

# Tales To Fap Too

## Issue #2



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Cover By Note~



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# Behind The Scenes

November brings with the always sad, horrible weather. This particular November was no different. Raindrops crashed onto the small vehicle McCarthy found herself within. To her, it sounded like a series of fists being bashed into her car, but she knew no such thing was happening. Instead, she continued on through the neighbourhood, trying her best to spot the home which she sought.

Meghan never needed her eyes to find the place, as this was but one of many times she had been here. Keeping an eye out for pedestrians and possible animals was important, however, and she wanted not to bring suffering to anyone. The night would only bring joy and happiness, that much she knew. It lay not within her to harm any other living being, only to love and care for them.

With a smile she rolled up into the driveway of the ever so familiar house, staring at it in child-like wonder. There was nothing special about the facade; just one out of many in the city. What was kept within was the real source of wonder and joy, and Meghan could barely contain her own giddyness as she stepped out of the car and into the pouring rain.

Immediately she realized her terrible choice of clothing, as her plain, white shirt was instantly drenched. Clinging to her body, it revealed her adult, beautiful figure and accented her supple breasts. Bringing an umbrella would have been a smart idea, as it always was, but the rain came seemingly out of nowhere as she drove. Planning ahead was impossible at times.

Chuckling to herself, Meghan quickly stepped through the puddles and up the small flight of stairs leading directly to the front door. Normally she liked standing here for a while, taking in all of the emotions and memories coursing through her. With the continuous rain hitting every part of her body, however, she quickly pressed the button for the door bell.

From inside came the wonderful, familiar tunes, hushed by the door between her and the inside. Despite her many times here, she wasn't quite sure from whence the tune of the door bell originated. There was no doubt in her mind the tune was specifically taken from a song, but she could never put her finger on any specific one. Had she been given more time, perhaps she could have cracked the mystery of the door bell, but the door opened in front of her, and Meghan did not intend to stay outside any longer than necessary.

"Sorry!" Meghan blurted out as she darted inside instantly. Despite her short time in the rain, her teeth were chattering and her entire body shaking.

"I didn't give you permission to come inside," Lauren said as she watched Meghan. A confused, yet slightly condescending expression adorned her face, and she did not close the door behind her guest.



"W-What?" Meghan stared in disbelief at her friend, but Lauren's expression didn't change in the slightest. "It's p-pouring d-down o-out-"

"This is my house," Lauren stated matter-of-factly. "You can't just barge inside like that."

No longer able to keep her charade up, Lauren erupted into a cascade of giggling. Her laughter was not echoed by the frowning Meghan, but that didn't stop Lauren. Finally closing the door, she turned to face her friend and former colleague, still giggling away.

"Oh, stop being such a sourpuss," Lauren chuckled. "I would hug you, but..." She pointed a finger at the drenched clothes and shrugged.

"Oh, y-yeah?" Not at all amused by the joke, Meghan cast herself directly at Lauren with her arms spread wide. Agile and quick as she was, Meghan found her mark, namely Lauren, and locked her in a hug far tighter than needed.

Lauren gasped sharply as the wet cloth hit her exposed arms. The comfortable warmth quickly left her body as she, too, was slowly drenched in the rain from outside. Meghan kept her from squirming by pulling her tight and hugging with all of her strength. With Lauren firmly in her grip, she inched her face closer, until their noses were practically touching.

"Not hugging me just because I'm wet?" Meghan whispered with as sultry a tone as possible. "We both know that's a lie."

Before giving Lauren a chance to retort, Meghan moved in and grabbed a hold of her captive's lower lip with her teeth. She bit the flesh lightly; not enough to cause harm, but just enough to cause arousal. With part of the flesh inside her mouth, she slowly began caressing it with her tongue, moaning quietly as she did.

With each passing second of the sensual moment, the coldness left the two women's bodies, replaced by a primal warmth. Spreading from their stomachs and all the way into their fingertips, the two women both found themselves obstructed and downright annoyed by their clothing. Meghan wanted nothing more than to rip any and all fabric away and run to the couch with Lauren in her arms.

She knew better, however, and instead let go of the sweet, luscious lip, making sure to moan just one last time. Still perplexed by the sudden change of pace, Lauren was left flustered and panting as Meghan let her out of the firm grip.

"I've missed you," Meghan whispered, her voice a mix of genuine happiness and lust. "Now, then. Dinner, was it?"

Waiting not for permission, Meghan turned in place and walked towards the already made dinner table, putting just an added bit of sway into her step. As her clothes were still drenched, they clung to her buttocks and made for quite the display as she slowly walked away from the stunned Lauren.

"Uh, yeah, dinner," Lauren mumbled before following her friend to the table. Her eyes never once left the beautifully round, slightly wiggling ass in front of her, and when Meghan sat down at the table,

Lauren found herself slightly annoyed with the sudden loss of eye-candy.

Sitting down at the table, however, she quickly realized there was a far greater sight at the front of Meghan's body. Previously covered by Meghan's crossed arms, her breasts were now clearly visible through the white shirt. It became immediately clear to Lauren that her friend was in fact not wearing a bra, a fact that made a fire light up deep down in Lauren's body.

"Steak, yummy!" Meghan exclaimed as her eyes wandered around the table. "You always spoil me with your cooking."

Lauren barely registered the words coming out of Meghan's mouth, and replied simply with a half-hearted 'Mhm'. There were two very good, very round reasons for her absence of mind, and Lauren was lost in them.

"Hey." Meghan snapped her fingers and chuckled. "Eyes up here."

Despite her words, Lauren didn't remove her gaze from the perfectly shaped breasts covered only by wet fabric. Instead, a cocky smile grazed her lips as she replied.

"You put yourself on display, it's your own fault."

Rolling her eyes at the response, Meghan quickly began unbuttoning her shirt, causing Lauren to almost choke on her sip of wine. Within record time the shirt was unbuttoned, and Meghan quickly discarded it by flinging it over her shoulder. The coldness as

well, as their short-lived moment by the door, had left her nipples firmly erect and ready for further play.

"So, season four is going to air this month," Meghan said casually as she poured herself a glass of wine. "I thought you'd like to hear about it."

"Are you really going to do this?" Lauren replied, her voice thick with annoyance.

"Do what?" Meghan smiled as innocently as she possibly could. "I thought you liked being in the loop?"

"You're really going to sit there like that all dinner?"

"Yeah, pretty much." Meghan fought back both the giggles and urge to stick out her tongue in mockery.

"You could learn a thing or two about subtlety," Lauren groaned before finally digging into her steak.

"Says the one who opened the door wearing nothing but a strap-on," Meghan countered. Even thinking back to that hot summer day made her shiver with delight. Being subtle wasn't one of her strong sides, she acknowledged that much, but subtlety wasn't something she cared for in these situations anyway.

"Hey, I did that ONE time."

"I kinda wish you'd do it more often." Turning her attention to the glass of wine, Meghan was surprised to see it already empty.

Granted, it was a fantastic wine, but she normally took ages to finish even a single glass. Mentally shrugging, she grabbed the bottle, which was quickly reaching the same, empty state, and poured herself another glass.

Silence overtook the dinner table as the two women ate their steaks and took in far more wine than needed. To anyone on the outside, the silence might have seemed uncomfortable or awkward, but not to either of the participants. Both Lauren and Meghan were lost in their respective thoughts, both caught in a net of lewd images and memories.

One bottle turned to two, and it wasn't long before the two friends had trouble getting their forks in contact with the meat. Not only was inebriation affecting their motor skills, but a certain itch in both their bodies left the mere thought of wasting time on food an annoyance. Unable to bear the silence and the sight of Meghan's perfect rack, Lauren finally gave up.

"You wish I'd do that more, huh?" Frustration was apparent in her voice as she stood up and began walking towards Meghan. "You'd like to come here and see a fake dick between my legs waiting for you?"

The itch between her thighs drove her hand, and that hand found its place on Meghan's throat, gripping it tightly and focusing Meghan's eyes wide open.

"Is that what you want?" Lauren lowered herself until their eyes were level. With her hand still on Meghan's throat, Lauren pushed forward until their lips met with passionate force. Her second,

unoccupied hand quickly found Meghan's exposed breasts and began massaging them with the delicacy only a woman could possess.

Despite her source of oxygen being cut off, Meghan moaned loudly as Lauren's tongue forced itself into her mouth. The pure passion and lust of Lauren quickly lit up the fire between Meghan's legs, and within seconds she found herself wanting nothing more than to lie down on her back in a bed somewhere, possibly even on the floor.

Lauren's hand went from Meghan's exposed breasts and further down her body. Although Meghan's breasts were those of a goddess, there was something far greater on Lauren's mind. Her soft, smooth hands slid down the belly until it found the rim of fabric around Meghan's hips. Caring not for subtlety or speed, Lauren wiggled her hand into the pants and instantly found her price.

Meghan nearly choked on her own moan as two fingers immediately slid into her and began pumping away. The tongue in her mouth was overpowering her own, holding it down and smothering it with pure pleasure. All of this, along with the lack of oxygen, quickly sent Meghan into a series of lustful moans, muffled by the hand around her throat.

Wanting not to hurt her friend, only show her who was in charge, Lauren let go of Meghan's throat and instead clamped down her fingers on both of Meghan's cheeks. Her fingers slid easily into the smooth folds down below, and it was clear the rain wasn't the only source of Meghan's drenched clothes.

Reluctantly, Lauren broke the kiss and opened her eyes. Meghan's were still closed, as she was lost in her own little world of

pleasure. Her cute little moans came with every thrust of Lauren's fingers, and Lauren almost felt bad for removing her hand as well. Almost.

"Get your ass inside," Lauren commanded, unable to conceal the pure, unadulterated lust in her voice.

Even with just a few seconds to recuperate, Meghan got up immediately and rushed through the living room. Despite receiving no specific instructions, she knew exactly what door to enter, and she did so almost desperately.

Lauren followed soon after, the aching of her own loins too great a force to ignore. Rushing into her own bedroom, she found Meghan lying on the bed, having already stripped herself of the remainder of clothes. Staring upon her beautiful body was a reward in itself, but staring wasn't what she had in mind.

"Get the fuck down," Lauren commanded with a finger pointed to the floor.

"But I thought-"

"Get down, right now."

With a confused, but also excited look on her face, Meghan quickly got out of the bed and down on all fours. Putting as much sway into her entire body as possible in her drunken state, she crawled towards Lauren with a lusty smile on her face. Only when she reached the spot to which Lauren was pointing did she stop, cautiously awaiting further instruction.

Turning around, Lauren opened the wardrobe behind her and promptly shuffled through a few boxes behind all the clothes. As quickly as ever, she turned around, holding three items in her hands. A wig and tail in one, and a strap-on in the other. However, the strap-on was not the one Meghan had come to know. This particular one was quite a bit bigger, and it was molded not after a human, but a stallion.

"Put this on," Lauren commanded as she tossed the tail and wig onto the floor. Meghan immediately put on the wig, but the tail was far more tricky than she expected. Attached to the end of the purple tail, which Meghan recognized as Rarity's, was a buttplug.

Biting her lip, Meghan turned around in order to give Lauren a full display of attaching the tail. Even with her experience of using the second hole, it took her added effort to slide in the plug. It did, however, get in, causing Meghan to moan loudly on the floor, panting slightly after the experience.

Looking up at Lauren, she was surprised to see the strap-on already attached and ready to go. From her point of view, it looked far more intimidating than the regular toy, and she suppressed a gulp as Lauren got down on her knees.

"So, Rarity," Lauren began, gently stroking Meghan's back as she spoke. "Have you been a good girl?"

Putting on the best impression she could, Meghan replied, slightly stammering as she did. "N-No. I've been a terrible mare."



"Is that so?" Lauren moved forward and adjusted both her hips and the massive toy. The moment the flared head came in contact with Meghan's lips, the woman turned mare gasped sharply.

"Y-Yes! A h-horrible mare!"

Grabbing a hold of the purple tail in front of her, Lauren began slowly thrusting forward, spreading apart Meghan's lips little by little.

"Tell me how horrible you've been." Already Lauren felt the strength and power welling up inside her, and the submissive voice of her friend only increased her need to thrust forward.

"I, I d-didn't even h-have my own episode in sea-season four!"

Meghan cried out from the overwhelming pleasure as Lauren suddenly and viciously thrust forward, sending the entire shaft of the horse dildo deep into Meghan's tight hole. As if fully lubricated it spread her walls apart, filling up Meghan to the brim.

"You always were a slut, Rarity," Lauren taunted. "I bet you let clients pay you like this."

"O-Oh, God..."

As Meghan slipped out of her impression for a second, Lauren brought her free hand down on the exposed buttocks in front of her with great force. Lauren was already more aroused than she had ever been, but the squeal leaving Meghan somehow managed to fuel the arousal even further.

"Stay in character, you dirty whore!" Lauren slapped Meghan's ass once again, leaving behind a red mark.

"Y-Yes! I, I take st-stallions out back and... Oooh! Let them u-use me!" Meghan whimpered. Having such a massive cock inside her was unlike anything she had ever felt, and she desperately wanted it to move.

"Are you going to let me use you, cunt?" Lauren's voice was calm and collected, but inside of her, the need for utter control and domination was reaching their maximum.

"Yes! Do whatever you like! I'm y-your cum-dumpster!"

Meghan knew Lauren liked that term, and just as always, it proved more than enough to persuade Lauren into thrusting. Unlike the other times, however, Lauren was far more vigorous and ferocious. She immediately put all of her strength into each thrust, slamming her hips into Meghan's and continually plowing deep into the aching pussy in front of her.

"Sing the theme song, you whore!" Lauren commanded harshly as she ravaged Meghan to the best of her ability.

"I, I c-can't! Oh, GOD!" Meghan wasn't even remotely trying to keep up her impression. She was too lost in the pleasurable world of horse dildo, a world she wished to have learned of far sooner. Each thrust brought with it such perfect shape and form, filling her in a way no man ever could.

"Do it!" Lauren yelled as she once again slapped Meghan's ass. She kept at it, however, alternating between thrusts and slaps. It wasn't long before Meghan's right cheek was completely red.

"M-My Little P-Pony! My Little Pony! Aaah, aaah, AAAAAH!"

Seeing her successor on the floor, an enormous horse dildo continually plunging into her greedy hole, singing that song, all of it brought out the primal fury within Lauren. Unable to contain her anger, she put every single one of her muscles to work, thrusting harder than she ever had before.

The extra, smaller end of the strap-on lodged inside Lauren's own aching cunt wasn't enough to get her off, but the sight before her was. As if entering her body directly, it caused her to shiver with absolute delight, but she needed more.

"I bet you fucked your way to the top, didn't you?!" Meghan was still singing away, but Lauren didn't care. "Sucked every dick in sight to get your reputation!"

"I did! I s-sucked them AAALLL! F-Fuck... Fuck me!"

"You like big fat horsecocks, don't you?!" All of Lauren's muscles were aching with exhaustion, but she needed to go on. The familiar feeling of ultimate enjoyment was approaching, and it was approaching quickly.

Instead of replying with words, Meghan screamed in pure ecstasy, deafening all other sounds in the room. Despite not actually being inside of her, Lauren could feel her ravaged walls clamping

down on the strap-on, but that didn't stop her. Instead of stopping to let her friend rest, she picked up the pace and thrust faster than before, intent on giving Meghan the ride of her life.

Meghan's entire body shook violently as her orgasm drenched the strap-on in her fluids. Whether she was trying or not, Lauren didn't know, but Meghan's high-pitched moan of joy sounded just like Rarity. The depravity and shame covered in the moan was more than enough incentive to keep going, and Lauren gave it everything she had.

"Filthy whore! Take my dick like the champ you are! Nobody likes you!"

Meghan was in no position to respond. Even if she could form the words inside her mind, speaking them was an impossible task. As a result of her lack of response, the punishment came swift and hard in the form of continued spanking.

"Nobody needs you, selfish bitch! Not even Spike!"

All that left Meghan's throat were a mix of gurgling and moaning. Having finally put her successor in her place, Lauren went all out as she felt sweet release edging closer within her body.

"Fuck you! Sick freak! You probably take advantage of Sweetie, too! Filthy scum!"

In one instant it all came crashing down. Lauren buried the strap-on deep within Meghan, which pushed the smaller phallus inside herself as deep as possible. While Meghan gurgled and moaned

incomprehensibly, Lauren roared in fury and pleasure. Torrents of her womanhood poured onto the leather around her slit, and her entire body gave out from the complete joy.

As her roar increased in volume, she collapsed onto the back of Meghan, shaking and shivering violently. The smell of Meghan's sweaty, lust-filled body only drove Lauren's own orgasm to new heights. Her insides were on fire, burning hot from the extreme workout she had given herself.

Each passing second caused the roar inside her body to diminish, leaving only tingling and a pleasurable aching of both body and soul. Below her, Meghan was murmuring and mumbling, her voice still locked in the impression. Meghan's eyelids were half closed, and her body was slowly giving out as sleep overtook it.

"T-That's right, cunt..." Lauren whispered into her ear. "Nobody I-likes you..."

All Lauren could pick up from the mumbling mess of noises was a quiet 'sorry'.

"I hope y-you choke on my dick..."

Meghan's legs finally gave up, and the two women tumbled onto the floor, landing in a spooning position with Meghan as the small spoon. A few inches of the strap-on slid out in the process, but the majority of the shaft, as well as the head, was firmly lodged within Meghan as she shivered from exhaustion.

"When I wake up..." Lauren whispered as she closed her eyes.  
"You better be ready for round two... I hope your *Gilda* impression is better..."

# For The Sake of A Lady

➤It is evening and with it you are traveling back from one of Ponyville's better bars with Rainbow Dash, to your home

➤It's been a good week so far, your new job with assisting Twilight with the more technical aspects of her research proving stimulating if still challenging at times

➤You're on the outskirts of the town and one of its lakes is visible from here

➤"Hey, Dash, wanna join me in kicking back by the lake?"

➤She throws her eyes up at the prospect but keeps the grin

➤"Sure, dude, I'd just love to sit doing nothing while getting in touch with my feelings."

➤You swat at her, a move which she avoids with practiced grace

➤But looking at that grin it's impossible to be angry with her

➤"Hey are we still on for this Saturday?"

➤Did she sound nervous? It's not like The Dash to sound nervous like that

➤"You know we are. Usual place?"

➤"Yeah! Just don't bring a date, dude, I don't think it's Junebug's kind of thing."

➤Ah, that again. She's been needling you incessantly about the mare

➤Ever since you told her that, after three years here, you'd made your peace with the fact that it was ponies or nothing - not to

mention the party Pinkie threw, replete with a song and dance number - she'd taken every opportunity to bring up the flower salesmare. And all because she was the first to approach you at the party and ask if you wanted to go out some time

‣An offer you turned down

‣"C'mon, Dash, I told you before she's not my type."

‣Bad move. Those choice words send the mare into raucous laughter, leaning back in her flight while clutching her sides

‣"D-Dude, you've been out for, like, five days and you already know your type?"

‣"I know what isn't my type."

‣You turn and start off for the lake, eager to leave to get down to making the most of the sunshine that remains

‣"Hey, Anon, you know I'm just joshin' ya. Look, I gotta get up early tomorrow for the weather patrol, catch you tomorrow night?"

‣"As always."

‣At that she's off, flapping up and westwards to her cloud home

‣You watch her fly off for a few moments before before you make for the lakeside

‣There's a tree, just near the shore, that you sometimes like to sit against and admire the sun going down, on evenings like this

‣Being in Equestria for these past few years has taught you to enjoy these sights and to appreciate the quietness they bring

‣You arrive at the tree and sink down onto your behind, pressing your back lazily against it

‣It's a good time to reflect

‣Life, for you, in Equestria hasn't been as easy as one might think - considering it -is- a magical land of talking ponies



›In fact, one could easily say it's been trying, what with all the unwanted sexual advances and outright rape attempts

›Finding a friend in Rainbow Dash had certainly helped with the latter though not really the former

›And your recent announcement - despite your strenuous requests for it not to be -made- an announcement - had certainly not helped matters

›But all the same, you had found a new sense of peace at coming to terms with yourself. Perhaps this would signal a turn in your luck

›Luck... that hadn't been too good starting out. Work for you was mostly manual labour, the kinds of things ponies would need unicorns for and they were in short supply in that sector

›Thankfully mathematics is universal and you eventually found a means to put your more technical skills to use for Twilight Sparkle. Initially she had compensated you herself but you began to take on so much work that Princess Celestia started paying you your own stipend

›And now you'd settled into that, with regular trips out with your bro. Life wasn't that bad really but then it could always be better

›Muffled hoofsteps sound off to your side and you're left wondering at that

›Surely it wouldn't be Rainbow - she might put up with it from time to time but she'd made her disinterest clear this evening - and you know you've never broadcast the fact that you like to spend time alone out here

›"I might have known a gentlecolt like you would be able to take such pleasure in life's simpler things."

›Seems your ruminations on this hopeful new peace were for naught

‣You know that affected Manehattanite accent all too well. Oh yes, you'd had many opportunities to become intimately familiar with its range of tones

‣It belonged, of course, to one of your 'suitors' though thankfully she was not of the variety that would tie you to bedposts before attempting to act the pogo-stick on you

‣No, Rarity was a hopeless romantic at heart and had time and again roped you into little romantic excursions designed to draw out your apparently repressed feelings for her

‣It had been more irritating than anything else but the fact it had been going on for so long had just worn you down

‣Which is why, right now, you just can't deal with it. This had been one of your better days and this would have been a nice way to round it off

‣"Rarity, look, I'm really not in the mood for this. If you don't mind I'd just like to be by myself."

‣The hoofsteps stop suddenly, a ways off from you

‣There's the sound of one being lifted and then put down, then a second and another and so on

‣She was not the only one to have such a nervous affectation and though you don't care to think upon what has her in such a state

‣"Yes, I... I know. You see, that's why I'm here, Anon. I wanted... I wanted to apologise to you. For everything but mostly just for how selfish I've been."

‣Hello, this is new

‣Rarity would always act ignorant of or simply outright ignore your more direct attempts to convey your disinterest

‣And yes, while those occasions were not the worst things to be inflicted upon you they nonetheless ate into your time and generally pissed you off

‣With a world weary sigh you motion towards yourself

‣"Alright, let's have it."

‣With all her gentile grace she trots up to you and sits herself down next your side

‣You look up to see she isn't looking at you but out towards the lake. Thinking better of staring at her you turn to face it, yourself

‣"I've... come to understand you shan't ever return my... well, my feelings towards you."

‣You hear a gentle little laugh, with just the hint of strain behind it

‣"I suppose I had known all along; really, I kept the tiny embers of hope alive going within myself, always ready to assure myself that this time, Rarity, your winning smile and charm will get through!"

‣You turn to her and see that, while she's smiling it's a tiny thing and wavering

‣Her gaze is still turned towards the lake but it appears distant. Perhaps there's something out there that's caught her interest

‣The sun's reflection on it really is beautiful. You turn once more and see the oranges and yellows cast onto her pristine coat. It's quite a nice sight

‣"And... oh well, you know, it's alright. Really, it is! I understand after all I've done you would never wish for us to be together. It's just-"

‣Her voice hitches suddenly on those words and you turn to her once more

‣Now that tiny smile is gone, though her bottom lip still trembles and there you can see the sunlight glistening in moisture at the corners of her eyes

>"I just truly wanted to believe that someOne like you could see in me what I have always seen in you. That... that some day you might feel I was deserving of... of your... affections..."

>Now it's her turn to face you and when she does you can see that this isn't one of her acts

>Her features look drawn and haggard and her eyes are red and puffy. You'd never known her to allow herself to fall into such a state, despite whatever may happen

>She would have her melodramatic fits, oh yes but this was not one of them. Even you could tell that

>You know it's wrong, you'd drilled it into yourself but you still feel your heart go out to the mare

>And in doing so, you reach out yourself and draw her into a gentle embrace

>It takes but a moment before you feel her own forelegs wrap tightly around you

>"Rarity, do you really mean all that?"

>"Yes! Yes, every word of it!"

>Her voice is still wavering but she's put a little strength into it, enough to say those words before she needs to sniffle

>She did indeed sound sincere in her remorse and... could you?

