing you ain't."

She shrieks again and pounces me, causing me to lose balance and fall backwards, the back of my head hitting the hard wooden floor.

"Anon... Anon! Please wake up!"

I open an eye and the first thing I see is a set of purple eyes. I sit up violently, headbutting the mare in the process. "HE'S BLACK! HE'S BALD!" I scream, my mind struggling to make the transition to the real world.

I raise an eyebrow at a surprised Twilight rubbing her noggin. "Uh... my fucking head."

"Mine too!" she frowns.

"What happened to your eyes?"

"Nothing!" she replies quickly, turning her head away from me.

I get up and grab her chin, forcing her to face me. "Twilight. Tell me, what's wrong? Have you been crying?"

"I... no! I just..." she trails off, looking down between her legs. "Yes."

"Because of that spell thing?"

She nods, trying to suppress the tears.

"Why don't you go see Princess Celestia? Surely she'll know how to remove it."

"She's dead." she deadpans.

"She's what?"

"She's dead. I thought she wasn't, but you *nuked* her."

"I did?" I ask rhetorically. "Sweet."

"Aryanne is dead, too."

"Well, victory cannot be achieved without sacrifice. But you don't seem to care about Celestia's death. And I thought she was immortal anyway?"

"Let's save those topics for another day, please?"

"Huh. Sure, I guess."

What's up with that now? Is she happy because she believes the death of her mentor means she'll replace her or some other stupid, ambitious shit?

And why am I not giving a shit about the death of a cute mare I spent such an intimate moment with a couple of hours ago?

I suddenly take off my shirt and look at Twilight. "I need a shower."

After all, things got pretty messy earlier today... yesterday? It seems to be morning now. Did I sleep through the night?

"Do you mind?" I ask impatiently as she simply stares blankly at me, her right eye twitching. I wave a hand in front of her face. "Hello?"

"Huh? Oh, yes, sure. You know where it is."

"Yup. I'll be right back."

"Man, this is better." I sigh happily, walking out of the bathroom with nothing but a towel wrapped around my waist. Once again, I have no idea why ponies would have human sized towels but I sure as hell am *not* going to complain about it.

"Twilight? You here?"

"No!"

Following the sound of her voice, I walk upstairs and open her bedroom door. She's on the bed, surrounded by a pile of books. "What's up?"

"Go away, Anon!"

"No. Not until you've told me what's wrong with you."

She flings all the books away from her and stands up on her hind legs, motioning to the throbbing member sitting between her legs with a front hoof.

"It's been like this ever since I saw you without your shirt! It hurts, I don't know what to do! Help me, Anon!"

...I think my brain just shut down.

*No Anon, I'm still here.*

*Oh, good. Care to help me out on this one?*

*Fuck no, you're on your own. Brain, over and out.*

*Well, fuck you too then.*

"Twilight, don't you know anything about males?"

"I... in theory." she replies, calming down a little bit.

"Try masturbating. It will make it go soft again."

She nods, then raises an eyebrow. "How do I do that?"

...

*Brain, you're really not gonna help me out?*

*Nope, fuck you.*

Goddammit.

"Well, grab it and stroke it? Shit, I don't know. I have a normal sized cock, not a fucking battering ram. Also I have hands. You could try magic to stimulate it, I don't know."

"Can you help me?" she asks.

"WHAT?" I shriek, recoiling in... well, I don't even know. Would it be so bad to jerk off a horse?

...

*Brain, I know that one was from you.*

*Yup. Still, fuck you.*

But anyway, Twilight is my friend, and I would be helping her. How bad can it be?

Okay, that's it. I've gone completely insane. I walk up to Twilight's bed and sit on it, eyeing her junk curiously. "Is it sensitive?" I ask.

"Y-yes! Not as sensitive as what I had before, but..." she trails off, looking away.

"Do you still want me to help? I'm not gonna ask twice." [why am I doing this?](http://youtu.be/JPKYAaLUs3E?t=3s) Why am I doing this? WHY IN THE FUCK AM I DOING-

"Yes! Please, help me! It's throbbing and it makes me feel uncomfortable!"

Ooooookay then. "Are you ready?"

"Y-yes. I think so."

I raise a finger and prode her length, shuddering at the touch. It's pretty hard, warm, fleshy and a little spongy... not too bad. I add another finger and slowly caress the side of her shaft, locking eyes with her as I do so. She gasps and squirms a little, trying to contain herself.

"Are you okay? Does it feel good?"

"Y-yes! Don't stop, please, I think it's working..."

I try futilely to wrap a hand around her member but it's too thick. There's a good inch missing between my thumb and middle finger. I gently tug on it, eliciting cute moans from the purple mare. Smiling, I trail up to the head with a finger and trace the corona of her horse cock, causing her to squeeze her eyes shut and grab my arm with a hoof.

Why am I even enjoying this? It's kinda... fun.

