

# **Tavi, Vinyl, and the Gang...bang**

by Darth Pon3

## **Sometimes, You Just Need to Try Something New...**

“Babe, I’m home!”

Vinyl let the door slam shut behind her with a ‘bang’ as she tossed her sunglasses and keys onto the small table in the entryway of her flat.

The electric-blue maned DJ hummed a merry tune as she padded into the kitchen, her tail swishing from side to side. Grabbing a glass out of the cupboard next to the sink, she filled it with water from the tap, put the glass to her lips and took large gulps of the water until it was empty.

With a satisfied sigh she put the glass on the counter next to the sink and moved to the fridge, opening the door.

“Tav, you he-!”

Vinyl gave a cute squeak as she was interrupted by Octavia wrapping her arms around the shorter mare’s stomach and kissing the back of her neck.

“Hey, sexy,” the grey mare purred into her lover’s ear.

Vinyl closed the door of the fridge with a blush and leaned back into the taller mare’s embrace with a content hum.

Octavia kissed the snow-white mare on her rosy cheek. “How was your show, love?”

“It was pretty great! There was a huge crowd, tonight, and everyone seemed like they were having fun.” She gave a sigh and allowed her body to relax against the cellist. “But, I’m glad to be home and away from all the ponies.”

Octavia slipped a hand under Vinyl’s tank top and tickled her smooth stomach. “Aww, my adorable, shy, little DJ!”

Vinyl fell into a fit of giggles. “Taviiii! Stooop!”

“Alright, alright.” The cellist ceased her tickling and turned the demure mare around to face her, kissing her deeply.

Octavia broke the kiss after a few seconds, licking Vinyl’s lips as she pulled away with a smile. “Mmmm, I love you, Vinyl.”

“I love you, too, Tav,” Vinyl replied with her own, shy, smile. Vinyl broke the embrace to return to rummaging through the fridge for something to eat. “So, what did you get up to tonight?”

Octavia leaned back against the counter while her marefriend attempted to find something to sate her hunger. “Oh, nothing too exciting. Worked a bit more on a composition. Went to orchestra practice, as you know.” She sighed, bringing a hand up to rub at one of her temples. “It’s such a pain, playing the demure little classical cellist that everyone expects me to be all the time. I envy you and how everyone you play for expects you to be the hot, wild, party-animal DJ. If only the ponies who run the Orchestra and the stiff-ass nobles I play for wouldn’t have an aneurysm if I let loose a little bit in public.”

Vinyl, having found some baby carrots to munch on, closed the refrigerator door and leaned against the counter next to her frustrated lover, leaning her head on the taller mare’s shoulder.

“I know what you mean. I really have to put myself out there, get over my self-consciousness and pretend to be the brash, crazy, sexy DJ.” She moved her head from Octavia’s shoulder and looked herself over. “Honestly, I’m not a big fan of wearing the tight shorts and the stomach-baring tank tops, putting myself on display for my audience. Do you know how many catcalls and lustful looks I got tonight?”

Before Octavia could respond the DJ answered her own question. “Too many. I wish I didn’t have to keep up the image, either. I wish I could be quiet and reserved, have a barrier between my audience and I. But such are our lives, and we just have to make the most of the time where we do get to drop our public personas.”

Octavia took on a look of innocence as she opened her mouth to speak. “Funny you should mention that.” She trailed off at the end, causing Vinyl to glance her way with a raised eyebrow.

“Tav, what’s going through that mischievous head of yours?” she asked, giving the cellist a dubious look.

Octavia found something interesting to stare at on the wall in the opposite direction from the DJ, pointedly avoiding looking at her.

“Weeell, you remember how you told me you’d at least consider trying new things with me?”

Vinyl nodded once. “Yeeess?”

Octavia looked at the ground around her hooves, still avoiding looking at her marefriend. “Well, there’s something I’ve never done, something I’ve wanted to do for a while now.” She trailed off again, prompting Vinyl to give some gentle encouragement.

“It’s okay; tell me.” Vinyl had never seen her marefriend be so hesitant about anything, so she knew it must be something big.

“I need to be rutted, Vinyl. The last heat was a bad one; it was almost impossible not to go find a stallion to ease the need.” Octavia finally looked her lover in the eyes; Vinyl saw the need and the conflict in her amethyst orbs. “Vinyl, you know I love you, and I would never cheat on you, so I need you to do this with me. I want to have a gangbang, Vinyl, like nine or ten guys and you and I. I need to feel their warm cocks and their hot cum inside of me, but I want to share the experience with you. Please, will you do it with me?!”

Vinyl was taken aback, both by the audacity and the sheer licentiousness of her request, as well as the pleading that was evident in her tone and her eyes. Vinyl couldn’t remember ever seeing Octavia beg.

“That’s... wow. That’s something, Tav. I need to think about it. Though, if I’m honest, I’ve been feeling the need to be rutted by a stallion, as well. I mean, toys are great and all, but they just can’t replace a warm, hard, pulsing penis.”

Octavia’s face lit up. “Exactly! Nothing can substitute for the real thing. And... you can cast a contraceptive spell on us, right? I really want to feel all of those stallions cum inside me...”

Vinyl nodded. “Yes, I know a contraceptive spell I can cast on us, IF I agree to us doing this.”

Octavia nodded her head several times in quick succession. “Of course!”

“Good. I have to admit, I’m curious as to why you like having a stallion cum inside you so much. So, if I do this, I will let one of them cum inside me, too, to see what it’s like.”

“I think you would love it!” Octavia’s eyes glazed over a bit as she reminisced. “It’s such a unique sensation; you can feel the head of the guy’s cock flare inside you, then the throbbing and spreading warmth as his cum fills your depths, and the way it gushes out as he pulls out of you...” She trailed off and shivered, obviously visualising and remembering it happening to her. She looked back at her lover, lust and desire in her eyes. “Just thinking about it turns me on.”

Vinyl saw the look and involuntarily took a gulp.

“You. Me. Bed. Now!” Grabbing her lover by the hand, Octavia led the DJ with quick strides to their bedroom. Vinyl didn’t even think about resisting.

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Plop. Plop. Plop-plop. Plop.

The pitter-patter of steady rain falling on the balcony connected to the bedroom roused Octavia from her peaceful slumber. She opened her eyes to electric blue, and felt the warmth of her marefriend soaking into her as she spooned the smaller mare from behind, one arm wrapped around Vinyl’s stomach.

Feeling well rested, and a bit sore, from their amorous activities of the night before, Octavia decided it was a good time to shower and have some breakfast. She also decided that her lover would join her.

With a squeeze, and a playful bite to the DJ’s neck, Octavia attempted to pull her from the clutches of sleep.

“Gaahhh!” Vinyl awoke with a start. She rolled around to face her assailant with a half-hearted glare that quickly turned into a pout. “Was that really necessary?”

“No.” Octavia kissed her marefriend’s nose. “But you’re awfully cute when you’re angry. And pouting. So, yes.” She grinned at the DJ, who’s pout had turned back to a glare.

“I’m hungry, and you know I wouldn’t have breakfast without you, so I had to wake you up.” Octavia gave Vinyl a quick kiss on the lips. “And we could both use a shower. So, come on; get up!” Leading the way, Octavia threw the sheets off and started toward the master bathroom, sensually swaying her bare ass and swishing her tail from side to side, giving the DJ brief glimpses of the treasure hidden between her legs.

The tease certainly wasn’t lost on Vinyl, who stared and licked her lips. “Coming!” She slipped out of the bed and joined her lover, who was turning on the water in the shower to

allow it to warm. The DJ waiting until Octavia thought the temperature was just right and followed her in.

They stood side-by-side, allowing the water to thoroughly soak them before they grabbed their own respective bottles of shampoo and began to work it into their manes and tails. While the shampoo settled, Octavia put some of the body wash they shared onto a loofah and began washing Vinyl's back with a gentle massaging motion..

The DJ let out a soft coo of appreciation. "Mmmm, that feels great, Tav."

Octavia kissed Vinyl's shoulder. "I know how to take care of my mare."

Vinyl gave a cute squeak as the grey mare grabbed Vinyl's round, perfect ass before continuing with her ministrations. Once she had done the DJ's legs, Octavia stood back up and pressed herself against Vinyl's back, wrapping her arms around the mare and beginning to wash her front.

As Vinyl tipped her head back to rest on Octavia's shoulder and melted into her lover, the cellist took the opportunity to revisit their conversation from the previous night.

"Sooo, have you given any thought to what we talked about last night?" she whispered into the DJ's ear.

Vinyl's ears flattened against her head as she breathed deeply of the humid, scented air and opened her eyes. "Yes, I have." She paused to reaffirm her decision, and continued with a small sigh. "I'll do it, -"

Octavia clapped her hands. "Yay! Oh, thank you, thank you!"

"-WITH a few conditions!"

The cellist calmed herself and nodded. "Of course."

Octavia had finished lathering Vinyl's front, and she turned to face her marefriend. "If, for any reason, I want to stop, we stop."

"Of course, love; I'd never try to make you do something you weren't comfortable doing or didn't want to do."

It was Vinyl's turn to nod. "Second, no kissing them; that's reserved for us."