>After all, she had never been violent with you, had never done more than really irritate you. She had grace and style, beauty (as much as you were willing to admit of a pony) and a wit all her own

>Could perhaps this be what you had begun searching for?

>Would it truly be so awful if you just gave her the chance? At the very least if things didn't work out she'd see for herself...

>"Okay then. I'm going to make you a promise, alright?"

>You extricate yourself from her grip and Rarity, too, reluctantly lets go. She wipes a foreleg over her eyes as she sets herself back down

>"W-What kind of promise?"

>You're still not entirely sure of this. You know how much trouble it could still bring down upon you and how, unless the planets align and Celestia and Luna themselves command you, you may still not be able to give her what she wants but...

>"I'm going to promise you that if you truly mean what you've said and are willing to halt your advances, I'm willing to give you a chance."

>"A... A chance?"

>Ah, that quaver is gone and already you can see a hint of a smile begin to blossom on her lips

>Though you can't explain why, it feeds your growing desire to say these words

>"Yes. A chance. A chance to... get through to me. I won't deny that I'm still getting used to the idea of... being in a relationship with a pony but throughout all we've been through you've always found the time to genuinely be nice to me."

>And there goes that smile, growing inch by inch. You'd never thought it might feel so good to make Rarity smile like that

>"You know, I think that deep down, you're not like the others, that a part of you wants to be with me for who I am, not what. And so I want to give you the chance to prove to me that side of yourself exists."

>Rarity looks down suddenly, hearing that but not so fast that you don't see the drops of moisture at her eyes once more

›You allow her to sit there like that, for a moment more before you take her in your arms again

›"Thank you!"

›Her voice is quavering again but when she pulls back to look at you, there's a smile on her face. Not like the others - this one you can feel the warmth of

›"I know I don't deserve this... and I promise you won't regret what you've said! I'm just... glad that there are still things I can learn about generosity.

›Content, that's what you feel. It's something you haven't felt that often while living here but it's always good

›Yes, it really had been surprising how good it felt to do that for Rarity and so you could only recline on your couch, now at home, and think back on it

›She had departed soon after, though not for want of staying on, though she assured you it was only so she could work on some new outfits she could be seen wearing with you

›That contentment gives way to a sort of giddiness at that thought. You were finally going to be seen to be involved with another pony

›You have no doubt that Rarity might prove trying at times but then we all have our faults, yes? For all those, there was a charm about her that was undeniable

›Ah but tomorrow was Friday and you'd promised to meet Dash that night. Should you bring it up then? At all? How would she react?

›Yes, that giddiness is quickly waning, now turning to anxiety

›Dash had... excused you from Rarity's presence more than once, would she be willing to accept this sudden change in events?

›And then what about those jokes about Junebug?

›You don't know if Dash knows her well or not but isn't it possible she may be suggesting something? Could she be, not so subtly, trying to set you up?

›Whatever it is, they're both grown mares and can deal with these issues themselves. You have your own life to look out for

›But that doesn't do much to settle your mind

›You flip through a magazine and smile at some of the familiar outfits designed by Rarity. She'd been so proud to seem them featured in La Femme

›Rarity... Again your mind travels that route, from Rarity to Dash to Junebug back to Dash...

›There's only one way you're going to be able to take your mind off this

›You get up and walk to the kitchen, hoping that you've still got something strong in the cupboards

›No, you rifle through them before recalling you'd polished off the last of the brandy when Pinkie had thrown that impromptu house party

›Okay, it would be best not to bring it up on Saturday, and possibly ruin the whole day then. Tomorrow would be okay, she could sleep on it

›With a heavy sigh you turn and proceed up to bed. Any sleep you might have been able to get with that contentment was gone now; you knew you'd be awake for some time worrying about this

›Dash is easily the closest pony to you, had been a stalwart friend since almost the day she met you. The last thing you wanted was to lose that

›With such thoughts running through your mind you settle into your bed and try - however futile it may be - to get some sleep

>As it happened sleep wasn't that hard to come by. Your thoughts had quietened quick enough and you were on to peaceful rest

>Morning was the standard fare of washing, dressing eating though thankfully without any pesky earth or pegasus ponies trying to knock your door down and have you knock them up

>Then it was on to assist Twilight again. Though, for obvious reasons, you were restricted to her more scientific and not magical studies. At least it gave you the chance to share intellectual pursuits with someone who had a passion for them

>You were a little surprised when she stopped by just before your break, tapping you on your shoulder and turning around to see a smug grin on her face

>"A little dragon told me you're dating somepony close to his heart."

>She gives one of her cute little giggles, the kind that reminds you she's more than just a brain on legs

>"Well he didn't so much tell me as he ranted most of last night about it. Honestly, it was bad enough when Rarity was chasing after you, now he's lost it!"

>She continues laughing for a moment before calming down and looking at you more seriously

>"Is it true? I really would have thought given how much trouble she was she'd be the last pony you'd want to get involved with."

>You turn back to the notes you'd been working on, mulling her words for a moment

>"I suppose you could say that. She came to me yesterday to apologise for... all that. Was pretty upset about it, too so I thought, you know, why not at least just give her the chance."

>Twilight had been nodding through your words, a smile growing throughout



>"I guess I don't need to warn you to be careful, then. I know she's been..."

>"Distracted?"

>"That's one way of putting it. So, distracted, since you arrived but she really is a good pony at heart. And if she really does love you and you... -if- you develop feelings for her I hope you'll be happy together."

>It warms your heart to hear her say that. You might have expected a severe warning or even a 'don't say I didn't warn you' but this is refreshing, to say the least

>"Thanks, Twi. You know, as funny as it sounds I do hope it'll work out for us. She's... nice."

>No, not 'nice' as in 'okay' or 'passable', you mean genuinely, down to earth, honest to goodness nice

>Thankfully, Twilight appears to pick up on your meaning

>"So when's the first date?"

>First date?

>Ah yes, you hadn't even given any thought to when or where you were even going to take her out. Then again, your route home does take you past her boutique, it'd be just as easy as calling in on your way...

>"I was thinking maybe this Saturday, as long as she doesn't have anything planned already."

>"Just be sure to let me know if you survive it!"

>She trots off sniggering to yourself but isn't a little good cheer in order? It would be nice if, in time, you could look back and crack jokes on that hectic period

>With such warm thoughts in mind you go back to your work

‣You finish at the usual time, having made good progress on the problem of creating more efficient gear processes for various engines

‣Twilight stays on, continuing her research as you've come to expect but she doesn't mind you working more regular hours

‣Exiting the library you plan out the route in your mind already having a certain boutique marked down for special consideration

‣Walking up to the Carousel Boutique is always strange. While there are colourful buildings aplenty in Ponyville, few are quite so... imaginative as this little shop. Not that you don't like it, of course

‣You don't knock, you don't need to, Rarity would still be open at this time. So you just stride on through, a soft bell tinkling overhead as the door opens

‣"Welcome to the Carousel Boutique! Where everything is chic, unique and- darling! So good to see you!"

‣Her face positively lights up upon setting eyes on you. The measuring tape she'd been carrying over her neck is levitated off to a table and she lowers her glasses slightly, peering over them at you

‣"Oh do please tell me you're not here on business. I've received a horridly large order from Trottingham and have been swamped all day!"

‣Where before that little whine might have been like a knife through your ears you suppress a laugh at it. Had you really been so taken up with avoiding her advances that you never noticed how all the world was her stage?

‣"You'll be glad to hear it's not. Actually it's the opposite. I wanted to ask... how do I put this delicately..."

‣She advances upon you, now taking the glasses off and setting them down beside the tape. Stopping next you she sits

➤"Please, darling, I may look the simpering maiden but I assure you I'm made of sterner stuff."

➤And there's the feistiness... or is that more of her acting?

➤"Alright. Well. Okay. Would you... no, are you... doing anything this Saturday?"

➤She casts her gaze skyward for a moment, humming tunelessly

➤"This Saturday? I suppose I shall try to get through as many of these orders as I can. Why do you-"

➤And then, moving her eyes back down, she sees your smile. Oh yes, she has to realise what it is now

➤"You... You don't mean-"

➤Your smile widens as you nod. Why does this feel so good?

➤"Oh darling, I should simply love to!"

➤She jumps up and runs off into the backroom, with you following slower behind, curious to see what she's up to

➤"I'll have to find just the perfect outfit to wear! No, green is definitely -not- my colour. Ugh, red and white? Was -was- I thinking... Hmm, maybe if I re-cut the hem of this a little higher... oh, forget it, I'll just have to make something new!

➤She wheels about suddenly, facing you with an all too large grin

➤"Don't worry, Anon, I'll be sure to sport something suitably fabulous when you take me out on the town! Oh! Maybe a little blue to accent my eyes... gold trim to go with my mane..."

➤"I'll leave you to get started, then."

➤"Hmm? Oh yes, yes."

➤Yes, she's into the 'zone' as she likes to call it. No doubt she picked that little nugget up from Dash. Ah, Dash, you still have to meet her for drinks

➤You make your departure, closing the door gently behind you and-

>Was that a peal of excited laughter? Nah, you'll just have to let her have her fun

>"Hey, dude, where've you been? I almost got started without you!"

>Judging by the half empty glass of beer next her hoof it looks like she already did

>"Sorry, had to... take care of some business."

>"Oooh, what's this? Business? Of the, uh, romantic kind?"

>It'd be wonderful if your cheeks could cool down. Honestly, you're not some schoolkid to be getting worked up over a crush

>"Hahaha! You look like one of Fluttershy's beets! Aw, dude, Anon, you've got to tell me who it is!"

>Crap. Looks like you're just going to have to deal with this now and hope it doesn't go out of control. And by it you really mean Dash

>"Alright, I'll tell you but you've really gotta stay calm about this."

>Dash hops off the barstool and trots up to you

>"Oh now this I've gotta hear! What, is it Pinkie Pie?"

>More laughter. She really isn't making this easy

>"No, it's not."

>"Oh! Oh! Is-Is it Twilight?!"

>She's on the floor now, clutching her sides. Fine, if that's the way she wants to play then you won't pull any punches either

>"It's Rarity."

>She stops instantly looking at you. You think she might be about to resume her laughter when she sees how serious you are

>"Dude... c'mon, don't joke about that."

>"It's not a joke, Dash."

>A couple of emotions flash on her face - anger, disgust, confusion, some amusement but mostly anger. Oh boy does she look pissed

>"So... so that's it? After all you've put up with you're just going to turn around and give her what she wants?"

>Standing as tall as she can on her legs, wings flared out - it's the classic pegasi aggressive stance

>"All we went through, all of that was for nothing?!"

>"Dash! She apologised, she's changed."

>In response, your friend just stomps her forehooves, snorting. She glares at you for a moment longer before deflating

>"Fine. It's not like there's any other pony in Equestria that might actually care about you."

>Patrons from around the bar who had been gawking are now going back to their drinks and hushed talk. Still, you had hoped this might have gone off without Dash getting quite so upset

>"Look, can we just enjoy a few drinks? I want to get done early, gotta prepare for tomorrow."

>Dash ruffles out her feathers and settles her wings by her sides. She continues to stare at you for a moment more before snorting and walking back to her barstool

>"Yeah, well... don't think I'll go easy on you. I remember that tackle you gave in the last match."

>Seems she's as eager to forget about that little outburst as you are. But this is one slight you can't allow pass against your good name

>"That tackle was legal and you know it! I have to find some way to make up for the lack of wings."

>"Pfft, whatever dude."

>You order a beer and sit down next to her

>The next hour passes in increasingly comradely cheer, the previous unpleasantness thankfully put aside. You still wonder if you're going to really have to deal with the reality of this later but make a best effort to enjoy tonight

>"Okay, so we're starting off with lunch at Top Cream, scope out the ponies at the fountain later, get a few games of hoofball in and finish off with drinks, right?"

>"Right."

>Wrong. You have a date with Rarity, so there won't -be- time for those drinks. But you're loathe to bring that back up

>"Oh, actually... I'm gonna have to pass on the drinks."

>"Oh what, you're goin' soft on me?"

>She sniggers into her glass before taking a drink from it

>"No, it's just... I forgot I've got plans."

>Dash puts the glass down just a little too hard for your tastes

>"Plans? What kind of 'plans'?"

>"I'm just going to... help Twilight on some extra research that's taking up her time."

>Goddamn are you a terrible liar. Dash might know you enjoy working for Twilight but even you value your weekends too much to actually take on more than you need

>"Look man, either come clean with me or just don't bother at all. I don't want to deal with this."

>Alright. This is going to have to come out eventually. Just... lay your cards out

>"Fine then. I've got a date with Rarity tomorrow night."

>Dash just looks at you, eyes utterly unwavering before she finally turns back to her glass, takes a long, long draught and slams it down so hard you're surprised there aren't cracks running through it

>"Okay. I'll meet you at your house tomorrow morning, we've got to have a talk."

>"Look, Dash, it it's going to be about-"

>"It's not about Rarity, okay? It's about us."

>Okay, this is a little odd. Is she really going to end this friendship just because you happen to want to give Rarity a chance?

>She doesn't give you time to ask before she storms off out the door, leaving you confused and far too sober to deal with this

>Unfourtunatly your sleep that night was not as restful as the one before. In fact you'd been waking up periodically, only for your mind to immediately turn to thoughts of Dash. Which wouldn't be so bad only this is something you'd long, long ago put to bed. You can't let it creep back in, not now, not with the way things are

>So you're sitting over a bowl of oatmeal wondering why in the hell you'd make something so bland when you realise, in a moment of stunning clarity, you're far too tired to do anything more than make it and just stare at it

>Which you would continue to do if there wasn't a knock at the door. A knock you'd spent the night waiting for

>You open it to the sight you'd been dreading. The spunky blue pegasus looking up at you with eyes just as tired as your own. Well, no sense in trying to delay -this-, you just invite her on in

>You sit her down on the couch and sit in a chair opposite. For some time you just look at each other, unsure of who should start or even what to say

>"Okay, we need to get some things out in the open. Before you do this, I gotta tell you-"

>"I know."

>Both of you are shocked at that. You at having actually come out and said it, Dash that maybe you really do know what the hell is going on. But, in the immortal words of Magnus Magnusson, 'I've started so I'll finish'

>"Dash, I know, okay? I know all about your blushing, your wings; all about those little glances you've stolen when you thought I didn't notice. Oh yeah, I did. I knew all along."

>Her mouth works soundlessly, opening and shutting before she starts to stutter. Her voice grows hoarse and you see moisture pool at her eyes

>"You... you idiot! Why did you do that to me! Why didn't you say something! Anything! Why did you just... just let me suffer!"

>"It's not that simple, I wasn't ready. I couldn't just admit to myself-"

>"Oh yeah, sure but now that you can you're not even going to give me a second thought?"

>"Do you think this is easy for -me-? I've had this shit all stored away and then boom! You've gotta bring it up."

>Dash stands suddenly and throws her forehooves onto the coffee table

>"So it's my fault?!"

>"No!"

>"Then what?!"

>"I don't know!"

>And that's when Dash just loses it. You'd seen her cry before but it's never an easy thing to have to watch. She's always been the strong one, always there to back you up. It's almost surreal to see someone you've come to think of like that having such weakness

>"So... so that... that's it? I-I-I j-just have to... get over it?"



➤That sensation of knowing you shouldn't do this but wanting to do it anyway comes over you again. You'd given your word to Rarity, you can't go back on it. You can, at least, offer Rainbow some comfort

➤Which you do, as you round the table and take her in your arms. You don't offer any words, you just hold her close and stroke her mane as her sobs slowly start to die and she dries her eyes on your shirt

➤"I can't tell you what to do, Dash."

➤She looks up to you, to the floor, to the ceiling, to everything in the room except you. She looks back

➤"So... does that mean? Would you... ? If I... ?"

➤You don't say anything, just look into her eyes

➤"If I... wanted you to... to say yes to me. Would you?"

➤"I told you, Rarity-"

➤"Forget about Rarity. She's crazy. I don't care what she told you, she can't control herself. Please, Anon, you've got to believe me. Y-You can trust me, you always have."

➤She's got you there. The one pony who's always had your back, who was your first love before you were even willing to accept anything like that, is right there in your arms telling you she's felt the same way. You really do want to give Rarity that chance but...

➤Would it be so wrong to just... keep your options open?

➤In a heartbeat you know your answer. You gave your word and while you're no Applejack but you also know a man is only as good as his word. Rarity is not the type of girl who would appreciate you sneaking about behind her back.

➤Besides, you have a great friendship with Dash. While one holding feelings for another can lead to problems, acting on them

always does. At least if with this now out in the open you can start to build a real friendship with her

>"Dash-"

>She pulls back from you, wincing. Yes, everyone knows what that tone means

>"You mean a lot to me, I don't think that needs to be said. But Rarity... she needs someone in her life to help straighten her out."

>"So... you're just doing it out of pity?"

>Ouch. Why is it always the ones closest to us that know how to twist the knife in deepest

>"No. Rarity's a looker, I think I can say that now. And she's smart, she's strong in her own way and yeah, I admit I like having access to all the lace and leather you can shake a stick at."

>Dash laughs just a little at that but it doesn't do much to bolster your spirits. If this is to be salvaged it's going to take time

>"Dash, I'll always love you, okay? You'll always be special to me."

>"Oh Celestia, dude, just can the mushy stuff!"

>And there she is, your Dash, right back the way you need her. Or at least, getting there

>"Sure. Listen, I don't think either of us is up to a day out so why don't I walk you back to your home and we can both get some rest."

>"Okay, man. And... sorry..."

>"None of that. Let's just put this behind us, okay?"

>"Okay."

>Walking Dash to her home had been... difficult. Setting aside the difficulty in actually reaching it, she had been questioning you the entire way there. What was it really about Rarity? Did you just secretly have a thing for rapists? Would you go for Applejack? Fluttershy? Roseluck? What if she was to rape you, would you turn down Rarity and go for her?

➤That last one had been more than a little disturbing but Dash assured you it was just a bad joke, she understood why you liked Rarity. Which was good, because you needed that boost to your confidence if you were going to go through with this

➤She still looked down, flying up to her home but that was to be expected, wasn't it? Right, in a few days she'd bounce right back

➤Speaking of bouncing, you'd best bounce right on back to your home and get ready for tonight

➤Got to get your best clothes ironed out, pick out a suitable cologne, clean every square inch of your body (with the strongest disinfectant you could find, if necessary) and come to terms with the fact that you were going out. With a pony. A pretty attractive pony, as ponies go

➤This is it. This is the night. You're walking through the streets of Ponyville turning heads. Well, more than you usually do. But tonight you have eyes for only one pony. Nope, not Dash, that's all been laid to rest

➤Three knocks at the door of Carousel Boutique and a disturbing series of crashes later you're staring at... Rarity?

➤Rarity wearing a black halter top, earrings to match her cutie mark, while her mane... is styled up into quite the attractive do

➤She blushes slightly, turning her head away from your gaze

➤"How do I look?"

➤There really is only one word for this

➤"Fabulous."

➤She looks back, smiling wider than you'd ever seen

➤"Well! Shall we then?"

➤You shall

➤"This is the place?"

›Rarity turns her nose up slightly, glancing at you with an extremely forced grin

›"It's no Sommeil de Soleil but we're not in Canterlot... yet."

›She turns suddenly, eyes wide and mouth agape

›"Sommeil de Soleil? Yet?"

›You place a hand on her shoulder, which seems to please her greatly, despite the slight shiver it causes

›"Rarity, I made you a promise. If I see that your intentions are genuine then I would hope we will find ourselves there some day."

›she looks to you then quickly back at the restaurant, her grin no longer looking quite so forced

›"Well, it's not... that bad really. If they allowed me to redecorate I'm sure I could have it looking nothing short of smashing."

›You chuckle at her unwillingness to let go and lead her into the restaurant proper

›The meal is as good as you might expect for a high class restaurant in a small town. Rarity, at least, seems more taken up with the company she's sharing it with. Every few minutes she steals a little glance at you then looks away grinning when you meet it.

›Conversation starts off lightly, mostly about how the week has gone - you carefully sidestep the Rainbow Dash issue - and then settles onto your respective work. If Rarity has grown bored of listening to your spiel about engineering she's doing a fine job of pretending not to be

›Eventually, though, it moves on to more personal topics among them where you grew up. You give her the brief rundown, from your days with friends, difficulty at school, to your flourishing in university and eventually finding a career

›Rarity seems somewhat more... reluctant to talk about her own history

›"I lived in Manehattan for some time before moving to Ponyville with my parents. Honestly, there's really not much to tell."

›She immediately takes a sip from her coffee, closing her eyes in doing so. The sip turns into a long draught, or so it looks that way to you

›"I've heard snippets from the girls about your life in Ponyville but none of them know anything about what it was like for you in Manehattan."

›Rarity's eyes snap open at those words and she gently places the cup back on its saucer. The mood has changed, palpably and you desperately wish for some way to take back what you've said

›"It was... something I don't like to talk about. Please understand, it's not that I don't trust you but..."

›"You'd rather we became a little more familiar?"

›She nods wordlessly, a hoof outstretched and toying with the coffee cup. Her head is down, her eyes moving about but nowhere that indicates she's looking at you

›It's a shame, really. Rarity had obviously been anticipating this night - you could only imagine what kind of long held dream you were fulfilling by going through with it - and it seemed unfair to sour it like this

›So you reach out and gently place your hand on her hoof

›She starts at the touch, looking at it then quickly up to you. And she sees you smiling at her, not judging or recriminating. A little smile of her own forms in response. It's nice

›"You know, I can't help but feel I've monopolised your time. I'm sure you'd love to tell me all about that order you've had in."

➤Perhaps that wasn't the best idea you've had, as Rarity begins recounting - in almost painful detail - every nuance of the various outfits requested by her clients. You manage to pick out a few bits, here and there, that sound like they have human analogues as well as more direct ones

➤But it's alright, really. Because you see in her face just how happy this makes her, how passionate she can really become. It had been easy to think of fashion as something reserved for the vacuous and those perpetually in love with themselves but Rarity showed you another side to it. When she would point out how this material wouldn't go with that or how a particular cut had to be used lest the entire garment be ruined you could see there was a depth to the craft that could otherwise be easily overlooked

➤And it's probably because of that vacant but happy smile you offer that she suddenly halts, asking what it is

➤"Have you ever taken up an old creation and found a new respect for it? Or, seen in new light you realise it has a beauty you never saw before?"

➤She blushes lightly, looking away to some terribly fascinating piece of architecture

➤"Sometimes I'll try for hours to get two completely different fabrics to come together properly but it just... eludes me and I get so frustrated."

➤"But when you get it right?"

➤She turns back to you, the blush gone but the smile remained

➤"Why, darling, it is the most magnificent thing there is. It makes all that effort worthwhile."

➤You simply look at each other for a few moments more before your waiter returns, enquiring if you'd care for dessert

>"Oh he's already right here in front of me!"

>Rarity titters cutely at that but suddenly stops, looking intently at you

>"I'm terribly sorry! Was-was that too much?"

>"Relax, Rarity, this isn't an exam. I'm not going to give up on you if you make a few bawdy jokes."

>As you expect, the answer pleases her. That said a part of you is glad you were able to force down your own blush. The implications of that joke...

>The rest of your time there went as pleasantly as it began. Rarity happily competed with you for pride of place in the discussion of your respective professions but you felt it only right to let her talk over you. Might as well indulge her

>On the walk back to her boutique, however, she surprised you by pointing out how scruffy this set of clothing had become and she simply must design a proper outfit for you

>Of course, she was still somewhat unfamiliar with human fashions and proportions so...

>Yes, you'd be delighted to call to offer suggestions, would tomorrow during your break be suitable?

>She'd practically died. A chance to see you again, so soon! But wasn't it worth it to, yet again, put a smile on her face? She had, after all been so very well behaved this evening

>And that's when you arrived at her doorstep

>"Ah, well, this is me."

>"Indeed it is."

>She looks about at everything but you for a moment, desperately working her muscles to stop smiling quite so much. You think it rather cute

➤ "Thank you ever so much for this evenin, Anon. It was... well, everything I could have wanted it to be!"

➤ "Keep going like this and you can look forward to many more."

➤ Rarity just giggles, looking down. She looks back up to you much more slowly

➤ "May I... may I perhaps trouble you..."