My cock must find it fun as well. As in, entertaining. Clearly, this is entertaining, and everyone knows a male's brain is located in his penis. My brain finds this entertaining, and reacts to it accordingly. That's all there is to it.

There can be no other reason to explain my giant boner right now.

"Anon..."

"Yes?" I raise an eyebrow, still gently massaging her length.

"Thanks for h-helping me..."

"Heh. Don't mention it."

It's funny how shiny her cock is. I wonder how it tastes... holy shit, where did that thought come from?

Meh. It's not like anypony would ever find out, right? She would be way too embarrassed to tell anypony.

I slowly close the distance between my face and her throbbing member and give the underside a little lick, causing the unicorn to shriek.

"ANON! What did you just do?"

"I just-"

"Do it again! NOW!"

Well okay then.

I shrug and give it another lick, this time trailing my tongue across her entire length, starting from the base and up to the flared head, flicking her corona. It feels pretty good on the tongue, it's soft and a bit squishy. She squirms and moans, placing both hooves on my head and forcing me downwards.

I place gentle kisses down her length, bringing a hand to fondle her balls. God, they're so smooth and warm... heh. I'm just helping a friend in need, right?

After about a minute of gentle licking and stroking, her member starts throbbing harder. "A-Anon! I think it's not working, it's getting even worse! I don't-"

I (literally) grab her by the balls and squeeze them a little tighter to silence her, but not enough to hurt her. "Twi, do you even know *anything* about sex?"

"I..."

"That's what I thought. Just let me handle it, I know what I'm doing."

Her expression contorts into a smirk as she looks down at me, my mouth running along her cock. "Oh, so you've done this before?"

I shrug, ignoring her 'comment'. I'm enjoying what I'm doing, and obviously so is she, so why should I care about the rest? I'm the only one of my species in a land full of ponies anyway, who's gonna judge me?

Stroking the base of her shaft a little faster, I bring my lips to the head of her cock, wrapping them around it and flicking her urethra with my tongue. She screams in pleasure and pushes down on my head, forcing me to take her head in my mouth. She starts to thrust inside my mouth as I try to push her away, but she magically restrains me and starts quite literally facefucking me, going deeper and deeper with each thrust to the point I can feel the ring of her cock brushing against my lips as she thrusts frantically.

Not even leaving me any way to breathe, she screams in pleasure as her flare, well, flares, and shoots a large amount of cum deep into my throat, too deep to even make me choke or gag. I wrap both hands around her still pulsating member as it empties the content of her balls deep in my esophagus while the purple pony writhes and moans, waves of pleasure rocking her.

Eventually, her spongy, dripping head slips out of my mouth as I gasp for air, before hacking and coughing, nearly throwing up the cum she forcefully pumped into me.

When I come back to my senses, I look at her and scream. "HOLY FUCK TWILIGHT YOU NEARLY FUCKING KILLED ME!"

She's splayed out on the bed, her tongue lolling out of her mouth, her now limp cock slowly retracting into its sheath.

"TWILIGHT!"

She jerks 'awake'. "What? I... what?"

I glare at her, and her expression turns into a sheepish, embarrassed one.

"I'm sorry... it just felt so good!"

"You almost killed me."

"I..." she looks away. "If I return the favor, will you forgive me?"

A grin forms on my face. "I might consider it." I say, dropping the towel. How the hell did it stay on with such a pitched tent since like ten minutes?

It must be Rarity's work... bitch knows her craft.

She smiles and prods my erect cock with a hoof. "It's smaller than mine."

"Suck me off." I say blankly, frowning at her ~~implication~~ statement.

Not bothering to answer, she wraps her mouth around it and starts bobbing her head up and down energetically, causing me to grunt in pleasure. Ponies are *good* at this shit.

I grab her mane with a hand and place the other under her jaw, holding her in place and thrusting into her throat, causing her to choke loudly. She comes up for air and stares at me. "What was that for?"

"You did it to me." I answer defensively.

"B-but... you wouldn't have the *nerve* to do it again!"

Challenge accepted.

I frown and slam her head back onto my crotch, shuddering when the tip of my member makes contact with the back of her throat as she gags, spittle running down my shaft and spilling onto my balls.

I let her come up for air after a few seconds, and stares at me again. "You won't have the nerve to do it a third time."

I shrug and go back to facefucking her, the sensation of her tonsils and uvula massaging my length too heavenly to ever want to stop. Small pools of tears are forming at the corners of her bloodshot eyes and a small bubble is blowing out of her left nostril. After being deprived of air for nearly thirty seconds, I finally allow her to come up and she gasps, breathing and panting loudly.

She shoots me a defiant glare. "Third time was the charm, but you don't do it a fourth time."

"Shut up and kiss me."

"I-"

Still with a firm grip on her head, I slam my lips against hers. Her lips are drenched in a mix of saliva and pre-cum, and she instinctively parts them, allowing me access to her tongue. I prode it with mine, caressing its flat tip and suppressing a giggle when I feel something poking me.