Octavia smiled softly at her lover. “Babe, I only kiss the one I love; you know that.”

“I know, I’m just saying so you can make sure *they* know they are there only to pleasure us. And make sure they know that we will lead, that if we want something done we will say so, and not to make any moves.”

Octavia nodded again. “No problem.”

“And last, I need you to promise me we will be safe. The stallions need to be clean and respectful, and they can’t know who we are. We should probably do this in Manehattan or somewhere else we’re not well-known.”

“I’m way ahead of you, V; I’ve already been thinking about that, and I think I know who to talk to in order to set this up right.”

Vinyl raised an inquisitive eyebrow. “Oh?”

“Yep! Let’s finish our shower and we’ll talk more about it.”

“Sounds good.” Vinyl took the loofah that Octavia offered to her and, after the cellist had turned around, began to return the favour.

Once they were both clean and rinsed, they turned the shower off and began to dry themselves off, each of them wrapping a towel around their manes and slipping into warm, fluffy robes. They left the bathroom and headed toward the kitchen.

“Tea?” Vinyl asked.

“Yes, please; the Moroccan mint.”

Vinyl grabbed the loose-leaf tea and a couple mugs from the cupboard and turned on the electronic kettle. “You read my mind.”

She readied the tea and, once the water had boiled, poured some into the mugs and brought them out into the living room. Handing one to Octavia, Vinyl sat next to her marefriend on the plush brown couch.

Vinyl put her mug on the table to let the leaves steep for a bit. “So, tell me your plan.”

Octavia followed suit and set her cup next to Vinyl’s. “Okay, so; you know how I’ve played at the palace a few times. You of course remember Princess Cadance; you played at the reception for her wedding?”

“Mhmm.” Vinyl nodded with a smile, remembering Pinkie Pie and her friends, including Princess Cadance’s sister-in-law and new-Princess herself, Twilight Sparkle, and how much fun they were.

“Well, the last time I played at the palace all the Princesses were in attendance and I guess they all really liked my performance. I got to formally meet all of them and later in the evening, Princess Cadance and Prince Shining Armor invited me to hang out with them.”

Vinyl looked offended. “You never told me any of this!”

Octavia’s ears laid back against her head and she looked down in chagrin. “I’m sorry, V; I didn’t think it would interest you.”

The DJ lifted Octavia’s face so they were looking into each other’s eyes. “Tav, I’m always interested in what’s going on in your life. I’d love to hear about your shows,” she said with a smile.

The cellist leaned forward and captured Vinyl’s lips in a short but meaningful kiss. “I’m sorry, love; I won’t assume anymore and I’ll tell you about my shows more often.”

Vinyl smiled again. “Good. Okay, you were talking about hanging out with Princess Cadance and her husband?”

“Oh! Right. So, they invited me to sit at their table and eat with them. We made small talk, about our respective duties and our daily lives. Afterwards, we continued talking over a couple bottles of wine. They drank a bit more than I did and, let me tell you, when they get sauced they talk a lot. About all kinds of things. Including some very personal things.”

“Oh?” Vinyl’s ears perked up at that. It wasn’t often that a pony is reminded that, immortal goddesses or not, the Princesses were just like regular Ponies; they also had needs and desires. And apparently some very interesting kinks.

“So, the Princess of Love isn’t just a champion of normal, good, clean sex; she and Shining Armor are swingers. It seems they get off on fucking each other after they’ve been with other ponies. Shining said he loves the thought of having sex with his wife after another stallion has left his seed inside her. Cadance said she also gets turned on by fucking Shining with another mare’s juices on his dick.”

Vinyl blushed at the vulgar language, but it only served to underscore her surprise at learning that the Princess Cadance and her straight-shooting husband were in fact very

sexually adventurous. “Wow. Who knew? But I guess love comes in many different forms. She’s already been very outspoken in support of homosexual and gender identity issues.”

“Mhmm. They said they’ve also engaged in a few orgies, usually with a certain few, trustworthy, mare and stallion Guardponies. They even hinted that Shining had slept with his sister, Twilight, before!”

That dropped Vinyl’s jaw. “W-what?!”

Octavia nodded. “They didn’t outright say it, but Cadance let slip that Shining had ‘helped’ his sister and her marefriend, Sunset, with a particularly intense heat cycle.”

The DJ didn’t particularly care one way or the other about incest, so long as all involved were consenting adults and no one got pregnant, but it was still shocking; if true, this was one of the Princesses and her brother, Prince-Consort and husband to Princess Cadance, engaging in sibling incest! And Cadance was okay with it, by all appearances.

Vinyl blew a low whistle. “Wow. Twilight’s into incest? That’s just... wow. I mean, I don’t know her that well, but damn. Anyway, what does all this have to do with our situation?” Her horn lit up in a light blue aura as she levitated her mug into her hands and she took a sip of the tea.

The cellist picked up her own cup of tea and gave it an experimental sip, sighing in contentment as it met with her approval. “I think Cadance will be able to help me set it all up.”

Vinyl’s eyebrows rose and she nodded as it all came together. “Aaaah, okay. You figure she knows some ponies who are clean, respectful, and can be discreet.”

“Exactly!”

Vinyl took another drink from her mug and settled in next to her lover. “Okay. I have to be honest, I’m getting a little excited about this. I’m very interested in experiencing a guy finishing inside me, and after hearing what a couple of our immortal rulers are into... Well, let’s just say I don’t feel so embarrassed or hesitant anymore. Geez, if that’s some of what our two youngest Princesses are into, I can’t even imagine what Celestia and Luna might be into.”

“Shit, I hadn’t even thought about that! It would be interesting to know. If I ever get the chance to hang out with drunk Cadance and Shining again, maybe I’ll ask them and see if they know anything!”



Vinyl looked dubious. “Just be careful you don’t ask anything that could get you in trouble.”

“Relax, babe!” Octavia chided. “From what I’ve seen of our Princesses, they are very amiable ponies.”

“Maybe, but still... Anyway, when are you going to try to contact her and set it up?”

Octavia grinned, and her excitement was palpable. “Today! If it can be done, I want to set it up to happen as soon as possible.”

Vinyl smiled with a blush; Octavia’s energy was definitely affecting her. “Okay!” She drained the rest of her tea. “Well, I have some work to do at the studio, so I’m going to get ready.” The spinner got off the couch, dropped her cup off in the kitchen, and went to their bedroom to get ready.

Octavia slowly finished her tea, savouring the taste and relaxing in the warmth it gave. After a few minutes, Vinyl came back out, dressed in long sleeves and blue jeans.

“I’ll be back in a few hours; let me know what happens!” The DJ bent down to give her lover a goodbye kiss.

Octavia accepted the kiss and gave a playful bite to Vinyl’s lower lip. “Will do. Have a good day, love!” She sent her DJ off with a quick slap to her enviable rear.

“Eep!” Vinyl flicked her electric blue tail at the offending hand and playfully glared at the cellist while rubbing her right ass cheek.

Octavia just smiled. “Love you, babe!”

Vinyl kept up the faux-glare as she moved toward the door. “Mhmm. Love you, too, Tav.” She picked up her keys, put on her purple sunglasses, and left their flat wondering if Octavia’s plan would actually come to fruition.

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Later that afternoon, after hours of mixing beats and recording samples for a new set, DJ Pon3 walked through the door to her flat and dropped her keys and sunglasses back onto the table, becoming the quiet and shy Vinyl Scratch once again.

As she made her way into the living room, she noticed Octavia sitting on the couch with a grin, clad in a pair of runners shorts that bared her glorious legs to the world and a sports

bra that barely contained her well endowed chest. *Dear sweet Luna, she's hot. How did I end up with such a sexy mare?*

“Hey, Tavi,” Vinyl said as she made to sit next to her marefriend. As she did, the cellist wrapped her arms around Vinyl’s stomach and pulled the smaller mare into her lap, bringing her in for a deep kiss.

Octavia broke the kiss, half-lidded gaze directed toward her DJ.

“Whoa, what was that for? Not that I’m complaining.”

“Just for being my smoking-hot little DJ, and for putting up with me and my sexual adventurousness.”

Vinyl returned the sensual look. “Well, I can’t say that I haven’t enjoyed MOST of what you’ve introduced me too.”

The grey mare leaned her head on Vinyl’s shoulder. “I’m certainly glad to hear that. You’re free this weekend, right?”

Vinyl thought for a second, consulting the calendar in her head. “Yep, no shows or recording scheduled this weekend. Wait, you didn’t already get it set up. Did you?”

Octavia grinned excitedly. “I did! I talked to Cadance and she put me in contact with a Lieutenant in the Royal Guard battalion stationed in Manehattan, whom she vouched for personally. Turns out Cadance has already done pretty much the same thing as we are planning to do and said he and the stallions he will bring with him are clean, trustworthy, respectful, and discrete. So, we are set to meet him and the other guys at his house in Manehattan this weekend!”

“Wow. You actually pulled it off. I half didn’t expect it to work, if I’m honest. But, I’m kind of excited.”

The cellist gave her lover another sultry look. “Mmm, me too. But, right now I want to spoil my mare for being so good to me.” With a squeak of surprise from Vinyl, Octavia rose from the couch with her lover in her arms and carried her into the bedroom, kicking the door shut behind them.