➤ Ah and here it is. Such a shame, you'd really started to think she had -actually- changed her tune

➤ "... for, ah... a goodnight kiss?"

➤ What? That's it? Not going to 'invite you in for coffee' or something more suitably less subtle? She really is keeping a tight rein on things. So... yes, why not!

➤ Ah but you've taken too long in deciding and she's now started to turn away, no doubt assured she'd pressed too hard

➤ That's probably why you lean down, put a hand to her cheek and your lips to hers

➤ You're not going to pretend this is any less innocent than it is but it has a quality of its own. Her lips are as soft as you might have ever expected and she doesn't struggle or push against you for more. She just... enjoys it for what it is

➤ You're actually a little loathe to pull away. Her cheek feels so right in your hand and that warm tingling in your lower abdomen is definitely something you don't want to stop feeling. But all good things and all that

➤ Rarity flutters her eyelids as you right yourself

➤ "W-Well, that was..."

➤ "Nice. Very nice."

➤ "Yes. Good night, Anon."



>And with just one more backwards look to you, she's in with the door closed

>You allow that smile from earlier to grace your lips

>"Good night, Miss Rarity."

>Yes it was

>You're coming up to your home with something of a spring in your step when you spy a silhouette. Christ, you should have known Fluttershy would have to stop by and ruin the... night... for... you...

>Fluttershy doesn't have a blue coat or rainbow coloured mane and tail. Something about this just isn't right at all.

>"Hey dude, so how'd your date go?"

>And that tone is entirely far too light for that kind of question

>Looks like you might not get any sleep tonight. Again

>Considering what just happened that morning Dash really shouldn't be smiling quite so widely as she's doing. Then again, it doesn't look all that genuine

>"Didn't stay over and do the dirty, huh? Afraid she was gonna take it too far?"

>And now there comes an edge creeping into her voice. She's down on her haunches, hoof in the air

>"Yannow you could always invite me in, it doesn't even have to be anything serious, just a little fun, huh?"

>"Dash-"

>"Or am I 'not your type'? Is your type only the crazy rapist who just talks about all the ways she could win you over!"

>Down comes the hoof as well as her eyebrows

>"How do ya know this isn't one of her tricks?"

>It's too late for this. You're tired, you've had a good evening and you really would like to go to bed, seeing as you actually do have

to help Twilight out tomorrow. Nothing too hectic but you'd promised to assist, with the promise of some extra pay

‣ "I don't. But that's what giving her a chance means."

‣ "Oh but you won't give me a chance?"

‣ You both stop there but Dash is the one to sigh first

‣ "Look, dude, I'm sorry, okay? This is... it's hard."

‣ You know it is and you're not going to pretend you know exactly what she's feeling but at the same time this doesn't have to be the way it ends

‣ "Sure. I'll just go and... leave you..."

‣ You don't get a chance to respond before she's taken to the air

‣ You hope - really hope - that this is really the start of the problems being ironed out but a part of you knows it can't be that simple. You're going to have Dash upset like this and you're just going to have to take it and hope that she'll see sense eventually

‣ Inside you head for the kitchen again and curse under your breath at forgetting to restock the brandy. You had also wanted to give -that- up but current events were conspiring to see you back on that track

‣ You barely get your clothes off before you throw yourself into bed, events from the previous night and today finally catching up on you as you immediately fall into a deep sleep

‣ Morning is a little better than the last - a heartier breakfast instead of morose contemplation and badly prepared oatmeal. After all, you still have that meeting with Rarity to look forward to. Even if Dash's words still sit at the back of your mind

‣ At the library Twilight seems eager to ask about last night - you can see by the way she constantly looks up from her books or sets

down her apparatus, about to say something but suddenly turning back to it

>She doesn't openly pry and you don't really feel like talking about it right now. You're just glad Spike has stayed out of your hair, as that's another conversation you dread having to have, as inevitable as it may be

>Twilight's looking back at you again when you ask if she'd mind you taking your break. Truth be told it's a little earlier than you'd normally take it and the smile she wears makes it clear she suspects why you're doing so. Again, you don't divulge any details

>You'd never imagined that walking to the Carousel Boutique could fill you with such... not exactly joy but definitely more peace than it had before

>As you approach the building you're almost sure you can hear voices

>"... gonna tell 'im about all'a those things?"

>"How could you even suggest something like that? I've told you I've changed - I'm not like... that any more."

>"Sure, Rar', whatever you say."

>There's another of those voices you recognise. The lazy southern drawl and smug tone tell you all you need to know about who it is. What's a little more cryptic is just what they're talking about

>"All I'm sayin' is how d'ya know he ain't the type that'd like, ahem, Madame Rarity?"

>Thinking the better of continuing the listen in you push open the door and step inside to see a grinning Applejack and incredibly chagrined looking Rarity

➤ "Well lookee, if it ain't the man o' the hour. We was just havin' ourselves a talk about-"

➤ "Nothing! Noting at all important! Certainly nothing that involves this gentlecolt!"

➤ Applejack saunters over to her, knocking her side with a foreleg and widening her grin. Rarity just tries to look like there's nothing happening

➤ "Aww, c'mon Rar', don't'cha think he aughta know all about what yer gonna do to him?"

➤ "Applejack! What did I tell you?"

➤ But you can see shame and anger warring over her face, with shame winning out easily as her cheeks darken noticeably

➤ Applejack, sniggering, rolls onto her back and holds her hind legs apart, grunting and undulating her body

➤ "Oh! Oh, Mr Anon, spank mah flanks and call me yer naughty little pony-y-y bahahaha!"

➤ The farce quickly breaks down as she rolls to her side, laughter overcoming her

➤ The expression on Rarity's face changes, anger now winning over but still obviously flustered

➤ That is, before her own grin starts to form

➤ "And shall we tell him of what you wanted him to do with your Golden Delicious'? Ah, perhaps we can discuss those 'special' apple fritters you were going to bake."

➤ Applejack halts suddenly, looking up to her friend with wide eyes. Pushing herself to her hooves she looks at you, to Rarity and then to one of the windows, her own face darkening

➤ Well this has been productive. As much as you're going to catch flack for it later, you decide to solve this yourself

›"Applejack, I think I left my laundry out this morning, would you mind taking it in for me? My house should be unlocked."

›Now that certainly got her attention. Clearly by the way she springs to your side she understands what kind of opportunity this presents to her and, nodding, she quickly sets off, stopping to look back once

›"I'll be sure to fix errythin' up for ya, sugarcube. You have fun with -snerk- Madame Rarity, now."

›She's off, laughter trailing behind her. Rarity however, still looks rather put out and you can't blame her. If she's making the effort to change then having her past brought up can't be easy

›"You know, I-"

›"It's alright."

›She stops trailing her hoof around the floor and looks up to you, the tears that had obviously been forming at the corners of her eyes now drying up

›"It's just... you know... even a lady has her... fantasies..."

›Rarity's been embarrassed enough so, perhaps, you can bring yourself down just a little, if it's enough to set her right

›Leaning down you place a hand on her shoulder. She looks to it then back to you. A hoof rises and rubs at her eyes, a little sniffle follows

›"Why don't you go on into the living room and I'll make us some tea. There's something I want to tell you I think will make you feel a little better."

›Rarity nods and does so, walking off slowly to the back part of the shop. You can already picture her reclined on the chaise lounge, a hoof at her forehead and wearing a stricken look. Even her melodrama had its own charm

‣The kitchen is, as you expected, immaculate and well stocked. Naturally, the fridge lacks the variety of cold meats you might like but you'd long since accepted the facts of living in a society of herbivores

‣You have to wonder, though, at the various implements kept. Surely Rarity wasn't a dab hand at cookery too? The day might come when you would get to see but for now you had to find a suitable tea

‣A lady of her refinement, you knew, would be sure to keep a variety. The names were different but it was easy to identify Earth analogues and only moments then until you found something close enough to Assam to do. Now, just to find the spices...

‣Another reason to be thankful she keeps so much. With the milk set to heat you call into her

‣"You know, you're not the only one with fantasies."

‣There's a pause and what sounds like Rarity shifting

‣"I should suppose not."

‣Evidently you're going to have to be a little more direct if you're to pull her out of this slump

‣"You suppose correctly. In fact, just last night I had a rather vivid one myself. While sleeping."

‣Another pause, though longer this time, more sounds of shifting. Yes, you've got her attention

‣The milk's heating nicely, you stir it absently, casting your mind back to the dream. And the result you woke up to

‣"It's been three long years here and in all that time I'd... kept certain thoughts under wraps. But last night, I had a dream about a lady."

‣Even over the gentle scraping of the spoon against the pot you hear her shift once again

‣"What was she like?"

>A smile creases your lips as you allow yourself to become mesmerised by the swirling liquid

>"Oh she was quite beautiful. A coat as white as snow, mane like an emperor's robe and eyes like the bluest moon. And she had joined me at my home, after we'd spent the evening together, just enjoying each other's company."

>The mixture's heating nicely, the scents of anise and ginger rising to tempt you. You dearly hope she finds it as comforting as you do

>"Did she... did she retire to join you, after?"

>"Oh yes. We had quite the time she and I."

>Oh no. You hadn't quite meant to let that little nugget slip out. Dance around it, suggest it and perhaps even hint at it but certainly you didn't feel bold enough - and didn't want to encourage her bad behavior - to more directly mention it

>In your thoughtlessness - or rather, becoming lost in your thoughts - you almost let the tea boil too much, before taking it up and straining it into two cups

>"So you mean... ?"

>The tone is light and airy, filled with the kind of cheer you wanted to hear

>"Yes."

>"That dream, it was about me, wasn't it."

>"Yes!"

>A pause

>"We were-"

>"YES!"

>Ah, boiling this mixture you just remember you need to pick up spaghetti later on. Perhaps it's just as well you'd run out before now...

›Entering the living room you see that, yes, Rarity is indeed reclined on her chaise lounge but instead of looking as upset as she had been she's got a foreleg pressed to her mouth, very badly hiding some furious giggling

›"So you see, Miss Rarity, a lady may have her fantasies but her mind will never be as perverse as a man's."

›She levitates the cup out of your hand and over to herself. She looks down into the brown mixture turning back up to you

›"Thank you, darling. And don't worry, I shan't go spilling your secret to anypony. Even if that blush is -most- becoming!"

›Now feeling suitably embarrassed you sit down on the seat closest to her. And watch as she levitates the cup to her nose, eyes half closing as she breathes in the scent. They pop open, looking over to you suddenly

›"What is this? It smells simply divine!"

›It might be that you can have just a little more fun with her. No harm in that, after all

›"It's a type of tea we call masala chai. I discovered it many years ago when I was traveling through the Indian subcontinent, searching for the lost tomb of Pradish Khan..."

›"Honestly, Anon, I know Rainbow Dash is fond of her tall tales-"

›Ouch. There's a name you could have done without hearing

›"-but this is simply too much!"

›That laughter, however, is something you do like to hear. The whole thing had been made up as you went along, spiraling out of control around about the time the Princess Kamiyam had her hundred personal guards chase you and your companion from her palace



>"Mmm, but those silk robes did sound positively marvelous. Which reminds me, didn't your coming here have another purpose? Beyond just brightening up my day?"

>Brightening up your own day, perhaps. But she's right, and you had to admit that you couldn't continue to take Rarity out wearing the shabby outfit you'd kept for formal occasions. Though where to begin in explaining the basics of human fashion...

>You'd need a proper suit, to start with, with more presentable clothing for casual wear. If you were going to be seen with her you may as well match her own flair for the tastefully elegant

>"I've got a few ideas I can run past you, if you don't mind."

>She titters softly, in the way that doesn't feel insidious any more

>"But of course, you would be more familiar with human fashion than I am."

>Rising with her, you proceed back out into the shop front and through that into the workroom at the back

>Every inch of the room contains bolts of fabrics, equipment, ponyquins and clothing in varying stages of completion. A familiar blue and gold number sits prominently though it looks different, the cut a little higher with ruffles drawn about the neck and legs

>"Now, darling, I shall need to take your measurements."

>Rarity dutifully levitates a pen, pad and measuring tape to herself before turning back to you with a smirk. Oh yes, she was sure to enjoy this

>"You've made clothes for me before, is it really necessary?"

>The items drop suddenly, the mare pulling back into a gasp, the red glasses she now wears almost falling from her nose

➤ "Why of course it is! It's been so long that the shape of your body is sure to have changed enough that anything I make would sit horridly upon your broad shoulders and... slim waist..."

➤ And of course she couldn't neglect to get a little comment in

➤ "Don't worry, I remember the body shyness you humans have, I shan't ask you to undress fully. Not that I would... object, if you were to do so."

➤ Chuckling softly to yourself you walk behind one of the screens she keeps and proceed to undress down to your underwear

➤ "I'm afraid I haven't much experience designing for colts, darling, I do hope you won't mind sharing your own knowledge on the subject with me!"

➤ "And I'm sure you'd like nothing more."

➤ Soft tittering, the sound of a magical aura lifting items

➤ Undressed, you step out to a Rarity who takes a quick look at you before glancing off

➤ "My! I always scoffed at all those frivolous games you'd play with that Rainbow Dash but the exercise has been very kind to your physique."

➤ You suppose it had. Life in Equestria did not lend the same conveniences the human world did, with far more manual labour required for tasks normally automated or assisted on Earth. Not to mention how much you had enjoyed taking to sports with your new friend

➤ "Now, stand straight please!"

➤ Rarity proceeds to press the measuring tape against you, one end on your side as it extends around your midriff. From there she moves further up to the chest, shoulders and arms ("Be sure to keep

them nice and straight, now! I simply cannot permit slouching!"), pausing briefly when she moves down

>"I know what you must think but... please bear in mind this is my job, and I treat it with the seriousness and professionalism it deserves."

>You nod down and she runs the tape up your leg, pausing briefly to giggle at how you shiver at the sensation

>"I'm a professional, darling but even I know when and how to break the tension."

>She's a little more reserved taking your inseam, either concentrating on what she's doing or very much not trying not to think about where her hooves are wandering

>"Finished!", she calls out in a sing-song tone

>You walk off behind the screen and redress yourself, coming around to see her already with charcoal at the ready, sketching up a few... interesting designs upon paper

>"You know, what I wear -is- closer to the pants you sometimes see stallions wearing than any of your skirts."

>She blushes slightly, setting down the charcoal

>"My apologies, force of habit, you know how it is."

>You do

>"Well, if I'm to be seen with you at formal dinners and events, first off I'm going to need a suit - a proper suit - with some more presentable casual clothing. A good jacket and pants to suit. Oh! And new shoes. Can't believe I've been wearing these glorified moccasins you made for so long..."

>"Oh of course, it wouldn't do to have you going about in those... rags. Now, I shall need to know how different your own idea of a suit is from mine."

>And so you set about describing, as best you can with your knowledge, the various cuts used for suits. Single-breasted, of course, you're far from your father's age; wool would be preferable with the lining her own choice - you don't want to dictate too greatly over her experience - but keep the colouration formal and subdued.

>Notched lapel, this isn't a suit for black tie; something more formal can be done later when the occasion calls for it.

>"My, this doesn't sound that different from the current trends. 'Twould seem tasteful clothing is a universal desire!"

>Yes, that may be. Pants should match the jacket and kept to a suitable length. Oh! And a waistcoat! If you're to be seen with a lady of her stature within society you can't go about looking like a glorified churl with airs about himself

>"A... waistcoat?"

>"Yes, it's a sleeveless garment worn over the shirt. Went out of style for quite some time but it's come back and I'm quite fond of them, if I'm to be honest."

>"Ah! A pastron! Oh yes, of course you should have one! They've become quite vogue in Canterlot you know, all those stiff upper lips finally thought a little casualness was warranted."

>"Funny, that was much the same reason it was developed by us."

>"Really? Oh do tell!"

>And so the conversation swings its way to the evolution of fashion trends, something you didn't realise you had some knowledge of

>"Really, I know more about history than fashion."

>Rarity pulls back from the drawings she'd been idly working on throughout the conversation

>"Oh but darling, the study of history -is- the study of fashion! Don't you know that it is, by it's nature, cyclical? One must be

mindful of what has gone before in case it should become vogue once more, or might be altered to bring a new age flair to an old world classic! Your Charles the second must have been a visionary of his time to know the style would last so long."

>"You might say that... But he wouldn't have been the first to take influence from the East."

>"Hmm?"

>"Another great man from our history, Alexander the third of Macedon adopted the Persian style among himself and his men. He did suffer ridicule among his compatriots for seeming to have gone soft..."

>"How uncouth! If these styles from the Eastern parts of you world are as magnificently indulgent as they sound then -I- would not permit such calumnies against their obvious superiority!"

>"But they had their own cultural styles ingrained and adopting the Persians was seen as supporting them as it was softening of their culture!"

>Rarity drops the charcoal again, turning to you with a serious set to her brow

>"And what would a little softening have done except to introduce some variance among their stale ideas!"

>You can't help but smile at her and her frown deepens, asking just why are you smiling at her like that, do you think it's permissible to smirk at a lady!

>"No, no! It's just... you really don't have any problem airing your own ideas."

>Of course I shouldn't! One lives or dies in fashion by how willing they are to be honest about their creations."

>"So! That's the suit all ironed out and I'm sure I've got a good enough idea for that tasteful jacket and trouser combination you also wanted. Now for those shoes."

>You set about describing, in excruciating detail, how to shape some Oxford shoes and a pair more in keeping with the jacket, trouser combo as well as a pair for more every day wear

>"And one last thing, if you wouldn't mind not putting too many gems in-"

>If she looks any more horrified you're likely to start thinking you're so eldritch horror, come to terrify her

>"But Anon, one must be made to shine like the sun if one wishes to stand out!"

>"And you can put gems in but mens clothing, at least where I'm from, is more conservative than that. Just... please remember not too much? I'll let you decide for yourself what's appropriate."

>With a huff she picks the charcoal up once more and starts working on designs for the shoes

>"Very well... Now if you'll excuse me I've much work to do."

>You don't go though, there is still one little matter left unattended to

>"Rarity, I... I'm afraid it's going to take me some time to pay for all this."

>"Nonsense! I wouldn't dream of accepting any recompense for creating this! Why it could open up all sorts of opportunities if I'm to expand my catalog into the male fashion world. I could make an even bigger name for myself!"

>The stars in her eyes are too bright for you to think of popping her idle dreams

>"Well I can't just let you make all this without offering something! How about I take you out again next week and don't worry - I'll be sure to find something more appropriate for us."

>The lady leaps from her work and embraces you suddenly, something you don't have time to think of a response to save hold her yourself

>"Oh darling that would be marvelous! I'll be sure to have our new outfits done so we may be the talk of the town!"

>You depart shortly thereafter, satisfied with all you'd done but unsatisfied with how late you're going to be!

>The library is unusually quiet when you arrive there. Twilight, however, is waiting with a grin for you. Better than waiting, ready to tear into you for being late

>"You took your time. Have fun with Rarity taking your, ahem, measurements?", even you admit to yourself that little giggle is cute

>"And when did you become master of innuendo?"

>Her face flushes and you see her push a book back with a hind leg, one you're quite sure you see 'Mastering Innuendo' on the spine of

>"I'm just... sharpening my wit! All this reading sure is paying off!"

>You're about to share a laugh in her shenanigans when heavy stomping approaches from the kitchen

>"I'm finished doing the dishes, Twi, is it okay if I go see Rarity?"

>Wow, the little guy sounds pissed. As if his harsh tone wasn't enough he's actually glared up at you on Rarity's name

>"Sure, Spike, just be sure to get back before it's dark."

>But he doesn't leave immediately, instead he turns to face you, arms crossed and brow set

‣"And you! You better stay away from my girl!"

‣You throw your hands up in mock defeat, a gesture Spike doesn't appear to appreciate as his claws fly to his sides, clenched into fists

‣"Whoah, I'm not trying to muscle in on anyone's territory!"

‣With much grumbling the young dragon storms off, though you're almost certain you hear a few choice oaths followed by your name

‣Twilight offers you a sympathetic, if long suffering, glance

‣"Don't worry about him, I'm sure he'll get over it."

‣Twilight's thankfully not otherwise upset at your tardiness. The research wasn't as difficult as she'd thought and most had been completed by the time you'd arrived back. In fact, you were allowed to quit a little earlier than usual today, something you were glad for as the weather was scheduled to be good for the rest of the evening

‣You're a little dismayed to find Dash isn't around any of her usual hangouts and especially down when she doesn't turn up for the bi-weekly hoofball tournament. Many's the time it would serve as the highlight to that week, a chance to forget about your situation without the hammer subtlety of alcohol

‣Which serves to remind you to pick up a bottle of brandy on the way home. If you don't have your bro you'll at least still have a way to drown your sorrows

‣In fact, for the next three days you don't run into Dash once. Not only that but your mornings change. The first, you don't notice right away before it hits you: you haven't received the weather schedule.

‣Every morning Dash would drop it by your home as a little courtesy. So now she's avoiding you and going so far as to even avoid



your home at times when you wouldn't be around to intercept her. The thought of actually losing her had started to dampen the lift your spirits had been given after that afternoon with Rarity

‣Rarity. At least you still had your... well, you suppose you could call it a date, with her this weekend to look forward to.

‣Yes, things had certainly begun to turn around for her. She'd been behaving herself and it showed in her demeanor too. Where before any advances would always hold that little bit of strain to them - to the point where even meeting with you outside those circumstances added a ring of awkwardness - she seemed much more comfortable around you. And you her. It was helping to add a feeling of normalcy to your life

‣Still, you're not going to allow everything to be ruined. That's why today you decide, with the weather staying good, to head back out to the lake. The peace should bring with it the need to just wallow in self-pity over Dash but you're oddly content. Perhaps it's the memories of what happened here last week...

‣"I thought I might find you out here!"

‣You know that affected Manehattanite accent all too well. In fact, you'd come to enjoy it's tones recently

‣"In fact, I've noticed you have a habit of coming out here. Any particular reason?"

‣You turn and see that Rarity is already seated next to you, the sunlight from the lake playing over her features beautifully once more

‣"Just nice to get away from the bustle; enjoy the world's natural beauties."

‣She turns and sees you looking at her and you both turn aside, hoping her own cheeks are as flushed as your own

➤ "I suppose you wouldn't care for company, in that case."

➤ "As long as it's suitable company I'm all for it."

➤ Yes, you hear her shuffling and then feel her presence as she sits close beside you. You don't want to let her see you smile you really don't but you just can't suppress it. Her charm was exactly what you needed right now to help bring you out of the slump

➤ "You haven't called to see me this week, Anon. Is everything alright?"

➤ No

➤ "Yes, of course it is."

➤ "It's just that I haven't seen you with Rainbow Dash since the weekend and I know how much you enjoy her company."

➤ Ostensibly, it sounds innocent enough but could Rarity be implying something more? She could hardly be... jealous, could she?

➤ "We... had a bit of a falling out."

➤ "Oh? I do hope I wasn't the cause of it."

➤ "How did ya guess?"

➤ Oh bugger, that raspy voice was another one so familiar to you. This was exactly what you had hoped to avoid, at least for a long, long time

➤ Your mind speeds through certain thoughts: at least Dash is here and can talk to you. Rarity is also here, this is bad. Is Dash going to screw things up for you? Was she just starting to feel better and now this is going to throw her for a loop? Is this going to bother Rarity, with whatever she had meant with that comment about Dash?

➤ "Rainbow Dash, how lovely of you to join us! Anon here was just telling me you two had a little tiff but now you're here I'm sure you two can work things out smashingly!

>Rainbow steps forward from your side, opposite the one Rarity is on. You can't help but feel like the proverbial lamb between two wolves, the thought of just sinking into the ground right now quite a nice one

>"Oh so he's talkin' to you about me? Is that right, Anon?"

>There's been few times in the past when Dash had glared at you - really given you the evil eye - and it had never felt good. Moreso because you considered her such a close friend than anything else

>"Rarity was just asking why she hadn't seen us together-"

>"I thought we had that worked out."

>"That's not what I meant and you know it!"

>Rarity looks between the two of you at this exchange and, glancing over to her, you see confusion mixed with worry play across her features

>"Sh-should I leave?"

>"No."

>"Yes!"

>Dash glares at you again, this time you return it

>"Is there a problem we need to talk about?"