I break from the kiss and look down. "Looks like you could still use my help, eh?"

"I... if I promise not to kill you, will you do it again?"

"Shut up." I slam her head back down on my cock, thrusting as fast as I possibly can, her velvety throat causing me to reach my climax in less than a minute.

I slow down and start sliding my cock back and forth between her wet lips. She makes a loud retching sound as the warm sticky strands of cum hit the back of her palate, causing her to gag. She tries to pull away but I still have her head in an iron grip, and I'm not done yet. I moan loudly as another few strands of semen shoot onto her tongue, before forcing my cock down her throat, causing her to swallow most of it, and cough out what didn't go down.

I finally let her come up for air and she gasps, looking up at me with teary eyes and a mix of saliva, cum and snot dripping down her chin. Holy shit that's hot.

"So that's what I did to you?" she asks suddenly.

"Pretty much."

"And you didn't enjoy it?"

"What? I-"

"Because I did." she smirks, pouncing me. She slams her messy, slobbery lips against mine and forces her slimy tongue into my mouth. I happily let her explore my mouth. Being kissed by a tongue that still has the lingering taste of my own seed is strangely arousing...

We roll around on the bed, kissing and caressing each other's bodies, and eventually we come to a stop with her on top of me, smiling down at me. "Thanks for the help, Anon. But you're not done."

"Indeed, I'm not." I reply, smiling back. "Come here." I push her off me and place her on her back, hind legs raised. Her little ponut is so inviting...

I prode it with a finger, eliciting a small gasp from Twilight. Ponies have pretty loose anuses compared to humans, and I can easily insert a saliva-coated finger without much preparation, gently thrusting it in and out as she squirms, curling her hooves and moaning in the cutest fashion.

I withdraw my finger and run it up her shaft, softly kneading her balls with the other hand. I bring my head down and prode her entrance with my tongue, licking around her puckered hole as her moaning intensifies.

I start stroking her length and tonguing her little butthole, getting a ~~noseful~~ faceful of balls every time my lips make contact with her rim.

Which is roughly every second.

"A-Anon! It feels so good... d-don't stop!"

I smile as much as I can with my face buried in a pony butt, and keep tonguing her hole, feeling my own erection throbbing once again.

I get back up and kneel down in front of her entrance, caressing her cock with both hands and inserting my still wet member in her butt. She squirms again as her bowels contract around the invader, trying to milk out everything I have. It's so warm and soft, and tight...

"My b-books never said it would feel like that..."

"Shut up, nerd." I reply, suppressing a chuckle.

Rubbing her length and her balls with more vigor, I keep my thrusting to a slow pace, trying to focus more on her pleasure than on mine. I run my fingers all over her member, caressing and rubbing every inch of it. She seems to particularly like it when I caress around the hole of her dick...

"K-keep rubbing the hole, I think I'm gonna..."

Listening to her cue, I start thrusting faster, nearing my own peak as well, mostly due to how arousing this whole thing is to me. Her cock starts to pulsate in my hand and her head flares as Twilight screams in pleasure, shooting an impressive amount of semen on her upper chest, face, bed and just about everything. The sight of it sends me over the edge as well and I pull out, kneeling above her body and finishing myself off on her upper body, grunting loudly as sticky gobs of my seed splatter on her face, mixing with her own. My orgasm eventually subsides and I look down, both of us sweating and panting.

"Kiss me." Twilight says.

I raise an eyebrow at her semen covered muzzle.

"Anon, kiss me *right now*."

I reluctantly lay down beside her and bring my lips closer to hers. She wraps a hoof around my neck and opens her lips, inviting me inside. I wince as I slide my tongue into her wet, salty mouth, but what we share is actually the most sensual and erotic kiss I have ever had in my entire life. The tangy taste of our combined seeds makes it all the hotter.

"Twilight..."

"Yes?"

"Did you really not know anything about sex, or did you just trick me into doing that?"

"Um... a little of both." she smiles, still breathing heavily. We're gonna need a shower... well, *another one* for me. Things got pretty fucking steamy in here...

"I knew it."

"No, you didn't." she pouts.

"Whatever..."

"You know what?" she asks.

"What?"

She gives me a sensual peck on the lips. "I think I don't mind if I stay like that forever."

I wrap my arms around her little body and pull her closer to me, her moist coat brushing against my bare, sweaty skin as we bask in the afterglow of ~~gay sex~~ ~~cocksucking~~ ~~orgasm~~ ~~passion~~ helping a friend in need.

"I don't think I mind, either." I reply, grinning and licking my lips as I bring a hand to her retracting member, collecting juices on my hand and softly massaging her balls with it. Soon enough, something pokes me again in the thigh.

"Third time's the charm, right?" she says awkwardly, blushing.

I smirk. "Right, but I-" I'm cut off my her tongue invading my mouth as she rubs her renewed, throbbing erection against mine. I shrug and return the kiss, bringing another hand down to take care of her. Again.

And again.

*Life in Equestria is good.*