The train shuddered and the click-clack of the tracks became less frequent as it slowed to a stop at the Manehatten train station.

Octavia looked at her marefriend, who was staring out the window, ears laid back against her head.

“You okay, love?”

Pulled from her trance, Vinyl looked at her cellist with uncertainty. “Yeah, I’m just a little nervous.”

Octavia entwined the fingers of her right hand with Vinyl’s left and pulled it up to her mouth, kissing the back of it in an attempt to soothe the white mare. “Don’t be, babe. Remember, we are in control of this and I’ll be right there with you. They know we’re friends of Princess Cadance; nothing will happen that we don’t want to happen.” She gave the DJ a reassuring smile.

“Okay; I trust you, Tav. Let’s do this.”

They both got up and retrieved their bags, a small duffel each, enough for a one night stay, and disembarked the train.

They stood for a moment on the platform, enjoying the early evening Spring air. Tails entwined, they travelled on.

Once they had gone through the massive train station and reached the street, Octavia pulled up the address to their destination on her phone while Vinyl hailed a cab.

They didn’t have to wait long. A yellow cab pulled up and the driver opened the boot for the mares to drop their bags into. They slid into the back seat and closed the doors.

“Where to?” the driver asked in a brisque tone.

Octavia took one last look at the message on her phone to ensure she got it right. “1983 Lunar Glow Lane, please.”

“You got it,” the driver said as he maneuvered into traffic at a worrying speed.

Vinyl and Octavia held hands and tried to catch a bit of the sights throughout the relatively short drive. Before they knew it the cab stopped in front of a fairly large, well-kept home.

“That’ll be 68 bits, ma’am.”

Vinyl took out 75 bits and handed it to the man. “Keep the change.”

The stallion grunted. “Thank ye.”

“Thanks,” Octavia said as the two mares got out of the cab, grabbed their bags from the boot, and walked up the path to the front door of the house.

The two mares stood facing the door, the cellist with a giddy grin and the DJ with a subdued, shy smile. Vinyl’s feelings were further betrayed by the nervous twitching of her tail and her ears lying flat against her head.

Octavia looked at Vinyl and squeezed her hand, reassuring her. The DJ smiled at her lover and nodded. Octavia raised her hand and gave three firm knocks to the door.

Vinyl looked at the door with a little trepidation. *Well, this is it. No going back, now.* She closed her eyes for a quick moment. *Woosah... It will be just fine.*

After a few breaths, the door opened to reveal a tall, fit, handsome Pegasus stallion with a rust-red coat, shaggy brown mane, and short brown tail.

“Ah, Miss Grey, Miss White; welcome! I’m Mr. Red, but you can call me Rusty, if you like. Please, come in!”

The stallion moved to the side and held the door open for the mares. They walked through the entryway and into the living room, where their host caught up with them.

Octavia extended her hand toward the stallion with a charming smile. “It’s a pleasure to meet you, Rusty.”

Vinyl shook his hand as well, with a more timid smile. “Likewise.”

Rusty graced them with a genuine smile. “Well, you two must be hungry after your long trip. I’ll show you to your room, let you get settled, and I can fix you something to eat, if you like.”

“That would be wonderful; thank you, Rusty,” Octavia said.

The mares followed Rusty down a hallway and into a bedroom with a large bed and a private bathroom.

“And here you are, ladies. I hope the accommodations are adequate.”

Octavia followed Vinyl in and placed her bag on the bed. “They’re perfect; thank you.” She smiled gratefully at him.

“You’re welcome! So, what would you two like to eat? Salad?”

Vinyl’s ears perked up as her stomach growled, loud enough to be heard by all three ponies. She blushed and gave them an embarrassed smile. “Salad sounds great, thank you.”

“Brilliant! Well, the rest of the guys won’t be here for a couple more hours, so take your time settling in and I’ll put together a couple salads for you.”

The mares said their thanks and Rusty took his leave.

Octavia looked at Vinyl with a wide smile. “He’s quite the gentlepony. If the rest are half as respectful as him, this will go swimmingly.”

Vinyl returned the smile, albeit a bit more timidly. “Yeah, he’s really nice. I hope the rest are like him...”

Octavia turned toward the DJ and draped her arms around her neck, pulling her close. “It’s going to be great, love; I promise!” She kissed Vinyl tenderly and pressed their foreheads together, looking into each other’s eyes.

Vinyl relaxed. Octavia always knew how to soothe the spinners worries.

Vinyl broke the embrace. “Alright, let’s get our stuff unpacked and go eat!”

The mares unpacked their toiletries and clothes, putting the former in the bathroom and the latter laid out on the bed.

They made their way back to the living room and found the kitchen, where Rusty was setting several bottles of dressing next to two large plates of salad and two glasses of water on the breakfast bar.

“Perfect timing, ladies! Here are your salads; mixed greens, mandarin oranges, dried cranberries, walnuts, almond slices, and bleu cheese crumbles. I hope they are to your liking.”

Octavia sat on a stool in front of one of the plates. “These look bloody delicious!”

Vinyl just stared at the plates with an open mouth and hunger in her eyes.

Octavia looked back at her marefriend. “Babe, you just gonna stare at it or are you going to eat it?”

Pulled back to reality, Vinyl gave a small shake of her head and sat next to her cellist. “Thank you, Rusty; this is just what we need.”

“You’re most welcome. Now, I have a few things to attend to, so I’ll leave you to eat and get settled in peace. Please, make yourselves at home; if you want to take a nap or something, by all means feel free to and I will come knock on the door a bit before the others arrive.”

The mares nodded as they drizzled their dressings of choice onto the salads and began to eat them with haste.

The tall stallion smiled at the looks of satisfaction on the mare’s faces as they ploughed through their salads. Leaving them to their meal, he headed off into another part of the house.

It didn’t take long before they had both cleared their plates.

“Damn; that was so good!” Octavia scooped up some of the leftover dressing with her fork and licked it off.

Vinyl let herself relax back a bit and closed her eyes, moaning in contented agreement.

Octavia chugged her water and set the glass down with a satisfied sigh. After a moment she took the glass and both plates to the sink and rinsed them off.

“Well, babe, what do you want to do? I wouldn’t mind a quick nap before the long night ahead of us.”

Vinyl nodded her agreement. “Yeah, a nap sounds good.” She took up the glass of water and followed the cellist back down the hall to their room.

The DJ put the glass on the nightstand and flopped down on the bed with a sigh. Octavia followed, laying down behind her marefriend, wrapping an arm around her stomach and pulling her close.

Octavia kissed the back of Vinyl's neck and nuzzled into it. "Thank you so much for doing this, Vi. I promise you will enjoy it, too."

Vinyl cooed in delight. "I hope so. You're lucky I love you."

"I love you, too, Vinyl. With all I have."

They said no more as the blackness of sleep quickly claimed them.

## **Like Getting Gangbanged with Your Marefriend**

Knock-knock-knock.

The soft tapping of knuckles on wood roused the sleeping musicians about an hour after they had laid down.

“Hey, sleepy heads; the rest of the guys will be here in about 20 minutes.” After a muffled response, Rusty was satisfied that they were awake and went to finish the preparations.

Octavia moved her hand up and playfully squeezed one of Vinyl’s breasts. “C’mom, love; let’s get up and get our brains fucked out,” she whispered into the white mare’s ear, causing her to blush.

The cellist rolled her marefriend over and crawled on top of her, pinning her to the bed, and locked lips with her.

Vinyl could tell the taller mare was horny, by how she wasted no time slipping her tongue past Vinyl’s lips and rubbing her body up and down Vinyl’s, moaning hotly.

Breaking the kiss, Octavia stared at Vinyl with lust filled eyes. “I’m going to use the bathroom; I’ll meet you out in a minute.”

Vinyl nodded as Octavia went into the bathroom and shut the door. The DJ got up with a stretch and a yawn, and opened the door into the hall. She found Rusty sitting in the living room, so she took a seat on the opposite couch.

“Miss Grey will be out in a moment,” Vinyl said in a quiet voice.

“Okay; once she joins us we’ll go over a few things and then the boys should start arriving.”

Vinyl looked down at the ground and gave a slight nod, ears lying back against her head.

Rusty sensed her apprehension. “Hey, it’s going to be okay; this is all about you and your marefriend, tonight. You two are running the show, and you only have to do as much or as little as you want to. I can personally vouch for each of these guys; they will treat you with respect and won’t do anything you don’t want them to. If anyone breaches your trust or wrongs either of you, I will sort them out, swift and harsh. They realise how much you both are putting yourselves in their hands and they take it seriously.”



This made Vinyl feel a bit better. “You seem like a genuinely nice guy, and I feel like I can trust you, so I will take you at your word. And, thanks.” She graced him with a small, but genuine smile.

He returned the smile in kind. “You’re welcome.”

Octavia walked in and took her place next to her lover. “So, what did I miss?”

Rusty waved his hand. “Oh; nothing, really. But, now that you’re here, I have a few things to go over with you both.”

Both mares nodded their assent to continue.