>"Are you bucking kidding me? you don't see what it is?"

>"Well if it's so obvious why don't you spell it out!"

>"I don't need to when it's sitting right next to you!"

>Ouch. That fucking hurt. There was a time when you might have even agreed with that summation but now you see just what kind of effect it has on the lady

>She stands and, giving a teary glance to her friend and then you turns away

>"I... I think I'd better leave you two..."

>"Rarity, wait!"

‣But she doesn't stop as the light trot turns into a full gallop, the last thing you see, her tail as it rounds a building in the distance and is lost

‣Turning back to your interlocuter you give her the harshest look you can muster

‣"What the fuck was that, Dash?!"

‣"Aww, don't buckin' play dumb again! I can't believe what you're doing!"

‣You stand and take a few paces off from her, hoping to work out some of the excited energy you now find yourself filled with. The idea of taking your fists to the tree seems tempting, were it not such an odd thought

‣"Christ, just tell me what I'm doing wrong here!"

‣"Why was -she- here?!"

‣And with that one little question she completely disarms you. It's just so... self-evident. And yet you know, of course you know, there's much more to it than that. The implication behind it is clear: Rarity shouldn't be here - with you

‣"You wanna give me a reason why?"

‣Now Dash throws her hooves up before taking to the air, flitting about you

‣"Oh I dunno, maybe because this is our spot? Maybe because it's something -we- do? It's something I kinda look forward to doing with you because it lets me get close to you?"

‣Oh Christ... she's tearing up. She's just stopped flying about and has now started settling down in front of you, looking up with all the fire in her eyes gone and just the plaintive look you'd seen days before

>"You know? I-It's not like I might have liked just being able to... to sit out here with you and pretend we..."

>She chokes, her wings flapping out but falling uselessly to her sides as she raises a hoof to rub harshly over her eyes

>"... I dunno, pretend we had something. But now... now -she's- here you're... you're ruining that!"

>Your anger flares up suddenly but it subsides just as quick. You'd been missing Dash these past few days and now here was your chance to talk to her. That day had ended on an edge, you had to put an end to this or both relationships would be lost

>"Dash, you know it can't be."

>She looks up to you, cheeks moist and eyes red and suddenly lunges at you, throwing her forelegs over your shoulders and throwing you onto your backside. You'd never seen her break down like this until recently and the reflex isn't something you've developed but you still bring your arms up to complete the embrace

>"But... but can't I just pretend? Can't you... you even give me that?"

>You hate to hear her cry, hate to hear her sob and choke. It chews you up in a way you never knew it could. You want her to stop, you want all of this to just go away but the only way to do that would be to give up what you've just discovered with Rarity. Starting anything with Dash would just have too much history to it, besides all that

>"Dash... please don't do this. Please. I love you, I'll always love you but you have to accept-"

>She buries her muzzle in against your chest, sobs shaking her body. You feel her forelegs clutch you tighter. It hurts, yes it does but it's either hurt now or just draw the pain out

›"You have to accept that I can't give you what you want. I'm sorry."

›It's not enough. It could never be enough. So the only thing you can do is hold her in your arms as she cries herself out. Stroke her mane but stay silent, any comforting words being lost to what you've just said

›The sun is close to the horizon by the time she's stopped. Her tears have stopped and her breathing has steadied but there's still the odd little sob now and then. Three years. Three years and you could have just nipped this in the bud. Your cowardice, that's all this is because of. Because you were afraid to admit you could love a pony

›But now? Now you knew you wanted to continue giving Rarity that chance. You wanted to see where it could lead and had the highest hopes it could blossom into something beautiful.

›But would it be worth it if you had to sacrifice not only this friendship but crush Dash's hopes?

›"Dash?"

›A groan, she stirs against you. Her chest hitches and she pushes in against you once more. You sigh, knowing this has to end sometimes tonight.

›"Dash, c'mon, it's alright."

›She pushes off from you slowly and... wow. Her eyes are even redder than before and her cheeks are still damp. Her face is practically a picture of misery as her mouth is drawn down into a deep frown

›You can almost feel the life being sucked out of you just looking at her. This isn't the Rainbow Dash you know and love but then, that -was- your fault wasn't it?

›"C'mon, I'll take you home."

›You had to practically - no strike that -actually- - carry Dash over your shoulder, to the point just beneath her cloud home. She'd finally settled down enough that she wasn't sobbing any more, you now just hoped she hadn't fallen asleep

›"Dash? We're gonna have to part for tonight. But you come see me first thing tomorr--"

›"No... I don' wanna go home..."

›You stifle a sigh. If she wanted to play the sulking child there wasn't really much you could do

›"I wanna... wanna go home with you..."

›Yeah, and think of the problems that'd cause. If the situation weren't quite so delicate you might have allowed her but you had to finish this now

›"You can't. I'm sorry."

›You search for other words but it all just seems so empty, so vapid. You even regret what you just said and especially the clipped tone you used. But Dash takes the lead at last

›She just leaps from your grasp, into the air and is gone up to her home without a backwards glance

›You stay for a moment longer, knowing you can't see if she's inside safely, through the cloud but unable to deny yourself the gesture

›Back at home you don't even bother to make something to eat. Not now, Jesus not after that evening you've just put in

›The only thing that looks remotely inviting is that bottle of brandy. Taking up a glass alongside it you settle down on your couch for the night

>You're sitting back on your couch with much of the bottle empty. It was good stuff, the expensive kind, the kind you knew would do its job well. There was some stupid movie blaring on the TV but you weren't watching it, not really.

>Heavy thumps against the door, you're pretty sure if your head wasn't swimming like this or the world wasn't doing cartwheels it'd be easier to get there. But you make it, after only a few curses and probably some bruises

>Open 'er up and there's a buff tan mare staring up at you not looking that pleased. What the hell does she want?

>"You lied t'me about them clothes! I musta spent a good half hour- whoooo! Whut in tarnation is that smell?"

>She turns her nose up to you, sniffing. You don't pull back or stop breathing down onto her. Doesn't matter

>"You gone an had yerself a good time, Anon?"

>That smirk... yeah, maybe you can have a good time alright. Forget about all this bullshit

>"Not... eugh, not yet. Wanna come in and... heh heh, come?"

>Seeing that face light up is just what your booze addled mind needs right now. You stand aside, leaning back against the door as she pushes on through, grabbing a glass from the kitchen before heading straight into the living room

>Stumbling back into it yourself, you see she's on the couch, sitting beside where you were. You flop down, throwing one arm over her and another out to grab your glass

>"Y'know App... Appa... App-jack, I shoulda... shoulda done thish a long... time ago... IN A GALAXY...!"

>You feel a hoof at your chest before you can finish. Huh, guess she wants to get started early. But it's way, way too early for you

>"You gotta... drink up before!"



➤ "Mmm, I like yer thinkin', sugarcube."

➤ Oh, so she'd already poured herself a glass? Great minds think alike, you guess. Why is she scrunching her face up like that? Is it too strong for her? The Great Applejack?

➤ "C'mon... drink!"

➤ And boy does she...

➤ You've both been at it... you've no idea. At some stage either you or Applejack got your pants undone and she's had a hoof jammed in it since. Idiot, maybe if you hadn't drunk so much you'd be up for some fun but she seems pretty happy just playing around with it

➤ You've also started sharing your own glasses with her. It's only fair, seeing as you got an early start. It's not fair that she collapses on the couch a little later, before either of you could forget your worldly cares in each other's embrace

➤ Pfft, ponies, bunch of lightweights. Can't take their booze, can't take their pain, can't take the heartache...

➤ No. No! That's why you're drinking... Ah forget it. You've got work tomorrow, might as well drag your sorry ass to bed. Applejack can sleep here if she's not even going to have the decency to try.

➤ You wake up to blinding pain. Really, it's like Celestia has descended from the heavens and started boring her horn into your skull. Or it could be that she made today too bright

➤ Just once you wish she'd go out and get hammered, at least then she'd know what it's like to get up on a morning like this. At least get her hardass hammered, might loosen her up a little...

➤ It's with such delightful thoughts that you peel yourself from the bed and try to navigate your way into the bathroom, despite your minds insistent protestations that the sound of your walking is far, far too loud

›Yep, you look like a mess. Well, nothing else for it but to take a hot shower. At least wash some of the stench off yourself

›Going downstairs you... smell booze. You'd just washed yourself thoroughly, you shouldn't stink-

›Why is Applejack on your couch, snoring loudly? Through the haze of memory you think you might have invited her in. Being felt up by her was the least your drunk ass deserved for that stupidity

›There's nothing else for it but to throw her over your shoulder and carry her outside. This is too unnerving to accept eating at home, you can just grab a quick bite to eat on the way to the library

›You're just finishing off the sandwich when you arrive, pushing on through and hoping there aren't too many patrons today to use that squeaky door

›"Good mornin, A- Wow, rough night?"

›"Do I look that bad?"

›Twilight continues looking you over for a moment more before sighing and going into her kitchen

›"Come on, you're not going to get any work done like that. Not yet anyway. I'll make us some coffee and we can have a talk."

›"And that's all that's been going on."

›Twilight hadn't been as close to you as Rainbow but right now she's about as good a friend as you're going to get, to talk to about all this. Might not be the best idea considering her own inexperience but even talking about it makes you feel somewhat better about the whole thing

›So the two of you are now sitting in the kitchen, having gone through more coffee than you're sure is healthy but at least your

hangover is starting to dissipate. Maybe she put something in it or has been using magic...

>"Wow, can't say I envy you. But I think I understand why Rainbow's so upset."

>At your questioning look she goes on

>"She made me promise not to tell you but considering the circumstances I think it's okay. She really had a thing for you. Not like Applejack or Fluttershy, she really loved you, Anon. She told me that's why she'd never do anything like that."

>You take another sip of the coffee, thankful that it's still hot. Equestrian coffee tasted a little sweeter than the kind you'd been used to back on Earth but at least it could still get you motoring

>"How could you do that to her?"

>Nobody ever does a spit take like you'd see in the movies. You either choke it down or just sort of cough it out. You've got your wits about you enough to do the former

>"Me? What did I do to her?"

>Twilight stamps a hoof down, a gesture you'd regularly seen Dash perform. It's almost comical how much softer it is in comparison, though her eyes still hold all the fire of her anger

>"You lead her along and then you just... broke her heart! Do you know she called into me last week to tell me how upset she was? I thought maybe she was just overreacting and that this whole thing with Rarity wasn't that serious. She loved you first, Anon!"

>Where your hangover was going, a new headache was moving in to replace it. The strain of research may be put off for now but it looked like you were still going to be under pressure

>"Lead her along? What are you talking about, I never gave any indication I was interested."

>"But you never explicitly told you you didn't like her."

>"I thought that was implied by the fact I had explicitly stated I'd no interest in ponies."

>"Not then."

>"I didn't know this was going to happen!"

>You shouldn't have slammed the cup down so hard. A crack runs through the base and coffee sloshes out of it

>Twilight sighs and magicks a repair on the cup and lifts the moisture over to the sink

>"Rainbow loving me first doesn't come into it."

>"I don't see how it doesn't. She knew, you knew but you still went off with Rarity instead. Don't you care about her?"

>"Of course I do!"

>Just take your hand off the cup, settle the two in your lap and try to calm down. This isn't Twilight's fault

>"But I'm with Rarity now, I made a promise to her. Twi, I think I might be falling for her."

>She looks up at you in confusion, anger, pain, pride... a whole gamut of emotion plays across her face

>"You have to make this up to Rainbow."

>"I don't think I can. We just want different things; friendships like that never work out."

>"Anon, if there's one thing I've learned it's that friendship is only as strong as you make it. If you care for a pony enough to want to be her friend you'll do what it takes to stay her friend."

>Being lectured about friendship by Twilight Sparkle. It would almost be absurd if she didn't have a point

>"Sure, Twi. I'll figure something out."

>You hope

‣The rest of the morning and afternoon passes in... you can't say a companionable silence, not after that but the air is cleared somewhat at least. You take your break, knowing there's only one place you need to be

‣Before you reach the door of Carousel Boutique you can see in the window that not all is as it should be. There's a dishevelment to the place that isn't right. In fact you'd only seen it like this a few times previously

‣Again, you don't knock before entering but the cheerful tinkling of the bell isn't quite so welcoming when it lacks the equally cheerful greeting of its owner

‣The lady isn't anywhere around the front of the store but you're sure you can hear the sound of the sewing machine being used. Sure enough, there in the workroom a haggard looking Rarity is hunched over some new creation, her tired eyes straining to see through her glasses

‣"Rarity?"

‣She jumps and looks up from her work, now giving you a perfect view of the bags under her eyes

‣"Oh... Anon, how... how are you?"

‣You don't say a word, only walk straight over and put your arms around her

‣She sobs suddenly, quietly against you

‣"I'm sorry... I'm sorry I did that..."

‣You pull her tighter

‣"No, it's not your fault. This is something between myself and Dash. If she can't accept us... well it's just her loss."

‣She sniffs, putting her forelegs on your arms

‣"I don't want you to lose her..."

‣"And I don't want to lose you."

>You hold Rarity for a few moments longer before letting go, allowing her to sit herself just a little straighter than she was before

>"Dash and I? We can figure this out ourselves, you just concentrate on us."

>She sniffs once more before turning around, a small smile tugging back her lips

>"Us?"

>"I think my trust has been well placed so far, Rarity. I admit, three years of doubt doesn't just go away but you look like you're making a real effort."

>"Oh I am! I-I am!"

>"And in that case I think I'm going to be with you for the long haul."

>She takes a deep, shuddering breath before rising and standing tall. For a mare, it's surprising how she comes as high as your chest

>"Thank you, darling. That means quite a lot to me. Speaking of us!"

>Her horn lights up and you spot something floating towards the two of you from the corner of your eye

>"I managed to get your suit all done for this weekend! I still want to take a little time for your casual jacket, however, getting the colour and fabric just right is... it's a challenge but then there's nothing I love more."

>The clothes are gently deposited in your outstretched arms but Rarity continues to look up at you expectantly

>"Well? Come along now, you simply must fit them on! Oh I can only imagine how dashing you must look in them!"

>Not one to deny a lady her request - and feeling quite eager to fit the suit on yourself - you slip behind a screen and begin to

change. Hmm, dark grey, good thing she kept the colour subdued as you wanted. Lining feels like its silk and... lavender? Yes, it's quite pleasing. Waistcoat sits snugly against your chest and midriff. Now you feel like the 'gentlecolt' Rarity has been speaking of

>"Rarity this fits perfectly! Really, I don't think I've ever had clothing so comfortable."

>A little titter, the sound of it is growing on you

>"Well I am the premier fashion designer in Equestria, darling!"

>Stepping out, yes, it even feels comfortable to walk in! Rarity practically lights up when she sees you

>"How do I look?"

>She trots about, looking you up and down

>"Stitching over the shoulders is fine... no sagging or stretching...  
hmm, rump seems a little tight..."

>"Complaining?"

>"Certainly not!"

>She finishes her circle and sits down in front of you smiling triumphantly

>"I can already see a new fashion line of casual and formal suits for stallions!"

>Naturally. You look down and are quite taken by the buttons you hadn't quite noticed before. They glint purple against the white shirt

>"Are these... ?"

>"Amethyst, darling. Only the finest without -any- inclusions. I told you I would make you shine!"

>But that's not all. There's something else, something more important you missed. You understand what it is, now

>A lapel pin, or rather three small ones, consisting of three blue diamonds in a marquise cut, arranged to imitate Rarity's cutie mark

>She sees the look you're giving it and speaks up

>"I'd thought you might permit me that little vanity, Anon. Oh! That neck looks horridly bare! I shall have to do something about that... hmm, perhaps a nice cravat to round out the outfit."

>She trots over to her drawing board, charcoal already held up

>"Don't worry, you shan't be without it before this weekend."

>The charcoal is suddenly dropped

>"Oh! Speaking of that, might I enquire as to where we shall be dining?"

>Ah yes, you knew you'd forgotten something

>As casually as you can muster you say, "Have you heard of that new restaurant that's just opened? Le Domaine du Roi?"

>Rarity gives a double-take

>"Th-The Domaine du Roi?! B-But that's impossible to get into! Ponies have been coming from even Manehattan to attend, how did you possibly get a reservation?!"

>Yes, how -did- you?

>"Well... I just told them that I was going to dine there with the most beautiful pony in Equestria and under no circumstances would I be denied."

>You won't. By god you're going to pull this off somehow

>For the second time Rarity leaps into your arms, only now you're ready to catch and hold her

>"Oh darling, thankyou thankyou thankyou! Oh but I have to finish my outfit, I've got to get my hooves polished and my horn filed! I've got to get my mane styled into something fabulous! I-"

>You cut her off with a quick kiss

>"Calm down, as long as you're there I don't care if you're in rags."

>"Rags?! Oh no, no I could never!"

>She smiles, softening her words



>"Thank you, Anon. Really. This is... it's all like a dream come true!"

>And you'll have to find some way of getting that reservation if that's to be so

>You depart after making your goodbyes, heading straight back to the library, the recent unpleasantness forgotten in the wake of what lies ahead of you

>You sit on the couch of your living room, having spent the better part of your evening with the maître d' of the Domaine du Roi, you'd finally managed to secure a table for yourself and Rarity for this weekend. Not that it had been in any way easy

>Not only did you have to take out a large chunk of your savings, you also had to play up the fact that you were the only human in this world and would be bringing one of, if not, the most renowned fashion designers in Equestria. Even then the stallion had been more than a little rude. Perhaps if you thought to change into your suit it may have helped matters...

>Well, it matters not. Rarity has obviously been making the effort and you considered this something of a reward for her. As well as part payment for the clothing. Even if you're sure your entire savings wouldn't cover their cost

>You had also stopped off to buy another bottle of brandy, though the few memories you have of the previous night's drinking prevent you from touching it just yet

>Applejack had been thankfully absent by the time you got home but, as with the laundry excuse, you couldn't help but feel you were simply drawing an even greater misfortune down upon yourself. Worst comes to worst you could just get her drunk and try to talk her out of all this

›You've been watching some cheap action flick. The kind you and Dash would usually retire to the house on many evenings to enjoy, together.

›The television is turned off at that thought. The last thing you need right now is a reminder of her. Thinking of Rainbow lead to thinking of Applejack and that... It wasn't just that you'd been foolish enough to invite her in, it's what followed after. If Rarity even got a whiff of you drunkenly fooling around... Not to mention the personal shame it brought, despite still being a secret. Perhaps it was time you simply gave up the booze

›A few days later you've still left the bottle untouched when a knock comes at your door. If you're to have it out, it may as well be now, before the weekend

›It really was too much to hope that word of your courting Rarity might have gotten out and dissuaded your other... suitors. You hadn't exactly broadcast it, if you also made no real attempt to hide it. Still, in time it might be nice to have others look upon you and think what a nice couple you make. Contingent upon Rarity's good behavior, of course

›But you can only put off opening the door for so long as the insistent knocking declares. With as little effort as possible to open it you do so and find...

›Applejack -and- Fluttershy?

›"Howdy, sugarcube! 'Shy here's not much of a drinker but after I told her of the time we had ourselves... hoowee, I couldn't hold 'er back if I tried!"

›You turn from Applejack to Fluttershy, who's making a show of trying to appear as if she's not there

>"I really would like, um... to... um, Applejack? Was it, get wasted?"

>The mare at her side nods back, smiling

>"Um, yes, wasted with you. I-If that's okay... we can just... just have fun if you want..."

>You're sure this presents an opportunity but you're not sure what. It'll come to you in time, you're sure but for now you've got to get these mares drunk

>Which proves as easy as you might expect in the case of Fluttershy. She's surprisingly subdued, however, content to just lean up against you smiling that insipid smile only the drunk do. Applejack however...

>"You not drinkin' tonight, sugarcube?"

>You look down at the mostly full glass in your hand

>"Nah, I started earlier. Don't want to conk out on you."

>She giggles into a hiccup. Yes, she's getting nicely filled

>"Naw, naw, I'm sorry about t'other night. But you better be sorry fer yer whiskey dick!"

>"Which is why I'm going easy."

>"Oooh! Yer a sensible feller, y'know that?"

>You go on to agree but insist she drink up, it's more fun when your partner is less inhibited

>Not that that's not already a problem with AJ

>As she becomes more inebriated she, predictably, loses control over her hooves and they start to wander: over herself, yourself and Fluttershy

>Now this is what you were waiting for

‣"AJ, I'm just gonna hit the bathroom, make sure everything's cleaned out first. Why don't you girls get each other warmed up before I get back."

‣In any other state you know Applejack would have scoffed at the idea of touching another mare but like this, she's looking at Fluttershy like she's a cool glass of cider

‣So you quickly nip out, take a leak, take your time getting back and find the two entangled and snoring

‣Yep, you shouldn't need to worry about Applejack passing out your little secret. Blackmail's moral questionability aside, you did consider her to have taken advantage of you that night

‣Bed calls and you gladly answer

‣Tonight's the night! Laying off the drink had been a sensible idea for more than just being able to take care of Flutters and AJ. It meant you could get ready with a clear head. Well, mostly clear

‣You had hoped Rainbow might have been feeling better enough to see you but, again, her usual haunts are devoid of her. If it meant that she was just coming to terms with things you didn't mind. Twilight's words had stuck and you really did want to salvage a friendship from the wreckage this had turned into

‣But you had to put her out of your mind, at least for now. Thoughts of the blue mare would just bring you down into a funk and if you were going to ensure this was a perfect night for Rarity, you were damn sure you'd keep that off your mind

‣Washed, primped and decked out to the nines you set off from your home. Heads turn at your stride and you hope they recognise the handiwork as Rarity's. Having word of her expanding into male fashion would only do good for her career

›The thought of stopping by Lily's cart comes to you but... flowers are just a little clichéd, and early yet. If you're celebrating next year's Hearts and Hooves day with her then you know it would be the time you could engage in it

›Tonight, you do stop to knock at the door of the Carousel Boutique, a sing-song "Just a minute!" coming from within. There are no crashes, no hooves running about, just the susurrations of cloth over the evening sounds of birds

›The door is magicked open and... wow. You knew Rarity was a dab hand at designing, you'd even seen some of her best designs but something about this dress just makes your heart skip a beat. It bore a resemblance to a blue number with gold trim you'd seen before, carefully stashed away in the back but it had been heavily modified.

›The tournure had been let out slightly, accentuating her rump with the end tailing to tight creases. The neck was now slashed open, a series of ruffles flowing out of it, suspending a simple gold necklace with a topaz pendant. The back... well, it certainly did justice to her figure, that's all you would allow yourself to think.

›And that was just the dress. The lady had clearly spent much time cleaning herself and now what parts of her coat showed, practically shone. Her hair was out of its normal high curls and set straight down her neck and side, only serving to call how long and thin her neck is to attention

›Seeing you eyeing her so pointedly she blushes slightly, turning aside from your gaze

›"Well... ? How do I look?"

›It takes you but a moment to gather your wits about you. Certainly, you'd expected Rarity to look nice but this... she had truly

outdone herself! Your only regret was that you could not walk arm in arm with her, so that any onlooker might know that it was you who was being accompanied by such a beautiful lady

>"Magnificent."

>Yes, that should do nicely. At least until your brain decides to stop the infinite loop of processing how gorgeous she is. It's made a little easier when Rarity suddenly whips her head about

>"Oh! I'd almost forgotten! I'm sorry it took me so long to finish your cravat, darling, but I just wanted it... perfect."

>Ushering you in you follow after, pleased to see the interior back to its usual perfect cleanliness

>"Now..."

>The collar of your shirt is magicked open and a red cravat, sporting an intricate paisley pattern, is tied about it, the front suitably set against your neck

>"There! Oh, you look positively smashing!"

>With that radiant smile filling your view you hold your hand out

>"Shall we?"

>She leads off, out the door and through the town

>If you had been turning heads before you had attracted even more attention now, along with some hushed whispers. Perhaps having shunned Ponies for so long, to now go out with a mare that had attracted the attentions of both mares and stallions from across the land looked even more curious. It brings you no small measure of pride to think that you should be the one to have taken her fancy

>And then, arriving at Le Domaine du Roi, every pony assembled at the doors stopped their chatter and looked at the approaching oddity

>"Oh my, do you see her? That's Brandy Snaps! You know she provides the catering for the Grand Galloping Gala! Oh! And that

stallion there is Spring Rains, his literature has become quite fashionable in the upper-class parts of Trottingham!"