“Okay, so I invited nine other guys, stallions I’ve worked with and spent time with outside of work for quite a while. They are kind, respectful stallions and won’t do anything untoward to you. Even if their better judgement were to lose out to their lust, the known consequences at my hands will keep them in check. You don’t have to worry.

“Next, this is your show; you’re in charge. The guys know to take their cues from you. If you’re not liking the way things are going or you want something different, say so. Miss Grey, you mentioned that you both might want the guys to finish inside you?”

At Octavia’s nod he continued. “Miss White, you’re prepared with a contraceptive spell?”

Vinyl gave a few quick nods of her head. “Yes, I am.”

“Perfect; then the guys have no problem cumming inside you as much as you like. I have a large spare bedroom with a large bed where the night’s activities will take place. Once the guys get here, we’ll move into that room and we can proceed however you like.”

Octavia quirked an eyebrow, a thought occurring to her that needed to be cleared up. “You won’t be filming this, right?”

Rusty shook his head with a look of conviction on his face. “Absolutely not. Our mutual friend that put you in contact with me specifically noted your desire for discretion, and reiterated the stiff consequences of breaching your, and their, trust. Believe me, none of us care to bring those repercussions down on us. Okay, have you thought about how you would like to begin?”

Octavia's ears perked up and she smiled. "Yes, a bit." She looked over at Vinyl. "If it's okay with you, love, I think we should get the colts warmed up with a show. Undress each other, play with each other a bit. Get ourselves good and wet and ready. What do you think?"

Vinyl nodded, starting to feel some enthusiasm. "Yeah, that sounds good."

They both looked over at their host.

He gave them a wide smile. "Alright, then!" He looked at his watch, and there was a knock at the door. "Perfect timing!"

Rusty got up and opened the door for a periwinkle blue Pegasus stallion with a peculiar greyish-purple, orange, and red mane and tail, and a green Earth Pony stallion with an orange mane and tail. He led them into the living room and made the introductions.

"Miss Grey and Miss White, this is Mister Blue and Mister Green." The four shook hands and the two stallions strode over to the couch Rusty had vacated.

Not a half minute later and there was another knock at the door. Rusty again went to open it and introduced a brown Pegasus with a light tan mane and tail, a beige Unicorn with a blue mane and tail, and a yellow Unicorn with a blonde mane and tail.

"Ladies, I give you Mister Brown, Mister Beige, and Mister Blonde. Guys, the radiant Miss Grey and Miss White."

Rusty had seen the last of the party drive up after seeing the other three into the house and left the door open for them. In walked a purple Earth Pony with a white mane and tail, a grey Unicorn with a sea-green mane and tail, an orange Earth Pony with a light blue mane and tail, and a white Earth Pony with a grey mane and tail.

"And here's the rest of them. Guys, these are the lovely Miss White and Miss Grey. Ladies, I present to you Mister Purple, Mister Grey, Mister Orange, and Mister White. Now that everypony's acquainted, shall we move to the bedroom?" As he asked the question, he looked towards the two mares, who nodded.

"Alright! Follow me, then." He motioned for Vinyl and Octavia to follow him, and the rest of the stallions fell in behind the mares. He took them down a different hallway and opened a door halfway down, revealing a very large bed with a blue comforter and silver satin sheets on it.

Vinyl and Octavia stood at the foot of the bed while the stallions made a half circle around the bed.

Vinyl looked around the room with wide eyes until she got to the cellist. Octavia saw the trepidation in her eyes and stepped up to the DJ, placing her hands on her waist. “Hey, forget about them; it’s just you and me. Always. This is for us. Focus on me, for now.”

Vinyl licked her lips and nodded slightly. Even with ten stallions in the room undressing them with their eyes, Vinyl knew it wouldn’t be hard to focus her attention on her captivating marefriend.

Octavia took off her collared blouse, leaving her in a blue bra and purple skirt. She moved in for a kiss with Vinyl while sliding her hands around her back to unclip her bra, surprised to find one of Vinyl’s hands beating her there.

The DJ pressed into the kiss, slipping her tongue into the cellist’s mouth as she unclipped her bra and started to [pull down her skirt](#). Vinyl opened her eyes and broke the kiss as she realised Octavia wasn’t wearing any panties.

Vinyl froze Octavia with a sultry, half-lidded gaze. “Not wearing any panties? Scandalous!”

Octavia just pulled the DJ into another, more heated kiss as the bra dropped down her arms and onto the floor, followed quickly by the skirt, leaving her in all of her glory for the stallions to see.

Octavia broke the kiss, gently biting Vinyl’s lower lip, pulling on it a little, before she slid down to her knees. She slid her right hand up and under Vinyl’s tank top, groping one of her breasts while exposing her stomach. She ran her left hand up Vinyl’s leg, stopping at her hip, while kissing the DJ’s stomach tenderly.

Vinyl shuddered at the more than pleasant ministrations, placing a hand on Octavia’s head and rubbing the back of her ear like Vinyl knew she loved. Sure enough, the cellist gave a soft coo as her right hand moved around Vinyl’s back to unclasp her bra. With her other hand, Octavia hooked the waistband of Vinyl’s shorts, and the boy short panties underneath, and pulled them down, uncovering the DJ’s black beamed eighth note marks, her round, shapely rear, and her puffy, already glistening vagina.

The stallions salivated at the sight of Vinyl’s plush, perfect ass. They wanted to caress and kiss her flat, alluring stomach.

Octavia stared at Vinyl's increasingly wet pussy, beckoning her forward. She couldn't help herself; she just had to get a taste of Vinyl's intoxicating flavour.

Vinyl gasped and her tail twitched wildly as Octavia gave a long, slow lick along the length of Vinyl's vagina with the flat of her tongue. She flicked the tip of her tongue against the DJ's clit, causing her to let out a short squeal. Octavia brought her tongue back into her mouth and savoured her mare's taste, which drove her mental with lust and desire.

Octavia stood up and with Vinyl's assistance pulled the tank top and bra off, revealing the DJ's smaller but very perky breasts, and leaving them both completely nude.

Octavia stared into Vinyl's eyes, the desire she knew could be seen in her own lavender eyes reflected in the DJ's ruby orbs.

"I need you," Vinyl whispered.

"Oh, babe; you have no idea. Bed, now!" Octavia replied.

As Octavia laid on her back across the bed and Vinyl got on top of her in the 69 position, the stallions began to undress. All of this was lost on the two mares as their world consisted entirely of each other.

Octavia massaged Vinyl's ass as she craned her head up and gave Vinyl's slit another long lick, relishing again in her mares taste. Octavia couldn't hold back any longer; she latched her mouth over the DJ's vagina and parted the lips with her tongue, slipping it in as far as she could and lapping up Vinyl's wetness.

Vinyl threw her head back and moaned loudly, digging her fingers into the cellist's treble clef marks on her thighs. She recovered after a moment and returned the favour, immediately diving her tongue into the grey mare's sopping wet cunt. Vinyl moaned, trying to gather as much of Octavia's fluids into her mouth as she could.

The stallions surrounding them were spellbound by the sight of the two mares passionately pleasuring each other in front of them. Not a single cock hung limp; many of the stallions stroking theirs in anticipation of what was to come.

Octavia decided it was time to finish her lover off. With a last lick around Vinyl's soaked tunnel, the cellist moved down to the DJ's clit. She flicked it a few times, eliciting several sharp gasps from the white mare, then surrounded it with her lips and began gently sucking on it.

Vinyl withdrew her tongue from Octavia's pussy, arching her back and looking towards the ceiling. "Oh, Celestia; yes yes YES!"

The cellist wasn't done, however. She inserted the middle finger of one of her hands into the DJ's vagina and began rubbing her G-spot while maintaining the stimulation of her clit.

"Oh my gosh, right there; don't stop! Right there, right there, RIGHT THERE! Oh, Taviiiiii I'm cumming!" In the throes of her rapidly approaching orgasm Vinyl let slip her nickname for Octavia, though it was doubtful anybody caught it or would recognise it, anyway.

The DJ shuddered as her climax rolled through her, her ears laid back on her head, and Octavia clamped her mouth over Vinyl's slit once again, catching the small amount of cum that she produced.

After what seemed forever to Vinyl, the waves of pleasure subsided, leaving her to try and catch her breath. Octavia licked her marehood clean, making Vinyl give cute little 'eeps'.

After Vinyl had caught her breath, she returned to pleasuring her cellist with redoubled effort.

Taking a cue from the grey mare, Vinyl latched onto the little bud at the top of Octavia's pussy and sucked on it.

"Oh, shit; yes! That's it, don't stop!" Octavia grabbed one of her breasts, tweaking and rolling the pierced nipple between her fingers.

Vinyl knew what would send the cellist over the peak, so she wasted no time in sticking an index finger up to the second knuckle into Octavia's other hole.

Octavia's eyes widened and her back arched up. "Aaaaaaah! Oh, fuck, oh, fuck; don't you dare stop!"

Vinyl had no intention whatsoever of letting up until her lover was a quivering mess of bliss. She wiggled the finger around a bit, and added a finger into the cellist's tunnel.

"Aaaaaaah yes yes yes YEEEEESSS!" Octavia bucked her hips up as she came and Vinyl attempted to catch the copious amount of Octavia's juices in her mouth. She only caught a little, and when Octavia collapsed after her orgasm finally abated, Vinyl brought her lips back down to the cellist's pussy, licking up all that she could and slipping her tongue in for more.

Octavia's orgasm had been so powerful that she wasn't yet able to make a sound. After a moment, Vinyl turned around and laid on top of the grey mare, pressing their breasts together and locking their lips.

"Holy Luna, that was maybe the hottest thing I've ever seen!" one of the stallions exclaimed.

Two stallions, Rusty and Mister Blonde, each approached a side of the bed.

Noticing the movement, Octavia broke the kiss with her lover. "I think you better cast the contraception spell now, love."

Vinyl nodded, sat up and straddled the cellist's hips. Her horn and hands lit up with the light blue glow of her magic and she placed one hand on Octavia's abdomen and one on her own, letting the blue aura cover and sink into them.

Vinyl smiled down at her mare. "Done."

The lovers kissed one more time, then moved so that their heads were next to each other in the middle of the bed and their legs were at the far sides of the bed, Vinyl's spreading to allow Mister Blonde between them and Octavia's opening to allow Rusty access.

Rusty reached down on the floor next to the bed and picked up a bottle of clear lube, dribbling a small amount onto his pre-cum dripping penis and smoothing it all along the impressive length before tossing the bottle to Mister Blonde who did the same and dropped it onto the floor.

"Are you ready, Miss White?" Mister Blonde asked.

Vinyl nodded. "Yes, but please go slow; it's been years since I've had anything this big inside me."

"I will; tell me if I'm hurting you." He rubbed the head of his penis up and down Vinyl's pussy, smearing her cum onto it before he lined it up with her entrance and gently pushed into her.

Vinyl squeezed her eyes shut, partly in pain and partly in pleasure. "Oh, Luna! Aaaah!"

"Is that okay?"

Vinyl gave a few rapid nods. "Mhmm. It's okay; keep going!" she said in a clipped tone.

As he continued, Rusty looked at Octavia and raised his eyebrows in unspoken question.

Octavia grinned. "I'm ready."

Rusty just smiled in return and placed the head of his cock at Octavia's soaked pussy and pushed into her.

"Ooooooh, yeeessss..." Octavia moaned as she felt herself being filled up more than she had been in a very long time.

While Octavia was very tight, she was also very wet with her arousal and Vinyl's saliva, so Rusty had only a little difficulty sliding into her. After a couple pushes, he hilted inside the grey mare and stopped so they could both enjoy the sensation.

The cellist moaned again, relishing the feeling of having a hot, throbbing dick inside her once again. "That feels amazing."

Rusty opened his eyes and looked across the bed to see how Vinyl was doing.

Mister Blonde had finally made it all the way inside the white mare and had started making slow pushes and pulls in and out of the DJ's vagina.

Vinyl cooed and whimpered in pleasure. "Oh, yes! I had forgotten how good this feels. You can speed up a bit, if you like."

The yellow stallion needed little coaxing and sped up his thrusts.

Rusty looked back down to see an expectant look on Octavia's face and wasted no time in giving her the same treatment Vinyl was getting. As he smoothly moved his cock in and out of her, the grey mare grabbed one of his hands and brought it to a large breast. He took the hint and lightly squeezed the handful of flesh a few times, then started playing with her nipple, gently flicking the piercing back and forth.

"Oh, yeah; keep doing- AH! -that!"

As the mares arousal built, and the stallions sped up their thrusting, the room was filled with the moans and whimpers of the mares becoming lost in the sensations and the wet slapping of the stallion's hips against the mares'.

Mister Blonde started rubbing Vinyl's clit with a thumb, making her gasp and arch her back.

"Oh, yes; harder!"

The yellow stallion was happy to oblige, increasing the force of his thrusts.

Vinyl began to feel the familiar pressure of an oncoming orgasm building in her lower abdomen.

"I'm getting close!"

"Me, too," Mister Blonde responded.

On the opposite side of the bed, Octavia looked back at her marefriend and gave a deep smile at her DJ getting into it. Octavia twisted onto her side, which presented a whole new sensation for both her and Rusty.

"Oh, shit!" Octavia moaned. "That's goooood."

Rusty grunted his agreement. If the look of concentration on his face was any indication, Octavia figured he was getting close. When she heard Vinyl say as much, she knew she needed to up the ante a bit so that she could cum at least right after Vinyl, if not with her.

Octavia ran a hand through the DJ's electric-blue mane, somehow gaining her attention.

Seeing her lover on her side, Vinyl decided to mirror her, also resulting in a spike in her pleasure. She gasped, but was silenced by a kiss from the cellist, her hand caressing Vinyl's cheek.

The kiss, along with the sensation of the new position, was enough to send Vinyl over the edge. "Yes! Aaaaaaah!" She cried out as her passage contracted around Blonde's cock, triggering his own climax.

"Ah, I'm cumming!" He slammed his hips forward, pushing as far into Vinyl as he could, his penis pulsing and shooting his cum into her.

Vinyl felt Mister Blonde's cock head flare up. The pulsing swells pushed against her tightening vagina as the spreading warmth of his cum splashed against her inner wall. All



the while, Vinyl's eyes never left Octavia's, sharing the experience with the love of her life.

It was unlike anything Vinyl had ever experienced before. It was intense, and it felt incredible! So incredible, that it triggered another, albeit smaller, orgasm.

Mister Blonde's load began to spurt past the connection of his penis and the DJ's vagina as Vinyl cried out with her second orgasm.

At the same time, Rusty could hold back no more and he pushed halfway into Octavia, his dick flaring and throbbing and releasing his cum into the grey mare's cunt.

That was just what Octavia needed to tip her over the edge. Still looking into Vinyl's eyes, the cellist screamed out her bliss. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, FUCK; YESSSS!"

The expanding of Rusty's cock, the splattering warmth of his cum, it was all perfect, exactly what Octavia had been craving.

As all four ponies came down from their orgasms, Vinyl and Octavia pressed their lips together in a wet kiss that left a trail of saliva from between Vinyl's tongue and Octavia's lower lip..

Mister Blonde and Rusty slowly pulled out of the mares making Vinyl squeak and Octavia moan at the feeling. A large amount of cum flowed from both mare's sexes down their legs and onto the bed.

Octavia looked lovingly at her marefriend. "So, how was your first creampie, babe?"

"Bloody hell, it was amazing! So intense. I could feel his pulses, and the cum was so warm!"

"Mmm, I told you that you would like it!"

"Mhmm; I want more!"

Rusty chuckled. "I'm glad you liked it, and there's plenty more!"

He and Mister Blonde stepped back, Mister Brown and Mister Beige taking their place.

Octavia had something else in mind, though. "Are any of you bisexual, or don't mind having another guy's penis rubbing up against yours?"

Vinyl tilted her head to one side and gave the cellist a questioning look.

Mister Blue and Mister Green stepped forward. “We’re bi, and have had sex together,” Mister Green said.

Octavia grinned mischievously. “Perfect.”

The stallions looked questioningly at one another and then back at the grey mare with interest.

Octavia motioned for the blue Pegasus to come toward her. “Lie down on your back at the edge of the bed, please.”

Blue sat down on the end of the bed and laid back, his erection standing tall in the air.

Octavia stared at his cock with lust for a moment before she swung one leg over him, so that she was on her knees with her back to the blue stallion.

“Lube, please?”

Mister Blonde bent down to retrieve the bottle of lube and handed it to her.

She poured a bit into her hand and stroked the stallion, spreading lube along his length. She handed the bottle to Mister Green. “You’re going to need that.”

She grabbed Blue’s dick, placing the head at her cum-dripping entrance, and slid down on him until her rear rested on his hips.

“Ooooh, yes.” Octavia lifted herself halfway up and looked at the green coated Earth Pony, who had just finished smearing lube all over his cock. “You’re next, big boy.”

Mister Green gave her a questioning look.

Vinyl was intrigued. “What are you doing, babe?”

“I want both cocks in my pussy!”

Vinyl’s eyes widened. “Is that even going to work?!”

“Yeah,” Mister Green agreed.

The cellist gave the green stallion a smouldering look. “Come over here and we’ll find out.”

And he wasted no time moving forward. “Well, here’s something new...” He placed the head of his penis right under the top of Octavia’s slit and pressed down onto Mister Blue’s shaft while pushing forward. It took a little effort and good aim, but he was able to pop the tip of his cock into Octavia’s pussy. Once he was in, he thrust forward until he too was buried halfway inside the grey mare.

“Oh, fuck; YES!” Octavia screamed at the sensation, the stretching and the feeling of being more full than she had ever been. Octavia let herself down, almost hilding the stallions within her. “Ooooooh, Luna; that’s amazing. Okay, start thrusting together.”

As the stallions obeyed, Vinyl couldn’t look away from the sight of her marefriend taking two stallions and started rubbing her cum-leaking pussy. At a soft touch to her hoof, she looked over her shoulder to see Mister White looking at her with a slightly embarrassed smile.