‣She continues pointing out notable ponies in her hushed tone before you stop her with a hand to her shoulder

‣"I'm afraid you forgot the most important pony in attendance tonight."

‣She gives you a questioning look before quickly looking about

‣"Miss Rarity, the most eminent fashionista in all of Equestria. Who's designs have been featured in some of its most respected publications as well as seen at practically every social event worth attending."

‣Her cheeks darken slightly before she breaks into a giggle

‣"You know that kind of flattery won't do a thing to endear you to my desires!"

‣"And flattery is just the cry of those too humble to accept how great they are. This is your night, Rarity. Don't be afraid to enjoy it."

‣She looks up to you before slowly looking about herself, her smile growing

‣"Yes. Yes! I -am- Miss Rarity! And if there's anypony here who knows what class and grace is, it is I!"

‣With her back set straight and legs stepping high you lead her on, into the restaurant, leaving more than a few jealous glances from those simply hanging off the more fortunate

‣The maître d' gives you that same dirty glance before his eyes snap back up to you. Yes, as you'd expected, the suit did indeed show that you were no Johnny-come-lately, riding off the worth of another or blowing in on winnings out of Las Pegasus

>"Ah, Madame Rarity! Such a pleasure to have a pony of your eminence grace our little établissement! And what a... handsome... gentlecolt joining you this evening. Please! We have a table reserved for you, if you will follow me."

>Oh yes, it's nice to see him squirm a little. Rarity may consider herself a cut above the rest but she would never throw it in anyone's face and certainly was never afraid to lower herself if it meant helping another

>Walking through the restaurant you draw some curious looks but the patrons settle back to their own meals and conversations quickly enough, only a few continuing to send odd glances your way

>The dinner is taken slowly, with conversation richly offered by both of you, having found a common interest. Rarity needles you incessantly at your attitudes to certain Victorian fashion designs, delighting in a number of their qualities and assured to take ideas from it

>It takes a track off that and onto current events, however

>"Oh I do hope that Rainbow Dash is willing to make up with you; you two were always so close, gallivanting about like freepOnies!"

>You take a rather large draught of your wine, hoping to have set aside those concerns for tonight

>"Well it's her decision, if she wants to get back with me. I'm not going to go crying to her."

>"Oh darling, that's not what I meant at all! It's just that you clearly want to keep up your friendship -"

>Pour another glass, take a drink

>"- and I can read it so clearly from you that it's hurting. Would you like to talk about it?"

>Another glass, another drink

>"Maybe you should slow down, you don't want to overdo it."



>She's looking at you quite concerned and you sigh, heavily, setting down a now half filled glass

>"You're right, sorry."

>Ah, now there's that delightful smile back. She shifts slightly upon her cushion and you do the same. You'd long since gotten used to the idea of sitting like this and, in fact, found it quite comfortable compared to the kind of straight-backed chairs one usually finds in these places

>"It's just been hard, you know? I really do want us to remain friends but I think it's going to take her a while to... get over us."

>"Get... over you? Whatever do you mean, darling?"

>Ah. She's not smiling at you or otherwise giving any indication she's being facetious. Perhaps she didn't pick up on it, herself

>"Well... okay, you know we've been good friends since we met right? Dash also... had a thing for me. The whole time."

>She stops sipping at the wine glass now at her lips and gently levitates it to the table

>"And you knew all along?"

>"Yes. But at the time I wasn't comfortable with the idea. As you know."

>"Yes..."

>"Anyway, when I came out she obviously thought it was her chance but-"

>"I strode in and ruined everything, didn't I?"

>You didn't like the tone she was using. It was altogether too defeatist

>"No. No, you didn't ruin anything. If it wasn't you then it would've been another pony. I like, Dash, really but I don't think I could ever get with her."

>"Oh..."

>There's a little pause, you're not sure what else you can say to her

>"But... you could see us together?"

>You go to take a drink but stop short. You don't need to, not for this

>"Yes. I honestly can."

>The atmosphere shifts at those words. The warm red and white tones of the painted walls seem that little bit more comforting and when Rarity smiles at you it makes you feel that much better about what's been happening

>You resume your earlier conversation, an embittered debate rising as to the superiority of the Greek chlamys over Achaemenid designs. One you're more than a little sore to realise you're losing badly

>"And with the greater surface area it allows one to fit more intricate designs as well as employ that modesty you're so fond of!"

>You're a little glad an interruption comes in the the form of a grey unicorn, as well dressed as the other patrons, walks up to your table

>"Please excuse my interruption but are you Miss Rarity, of the Carousel Boutique?"

>The lady in question slips on her usual smile when someone enquires as to her career

>"Why yes, I am she, who might-"

>Her eyes bug out as she turns to see the stallion

>"Very good! I am Spring Rains of Trottingham. I've just been looking at your companions fascinating clothing and I had to know, do you know who tailored it?"

›Her mouth works soundlessly for a few moments before she brings herself under control - no doubt with the aid of that little drink of wine

›"A-As a matter of fact I do, I produced it."

›Now it is the stallion's turn to baulk, looking between you and her

›"Really? My word, madame, if this is what you can do for the male of a different species I'd love to see what you might with a pony! Would you, perhaps, consider producing another outfit of this style?"

›Hmm, he's taken her shocked silence as an assent

›"I've got an important meeting with some business clients coming up and I should just love to show them up with such a marvellous outfit."

›O-Oh, I'm sure I can... arrange something appropriate. Please do call to my shop at your... earliest convenience and I shall begin."

›The stallion beams down at her, nodding

›"Wonderful, wonderful! Make no mistake, Miss Rarity, I shall be singing your praises once I return to my home!"

›With a short bow to her he trots off, head held high

›"D-Did you see that?"

›Oh it's so nice to see her so shocked after delivering the beatdown on your arguments

›"The stallion offering you an opportunity to expand your business? I think I might've caught a glimpse of that..."

›That's it, Anon, just play it cool

›"Opportunity? Darling, this is nothing short of magnificent! A writer like Spring Rains will have everypony hanging on his words when he talks of my fashions, and when he's seen wearing one of my outfits...!"

>She places her hooves on the table, closing her eyes and forcing her breathing to steady

>"Oh I just can't thank you enough!"

>Play it cool, just- what?"

>"P-Pardon?"

>"Why, if you'd never told me how to make that suit this never would have happened."

>"W-Well... it wasn't me who made it! He was praising -your- talents."

>"Mmmhmm, and if you hadn't gotten us this reservation then I never would have been spotted."

>Alright, killing blow

>"That may be but if you weren't quite so lovely I'm sure he would never have bothered to come over."

>Wait, no! Idiot! That wasn't what you were meant to say! Great, now your face is on fire and there's no way she's going to believe it's the lighting

>Oh great, now she's got the biggest smile and her eyes can't stop widening

>"You... you think I'm 'lovely'?"

>You could have stayed on the down-low. You could have held out for just a little longer but you're an idiot so you just can't deny what you think of the unicorn sitting across from you

>"I-It's just that... your coat looks so nice under the lighting and the dress... well, it flatters your figure so well..."

>You sigh heavily, trying to look like you're fixing your waistcoat on yourself

>"Look, I was hoping to wait a little longer, I didn't want to get your hopes up but... I've really enjoyed our time together so far and, if I'm to be perfectly honest, as long as you keep as you've been

going I have no doubts we'll be able to make something wonderful together..."

‣Why does this have to be so hard? You've already admitted you can find ponies attractive and that you can be in a relationship with one. Is it that the reality is different from what you thought? No!

‣Well... not exactly. You hadn't imagined you might become so taken by a pony but you've never really appreciated what good company Rarity can make. You've never allowed yourself to

‣"Well I suppose one can't be faulted for taking the fancy of a lady of -my- stature."

‣Oho, she's good. And she knows it if that grin is anything to go by

‣"What was that you said about flattery? The 'call of those too humble to appreciate how great they truly are'?"

‣Fine then. Just reach over and put your hand on her hoof

‣"And you are a great pony. And I'm glad we're doing this."

‣She shifts her other hoof over onto the back of your hand, the smile never fading and her eyes never leaving yours

‣"As am I, darling. Now! What's say we continue our little tête-à-tête? As I recall, you were ready to admit defeat!"

‣You want to hate her. By god do you want to but it's impossible. Blasted Rarity and her insufferably endearing charm...

‣Dessert was... well, it was beyond the extravagant. Rarity sat for minutes just staring at her own, insisting it was simply too wonderful to disturb. You jabbed a fork in it, much to her immediate horror but tasting it... you were afraid she was going to call for seconds, considering its expense

‣But the expense didn't matter, did it. It ate into your savings once more but to see the look of unrestrained joy on the lady's face as you walked her out past jealous eyes was more than worth it

‣Perhaps Spring Rains had already begun his talk, if the hushed tones of ponies pointing to your suit were anything to go by

‣The streets of Ponyville are mostly empty at this hour but that just means the walk back to the Carousel Boutique is all that more intimate. Rarity walks close, bumping against you now and again. Perhaps it's just the wine that's given her the courage to let herself do that, you don't mind. Tonight was too wonderful to think that she was doing something untoward with this

‣"Anon, that was quite possibly the best night I have ever had!"

‣She shuffles from one hoof to another, not looking at you

‣"Though, I suppose there is -one- thing that-"

‣Oh shut up Rarity. Can't you tell when your little insinuations are just too endearing?

‣Indeed, a kiss is quite the thing to quieten her. It's more intimate than you'd permitted yourself before, allowing her tongue to pass your own lips but you don't hold it too long, just allowing her a taste of what she can expect if she holds to her word

‣"Mmm! You are an incessant tease, you know that?"

‣"I prefer to think of it as milestones in my trust. A few weeks ago I'd never have thought of doing that."

‣She shuffles her hooves once again, the material of her dress making a wonderful sound as it moves

‣"A few weeks ago I never could have imagined we'd be together."

‣"But I think this is better, don't you?"

‣She looks up to you, down to the ground, off to the side, bites her lip before looking at you once more, still shuffling

‣"One more? For the sake of a lady?"

‣You smile, leaning in. "For the sake of a lady."

‣Again, you permit her tongue to enter but pull away before she can do more than roam over your incisors

‣"Augh! Do you have -any- idea what this is like for me?"

‣But she's smiling devilishly at you, despite her tone

‣"Maybe I just enjoy getting you bothered. Give you something to strive for, hmm?"

‣She lets out a little throaty chuckle, you almost wish to kiss that neck-

‣"Good night, Anon!"

‣Still smiling her smile she trots in to her home, closing the door with a backwards look to you

‣This was probably the best nights sleep you've gotten in... well, as far back as you can cast your mind. That, of course, didn't have anything to do with dreams of a certain lady. No, you're far too much the gentleman to admit even to yourself that you could have imagined Rarity doing those things

‣Alright, maybe the idea of just being curled up in bed with her isn't all that bad but it'll be some time yet before you can get comfortable with it in the waking world`

‣It makes breakfast more pleasant than it has been, too. You cook up some scrambled eggs, a mean round of toast and some tea. Sun's shining, maybe you can even find your bro and finally have things patched up. Now that'd be everything going your way

‣But it's not to be so, it would seem. You pass about town in your duds, once again going to the usual hangouts but she's nowhere to be

seen. Even the cloud above the town's fountain that she loves to lie on, passing comments down to you is conspicuously devoid of a rainbow tail hanging over it. Maybe you just need to give her some more time.

›That's what she's like, right? She blows up real easy but she eventually gets over things. Plus she's got her friends to help her through it. They'll be sure to give her the support she needs until she can come back to you. Right, give her time and she'll be back to her old Rainbro self

›Actually, since you've got nothing else going on you could call to see Rarity. She did say she had a few things left to work on, on your jacket and trousers. Maybe you could just stop by and see how it's coming along

›It's not in any way an opportunity to see the lady

›Carousel Boutique is... you can feel it when you enter. Rarity, by the sounds of the sewing machine, is in back but there's none of her happy humming or even the soft murmuring of her going through ideas

›You still walk casually into the backroom, sure to find her just concentrating on what she's doing

›"Afternoon, Rarity. How's the order coming?"

›She continues at the machine for a moment longer before slowly looking up

›"Fine."

›That was... icier than you'd expected. In fact, after last night you'd hoped she'd still be as kind to you as she'd been

›"Rarity... are you okay?"

›She's back to stitching now and doesn't look up as she speaks



>"Is there any reason I would not be?"

>You walk around to her side but keep a respectful distance. You don't know what you've done or if it was even you but you weren't going to just let this lie

>"Did something happen to you this morning?"

>She halts her stitching once more and looks up to you, eyes narrowed to a degree that makes you uncomfortable just looking at them

>"Not- this morning, quite a few nights ago, actually. And it wasn't to -me-!"

>She's breathing heavily, the cloth clutched in her hooves as she stares daggers at you. You're scanning your memory, trying to think of anything that might have happened recently. Only thing is that little... thing with AJ but you had that worked out. Unless... Oh god, did Fluttershy say something?

>You feel your throat turn dry but a cold sweat breaks out over you. This is -not- what you wanted to happen. Jesus, not now

>"Rarity, look I can-"

>"Explain? Oh yes, I'd simply love to hear an explanation for -that-!"

>"Whatever Fluttershy told you I'm sure-"

>"Fluttershy? Fluttershy?! No, she didn't tell me a thing. It was Rainbow Dash who's been keeping your dirty little secret. Honestly, and to think I... I..."

>This... this is bad. Her lower lip is trembling and you know that look in her eyes

>"I... I've been so good. I-I've done everything... -everything- you asked me and more and you just..."

>You leap to her side, taking her in your arms. Rarity struggles for a moment, batting at you before she breaks down, hooves over your shoulders. You hope she can feel your own tears on her forelegs

>"Why? W-Why did you..."

>"Oh Rarity... Rarity please believe me..."

>She sobs heavily against you

>"I d-don't want... don't want lies... d-d-don't want..."

>"It was a mistake, a mistake... I'm sorry, oh Christ I'm so sorry..."

>You feel the lady rubbing her head in against your shoulder, most likely trying to dry her eyes

>"W-Why..."

>"Drunk... drunk, I was drunk... Rainbow... w-we had a fight... AJ called..."

>"Drunk... how could you... could you -let- yourself..."

>"A mistake... it was a mistake..."

>And it was. Just some horrible mistake. And now it might end up costing you Rarity, just as you really felt yourself growing closer. You couldn't hold back; you just put your head against her and allowed yourself to weep bitterly into her coat. Your one real shot at normality in this crazy world, turned to ashes in your mouth because of your own stupidity

>You don't know how long you hold each other like that; you don't care. All you care is that this may well be the last physical contact you'll have with the lady. You clutch at her as tightly as you can, burying your face into her soft mane, wishing you'd taken the time before to do this under better circumstances and bemoaning that you'll never again feel it

>In time, her sobbing softens and slows down as does her breathing. She's still holding onto you, your legs are tired from being

bent down but that's only an abstract, Rarity is in your arms and needs this

➤ "Make me another promise."

➤ It's a shock that she's even speaking to you, nevermind that she's still willing to look you in the eyes after she pulls back, hooves still pressed tightly to you

➤ "Yes... anything..."

➤ You wish your voice didn't sound so husky. So weak

➤ You wish she wasn't able to do this to you

➤ "Promise me... promise you'll never do this again. You'll never... fall into this state again; that you will never be unfaithful to me again."

➤ "Never!"

➤ You pull her tight again, hoping desperately this isn't some illusion, isn't just her toying with you or you misreading her. You know she isn't by the way she grabs on to you tightly and holds. You know by the way she no longer sobs or weeps

➤ You raise your head until it's level with her ear and whisper, "Why?"

➤ There's a little, laugh, one you know is being put out against her receding sorrow but the fact that she's doing it at all only fans the flames of your hope

➤ "Because you taught me there are still things I can learn about generosity."

➤ Rarity gives you a light squeeze before pulling back, showing you she's wearing a little smile

➤ "You were willing to trust me, Anon and now I'm going to return that trust. Is that alright?"

➤ You nod wordlessly, hanging upon her every utterance

›"Good. Now, would you mind terribly making some of that delightful tea you do? I think I should like to sit a spell on my couch with you."

›She pulls away and gently trots into her living room. There's no sobbing, no fall to her gait, she seems to have gotten back her usual confidence

›Making the tea is a relaxing process. The scents of the spices being warmed in the milk soothe you deeply after what's just happened

›"Could you put a little extra sugar in mine, please?"

›You dutifully do so, emptying the contents of the pot through a sieve into the cups. You pause to smell from each one, the scent now bringing a smile to you

›Walking into the living room you see the lady sitting back on her couch. A part of you thinks you should sit away from her but... after what's happened you want to be close to her. It's entirely possible she might like that, too

›Rarity levitates the cup from your hand as you approach and sets it down on the table. Sitting next to her she gently leans back against your chest and you encircle her in your arms

›You take a sip from your cup

›"I'm sorry, darling, I shouldn't have judged you so harshly."

›"No, no you were right. You've been... so good, Rarity, I'm proud of you. I'm sorry I didn't say that sooner."

›She pushes back in against you, you tighten your grip a little

›"And I can never tell you how sorry I am for what I did. I just don't-t-"

›"Darling, let us put all that unpleasantness behind us. We've both done much we're not very proud of."

>You also never would have seen Rarity lecture you on this subject. The irony is a little amusing

>You lean down and kiss her mane gently. It tastes of blueberries and elderflower. It doesn't matter if it's the shampoo she uses, you love it

>"I'll make this up to you."

>"Oh I know you will."

>Her body undulates against you as she chuckles. But it's not a bitter thing, you know what she means. You know you've meant what you said

>"Listen... I understand there's a summer faire that's put on each year here. Would you like to come with me to it?"

>She shifts slightly against you

>"Don't you think that's a little-"

>"Clichéd?"

>That throaty little chuckle again

>"I was going to say juvenile but I suppose that also works."

>"And I was just thinking it might be a nice little time for us to spend together."

>Her forelegs come out and hug your arms. She turns and nuzzles in against your chest

>"Of course, how could I have overlooked that! I'd love to get my hooves all dirty in the mud churned up by those ponies."

>"I could carry you, if you'd like."

>A titter now. Rarity turns her body, moving into your lap as she moves her forelegs around your back and side

>"I know you would, darling. But I'll suffer through it. For you."

>She leans up suddenly and her lips connect with your own. The kiss is more passionate than you would have allowed before but things are different now

➤She laps at your lips before diving in, exploring your mouth. Her thin, agile tongue making quick work of it. Did all pony's have such sensual appendages or were you just blessed to have a partner with one?

➤Regardless, you see her eyes snap open at the small moan you utter. Yes, Rarity, this -is- exceedingly enjoyable. Aha, at least she has to pull away as that grin splits her mouth open

➤"My word, I never thought I'd be the one to get that out of you!"

➤You take a moment to catch your breath

➤"What... what -was- that?"

➤Oh, Rarity, that smirk never fails to look adorable on you

➤"That, Anon, was for -me-."

➤Well you're not one to be outdone. You slide one of your hands just a little lower, over her stomach

➤The lady gasps, a small shiver running through her

➤"Still so confident?"

➤"Oooh, you're a wicked man!"

➤You raise you hand to rest on her shoulder

➤"The day -will- come, Rarity. I ask only that you be patient."

➤She kisses you quickly on the lips once more. Looks like she likes a little revenge

➤"I have waited three years, darling, I can wait a little longer if I know that we may... be together in the end."

➤You'd like to just sit there with her for some time, just enjoying this warmth of her gentle touch. After what you'd just been through you'd happily spend the rest of the day here but something is nagging at the back of your mind

➤"And we will. Listen, I have to nip out to pick up some groceries but I'll call into you tomorrow if that's okay."

‣"You may call upon me as much as you wish, as long as I know you won't deny me a few... indulgences!"

‣Nope, you pull back before she can kiss you again. She pouts. You lean down and peck her

‣"They're not limitless you know. Not yet at least."

‣She huffs sharply

‣"I -am- sorry, Anon. It's just... well it's easy for me to forget."

‣"I'm not going to hold it against you. And I am growing to enjoy... this but maybe we could just slow it down a little? For now?"

‣The lady rests her head against your chest once more

‣"For now."

‣You left Rarity in... well high spirits might not be correct. Obviously, it's going to take time to deal with what you did but you feel better knowing it's just out in the open and has been dealt with

‣But that little matter... you don't even know how you're going to- Of course! Her house!

‣With purpose in your stride you head off in the direction of a certain cloud house, ready to give a certain cyan pegasus an earful

‣That was the plan. Standing below it hollering up had done nothing except attract some curious stares from passing ponies

‣Realising you're not actually going to get anything done like this you head home. You're going to have to run into Dash eventually and when you do...

‣Odd, there's something on the windowsill. Approaching, you see it's paper. Yes, it's the weather schedule. Dash was already here!

‣Oh, something's just fallen out of the little booklet. Looks like some sort of note...

‣Dash wants you to meet her tomorrow at Sugarcube Corner, says you need to have a talk

›Damn right you do. You may have been wrong to do what you did but there was only one of two ways Dash knew what you were up to and you doubt Fluttershy would have been bragging to her about it

›You were going to have it out with her and set this shit straight

›Monday, you get up again feeling pretty damn good. You've worked through a recent snag in your research with Twilight and are now on to more interesting material. Perhaps why the thoughts of confronting Dash sit low in your mind

›Conversation with Twilight is strangely absent for most of the morning until she finally speaks up, nearing your break

›"Anon, how are you?"

›It seems a little odd a question, considering you've spent the entire morning together

›"I'm fine, you know how it is."

›She nods and goes back to her reading before pulling her head up suddenly

›"No, I mean... how is everything with you?"

›You stop writing your notes and look up to her

›"Twi, is there something you want to ask?"

›She rubs a hoof on her leg, absently looking away

›"Maybe... It's just that you haven't been talking about Rainbow Dash since..."

›You look away, out the east window, knowing what's going to be out there soon

›"Yeah. I'm still working on that."

›She beams suddenly, eyes closed but face turned to you

›"See? I told you if you keep at it, things would work out!"



>Why is she always so insistent on seeing the best where her friends are involved? Maybe that innocence is one of the reasons you enjoy her company

>"Yeah... listen, I'm going to take my lunch, you want anything back?"

>She shakes her head, now intently turned back to her reading

>Sugarcube corner is busy at this hour as you expect and... ah yes, there she is. She's sitting at a table looking about nervously but as soon as she catches your eye she lifts a hoof and waves it at you

>You grit your teeth and stride up to the table, hoping her antics aren't attracting too much attention from the other ponies

>"Hey, Dude, what's up?"

>You sit down opposite her and just... look at her. You have to give yourself a second to mull this over

>"Yeah, I think we could do with a talk about what's up."

>She sinks back onto the ground, suddenly not looking quite so forcedly upbeat

>"Whoah, did Fluttershy and Applejack call to your house this morning?"

>You ball your hands into fists to stop yourself from reaching over to her

>"You've got a lotta nerve talking about those two."

>"What? What did I do?"

>She's... she's genuinely confused, isn't she? How could she not understand what you're talking about, not remember what she's done

>"How the hell did you know about... about what happened between me and AJ?"

>She looks down suddenly, you see her hooves moving about over the table

>"Oh, that. Well... see, I saw AJ call by and I just wanted to... uh, keep a watch to make sure you were okay."

>"Yeah? And when she started groping me?"

>Dash flinches, wincing

>"I... you looked like you were enjoying it?"

>You let go. You just can't deal with this. You have to remember what Twilight talked to you about. She was right

>"Dash, just tell me why you told Rarity about it."

>She looks up at you, eyes open but still narrowed somewhat. She puts a hoof on the table and points it towards you

>"It wasn't loyal of you to do that. That's me, remember?"

>"Don't you think you could have handled it better?"

>"Pfft, whatever dude, so I guess she's pretty much dumped ya right?"

>There's no way she should be sounding smug about that

>"Actually she's forgiven me. I think she-"

>CLOP

>You could almost feel the ground shake from Dash putting her hoof down so hard

>"Is that right?"

>"Hi, Dashie!"