Aww, he’s adorable! thought Vinyl. She got on her hands and knees, her head next to Octavia’s bountiful breasts, and swished her tail off to the side to give the stallion a good view of her cum-soaked entrance. She glanced over her shoulder, giving the white Earth Pony a ‘come hither’ look. He hopped onto the bed and lined his shaft up to her entrance, sliding inside with little difficulty and causing another glob of Mister Blonde’s cum to fall from her pussy.

Octavia lost all sense of where she was or who she was with. All she could do was scream, moan, and whimper at the incredible pleasure of two cocks in her pussy. Nothing had ever compared, and she was already about to have her third orgasm of the night.

She looked to her right to see Mister White slide into her marefriend’s vagina, causing Vinyl to shudder and gasp. Seeing the look on her lover’s face was enough to spark her climax.

“Aaaaaahhhhh!” Octavia howled as her cunt tried to tighten around the cocks inside her, but there was little give. Despite that, hot mare juice still cascaded down the stallions’ penises, making it easier to slide in and out of the mare.

Even through her orgasmic twitches and shudders, Mister Blue and Mister Green never stopped their thrusting, prolonging her wave of pleasure and continuing to build toward their own finale.

“Shit, Blue; this is intense!”

“Yeah; this is the hottest thing I’ve ever done!”

It did not bother the two stallions in the slightest that their cocks were sharing the same space and rubbing against each other; they just enjoyed the feeling and the moment.

Octavia went back to moaning and gasping as the stallions continued to fill and stretch her. She looked at her DJ again, a look of absolute satisfaction on her face, her ears twitching wildly.

Vinyl opened her eyes to see the enraptured gaze of her lover looking down at her. Deciding she needed a little bit of the grey mare, Vinyl leaned forward a few inches to wrap her lips around the nearest pierced nipple.

Octavia squeaked as her marefriend nibbled on her sensitive tit and flicked the barbell piercing with her tongue.

Noticing one breast being attended to but not the other, Mister Green groped the grey mare’s other breast and ran his thumb back and forth over her nipple, tweaking the piercing up and down.

Octavia’s eyes rolled back into her head, the various ministrations bringing her to a new height of pleasure. Again. Stallion cum and her own arousal dripped down the shafts of the of the stallions as they slid in and out of her.

Mister Green slipped out of the grey mare’s pussy with a wet pop, causing the cellist to moan sharply. He pressed the head of his penis against his companion’s shaft again and was once more filling the cellist with as much cock as she could handle.

“Mmm, Blue; I’m close. How’re you doing?”

“I’m pretty close, too. Just a bit- ugh! -more.”

Octavia heard the stallions through the fog of her pleasure, though just barely. “Uh, uh, uh; yes, cum inside me!”

The stallion’s breathing became laboured as they neared their peak.

“So. Tight!” Mister Green grunted.

“And wet!” Mister Blue added.

Green squeezed his eyes shut. “Oh, yes; here it comes!”

Blue grabbed Octavia’s hips, holding her in place. “Me, too!”

Both stallions thrust into the mare, hilted inside her and making their balls rub against each other as they experienced the most intense orgasms either had ever had.

Octavia felt the immense flaring of their cocks, stretching her even farther, creating a seal deep within her. She felt the strong, simultaneous spurts of their cum crashing against and pooling at her cervix. There was far more than could be contained, and it somehow found room between the walls of the grey mare’s cunt and the thick shafts of the penises filling her tunnel, spurting and streaming out of her and onto the bed.

Vinyl saw all of this, and it made her so very horny. She reached back to rub her clit and quickly came herself, clenching and gripping at the penis pistoning in and out of her. She released Octavia’s nipple and cried out in ecstasy.

Not wanting to disappoint, Mister White pulled Vinyl by the hips into him, going as deep as he could reach and making Vinyl’s ass slap against his hips loudly. Ceasing his resistance, his balls clenched and his cock bulged as he released the torrent of seed into the white mare.

Vinyl moaned deeply at the feeling, groping her breast as the sensations continued to overwhelm her. The white-coated stallion stayed deep inside her for a while, savouring the feeling of the mare’s tight vagina clenching around him, before pulling out with a wet ‘shlick’ and pop, allowing a cascade of cum to pour from her entrance.

Octavia had no concept of time, no idea how long the stallions stayed locked within her. She managed to look over at Vinyl as the white stallion pulled out of her, cum immediately streaming onto the comforter.

Her stallions finally caught their breath and in unison slid from her abused pussy. To say that cum flooded from her gaping hole would be an understatement. None of them, mare or stallion, had ever seen that much semen inside a single mare. It flowed forth, covering Mister Blue’s balls and softening penis. It dripped between Octavia’s ass cheeks and onto Blue’s stomach.

Octavia closed her eyes, with the most beatific smile stretching across her face. “Oh. My. Goddess. Soooooo goood.” She reached a hand down to her oozing pussy, smearing the cum on it before bringing it up to her mouth and licking the cum from her fingers.

Most of the stallions stood still, mouths hanging open slightly and eyes wide.

Rusty came back to himself first and broke the silence. "I've had a lot of sex, and seen a lot of crazy sexual things done, but that is the single hottest thing I've ever seen. Cheers to you, Miss Grey, for sharing this with us, and to you, Blue and Green, for being able to pull it off. Well done."

Octavia lifted herself off of Blue, sitting on the end of the bed, cum smearing the blanket underneath her. Mister Blue and Mister Green both stumbled to the side of the room and collapsed onto the floor in exhaustion.

Mister White had gone to the bathroom to clean up while Vinyl lay on her stomach, catching her breath.

Octavia looked over the stallions who had yet to get in on the action. "Mmm, that was amazing. But, I'm not even close to being satisfied. Who's next?"

Mister Beige stepped toward the grey mare, stroking his cock.

Octavia gave the stallion a smoky smile. "Brilliant. Tell me, do you like anal?"

The beige stallion smiled. "Love it!"

"Good; lube up and lay down on your back, then."

As Mister Beige did as he was bidden, Octavia turned her attention to her marefriend. "You ready for another round, babe?"

Vinyl looked up at the cellist with a dreamy smile. "Mhmm. I'm glad I let you talk me into this; it's been quite enjoyable so far."

Octavia leaned down and kissed the white mare. "I love you. And I'm glad you're enjoying it."

"Love you too, babe." Vinyl got up on her knees, another string of stallion cum dripping onto the bed. Her tail was caught up in the sticky, gooey liquid causing strands of it to drip off at the ends. She looked at the gathered stallions with a shy smile.

The grey-coated stallion made his way up to Vinyl, matching her bashful smile. "May I?"

Vinyl's smile widened a bit and she nodded. "Absolutely." She looked over to where her marefriend was on her knees straddling the beige stallion with her back to him, lining up the head of his cock with her tight rear hole, a couple strings of cum dribbling from her vagina onto his balls. "Umm, how about you lay down next to Mister Beige there and I'll ride you like that?"

Instead of replying he just laid down next to the pair, Octavia moaning lustfully as she worked the stallion's penis farther into her ass.

Vinyl copied her lover, getting into the reverse-cowmare position. She slid easily down the length of the stallion's cock, the two loads of cum inside her providing ample lubrication.

The way in which Vinyl was situated allowed the stallion's penis to hit her G-spot, making her let out a deep moan. "Ooooooh, yes! That's it!"

Once she had gotten all the way down and her luscious rear was resting on the stallion's lower stomach, Mister Grey put his hands on her hips and guided her up until only the head was still in. He caught a glimpse of the cum from the previous two stallions coating his penis, and he found that it turned him on even more. He brought the white mare down on him while giving a quick upward thrust, settling into a fast rhythm of ins and outs.

Meanwhile, Octavia was screaming in pleasure while the beige stallion violated her ass. With one hand massaging a breast, his other hand moved down to rub her cum-filled pussy.

Mister Blonde had caught his second wind and was already beyond aroused, again, watching the grey mare's beautiful breasts bouncing up and down from the hard thrusts of the stallion underneath her. He climbed up onto the bed next to them.

"Do you mind if I cum on your tits, Miss Grey?"

Octavia looked over at the newcomer. "No, -ah!- that's fine."

With her permission, he went right to work stroking his cock up and down.

Vinyl was losing herself in the in the rapid thrusts and constant stimulation of her G-spot. "Oh, yes; oh, yes; oh, yes!"

The stallion underneath her put a hand on one of her breasts tentatively. "Is this okay?"

"Oh, yeah! Please, touch me wherever you like!" Vinyl breathlessly replied.

Mister Grey played with one of her nipples, rolling it between his fingers and tweaking it, while he ran a hand down to her clit and rubbed it.

“Oh, Luna; don’t stop!” Vinyl moaned, the pressure building to a crescendo in her core. “Yes, yes, yes! Faster!”

Grey picked up his pace, slamming up into the mare with loud, lewd slaps of his hips against Vinyl’s ass.

“Ah, yes; right there! Ah, ah, ah, ah!” Vinyl’s eyes clenched shut and her toes curled as the wave of her orgasm crashed over her. “Aaaaaahhh; I’m cumming!”

The grey stallion grunted and moaned as her vagina clenched and milked at the penis inside her, begging for its seed.

Mister Grey couldn’t handle the gripping of the DJ’s pussy on his cock and, with a final couple quick thrusts, he pulled the mare down and buried himself as far into her as he could and let the dam break, filling her with his cum.

Again, Vinyl could feel every pulse and vaguely noticed the shots of his cum hitting her wall and leaking out. “Ooooooh, Luna; yes...” She laid back against him and enjoyed his last spasms and pumps of cum.

He ran his hands up and down her body as they both came down, relishing in the silky feel of her white coat, the firmness of her perky breasts, and the smoothness of her flat stomach.

“I hope that was as good for you as it was for me,” he whispered into her ear.

“Oh, it was; trust me,” she replied.

They lay like that for a moment, just basking in the afterglow, until Grey’s softening penis slipped out of Vinyl, ahead of a tide of his seed.

Vinyl lifted herself off of him and flopped down onto her back between him and Octavia & Mister Beige.

Mister Grey got up to clean himself off while Vinyl recovered. She looked over to her mare, as Octavia threw her head back and came again, a small bit of her fluid mixed with stallion cum streaming onto Beige’s balls.



Octavia giggled as the sensations subsided and she could think straight again. “Oooh my goddess, that was so good. Are you close?” As much as she enjoyed anal sex, she was eager to have another cock in her pussy and she wanted to involve Vinyl.

“Almost- uhn -there!”

Octavia grinned and worked the muscles in her ass in a clenching motion to help the stallion along.

“Ooooooh, shit!” Mister Beige moaned and grunted as his cock was milked. He pushed Octavia down onto him as the head of his dick flared and he pumped the grey mare’s ass full of his seed.

Octavia felt him expand within her, felt the liquid-warmth filling and pooling inside her.

She arched her back and cried out. “Aaaaaah, that feels so good!”

Mister Beige held her still and Octavia could feel every twitch and pulse. Finally, he was spent and she rolled off of him, his cock pulling out of her with a loud, wet ‘pop!’.

As she lay catching her breath next to her marefriend, a small amount of Mister Beige’s cum streamed out from Octavia’s ass, though her hole somehow remained tight and most of it was held within, continuing to warm her core.

Octavia scooted closer to Vinyl, snaking a hand down the white mare’s body to rub her pussy while kissing her heatedly. After breaking the kiss, Octavia brought her hand to her mouth and licked off the cum she had gathered from Vinyl’s slit.

“Mmm, I can still taste you, even with the stallion cum.” She kissed the DJ again, snowballing and sharing the taste with her. She pulled away, giving Vinyl a look filled with lust. “Still have some juice left in the tank?”

Vinyl returned the wanton look. “Absolutely.”

“Good. I have an idea, then.” Octavia slid down to the end of the bed until her butt was barely still on it. “Okay, babe; straddle me like we’re going to sixty-nine.”

Vinyl got up, crawling on her hands and knees until her crotch was right above Octavia’s head and she was staring down at Octavia’s own cum-oozing vagina.

After the cellist enjoyed the view for a moment, a few drops of stallion seed dropping onto her breasts, she looked to the remaining stallions. “Who’s next?”

The purple and brown stallions eagerly made their way to the bed, Mister Brown taking up position between Octavia’s legs and Mister Purple climbing onto the bed to straddle Octavia’s head, kneeling behind Vinyl.

Mister Purple was the first to act, lining up and sliding into Vinyl’s tunnel, causing more semen to spurt onto Octavia’s neck and chest. Vinyl threw her head back with a moan as the stallion hilted inside her with one stroke, her tail slapping the stallion in the flank wildly.

Mister Brown didn’t make Octavia wait; he smeared some cum on the head of his dick and thrust in halfway before pulling back out, and slipping just the head in, teasing the grey mare.

Octavia made little cooing noises, rubbing Vinyl’s legs, until the brown stallion gave a forceful thrust, burying himself completely within her and squirting and smearing stallion spunk all over his crotch and balls.

“Oooh, fuck yes; more!”

Mister Brown obliged, moving in and out of the cellist’s pussy with long, smooth strokes.

After watching all of the other guys have their way with the mares, releasing inside them, Mister Purple couldn’t hold back his own climax. Grabbing Vinyl’s hips, he slammed as far into her as he could, pumping a heavy load into the white mare.

Already overflowing with several stallion’s seed, cum flowed in a steady stream out of Vinyl and onto Octavia.

The cellist opened her mouth and caught as much as she could. When the purple stallion finally pulled out and fell back onto the bed, allowing another torrent to stream free, Octavia brought her mouth up to Vinyl’s well-used pussy, licking the DJ’s clit and capturing the gush of semen in her mouth.

Vinyl’s moans grew in volume and intensity, and Octavia took the little nub between her lips and sucked on it, sending Vinyl over the edge.

“Aaaaaaah!” Vinyl screamed as she climaxed.

Mister Brown’s steady pumping had grown faster as his orgasm approached. The knowledge that Octavia was going down on her marefriend was enough to set him off. His

thrusts became short and erratic; with a grunt, he pushed halfway in and came inside her, adding to the vast amount of cum already in the grey mare's pussy.

As she felt the flare and thick shots of cum, Octavia worked her muscles to milk him dry.

“Ung; goddesses! It's like you're trying to squeeze it out of me!”

Octavia closed her eyes and smiled in satisfaction as the feeling of being filled up yet again, moaning quietly into Vinyl's clit. “Mhmm...”

Cum trickled down Mister Brown's shaft and balls as they clenched and emptied themselves into the beautiful grey mare.

As he released the last drop into Octavia, the brown stallion pulled out of her passage with a 'pop'. More seed flowed forth from the mare, making a rivulet onto the bedspread. He staggered back a few steps, then made for the bathroom to clean up.

Octavia released Vinyl's clit, relaxing back onto the bed. She brought her hand up to her muzzle, wiping away some cum that had drizzled onto her from Vinyl's stretched hole. She looked at her fingers briefly before sticking them into her mouth and cleaning the jizz off of them.

Vinyl turned around and half laid on her lover, giving the cellist little kisses on her neck and cheek, stopping to lick off a bit of cum that she had missed.

Octavia cooed at the attention and ran a hand through the white mare's electric-blue mane. After a moment she looked up at the group of stallions.

“Is there anypony who hasn't had a go with us, yet?”

An orange stallion stepped forward, his large cock standing at attention. “I think I'm the last one.”

Octavia looked back to her marefriend. “Hmm, what do you say, love; got energy for one more?”

Vinyl gave a slight nod. “One more, and I'm done.”

“Sounds good, babe. Here, just lay on top of me and spread your legs.” As the DJ slid onto her, Octavia opened her own legs.

Once Vinyl had positioned herself, legs spread invitingly, Mister Orange grabbed onto her hips, pressed himself against the white mare's slit and slid smoothly into her creamy tunnel.

"Unnnnnnnng," Mister Orange and Vinyl moaned in unison.

"Unf; you're so hot and sticky and wet! All that cum in you, it's a unique feeling," Orange said.

"Mmmm, that counts for both of us!" Vinyl said as she could feel the seed within her being moved around.

Octavia looked over her lover's shoulder at the stallion rutting her.

"Hey, Mister Orange!"

The stallion looked at her, sparing as much attention as he could as he buried himself into the sexy DJ.

"Rub the base of her tail; she loves that!"

The stallion moved a hand to Vinyl's tail and began stroking her dock while increasing the intensity of his thrusts, making Vinyl moan and whimper cutely.

Cum spurted and dripped out of the DJ's vagina, falling onto Octavia's own oozing cunt. Octavia put a hand on the back of Vinyl's head, bringing the DJ's lips down to meet her own.

Vinyl moaned into the kiss, snaking a hand up to caress the cellist's neck.

Octavia grabbed Vinyl's butt, making her squeak into the kiss. The cellist could feel the reverberations of the stallion's hips thumping into Vinyl's rear.

Orange gave a gentle tug on Vinyl's tail, causing her to break the lip lock with Octavia.

"Ah!"

Vinyl threw her head back, and Octavia took the opportunity to attack the DJ's neck, latching onto the side of it with her mouth and giving it a gentle bite and lick.

"Aaaaaaaaah!"

The pull on her tail and bite on her neck was too much for Vinyl. The walls of her marehood constricted around the stallion penetrating her, a couple small squirts of marecum hitting Mister Orange's balls.

With the white mare squeezing around him, Orange stopped holding back and bucked into her as far as he could. His penis spasmed, his head flared, and another load of seed splashed and pooled against Vinyl's innermost barrier.

The DJ continued to moan and gasp until the stallion ceased throbbing inside her and she came down from her own peak, collapsing down onto her marefriend in exhaustion.

Octavia stroked Vinyl's mane and kissed her forehead under her horn, damp with sweat. As the stallion pulled out, Vinyl gave a shudder and Octavia felt a stream of cum flow like a waterfall onto her own sopping sex.

Mister Orange wandered off as the two mares lay in each other's arms, relishing the feeling of being filled with so much hot stallion seed, and basking in the afterglow of their many orgasms.

Octavia looked over Vinyl to see Rusty, Grey, and Blue standing near the end of the bed, cocks erect and leaking precum.

"Hmm, you boys want another run?"

Rusty and Mister Grey nodded eagerly.