>You're not quite sure how to feel about the arrival of Pinkie Pie. Nor her rather jarring jovial tone

>Dash immediately perks up, though

>"Oh, hey Pinks, how are ya?"

>She giggles sweetly, settling down against her friend

>"Great! But you know what'd make me even better? I think the Cakes are making milkshakes right now, wanna get some for us?"

>"Aww man, milkshakes? I haven't had any in like forever!"

>You're forgotten in a heartbeat as Dash trots off into the building without a backwards glance

>Pinkie... her face falls immediately as she turns to you

>"Anon, why are you doing this?"

>You lean forward, resting yourself against the table. It'd be nice if you were a little more emotionally drained so you didn't have to deal with this but Pinkie's sweet innocence can't be denied

>"Could you tell me what-"

>"Don't."

>It's not harsh or angry or loud even, it's just a quiet little statement. You look a little closer and see her eyes moistening and her mane seems just a little less frizzy than normal

>"You know what you're doing to Dashie but why are you doing it?"

>Hands up, rub your temples try to force yourself to think through this

>You can't

>"I'm not doing anything to her."

>"Yes you are! You're hurting her!"

>No one ever liked hearing Pinkie upset, that was something you learned quickly enough on your arrival but it was seldom that upset had been directed at you. It feels surprisingly bad

>"Pinkie, she's just doing this to herself."

>"B-But you can stop it. It's so easy to just make her happy, Anon."

>She's got her hooves on the table, pushing them towards you in a plaintive little gesture. Dash was making this hard enough herself but having Pinkie's sorrow turned on you is too much

>"It's not that simple, I mean that. I wish it was but things are so complicated between us."

>"It's only as hard as you make it, you know. If... if you really cared about Dashie you'd make her happy!"

>"I want her to be happy!"

>Damn, you didn't want to blow up at her like that. This isn't her fault, even if she is unwittingly stirring matters up. You can't blame her for just wanting her friends to be happy

>"Then why are you hurting her..."

>And there it is. You're hurting Dash. You're not entirely to blame - it was her that was unwilling to move past this - but you do have a part to play

>"I can't. I'm sorry but I can't give her what she wants."

>"Then you're not a very good-"

>"Hey Pinks, these are some great milkshakes!"

>Dash is walking back, balancing a tray with three glasses on her back helped by extending her wings out slightly

>Pinkie brightens upon seeing her. Or at least appears to

>"Told ya! Aww, but I can't join you guys, the Cakes have a big biiig order for me to help with! Catcha later, Dashie!"

>She trots off humming to herself tunelessly as you'd so often hear her do

>Dash watches her go before slowly sliding the tray onto the table

>She pushes one of the glasses over to you and you start drinking from it, if only to do something other than look at her

>There's a breath, the sound of lips sucking on a straw then it stops

>"So... Rarity's okay with what you did?"

>You pause, still not looking up

>"We worked it out."

‣You think you hear her shifting on her haunches, look up to see her frowning at you

‣"So she's really okay with it?"

‣"Yes, Dash."

‣You grunt and take up the straw again before stopping suddenly. That thing nagging at the back of your mind seems a little clearer now

‣"Why did you tell her?"

‣"I told ya, it-"

‣"No. I want to know why you -really- told her?"

‣"What's that supposed to mean?"

‣She's looking up from her own glass now, giving you a quizzical look but her tone is one of irritation

‣"What I said. Why did you tell her?"

‣Rainbow doesn't respond, just lowers her head down to the milkshake, slowly sipping from the straw

‣"Dash. Why did you tell her?"

‣No response

‣"Dash!"

‣"Buck sake, I can't believe you're actually still doing this!"

‣She brings a hoof up to point at you, knocking over her glass

‣"I thought we had this worked out."

‣She snorts, keep her gaze level with your own

‣"-Obviously- we don't. C'mon dude, ya -know- she's just going to wind up hurting you."

‣She doesn't mean that. You know she doesn't mean that

‣You hope...

‣"Dash..."

‣It's impossible to stop your voice from catching. This is wrong, all wrong. This isn't the way it's meant to be

>"... please, why are you doing this?"

>"Because I care!"

>She's huffing heavily, both hooves on the table, propping her up

>"Because you don't know what it's like for me! I mean... why do you even -think- I want you? Why is it I always get along better with non ponies, like the buffalo?"

>"And Gilda?"

>You know it's a low blow and you hate yourself for resorting to such a sore topic but if Dash isn't going to pull any punches you can't shy away

>She snorts again, now casting up her eyes and folding her forelegs

>"Yeah. Gilda. I guess we just wanted different things."

>"So I guess you could say it's like us, then."

>She slams her hooves back down again

>"It's not the same!"

>You cast your own arms up

>"It's exactly the same!"

>"It's not! It's not because I know what ya want and I can -be- that for you! Just please gimme that chance..."

>Oh god no. Why did she have to ask you to give her a chance. You can't, you couldn't. You'd put all that behind you, it was just too painful, even at the time

>"Dash, you know I-"

>"Please."

>There's a desperate quaver to her voice

>"Stop it, you're hurting me Dash, I don't-"

>"PLEASE!"

>She's staring at you, lower lip trembling. It's like being with Rarity all over again, any hope of salvaging this friendship slipping

away between your fingers. Everything you say is exactly what she doesn't want to hear

‣You don't have time to respond before Dash lunges across the table, knocking the glasses aside and throwing herself upon you

‣Her lips painfully clash against your own and she pulls away with a tiny grunt, only to come back almost as forceful, pushing her tongue against your lips. You're too dazed from the fall to react fast enough but you quickly start pushing against her, Dash trying to hold on to you

‣You struggle, Dash mashing her lips against you, your hands pressed to her chest. With a shove she's off, a yelp escaping her as she hits the table

‣Both of you pant for moments, not really looking at each other or anything in particular

‣"Why?"

‣It's a low growl

‣"WHY?!"

‣She bellows out the word

‣"Because-"

‣"THAT'S NOT AN ANSWER!"

‣She's standing over you, almost bearing her teeth, her eyes still moist

‣"Dash, it doesn't have to end like this. We can still-"

‣"There can only be an 'us' if you want there to be!"

‣"I told you, I can't-"

‣"NO! SHUT UP!"

‣She pants heavily, her breath smells like the milkshake

‣"I can't-"

‣"STOP IT!"

‣"Please-"

‣She grunts, leaping into the air and flying off, out of your life  
‣You lie there on the ground, too shocked to move. Too shocked to do more than dab at your eyes

‣You're not sure how long you've been there nor do you care for who's stopped to gawk at you

‣Dash was losing it and you just don't know why. But it'd take too much to pull her back now. Rarity is what you want and you're not willing to give her up just to make things easy for Dash. She can work through this on her own time if this is how she's going to be

‣Feeling a little more pulled together at those thoughts you slowly push yourself up

‣"Anon? Anon!"

‣That familiar aristocratic tone... it's what you wanted to hear, without realising it

‣A white mass collides with you, forelegs wrapping around your torso and you around it. You clutch to it for dear life, breathing in the comforting scents of blueberry and elderflower

‣"Oh darling... Twilight came to see me, she thought you might have visited. What happened?"

‣You bury your head in that mane for a few moments longer before pulling out, feeling suitably composed

‣"Dash... Rainbow Dash she... it's over... I don't know... she took..."

‣"Oh Anon!"

‣She pulls you close again and you don't dare resist

‣"Rarity... what am I gonna do?"

‣"Hush now, we'll figure this all out. We'll find a way, love always does."



›Love... yes, you still loved Rainbow. How could you not? You won't abandon Rarity for her but as soon as she's ready to come around you'll be there to welcome her

›"Come along now, let's get you home."

›She draws you up and you set off, Rarity pressed tightly against you the whole way

›"I still can't believe she forced herself upon you!"

›You've been telling Rarity of what happened while you've been walking. It's helped, as much as you might have hoped it would

›"I know it was wrong but I think I understand why she did it."

›"Oh understand perhaps but that was simply unwarranted! I shall have strong words for her should I see her find herself in my company!"

›You sigh heavily, lifting your head from your hands. Rubbing at it hasn't done anything to lessen the headache you feel coming on

›"Rarity, please, I don't want you getting mixed up in this too."

›She glares at you momentarily before allowing her features to soften

›"I know I shouldn't, darling but I just... it's simply so infuriating! I just can't understand how one of my own friends could do something like that."

›"Love makes us do strange things, doesn't it."

›Bad choice of words, her face falls dramatically

›"Oh. Yes... yes it does..."

›You bend down and put your arms on her shoulders

›"But doesn't it also make us do wonderful things?"

›"Yes..."

›The lady draws you into a gentle embrace and you don't much care to end it

>But needs must and you feel like taking a shower, getting something to eat and just working all of this out. Or maybe not and just try to forget it

>"We have the faire to look forward to, don't forget."

>"Mmm, I'm looking forward to some time alone with you."

>She looks at you quite seriously

>"But if you need anything you know to come see me. It matters not what time it is, if you need to talk I'll be waiting."

>"Thank you, Rarity."

>She smiles sweetly and you return it before you part ways, the day's events finally catching up to you as you fall to your couch

>It's been a few weeks since your confrontation with Dash and things have been... well, as normal as they can be. You've settled into a routine of calling to see Rarity regularly, drinking tea and having long talks. You've also tried to strike up a few friendships with some of the ponies you've come to consider acquaintances with mixed success

>Most still seem to consider you either an object of sexual fascination, a menace to their mates or just a complete oddity. The last was easily the worst; you might have thought that after three years they'd be comfortable enough around you

>That said, you've got the faire with Rarity to look forward to in a few days and it looks like you're not alone. You can practically feel the excited energy that now grips Ponyville.

>It would be nice if you had your bro but... maybe she just needs more time

>You're sitting reading a book one night ("A Treatise on the Variegation of Magical Auras", Twilight had insisted it was a great read), when there comes a familiar knock at the door

‣Well, at least they were getting less common now. Maybe word of your being with Rarity was turning ponies off

‣"Augh, I can't believe we're really gonna do this!"

‣That voice... you know that voice but you just can't put the name to it, or the face

‣Opening the door you see... her!

‣"Hi Anon!"

‣"H-Hi... Anon..."

‣Fluttershy and that demoness you've come to avoid at every turn you could. The one they call 'Lyra'

‣The minty unicorn is hopping on the spot, beaming at you while levitating a large amount of assorted booze next to herself

‣"Fluttershy told me you like to watch mares get drunk and make out and I told her human males just like watching two girls doing anything! So we decided to put on a little show for you! A-And maybe you can show me just how much you humans like watching..."

‣As your mind runs through processing that spiel, Lyra quickly pushes on through you, ruining whatever chances you had in simply shutting them out

‣It strikes you as a little odd how as soon as you cut back on your own drinking the ponies around you ramp it up. Maybe consumption of alcohol is just a universal constant

‣You're sitting on a chair, one as far away from the couch as you can trying not to allow Lyra and Flutter to attract your attention as they pour whiskey into each other's mouths and... do things with their hooves. Things you're sure you'll have to clean your couch after, tomorrow

‣You've got some old movie on, volume up but the girls are making an increasing show of what they're doing as they become further inebriated

➤Time passes and it begins to wane, strangely. You look over and see Flutters asleep on top of Lyra who's still drunkenly massaging her wings, giggling and hiccuping

➤Right, time to follow the old plan-

➤"H-Hey Anon! Where... where \*hic\* you goin'?"

➤"Bed, Lyra."

➤"Aww great, I wanna \*hic\* come too!"

➤She slides out underneath Flutters and, wobbling, trails after you

➤Right, man, think fast...

➤Okay, you've got this sorted. This can't fail

➤You motion Lyra onto your bed, something that makes her blush profusely and giggle furiously at

➤She strikes a... you're sure to some pOny it's a sexy pose but you gently turn her onto her stomach

➤"Aww... don't wanna \*hic\* wanna \*hic\* wanna \*hic\* look me in the... eyes?"

➤"Lyra, there's a special human custom I'm sure you don't know about."

➤As if she hadn't touched a drop of alcohol all night she spins around and grabs onto your hands, eyes as wide as saucers

➤"W-What is it!"

➤You nod to your dresser, opposite the bed

➤"We like to brush each other's hair. It's... uh, considered quite the erotic thing to do!"

➤She lies back down with a deep 'Ooooooh', her eyes falling to half lids

➤Kneeling down next to her you take a little of her mane in your hand

‣Lyra looks up at you suddenly

‣"I... I love you, Anon. I just wanted you to know that."

‣You nod, trying to hold a smile

‣Carefully, you start to run the brush through her mane

‣Lyra coos softly, pushing herself in against the bed

‣You continue in this fashion, taking up some of her mane, brushing it, moving on to the next. You stop only to begin brushing it in its entirety in long, slow strokes

‣Lyra's breathing begins to slow, her soft moans turning into deep breaths

‣When you're sure she's under you scoop her up in your arms and carry her down the stairs. As best you can with your elbows and shoulders you open the door and deposit her just off the path

‣You creep back in and carry Flutters out, in the same fashion, placing her next to the sleeping unicorn

‣It's a warm night and there's no risk of anything happening to them. At least you didn't have to hurt any more feelings to get this done

‣The next few days pass by with a little difficulty. You've heard stories of Rainbow repeatedly getting hammered at the local watering hole, joining fights or starting them herself. If you'd hoped she was going to come around those hopes were now starting to fade

‣But you've got more important things to worry about -this-evening. A very special lady awaits your company to attend the kind of rustic celebration she'd never openly admit to enjoying

‣It's still early evening but you had hoped you might head home from the faire a little earlier than you'd initially planned to spend some quality time with your paramour. Yes, you felt it might be

appropriate to start thinking of her in those kinds of terms. You're sure if you say it to her she'd -certainly- like it

‣No fancy clothing this time, you'd be surrounded by ponies you knew well and would expect to see you with your companion dressed down

‣This time it's a little different, the lady is waiting for you outside her home, her smile picking up by magnitudes when she sees you

‣"Heloo~! Oh it's wonderful to see you again!"

‣Rarity trots the rest of the way up to you and rears back on her hind legs, pulling you into a small kiss you're eager to return. If any man ever said these pony lips were made for anything other than to be kissed he was surely wrong

‣"Shall we away then?"

‣Again, that part of you wishes you could hook your arm in hers but... it's not quite as biting as it was before. Having Rarity pressed against your side as you hold a hand on her shoulder seems as nice a gesture. You feel her warm enough under your touch that you consider it so

‣The entrance to the faire is a large arch, bedecked with all sorts of summer flowers and fruit at its base. You eye some rather delicious looking Sweet Apple Acres produce and dearly hope a certain tan pony won't be in attendance to cause trouble

‣"Hmm, where should we go first?"

‣The lady scans about, her eyes never staying on one spot too long

‣"Isn't there a section for handicrafts? I think we'd both like that."

‣"Oh my, yes! You know some of Equestria's most darling curios have come right out of our little town!"

‣She falls into a long talk of some of the more noted sculptors and artists that have been 'discovered' amidst the relative obscurity of the town. Like before, it's something you may have endured out of politeness but now find yourself genuinely interested in her discussion

‣You might have expected it before but it's really only through listening to her that you've come to appreciate how much of an artist Rarity truly is. She has a keen eye, pointing out wood sculptures and home-made quilts, complimenting more than one pony on their stitching

‣This is nice

‣It's a thought you find yourself thinking increasingly as you spend more time with Rarity. Not 'nice' in a blasé sort of way, but nice in it being homely and comfortable. Nice in how much it lends happiness to your life here

‣You're both enjoying apple fritters when you look down to her, struck by how you could have overlooked saying this before

‣"Rarity?"

‣She looks up to you but continues to daintily chew the pastry

‣"Have I told you lately that I love you?"

‣The lady begins to choke and you drop your own fritter, kneeling down to try and help her. You've no need to as she swallows the lump in her throat, mouth now hanging agape as she stares at you

‣"Are you okay?"

‣"Well I am -now-!"

‣She looks to one side before turning back to you, stars in her eyes

‣"Do you really mean that?"

‣"Would I have said it if I didn't?"

‣"Oh thank you, thank you, thank you~!"

>She leaps, throwing her muddy forehooves over your shoulders but pulls back immediately, grinning sheepishly

>"Oh... my, I'm terribly sorry, darling."

>"It's okay. But if you wanted to make it up to me you could..."

>"I'm sorry, what was that?"

>"I said you could say..."

>"Oh come now, darling, there's no need to be so shy. Speak up!"

>"Ugh, I said you could make it up to me by saying you love me!"

>"Oh!"

>Her face falls blank before quickly shifting into a warm smile

>"I do, you know. I love you."

>You kiss her quickly, the taste of brown sugar and burnt batter still on her lips

>"W-Well!"

>Oh yes, it's always nice to unseat her from her throne of supposedly unshakable composure like that

>"What shall we do now? The night is still quite young -"

>"Like a certain white unicorn..."

>"- and there's much we can do! And don't think you may butter me up like that! A lady would -never- give in so easily to such compliments."

>"Good..."

>You run your hands over her withers and down her sides, sending a little shiver through her. You love the thrill of doing this so publicly, it's almost enough to make you shiver too

>"I wouldn't want anything less than your best."

>The lady continues to bit her lip for a moment longer before leaning in to whisper in your ear

>"P-Perhaps we needn't continue out here..."

>That's not all that bad an idea, maybe you could-



›"O-Outta my way, flankhead!"

›Oh dear god no! That raspy, tomboyish voice could only belong to -one- pegasus and it's one you do not want to meet now of all times

›"Hey buddy... you wanna maybe... try that again?"

›Through the crowds you can see her sauntering lazily towards you. She spots you, damn. She's zeroed in and now heading straight for you

›Looks like you might have to have it out. Again

›You would prefer to turn and flee, even if it meant hoisting Rarity over your shoulders but you know both that you would never hear the end of that and that she would simply magick herself out of your grasp before taking Dash to task

›Which, by the set of her body, she looks quite ready to do

›"We-well \*hic\* well, if it isn't my... my best bro and his li'l Rapity!"

›Out of the corner of your eye you see the lady's cheeks darken - you'd have to be sure to stamp any memories of that out. She had changed, you grew more and more sure of that with each day. With each little touch and stolen kiss. There was something there, something you were missing that you could see if you had the time, something important that would lead to everything making sense

›"How dare you, you... you little delinquent! Why, I have a sound mind to- have you been drinking?"

›It hits you like an earth pony's charge - Dash stinks of booze. The air around her is practically moving with the stench

›"Wull whut am I suppose' to do? He \*hic\* YOU! YOU stole H-\*hic\*-IM from ME!"

›"Haugh! I did no such thing! This gentlecolt had the kindness to see past my unladylike actions and understand the sincerity behind them!"

>Dash swings a hoof out, missing Rarity by more than a few feet but stumbling about. Ponies have begun to watch the spectacle

>"You... You TRICKED him! He was MINE!"

>She growls trying to lung but only succeeding in falling into the mud, picking herself up with some difficulty. At first it just sounds like she's spluttering mud out but you quickly understand she's begun to sob

>"He doesn't -belong- to either of us! I have simply treated him as he has treated me and that is why he has been so good in giving me this chance."

>"CHANCE!?"

>You're starting to feel uncomfortable with all the eyes now upon you. You have to find some way to end this, if not for your sake then Rarity's

>"What about MY CHANCE! HUH! Where's MY BUCKIN' CHANCE!"

>"Well -perhaps- if you had seen fit to not act like-"

>You tap your companion's shoulder gently and lean down to her

>"Rarity, let me take care of this, why don't you go buy us some tickets for the ferris wheel. Please, let's not spoil our night."

>She continues glaring at the pegasus for a few seconds longer

>"Alright, darling, but -she- had better not think to try anything or I -will- take matters into my own hooves."

>With a final stare she stalks off, ponies parting to allow her passage

>All eyes now fall upon the two of you that remain

>Dash watches Rarity walk off before turning her lopsided gaze upon you

>"Well?"

>What the hell is this?

>"Well what?"

>"Well... where's my \*hic\* chance?"

>"Dash... tell me you're kidding. Please."

>"What? J-Just because she's gonna... gonna buck you up \*hic\* doesn't mean ya have ta \*hic\* go off ALL mares... right?"

>She's edging closer, step by step. You can't back off with the crowd that's gathered

>"Don't do this, Dash. Not here. Just... get cleaned up and we can talk-"

>"NO! NO! I DON'T WANNA TALK ANY MORE!"

>She whirls about lowering her front while raising her rump high in the air, shifting her tail aside

>"You... you can \*hic\* have me! Right... right now - right HERE if ya want! Any... any way ya want, jus' take it!"

>She turns her head and you look into her eyes. Her rose coloured eyes - that you've always been so familiar with - now bloodshot and puffy. Dash backs up a few paces, raising her rump higher

>There are no words to say to this. She's lost it, completely lost it at this stage. All you can do is just... walk away from all this

>So you do

>"Hey! HEY WHERE... WHERE YA \*hic\* GOIN'!"

>The crowd parts slowly, letting you pass as Dash's voice is swallowed by it

>"BUCKIN'... BUCKIN' COLT CUDDLER! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE! YOU SICK BUCK! YOU CAN'T HANDLE THIS MARE!"

>The sound of wingbeats, something slamming into mud, cursing, more wingbeats and then hushed whispers

>You spot Rarity off by the Ferris Wheel looking back at you. Yes, the evening has been spoiled but maybe you can still salvage something from it

>You stop just short of her, looking into those blue eyes. If ponies weren't still eying you, you might have bent down to hug her but she's had enough attention drawn to her this evening

>"I'm sorry-"

>"Don't be. I don't think I could ever have believed she's so far gone until I had seen it myself."

>She lets out a breath, her body relaxing

>"If anything I'm the one who should apologise. You know, if I had merely said nothing this might never have happened."

>There's a tiny quaver to her voice and you can't blame her. She's known Rainbow longer than you have and while they may have had their little spats they were still friends, as close as could be

>"And if it wasn't you it would've just been some other mare. And I... I don't want to think about that."

>Onlookers be damned, you need to embrace the lady as much for yourself as her!

>"Rarity, you've been a constant for me since this began. I feel like everything is just slipping away from me but as long as I've you there to pull me back I think... I'm sure I can get through this."

>You feel a foreleg rise and wrap around your side and back

>"You don't have to carry this all by yourself, you know. I told you before, if you -ever- need somepony to talk to I'm merely a stone's throw away."

>You sniffle and wipe your eyes in her mane. You know you shouldn't but you're also sure she won't mind

>"Will you make me a promise?"

>"Of course, darling."

>"Promise me you'll stick with me through all this."  
>"That goes without saying but I promise."  
>You give one last squeeze and stand. She looks a little brighter  
and you hope you do, too

>"Ah!"  
>Rarity magicks two tickets out of... her mane? You can't help  
laughing a little at the spectacle  
>"What? My saddlebags are at home and I simply couldn't carry  
these about in my mouth!"  
>Probably because she wanted to smile. Yes, that's just what you  
need to see right now  
>With your spirits newly buoyed, she leads you off towards the  
ferris wheel. A clichéd few moments of intimacy perhaps but after  
what's happened you just want to be with her

>The colt controlling the ferris wheel gives the two of you an odd  
look before waving you on. At least these seats are designed more  
with the way your body bends in mind. But you wouldn't care if you  
had to contort to fit into it, as long as you could sit next to the lady

>She sees you looking at her and titters softly but doesn't avert  
her eyes this time. The wheel begins to move, slowly rotating with  
the two of you on your way up

>"I think we should come out in the evening's more, you really  
look beautiful under this light."

>"What did I say about that kind of flattery?"

>You lean a little closer, Rarity follows suit

>"Maybe I thought the lady would allow me to steal a kiss."

>"And what -ever- gave you such an idea?"

>You're just a hair's breath from her

>"Because we love one another."

➤Your lips touch once, twice, one last time before locking. Your arm reflexively moves up to cup her elbow. You want this, you want her to know how much you've come to trust - come to love her

➤Eyes from below must be gazing up at the curious sight: man and pony sharing such intimacy but you couldn't care less in this moment. Not in this one pure moment of joy. You don't need to think about all that's happened before with Rarity, you feel like you can let your guard down. And... that's... it!