Mister Blue just shrugged. "Grey here really wants a round with you, and I know Rusty hasn't gotten enough of you yet, either, so I'll let them have their way with you. Maybe Miss White would be up for a blow job?"

Vinyl rolled off of Octavia, onto her back, and gave the stallion an apologetic smile and shake of her head. "Sorry, this has been nice and all, but I'm not really into that. I'll give you a hand job if you like, though."

Blue considered it for a quick second and nodded with a small smile. "Sure!"

Vinyl got to her knees and crawled just behind Octavia while Mister Blue climbed onto the bed, standing in the middle of it in front of the kneeling Vinyl.

While the DJ began stroking Blue's shaft and gently kneading his balls, Octavia looked to her two suitors. "For my last act of the night, I want one of you in my ass and the other in my pussy. Your choice."

Rusty looked to his companion. "I already came in her pussy, so if you don't mind I'll take her in the rear."

"Fine by me," Grey said.

Octavia got up from the bed while Rusty sat at the edge of it, motioning for Octavia to stand in front of him.

Rusty reached down to the floor, grabbed the lube, and spread some liberally on his cock. He spread the cellist's ass cheeks and rubbed some on her puckered hole, mixing it with a bit of cum that had leaked out from her first anal creampie.

Octavia kept her cheeks apart while Rusty grabbed the mare at her hips, guiding her down until his dick poked at her rear hole. He rubbed the head between her cheeks a couple times, then pulled her down onto him, applying steady pressure against her hole. He pushed through the resistance and with a 'pop' was inside her, stallion seed squirting out of her around the shaft violating her.

Octavia grimaced a bit and clenched her eyes shut at the pressure, then opened them wide once he was in. "Ah, fuck! Mmmm."

Once Rusty had given a few thrusts and got in past his medial ring, he stopped and waited for Grey to enter the cellist.

Grey noticed the two of them looking at him, and took action. He moved in between their spread legs, smeared some cum from Octavia onto the head of his cock, and pushed into the mare's well-used cunt.

"Ooooh, yeah; that's it. It's been a long time since I've had both holes filled. Come on, boys; fuck me!"

They needed little urging. Rusty grabbed the cellist by the back of her thighs, supporting most of her weight, and began to thrust upwards into her while Mister Grey did the same.

Octavia gave a deep moan as both stallions bottomed out inside her. "Ooooooh, fuck yes! This is the perfect way to end a night of fucking."

Vinyl scooted closer to her lover, pulling Blue along by his shaft and stopping next to Rusty's right shoulder.

Octavia wrapped an arm around Rusty's shoulder to steady herself and help support her weight. The stallions plunged into her, the cum from five other stallions covering and dripping down their cocks.

Rusty and Grey drove into the mare, lustful squelching noises accompanying every pump.

"Ugh, so... good!" Rusty grunted out.

Octavia ran her hand through the red stallion's mane. "Hah, hah, unf; keep it up, guys!"

"Ah, your ass is so tight, so warm and wet."

"Mmm, yeah; all that cum in her pussy feels- ung! -amazing! It won't be too long before I- mmm -add to it," Grey said.

"Don't pop too soon; I want you both to cum in me at the same time."

"Don't worry, Miss Grey;- ung -I'm getting close, too!" Rusty said.

"Good!" The cellist looked to her right to see her marefriend's vagina staring her right in the face. With a sultry smile, she gave it a long lick from bottom to top, capturing some of the seed leaking from Vinyl's slit.

The DJ's eyes widened in surprise from the unexpected attention. "Ah!" She brought a hand up to Octavia's head, running her fingers through the silky charcoal mane. She increased the pace of her stroking, causing Mister Blue to moan as precum leaked from his tip.

Octavia flicked Vinyl's nub with the tip of her tongue, then brought it between her lips, continuing to flick it as she sucked.

Bucking his hips to counter Vinyl's strokes, Blue grunted as he felt his peak rapidly approaching. He scrunched up his face, movements becoming erratic. "Mmm, yeah..." The stallion stopped moving and sighed as his penis spasmed, plastering the DJ's heaving chest with his seed.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes, YES!" Vinyl shuddered as she orgasmed, spraying Octavia's mouth and chin with her own cum.

The cellist caught as much of it as she could, the taste of her mare increasing her pleasure many times over. Releasing Vinyl's clit with a wet pop, Octavia threw her head back. "Oh, fuck; oh, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!!!"

The stallions ploughing into the gorgeous grey mare grunted, and gasped, and moaned, as they came closer, closer, closer...

Rusty brought Octavia down hard onto him. "Yesssss!" His cock flared and erupted, sending stream after powerful stream into Octavia's depths.

Mister Grey leaned into the cellist, grabbing her hips and burying himself inside her, releasing his pent up cum.

"FUUUUUUUUUUCK MEEEEEEEE!" Octavia screamed as she felt two cock heads flare inside her, many shots of thick, hot, ropy jizz from the throbbing stallionhoods filling her up as she fell off the edge into her own orgasm. Her pussy constricted and her ass clenched as she milked the stallions for all of their virile seed.

Octavia and her two stallions convulsed and sweated against each other as their climaxes ran their course and subsided.

Mister Grey slipped out of Octavia's wet, cum filled cunt, seed oozing out onto Rusty's balls.

The cellist rolled off of the red Pegasus, more spunk spilling out of her ass, her hole tight no longer after taking two large cocks.

As Octavia lay on her side, panting, Vinyl flopped down next to her, tired ruby eyes looking into spent amethyst.

The DJ moved a hand up to her lover's face, caressing her cheek. "How was that, love?" Octavia closed her eyes and let out an exhausted, though satisfied, sigh. "It was incredible. Best night ever, but only because you were here with me." She moved forward and captured Vinyl's lips in a short but tender kiss. "It just would have felt wrong without you. I love you, beat of my heart."

"I love you, too, melody of my soul. I'm glad I did this with you."

They pressed together again, arms around each other, lips locking, tongues twisting, and bodies rubbing against one another.



For the gathered stallions, worn out and drained, it was quite a sight with which to end the night. Two stunning mares, making out with each other, cum from many stallions leaking from their various holes and covering their heaving breasts. If they hadn't been so dead-tired, they'd have been standing at attention once more.

The mares broke the kiss to stare deeply into each other's eyes.

Rusty got off of the bed and cleared his throat. "Well, I think I can speak for everyone and say that this has been the single hottest, craziest, and most satisfying night of fucking we've ever had, and that's saying something. You two are something extraordinary, and obviously there is something truly special between you two. On behalf of my friends and I, I'd like to thank you for sharing yourselves and this night with us; we are truly honoured and I hope you both are as satisfied as we all are!"

The two mares looked around the room and nodded, content smiles gracing their faces.

"I think so," Vinyl replied.

"Most definitely!" Octavia said with enthusiasm. "It was our pleasure, and thank you, as well!" She turned her attention back to her marefriend. "Mmm, I want another round with just you before we shower and turn in. Shall we clean each other up?"

Vinyl grinned. "I'm game!" The white mare got up, turning around and lowering her vagina onto the cellist's mouth. Vinyl pushed, causing a long stream of cum to flow from her stretched hole.

Octavia opened her mouth, catching the river of seed that ran from her lover's pussy. Once the cascade dwindled to a trickle, Octavia swallowed what she had caught. She stuck out her tongue, giving the mare a long, broad lick, before covering Vinyl's mound with her mouth, penetrating the DJ with her tongue. The grey mare probed her depths, swirling her tongue around to gather as much stallion spunk as she could.

Vinyl released a deep moan, ever amazed at how good her cellist was with her tongue. Not wanting to leave her lover out, she bent down and began to lap at Octavia's gaping vagina. Vinyl licked up the thick jizz around the cellist's folds, drinking it down as she went. She curled her tongue into Octavia's widened tunnel, pulling the cum out from within her. Bringing her lips down to the opening of Octavia's passage, she sucked and slurped out as much as she could.

The stallions took their time cleaning up, getting dressed, and readying to leave so they could watch the lovers attend to each other. All of them were impressed at their stamina and the dedication they possessed for each other.

They moaned, they gasped, and they whimpered as each mare spared nothing in the pleasuring of their lover. Licking, slurping, sucking, and swallowing, the mares cleaned each other up as much as they could.

With contented sighs, they relaxed into each other. Octavia rubbed the base of Vinyl's tail and gently kissed all around the white mare's pussy. Vinyl massaged Octavia's cutie marks and licked the inside of her thigh.

Finally, the two acknowledged their growing exhaustion.

"Babe, we should go shower; if we wait any longer I'm not going to have the energy to and I really don't want to go to sleep like this," Vinyl said.

"Yeah, me either. But, you gotta get off of me, first." Octavia slapped her lover on a plush, round ass cheek.

"Eeep!" Vinyl squeaked and rolled off of her marefriend. Some of the stallions had left. The last few said quick farewells to the mares and made their exit, leaving Rusty alone with them.

"Well, ladies, that was amazing. I need to shower myself and head to bed." Rusty motioned toward the adjoining bathroom. "Feel free to use the shower in there; you'll find towels in the cupboard next to the shower. See you in the morning!"

As their host left, Octavia followed her DJ into the bathroom and closed the door on one of the most memorable nights either mare would ever have.