➤You can let your guard down because... because this is what Rarity is -like-! She is, by her nature, such a passionate pony. How much of all your previous misadventures were as a result of this part of her? This part of her that you realised you could grow to love as much as the rest of her

➤You're near the top of the wheel now, the golden light of the sun playing across her coat so beautifully. Perhaps this is what it's like for pegasi with their mates. If so, you envy them

➤You want to think it's the thinness of air and not bodily demands that force you to separate but in the end it doesn't matter. It allows you to see that joy you felt reflected in Rarity's own face

➤The lady leans close to you and you to her. Looking out over Ponyville, you're taken by the simple, idyllic beauty

➤Your home. Your home now that you had found someone that was worth being there with. Found something that had given your life in this place a real meaning beyond the simple mundanity of living

➤You're on the way back down now. The sounds of the faire flit up: laughter, shouting, hooves thumping on the dirt. How could you have missed, for so long, how much like your old home this is?

>Even back there, it would be easy to run into problems as complex as this. But would it have been easy to find a lady like her? Somehow, you doubt such a thing could ever have been

>"Remind me that we must come here next year."

>"I will."

>You reach the bottom and hop off with her. The mood has been restored but you've both had your fill of this place. Home it is, to reflect and enjoy the good memories

>Little is said on the way, you merely enjoy companionable silence with your arm slipped over her shoulders. You love this feeling that sends shivers up and down your spine

>At her home, she pauses and you oblige, not waiting for words but offering freely

>You look at each other for moments longer, admiring perhaps or simply content to continue to enjoy the company. She makes to go off but halts, looking at you as if she's unsure

>"Did you want to ask me in."

>She smiles widely, the smile of one who doesn't doubt their surety

>"I haven't forgotten what you said, darling, nor what I did. I shall know when you are ready -by- you and I am content to wait."

>Her smile softens, as does her gaze

>"I just wanted to thank you for this evening. I honestly hadn't thought it could be so enjoyable! Well... disregarding the... unpleasantness. But that aside I think it was nothing short of..."

>"Magical."

>"Yes."

>She turns and opens the door, walking inside, pausing to look back

›"Good night, Anon."

›This time you don't wait until the door is closed

›"Good night, Miss Rarity."

›Days pass better for you, now. Advances from strange mares are becoming fewer and far between. You're not sure of the cause for it but you're not going to look a gift pony in the mouth. And then, those that do approach don't irritate you quite so much as they may once have

›Your breaks are often spent at Rarity's, fixing up lunch for both of you and either just delighting in her company or fiding more hidden gems of conversation. Those that are not you try to spread out around other cafés and find it easier to talk to other ponies now, without those old fears and they too are more receptive to you

›Another week passes before something truly out of the ordinary occurs

›Normally all your mornings follow the same pattern. Sometimes it's broken by the arrival of your more determined admirers but they're also more manageable now. More often it's taken up by the arrival of a certain grey pegasus sporting an endearing case of strabismus

›The friendship had been struck up out of a shared characteristic: both of you knowing what it's like to be considered an oddity within the community. But where she had long since found acceptance you had only just been offered it and she had been at the fore of it. Sometimes she'd just stop by to chat, at others she'd dig around her mailbags pulling out a muffin to share. You had high hopes you could cultivate a good friendship from this

›But this morning is different, she has mail for you; it's been something of an oddity, considering few, if any, pOnies would ever



need or want to write you but then there has to be a first for everything

>You accept it, noting the familiar seal and seeing the look on your face Derpy doesn't delay

>Yes, a cloud and bolt seal

>You don't think to open it before stepping out. Don't think to putting it down even, you just need to... walk this off

>After what she did at the faire... you're not sure how to feel about her. Hurt and angry yes but can you really keep that up?

>Without thinking you find yourself outside the Carousel Boutique

>Thinking this as good a place as any to seek counsel you enter, the tinkling of the bells over the door doing only a little to soothe your nerves. They do, after all, signal that you're entering a place you've come to associate with comfort and kindness

>"Good mo~rning! And welcome to- Anon! Oh you must come in, I have simply the most exciting news!"

>She stops in her tracks upon getting a good look at you and what you hold in your hand. Her eyes move from it to your face and back

>"What's wrong? Has... has something happened?"

>You walk in, keeping a measured pace and sit down on the couch as you have so many times in the days since the faire. Rarity trots smartly behind, hopping up beside you and snuggling in. Once more, you're glad to have her and to have her so near

>"Recognise the seal?"

>You hold up the missive and the lady inhales sharply. She continues looking at it for a moment longer before letting her breath out

>"She took the time to write you, darling, I suppose the least you can do is read it."

>And so you do, cracking open the seal and removing the letter inside. It's... surprisingly short

>In Dash's usual scrawl she's penned out how sorry she is for what's happened, she was confused and turned to booze and lashed out at you. And Rarity, she's sorry for what she did to her. She begs for a chance to call by your house tomorrow and that you won't turn her away

>Your hands are shaking by the time you finish. A part of you had hoped that she might see sense but even now you couldn't help but doubt, after all that happened

>Rarity raises a hoof and places it against your hand, steadying it

>"What are you going to do?"

>She's looking at you plainly, neither judging nor expecting. You'd much prefer if she just told you

>"What can I do?"

>"You could give her the chance. You could forgive her, as you forgave me."

>"I thought I said-"

>"I know but I also know you don't want to lose her. Please don't deny it, I've seen how you look out at her cloud home some evenings. And please don't think I judge you for it."

>She tempers your guilt with a smile, the hoof has moved up to hold your shoulder

>"No matter what you say she's still important, to both of us."

>You let out a shuddering breath you weren't aware you'd been holding

>"Alright. Alright, I'll give her this chance. But Rarity, this is the last time I can do it. If she throws this in my face I... I..."

>The lady presses herself to you and you just... let go, once more. You have Rarity, no matter what may come you'll have her. You just have to remember this constant

>Together you sit, gathering yourself together when you recall what she'd said

>"I think I could do with a little good news."

>"Hmm? Oh."

>She leaps off the couch and trots up the stairs. The sound of rummaging follows then more trotting and down she comes levitating a rather expensive sheet of paper

>Rarity levitates it over to you and you read

>It's a letter from the Manehattan city council, she's been invited to display her newest creations for stallions, next month, at their Midsummer Fashion Week

>Rainbow is forgotten as you throw your arms around her, and she you

>"I'm so proud of you!"

>"Can you believe it? Manehattan!"

>Her grip slackens, just a tad

>"Manehatten..."

>You pull back

>"Are you alright? Is something-"

>"No, no, it's fine. I just recalled something... unrelated. We mustn't let it get us down."

>But when she smiles you're sure you can see the tiny bit of strain behind it

›She doesn't detain you longer, insisting she must get to work right away on outfits she can proudly display there

›You depart, feeling torn between hopeful, concerned and weary

›Time would bring all to light, you still hoped

›Work has been better. Then again, days in general have been better than this one. You can't help but feel like Damocles, with Dash's visit later to expect

›You still have no idea what you're going to do - shout at her most likely, she humiliated you, Rarity and herself that day at the faire. She's made this whole thing as difficult as possible ever since you and Rarity came together. So you want to shout at her, to scream and let all the anger you've held against her out

›You want to but wanting and being able to are oft so different. Every time you think of actually seeing her and seeing her sober and willing to make amends you instead want to put it all behind you, like some bad dream and just allow things to get back to normal

›You've even worked on a little later at the library, trying to put it off as long as possible but you can't do it any longer. If only Dash had allowed you to pick an appropriate time instead of foisting it upon you

›Coming up to your home you spot her easily, she's sitting on the doorstep but stands upon seeing you. It almost looks like she's wearing saddlebags but you can't imagine why

›Reaching the house you... you don't know what to do. Dash just stands in front of you, not looking you in the eye but not looking happy either

›"Dude, I..."

›She falters, lowering her head further

›"I'm sorry. Okay? I'm sorry for everything I did."

➤She looks up, you nod

➤"I-It was wrong but I was just so confused! I couldn't understand and I felt so hurt and thought you wouldn't even want me any more!"

➤And there goes your anger, slipping away to be replaced by - if not hope then relief

➤"Dash, no matter who comes or goes in my life I'd still want us to be friends."

➤She winces at that last word. Obviously it's still going to take some time for her to fully get over her position

➤"I know... and... I want that too... and... and I'm glad you and... Rarity are happy..."

➤Alright then. She sounds sincere enough

➤"Listen, I know things have been tough but... d'ya think I could come in? Maybe we could... watch a few movies like we used to?"

➤You smile and nod, opening the door. Maybe this could be the first step on the road back to having her in your life

➤You can't offer her a drink, seeing as you've run out some time ago and haven't cared to restock

➤But that matter seems to have been taken care of as you return from the kitchen to see Dash lifting bottle after bottle out of her saddlebags

➤"Dash..."

➤"Hey, it's okay! You don't have to drink but you know there's no other way I can watch a movie."

➤Right. Fine. You sit down on the couch, flicking on the TV with the remote and Dash settles next to you

>A part of you would prefer if she didn't sit this close, especially after all that's happened but you're not going to cause an argument now

>Dash settles into drinking. Quite a bit more than you would have expected or maybe it's just that with you drinking with her before you never noticed how much she really drank

>Near the third quarter of the movie she's leaning heavily against you. You're uncomfortable but determined not to kick up a fuss

>That is, until you feel a hoof start to lazily trail against your chest

>"Dash, what are you-"

>"Shhhh! Just... enjoy it."

>The hoof moves down quickly, fumbling at your belt and zipper before the other is brought up to assist

>"Dash! Stop that!"

>You go to brush her hooves away but she bats at your hand, lowering her muzzle to catch the zipper in her teeth

>"Dash!"

>You jump off the couch, the mare falling onto where you'd just been sitting

>"Buck it! What's wrong now?!"

>She's giving you the most irritated look you've seen her put on in a long time. Doesn't she realise what... ah, that's probably why she was drinking

>"Just what in the hell were you doing?"

>"Well gee, maybe if you were drunk too it woulda helped? It worked pretty well for AJ."

>She puts on some sickening drunken smile and bedroom eyes, patting the couch

➤ "C'mon, I'll getcha a drink and we can have some fun!"

➤ "Damn it, Dash, what about your apology! What was that?"

➤ "Augh, it's like you don't get it! I -had- to say that to get in here, duh! But now we're here I can -show- you what I've been talking about."

➤ No. No you can -not- deal with this shit any more

➤ "Listen, I don't care what you say or what you do, I will never bed down with you, do you understand? And frankly, I don't think I even want us to be friends if this is how it's going to be."

➤ Dash just looks at you, wide-eyed for a moment before throwing her hooves up

➤ "FINE! I-If that's how you -want- it then... then..."

➤ She starts sobbing suddenly, face slowly lowering onto the couch

➤ "I... I still want you... why... why don't you... don't you care..."

➤ Her voice trails off as she buries her head in cushions, weeping loudly

➤ You're done here. You've had enough, you're going to bed

➤ Sleep comes with some difficulty, the sounds of Dash loudly sobbing no doubt playing a part in that. She's had her last chance, so now you're just going to have to turf her out. You don't want to, you -really- don't want to but if she's just going to be like this from now on you can't keep doing this

➤ You awaken to... aw fuck, this is one serious case of morning wood. You groan, trying to shift but... can't? You try again, only to feel like something is on top of you. Is that giggling?

➤ Yes, there's a lump in your bed. You're definitely not that big - just have to throw back and the covers and-

>It's Dash. She's got your member out through the slit of your boxers, licking at it and giggling. Feeling the covers off her she looks up, smiling

>"See? Told ya I could make ya feel good!"

>With every ounce of strength in your body you throw your legs up, sending Dash into the air with a yelp. Quickly righting your boxers you stand to confront her

>"Get out!"

>"What? Dude, you can see right there-"

>"I said get fucking out! I don't want to see you any more!"

>Her mouth falls open, she works it silently, staring at you

>"You're no better than Flutters or AJ! Get the fuck out and don't you ever come near me again!"

>She continues to stand there, her eyes having grown larger. You grab the clock from your bedside locker and toss it at the wall near her. Dash yelps and turns tail, running off down the stairs. The last sound you hear before the door is thrown open is a loud wail

>You fall back onto the bed, feeling drained. Dash's ham-fisted attempts to separate you and Rarity you could understand, in a way. But this? This was exactly the kind of thing she'd spent years protecting you from

>You're too shocked to do anything more than just sit, staring at the ground, wondering how it could have come to this

>Things start to slowly fall apart after that. You see Rarity after, explaining what's happened. She tells you Dash came to her, telling her you forced yourself on her but when she was unwilling to believe Dash started tearing the place up. In fact, she was still



setting everything aright when you got there. But Rarity is still off, you can see it

›She still doesn't tell you why but this is just the beginning. Over the next few weeks you see neither hide nor hair of Dash and oddly AJ but Flutters makes a couple of attempts. All through this Rarity has become increasingly agitated, making mistakes on orders she'd normally become furious over missing, snapping at her friends and even you while at other times breaking down without reason

›It's a week before the fashion show when it comes to a head and you've had enough. She's lying in your arms, not sobbing or weeping but just wanting some comfort

›"Rarity, this can't go on. Can't you please just tell me? Why do you feel like you have to carry this yourself?"

›The lady sniffs, tightening her grip on you before relaxing, taking a deep breath and looking you in the eyes

›"Do you recall when you asked about my childhood in Manehattan?"

›You nod, "You said you didn't want to talk about... it... That's why you're worried about going back, isn't it?"

›She nods, takes another deep breath

›"You see... when I was still very young..."

›She falters and you squeeze her. "It's alright, just take your time."

›"When I lived in Manehattan it wasn't a terribly happy time in my life. My parents... well, they were at odds, to say the least. My father, he was a wicked, cruel stallion who..."

›Rarity stops momentarily, raising a hoof to wipe at her eye. You rub her back gently, still keeping her close

>"He would... oh, he would do terrible things to mother. He... he worked a miserable job and... and I think he took his frustrations out upon her..."

>She stops again, breathing soft, shuddering breaths

>"If you want to stop..."

>"No. No these are things you... you have to know about me."

>"Alright. But remember you don't have to say anything you don't want."

>She pushes her head in against you for a moment

>"Most evenings it was the same. He would arrive home angry, mother would try to keep things calm but he would just... he'd... she never did anything wrong!"

>The lady halts, sobbing against you. You say nothing just stroking her mane and back, being sure to keep her as close as you can. With time she quietens and begins once more

>"Well... I think it became too much for her because when I awoke one morning she... she was just gone. My father was furious. He... well he said it was -my- fault, that I had been difficult and... and that she didn't love me..."

>More steady breaths, she rearranges herself with her back to you, head against your chest, sitting into your lap

>"Things became more difficult for us... for me, after that. I would try to hide from him in the evenings but he'd find me and... and..."

>She breaks down once more, turning to push her face into your chest

>She weeps softly for some time, your shirt becoming wet with her tears but you just hold her, letting her get it out

>"He would... he did things to me... horrible, horrible things... he'd whisper 'Now you listen to me Rarity, your mother never gave me what I'...

>The lady whines, hitting the couch next to you

>"... 'what I wanted but you'll be different, I'll show you how'... 'how to treat a stallion'."

>Dear god. There had been a few possibilities running through your mind when she'd told you her childhood was bad but to think that her father would do something like that. That anyone could so that to such a sweet pony...

>"Rarity, I'm so, so..."

>"No, please, I'm alright. I... I've been through the counseling and I've come to terms with it... as best I can. Please, you must let me continue. It... it's the only way you'll understand."

>She looking at you with moistened eyes and you know you cannot deny her

>"You remember the story of how I got my cutie mark?"

>You nod, you'd indeed heard the various tales from the girls

>"Well my father... he wasn't one bit pleased. He... he demanded to know how I would ever find a suitable... mate working in fashion."

>"With mother gone the house... I was the only one who cleaned but it wasn't enough. My father would... he'd come home drunken and even more violent as the days... passed. He would smash our things and... and track dirt everywhere..."

>Another breath, she seems to be getting herself more under control

>"Eventually I... I just had to leave. I took what few bits and clothing I could and set out onto the streets, I didn't care where I went anywhere was better than that."

>Yes, she's definitely better now

>"You've met my parents haven't you? When they've dropped... my dear, sweet sister Sweetie Belle off? Well that's how I met them. They... they found me on the streets, took me in, cared for me - they loved me."

>A tiny, tiny smile is forming on her lips

>"They informed the authorities but my father had left the city and my mother... she couldn't be found."

>"So they... they kept me. As their daughter. They supported me in developing my talent, they took every bit they could and used it to give me the best education I could have. They taught me what -true- generosity is."

>She sniffs once, but the smile doesn't waver

>"But I think they knew how much I disliked the city. A few years later we moved to Ponyville and... I've been here since! Nopony here knows my... history and they've all been so terribly good to me."

>She takes a breath, a clear, steady one

>"And that's my story. I hope... I -hope- you don't think any less of me, darling."

>You ponder her words for moments longer. You had been right

>"So when we were... you know..."

>"I was confused. I saw that you were what I wanted but you were so... so disinterested! So I thought... maybe... perhaps my father..."

>"No."

>You pull her close, kissing her mane gently

>"I've had many, many ponies lust after me, Anon. They only wanted me for -what- I am but you... I know you don't."

>"And I know you feel the same, don't you?"

>She nods

>"When you arrived you looked so... exotic. Initially, I did just want you because you were different but when I saw that you had no interest but still treated me politely I knew you weren't like the others. I only wish I had learned to be patient as long ago..."

>"None of that. We're together -now- and you don't need to worry about that."

>You stay like that for some time, not talking, not needing to. The air between you has been cleared, you can feel it

>"Would you like me to go to Manehatten with you?"

>She gasps

>"Would you?"

>"If it'd make you feel better I would. And..."

>You're glad she can't see your blush

>"I think I'd like to spend some time alone. Just us."

>The week leading up to the trip to Manehatten is filled with the kind of excited energy you'd never felt before here. Rarity called the hotel she's staying in requesting a change of rooms - assuring you it was a twin room, not double - and you honestly still weren't sure if anything would even happen between you. But that was okay, wasn't it? She'd said she was willing to wait so you didn't need to force anything

>Still, it would be nice to get away from everything here and see the city. No AJ, no Flutters... no Dash. It still pained you to have to add her to that list but she'd made her bed, she could lie in it now.

>And then comes the train ride to the city. Thankfully you'd found a carriage to share with the lady and had spent the time up on idle chat about the upcoming fashion show. She definitely appeared

much more at ease than previously, something you're glad to have been able to help with

>Manhattan... it was so unlike the rustic charm of Ponyville. Oh you'd been to some of Equestria's cities but had never had reason to come to this bustling metropolis. In fact, it was almost like being back home on Earth, back in an industrialised city once more

>"Well, shall we go to our hotel? The show doesn't start until tomorrow so we can use a little of our time to see the city, if you'd like that."

>"As long as I can enjoy your company doing so I would."

>With spirits high you both set off, most gawkers at the odd sight lost in the bustle. You like that, not feeling quite so much like an outsider

>You'd been to Canterlot and you'd even seen the interiors of some of the hotels but you were still floored upon entering the Sky High. Such opulence would well have belonged in the decadent Art Deco themes of the nineteen thirties, with high walls of brass and intricately patterned, lacquered walls adorning every step of its interior

>But then, thinking on it, you realise this is so suitably... Rarity. Beauty wherever one looks, with it being easy to simply scan over it and miss the tiny details that give it its character. The lady sees you looking about and smiles up to you, no doubt enjoying how overwhelmed you are

>"Magnificent, isn't it?"

>You can only nod in response, still looking around now at the ponies bedecked in wearable ornaments. Mares and stallions equally displaying their wealth and taste

>The receptionist passes the two of you an odd look, it's easy to forget a pony and a human travelling together must look an odd sight.

Still, it's good to see how she doesn't react too strongly to being told you're staying in a twin room. Perhaps Manehatten has been home to stranger things, you wonder

›Even the bell hop that takes your bags wears a uniform of black and gold, stitching swirling with tiny intricacies about the cuffs and lapels

›And then the room itself... it's larger than you would have thought but then everything about this place gives that feeling of challenging your preconceptions of what should be

›Rarity immediately leaps onto one of the beds, sighing at how she sinks into the soft mattress

›"Oh darling, you simply must sample the bed! It's to die for!"

›She sits up and beckons you over and when you sit... oh yes, you can feel the smoothness of the cotton and the softness of the mattress alright. You could almost...

›You're yanked, suddenly onto your back and from there pulled onto your side. The bed is just about large enough for the lady to squeeze up against you, smiling devilishly

›"You know, I think I'd much rather have my company enjoyed right here."

›You smirk, kissing her lightly

›"So much for the city, then."

›"Oh but darling, we have all evening to see it. And besides... there are far more interesting sights to be seen where we are."

›And with that she leans in to kiss you more fully. In the time since the faire you'd definitely allowed yourself to become more intimate with Rarity, so far as to allowing your hand to wander down to her hip and pull her close to yourself

➤She gasps, looking down, then up but quickly returns to locking lips with you, eager to enjoy this newfound closeness. Your hand wends its way over her hip, to just above her rump, along up her back and lost in the sweet softness of her mane. Her own hooves are as eager, if a little more adventurous in brushing against your rear, onto your hip and settling to swirl against your chest

➤The lady pulls off from you, still grinning

➤"You are a horrible tease, tempting a lady like this!"

➤"Would you prefer I kept my hands to myself?"

➤She flips herself around, cuddling back against you, your hands settling against her chest as her hooves hold them there

➤"You know, I don't think I could -ever- have imagined how... sensuous they could be."

➤It pains you slightly, hearing that, to know that you must still keep her waiting. She's never made an indication that she's frustrated but it can't be easy for her

➤"And I promise that soon you'll see for yourself just how gentle their touch can be."

➤She sighs pleasantly, scooching closer

➤"Perhaps we shan't venture into the city this evening. It is a wonderful place but... I much prefer it here."

➤You hum in response, leaning your head down against hers

➤In time you both have to get up and, much to Rarity's delight, slip on some formal clothing for your dinner in the hotel. Yes, now decked out in your suit you feel much less out place, though not for want of the excited whispers that pass between ponies upon seeing you. Perhaps it is that they recognise the clothing that inspired the lady's latest line

➤Certainly, Rarity doesn't at all mind the extra attention, preening herself and offering little utterances and thanks to



whoever stops her and compliments her on her talent. It's actually rather nice to see Rarity in her natural light like this, so at home amongst the higher class ponies

‣The dinner itself is... well, you still haven't gotten used to haute cuisine but it doesn't really matter, so long as -she- shares it with you. Increasingly you're finding a homeliness to these occasions. More and more it just feels right

‣You both retire for the night to your respective beds. Though while you lie awake, waiting for sleep to come you hear an odd noise. It's a light shuffling followed by a few little squeaks and it's... coming from across the room

‣"Rarity? Are you okay?"

‣There's a slight pause before you get a response

‣"Yes, yes, quite so. Don't worry."

‣She sounds slightly breathless but you decide not to force the issue. She still has a heart that beats and it would be unfair to expect her to hold her desires that closely in check. She is, after all, not doing any harm. Beyond perhaps exciting you, just a little...

‣Morning comes and with it Rarity is gone from the room but you expect that. Without doubt she's off, involved in the preparations for later today, ensuring the suits she's made have all been unpacked safely and that the location's lighting and other accouterments are all suitable for her wares

‣You decide to take a little stroll about the city to pass the time until the evening

‣You've made sure to wear a suit, so as to better meld into the crowds. Even if you do stand over them for the most part. The city is

awash with theatres, cafés, art galleries and all manner of other venues of culture. You do feel Rarity's absence but there's no reason you can't peruse a few of the locations by yourself

›In fact, a walk through a museum provides a few interesting points for discussion with her at a later time. You would have to remember to bring her here when you get the chance, she would love many of the sculptures you're sure

›A small café offers the chance for something filling to eat without feeling like you're paying more for the plate than the food but as the day wears on you find the time to attend the show at the town hall approaching

›And yes, the lady is waiting for you, sporting one of her favourite creations herself before leading you inside. While this was your first time attending a fashion show you were curious to see what passed for pony fashion from other designers. Whether it would be as outlandish as some of the things you might see back on Earth

›You're seated next to her, a hand upon her shoulder reassuring. The lights dim, the music starts and now all her work will finally be put to judgment

›From the left of the stage appears a well built stallion. The catwalk lights up and he confidently strides down it. He's sporting a light creme jacket, matching waistcoat and shirt, as well as a small cravat at his neck. No trousers though, perhaps she had decided against it or they would be shown by other models

›Hushed whispers rise from around you and Rarity raises a hoof to tap against you. You take it in your hand, holding it tightly

›Next is another stallion, featuring a more casual suit with pants though they bear a much different cut than you would have

expected. The rump isn't quite as tight as you'd feared and his tail flows perfectly from the small slit cut into them

‣The whispers rise in volume slight, Rarity presses against you

‣The show proceeds like that, moving from suits to more casual blazers and sportcoats in a range of fabrics and colours, all following your own recommendations to varying degrees. Each stallion walks down as stone-faced as the last, none showing any signs of discomfort or otherwise having difficulty in these new clothing types

‣As the final model exits from the stage there's a pregnant pause. the whispers have stopped but you can feel tension in the air and then... thunderous clapping of hooves upon the floors. Congratulations are called out as the models begin their last walk as one

‣The lady sags against you, letting out a breath, your grip on her hoof loosening. Yes, you'd been as nervous about this as she, but you may well not have been, given her long standing reputation

‣For the next two days her creations are featured and each time they're met with delight. Even the more casual jumpers, shirts and such have stallions crowding to her after the show enquiring about where ever she got such fabulous and novel designs and would she be splitting her career evenly between mare and stallion fashion now

‣You're happy to sit back and allow the lady to enjoy the limelight, that night she being called away by Hoity Toity himself as well as Spring Rains, proudly sporting his new suit

‣Rarity informs you that she'll be some time talking business here, why don't you get a drink back at the bar. Which you do, eager to be away from the close stuffiness of the building

‣Even here, ponies discuss the new designs on show, dissenting opinions abound but most in agreement that this could spark a new trend in male fashion

‣You're seated on a barstool, sipping some whiskey when a voice comes from behind and to your side

‣"Hey friend, mind if my buddy here and I join you?"

‣You turn to see two earth pony stallions standing behind you, smiling. You nod and motion to the barstools next to you

‣"Great."

‣He proffers a hoof

‣"Name's Aether and this here's Wuten."

‣"Hey."

‣You take his hoof shaking it. "Anon."

‣"So you're the human, huh? Seen you around that fashion designer from Ponyville, uh..."

‣"Rarity."

‣"Oh thanks, don't gimme a second to remember."

‣His friend smirks and turns to the barcolt, making his order

‣"Yeah, anyway, we were curious, wanted to know if you two are, uh..."

‣"He wants to know if you're treating her like a real lady."

‣Wuten smirks once more, now trying to cover it by the glass

‣"Yeah! Thanks! What are you, some kind of joker? Anyway... are ya?"

‣He looks surprisingly eager, definitely not the kind of reaction you might have imagined

‣"Don'tcha think that's kind of a personal question?"

‣He chortles loudly, eying his drink before setting it back down

>"Hey, hey! I'm just tryin' to offer a little advice here. Look, if she's the kind of lady who doesn't mind you're a human then ya can't mess her around."

>Wuten turns to you, nodding

>"He's right. We've seen how she's been looking at you and it isn't a secret that she'd like to get between the sheets."

>You take another sip of the whiskey, enjoying the bitterness. They do have a point, you can't keep her waiting forever but you know you're not ready to go the whole hog

>"I appreciate the advice but... I was hoping to hold off a little longer."

>"Whoah, whoah! We're not -telling- you to do anything, just saying maybe you should throw her a bone, right?"

>Wuten smirks, tapping his friend's shoulder before whispering in his ear

>"Darn, sorry, didn't mean to uh, imply anything there."

>"Hey Aether? Think we should be going? Vinyl's gonna be pissed if you're late."

>Aether snorts, taking the last of his drink in a single draught

>"Yeah, she's got a temper but you know that's why I love 'er."

>"And you-"

>Wuten jabs at hoof in your direction

>"Remember what we said alright?"

>You nod dutifully, watching as they depart laughing and talking

>Night falls and with it you retire to your bedroom with Rarity. She's tucked herself in and lying quietly when you look over the situation. Aether and Wuten had been right, while you needn't force yourself into something you weren't ready for you could give the lady

something you knew she'd enjoy. Something inspired by your little romp the first day you arrived

>Tiptoeing, you move the locker between the beds out into the middle of the floor and then to one side. The bed itself... doesn't look too heavy, being made to accommodate a little more than a grown pony's size but thankfully still leaving you enough room that you didn't need to bunch your legs up too much

>You take one side of it and give it a push. It's on legs and not casters but the floor isn't wood so it doesn't make too much noise. Still, Rarity stirs from her bed and looks back

>"Anon? W-What are you doing?"

>"Taking matters in charge."

>You grunt and give another push, another few inches secured. And again. And again, until the beds are pressed neatly together, the clothes drawn up across the other. Rarity hasn't stopped looking at you the whole time but now seeing what you meant a small smile touches her

>"You don't have to-"

>"I -want- to."

>And without another word you slip in under the covers and shuffle over to her, feeling the soft warmth of her body press against your own. She gasps as you slip your arms around her chest

>"I want to give you something, Rarity. I still can't give you what you want yet but consider this another step closer to that."

>She squeals lightly, pushing herself back against you and holding your arms tightly. Yes, it's nice. It's the first time you've felt her coat against your skin and the sensation sends shivers down your spine. Touching her with your hands had never truly done justice to the care she took of herself

>You settle with her head cupped in against you when that familiar shuffling noise starts up again, followed by a little grunt. You can feel... her legs moving, tapping back against your knees

>"Rarity?"

>It stops suddenly, you feel her body tense up. Silence follows and then a sniff

>"I... I'm sorry, darling."

>Her head lowers, the lady curling into herself

>"I... I've let you down, I know, but-"

>You lean down and kiss her mane as you've done so many times before. And as you'd hoped it stops her dead in her tracks, no sniffing, the tension easing slightly

>"I knew what you were doing before this, you know. It'd be unfair of me to deny you some bit of comfort so... you do whatever you need to, I promise I don't mind."

>Deep breaths, her body unfurls, pressed back against you

>"Are... are you sure?"

>"Well... I hope -you- don't think less of me for saying this but... I kind of enjoy the thought of it."

>Another gasp, then 'Oooh'

>"You have -such- a filthy mind! Luckily we're rather evenly matched."

>You say no more, only hug her tightly as she resumes her gentle ministrations, held in the arms of the one she loved, who loved her

>The next day greets both of you freshly, Rarity back in her usual high spirits and rearing to attend to the rest of the week. Which goes as well as you'd hoped. A few of the other designers from across the land must have gotten wind of her new line as there were more than a few trying to copy her style, with varying levels of success

›And each night you would find yourself in that bed with her, holding her. By the last night, however, she seemed returned to her pensiveness. Turns out she thinks this is just something you're doing while you're away together here and she's not keen on returning to the status quo on going back to Ponyville

›You don't need to consider your response before you tell her it doesn't have to end. There's nothing saying she can't spend a night at your place or you at hers if either of you should desire it. You've been enjoying this as much as her and you, too, would like to see to it continuing

›So it is with this renewed vigor to your relationship that you step on to the train to your home, a little reluctant to leave the sophistication and familiarity of the city but glad nonetheless to be returning to the quiet town, to ponies who knew you and the comfort of routine

›For the next couple of days back in Ponyville life returns to its previous cheer. The first night back Rarity invites you to her home after an evening at the lake, something you're more than happy to oblige with

›Twilight, looking a little disappointed at the time, enquires as to your week away and... have you patched things up with Rainbow Dash yet?

›Well no, you explain what she did at your house but Twi doesn't react too strongly. She might have expected that kind of behavior, even if she didn't like admitting it. She still held out hope that Dash would see sense but you knew that if such a thing was even possible any more it would still be some time

›You're seated at your table, eating breakfast one morning when a familiar knock comes from the door. With the beating of wings you



assume its Derpy, so often does she remain in flight when on a busy route

>Opening it-

>A blur throws you onto your back, something pressed to your mouth. It's a cloth, bearing a horrific chemical smell. Winded from the fall, you breath in before realising what you're doing

>The last thing you see before unconsciousness claims you is a blue face smirking down at you...

>Wake.

>You're awake. You think you are. It's hard to think through the haze of confusion and the pain that's lancing through your skull. You try to open your eyes and are greeted by harsh, glaring light. You shut them immediately, groaning softly

>"Oh! You're awake!"

>Who is that? The fog is slowly starting to lift from your mind but the pain is slower to subside. You're sure you know the voice but... you just can't place it. It's a little raspy... definitely female...

>"Great! This is so awesome! I was afraid I used too much but at least it let me get ya back here okay."

>Christ, you wish she'd shut up for a second, just let this pain clear and then you can try to say something. Maybe if you just rub your head you- wait, why can't you move your arms? You still feel weak but you can't even lift your hand

>"Huh? Oh don't worry, I tied ya up 'cause I know ya like it kinda rough, right?"

>Hang on... she tied you up? Why would she do that? You try to speak, to ask what's going on but all that comes out is a croak

>"Hey, try to relax, okay? I... think it'll take a while for that stuff to wear off."

>Maybe... maybe you can. Maybe if you just rest for a bit you can get your strength back. The pain wears as you allow sleep to claim you...

>You come to once more, this time feeling much better. You're sure you can move your- wait, why can't you move?

>Your eyes snap open to see soft light coming in a window above and to your left. You swing your head to the side - your hand is tied up to... it looks like the side of a bed. Just what the hell is going on!

>"Hey..."

>Your throat still feels strained but you can speak, you think

>"Hey... anyone there?"

>Movement, the sound of soft clopping and- a blue face looking down at you smiling

>"Welcome back, dude!"

>This... this almost looks like...

>"Rain... bow?"

>The head nods quickly

>"Glad to see your memory is still okay! So... whaddaya think? Neat huh?"

>"What... what's happening?"

>She giggles, it unsettles you. Why is she giggling with you tied up? Why isn't she helping you?

>"Aww, c'mon dude, isn't it obvious? I finally figured it out!"

>You shake your head blearily, things are starting to come back to you. You were knocked out... now you're here. Someone abducted you? Maybe AJ?

>"Rain... Rainbow you've... gotta untie me..."

>The face frowns heavily, looking you over

>"But... why would I want to do that? Oh! You're just getting into it! Cool!"

>She giggles again, this is starting to become too much. Why isn't she helping you!

>"Dash... please let me out..."

>"Mmmm..."

>You feel something press against your chest - your bare chest, you realise. That would explain the cool air against your skin you've been feeling

>"Nope! Don't worry, I'm gonna play along all the way!"

>She waggles her eyebrows, you feel your chest tighten and your breathing speed up

>"Dash, this isn't funny, cut me loose."

>You feel a weight settle over your lower body. No, it's okay, you can't feel whatever it is against your bare skin this time

>"Aw yeah, keep it up! You're really gettin' me goin' Anon!"

>You feel her hooves press against your sides. You try to move your arms again but still nothing. You kick your legs out - or try to, they're obviously tied down too. But you can feel straps binding just above your knees, you can't even move your upper legs to push her!

>"Dash! Dash! C'mon, what are you doing?"

>"Whadda ya think? Giving you what you've wanted from me all along!"

>You feel... something bumping against your pelvis. Rainbow's head is still above you, her eyes are closed and she's whispering something

>She stops suddenly, looking back

>"Shoot! Hang on, dude, I gotta check this."

>The weight lifts from you and there's clapping away from the bed. The clapping retreats... sounds like upwards until you hear it

above your head. It stops, there's a creak, a pause and the clapping starts back

➤It's coming closer now, back down

➤Her face is over yours again now, the smile gone, she looks worried

➤"Hey... uh, listen I gotta cut this short today. I think somepony's watchin' me but I'll be back! We'll start again tomorrow 'kay?"

➤"Dash, no! Wait!"

➤The clapping recedes once more. No more voice, no face, just you. You struggle against the bindings but they won't give. You stop, trying to think of something, anything

➤You start calling out, roaring for help but your voice falls hoarse without a sound from above and the light waning

➤Jesus, what the hell is going on. You were knocked out, you're tied up now, Rainbow is apparently gone insane and... oh no. No, she didn't. She -couldn't-. You struggle against your bindings anew but it's useless, they're tied tight. You begin to sob, the full reality of your situation finally sinking in. She'd get what she wanted and you couldn't do a damn thing about it. She's won.

➤Sometime thereafter you'd worn yourself out and fallen asleep. The light streaming through the window wakes you and for a few moments you think how nice it is to wake up to such a beautiful day. Trying to move brings you back to where you are and what's happening

➤You feel a little better, rested, so you pull against your bindings. You throw every ounce of strength you have into the effort but... nothing. Your breathing ramps up. You -have- to find some way out, you can't just let it end like this. Your mind rebels, screaming at you

that there -is- no way out. Short of Dash spontaneously coming to her senses and letting you go, you're fucked. Literally

>Clopping from above. It moves over the ceiling then... yes, it's coming over

>"Hello? Hey, help me! I'm tied up!"

>"Morning, Anon!"

>Oh no. It's her. You don't want it to be her, you want to wake up. Wake up and just let this all be some nightmare

>She sighs, settling over you, or so you're sure from the familiar weight

>"So... how're ya feeling today?"

>"Fuck sake, Dash, let me go!"

>"Aww but I can't. Not until we've had some fun!"

>That giggle. Only now do you see how constricted her pupils are. You throw your head forward, missing her by inches

>"Whoah, dude! I didn't know ya liked it -that- rough!"

>A hoof presses against your pants and... just like that they're pulled down. She must have undone them before. The hoof starts rubbing against your genitals, with no effect

>"Aww, c'mon, Anon, ya can't have stage fright on me."

>"Fuck you!"

>"That's the spirit!"

>The hoof starts rubbing harder, still eliciting little response. She grunts, face contorting into frustration before she grins wildly again

>"Pfft, whatever, guess I'll just move on to the main event!"

>You feel the weight resettle and something... something wet and warm presses against your member. It's almost... like...

>"Mmm, now we're havin' fun, right?"

‣She giggles again, kissing at your neck. The sensation makes your stomach rise into your throat

‣"Hmm, dude, you've no idea how much I've -wanted- this! Augh, it just... just feels so -good- ya know?"

‣The hooves reach down and start rubbing at your sides, Dash increases her rubbing, bumping against you now and again

‣"Heh, what am I saying, of course ya do! You've just been... testing me, right? Like with AJ and Flutters and..."

‣She stops, eyes narrowing sharply

‣"Rarity!"

‣The name is growled out before she resumes her previous cheer and molestation

‣"But they all got it wrong, right? I-I'm the -only- one who did it properly! And now you're gonna reward me right?"

‣You don't say anything. You can't. There is no response you could even think of giving to this level of psychosis. She's lost it, she's gone

‣"Right?!"

‣She mashes her pelvis against yours

‣"C'mon darnit!"

‣This continues for some moments, Dash's face twisting into a snarl before it snaps to a blank expression

‣"Oh! You... you must be hungry, right? Of course! How could I forget, I didn't even feed you and now... now you're too tired!"

‣Smiling once more she hops off, clopping away

‣"Just keep thinkin' of me and I'll be back in like, ten seconds okay?"

‣She's gone before you can think of anything to say that might aid you. Fuck this. Fucking Dash

>You lie there... you don't know how long. It can't be too long, the lights position streaming in the window barely shifts before you hear something again

>"... a surprise? Oooh, you know I -love- surprises!"

>That voice... it sounds so familiar

>Clipping, two sets, one comes down

>"Hey Anon! I brought some snacks! Oh, and I brought a friend too! I think you'll like her, she's really, -really- fun!"

>Movement

>"C'mon down, Pinks! It's all ready!"

>Clipping from above, coming down the stairs... it slows

>"Dashie... w-what's going on? Why is Anon tied up?"

>"I know, it's so cool, right? I can't believe how easy it was too!"

>"What are you talking about? W-What are you doing?"

>Clipping, you feel a hoof stroking your member

>"Isn't it obvious? This was the only way I could prove to Anon I could be the kind of rapist he likes."

>"B-But Dashie... that's wrong!"

>The rubbing stops, clipping

>"Huh? Whadda ya mean?"

>"You can't just do that to him! That... that's mean!"

>"Aww, c'mon Pinks, what about AJ and Fluttershy, huh? How- How come you never did said anything to -them-?"

>Clipping, it's coming over your other side

>"Because!"

>A pause, more hooves following after the other set

>"Yeah?"

>"C'mon, Dashie, isn't it obvious? AJ always left a way for him to escape, you know she's too fair not to a-and Fluttershy would never, ever force herself on anypony."

>Growling, it sounds like Dash

>"Yeah? And that's why they FAILED! That's why I failed but NOT again! Okay? I got it right this time and I'm gonna take what's mine! Now you can either have fun -with- me or you can just... just take a hike!"

>Nothing, no sound but heavy breathing. Then you feel something at the binding of your hand, it's a set of hooves! They're trying to free you!

>"Hey... hey stop! Cut it out, Pinks!"

>"Hey... Hey Pinkie, get me out of this!"

>"Hang on, I just-"

>CRACK

>"Look what you made me do!"

>Clopping, the sound of something heavy sliding on the ground

>"You could've just taken a hike but -noooo-, you had to try and spoil our fun!"

>"Christ, Dash, what did you do!"

>"Hey, don't worry, Anon, she's not going to ruin our good times - are you Pinkie?"

>The sound of soft groaning

>"Daaaashie... ?"

>"Shut up! Just shut up! You... stay there and watch! I'll show you how to do it!"

>Clopping faster than before, something heavy lands on you. Dash is looking down at you, smiling once more but breathing heavily

>"Dash, what did you do to her?"

>"Nothin'! Like I said, I'm just makin' sure she can sit and watch us. Cause... you're gonna help me show her right?"

>The hoof is back down at your waist, furiously rubbing your genitals. You fight it, your body giving in and rebelling against you



>"Ha! Hey, now you're doin' it!"  
 >Dash moves, you feel that heat once more pressed against you.  
 She starts grinding herself, slowly getting you up to half mast  
 >"Alright! Okay! Now we're getting somewhere!"  
 >You can't keep fighting but you're body just wants to relent.  
 You can only keep yourself from going any further, Dash moistening  
 by the second  
 >"C'mon... c'mon... just a little more..."  
 >She begins to whine, forelegs digging in to the bed at your arms  
 >"C'mon! WHY? WHY ISN'T THIS WORKING!"  
 >She sobs suddenly  
 >"WHY... Why... why won't you do this! Why... I just want this -  
 one- thing..."  
 >Her grinding slows as her sobbing increases  
 >"Please... please Anon, just gimme this... please..."  
  
 >"Dash... please just-"  
 >"NO!"  
 >She lifts her head, cheeks damp and eyes reddening  
 >"NO! It's okay, I... I know what to do! Z-Zecora, right? I bet  
 she... she has stuff that can do the job."  
 >"Oh Jesus, Dash, listen to yourself!"  
 >"I am! Okay? I am! You... you're still testing me! I knot it! That -  
 has- to be it! Well d-don't worry, I can go -all- the way for -you-!"  
 >"No, Dash, wait!"  
 >She's off you and clopping away  
 >"Dash! PLEASE! DON'T DO THIS!"  
 >Your pleas fall on deaf ears as she trots off, up the stairs  
  
 >Time passes, you hate this silence-  
 >There's a groan. Of course... Pinkie!

>"Pinkie? Pinkie, can you hear me?"

>"Daaaashie... ?"

>"No, Pinkie, it's me, Anon!"

>"A-Anoon... ?"

>"Aww, fuck sake... Pinkie! C'mon, don't give up on me!"

>Movement, unsteady clopping, there's a pink face looking down at you

>"Anon? Y-You're tied up... Dashie!"

>She looks about quickly, fast clopping away from you then back

>"O-Okay, she's gone, I-I'm gonna get you out."

>Her hooves start fumbling at the bindings, unable to grip. She leans down, using her teeth but still has no effect. They're evidently too tight

>You hear sobbing

>"I'm sorry..."

>"Pinkie, stay with me! Okay, look... just... go and get help. Can you do that?"

>The sobbing slows

>"U-Uh-huh. I-I'll get Twilight and Rarity and... and they'll help!"

>Clopping away from you, it stops

>"Just hang on, I'll be back. Pinkie promise!"

>The clopping recedes up the stairs and is gone. You pray silently that she gets back before Dash...

>You hold your composure as best you can, this thin sliver of hope bracing you against the monstrosity Dash has planned for herself

>You pace your breathing, you have to stay calm, help -is- on the way. You call out again, hoping someone will hear you but it's no good. Either you're too far down or too far outside the town to be heard

>In either case it doesn't matter because Pinkie's quick on her hooves and she's sure to get back before-

>"Anon! Anon! I got it! I got it!"

>Furious clopping overhead, then down the stairs. The voice, it could be either one but... why is there only one set of hooves?

>A... blue head appears over you, smiling while some strange, orange coloured plant is clutched in her mouth

>"She didn't want to give it to me but I just had to take it! I told ya I'd do anything for you!"

>She clops away, there's the sound of something being moved

>"Hey, lucky I have some water here, huh? I just need to grind this stuff into it and she said it'll do the trick."

>You can hear it, the sound of a rock grinding against stone. With each passing minute you feel your heart thump faster, until blood is thundering in your ears

>Sounds of water splashing, clopping, Dash appears over you with some sort of bowl in her mouth. She sets it down at your side and hops onto you

>"Okay, dude, I don't know how long this is going to take so just bear with me, okay?"

>She takes the bowl in her hooves and lifts it to your mouth, pressing it there with one while she holds your head up with the other. You keep your mouth shut but... she knees you in the balls...

>You can't stop yourself from yelping in pain, as it lances up through your pelvis. The liquid spills into your mouth and you choke, trying to breath against it but forced to swallow some

>"Awesome! See? Oh and sorry about that, I guess you don't like it -too- rough huh?"

>She giggles, settling herself down against you

>"Alright, I'm just gonna enjoy myself for a bit 'kay?"

>You feel the grinding start up again and your mind starts to haze, the liquid spreading down into your stomach warming you with the warmth falling lower and lower until it's down at your member. It twitches, Dash stops

>"Whoah! Awesome! I didn't think it'd work -that- fast!"

>Dash starts to bump and grind against you, whining and lapping at your neck and chest

>"C'mon... c'mon.., augh, I'm so close...!"

>Your body won't listen to your mind as your member keeps hardening but... goddamn it hurts! The heat that's been spreading is only worsening the pain in your testicles from the blow

>It's doing a little to halt your body's response but Dash keeps it up

>"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon, C'MON!"

>She starts grinding harder, enough so that the sensation itself has become painful

>"Dash... you're hurting..."

>"Aww, what? Can't take a little -pain-? Geeze, I thought you - wanted- this!"

>"I... don't!"

>"Yeah, yeah, just keep sayin' that."

>She keeps at it, the feeling of her wet marehood now only serving to disgust you. Your body finally falls back under your control, your mind still hazy but the painful sensations enough to break through it

>"What? No, NO, NO! C'MON!"

>She sits back, pushing down against you

>"C'MON! BUCK SAKE, WHAT'S WRONG, I DID EVERYTHING RIGHT!"

‣Her hooves are pressed hard against your chest before they slide down, onto your thighs

‣"STOP DOIN' THIS! STOP IT! STOP IT! JUST STOP RESISTING!"

‣She falls forward, hooves splayed out, panting

‣"C'mon man... three years... three buckin' years and you won't even gimme this..."

‣She begins sobbing once more

‣"What... what did I do wrong? Am... Am I just not hot enough? Don't ya like me?"

‣She grunts, thighs pressing tightly against you

‣"No... NO! No I can do this! I just... just..."

‣She wails suddenly, throwing herself upon you

‣"Why! Please, Celestia, why! Why are you doin' this to me? I waited... I waited... I was good to you..."

‣Her body is shaking with little sobs now

‣"Why Rarity... why her... why not me... I... I did this for you... but you..."

‣Dash trails off, you can feel her hot tears against you

‣"What... what did she... d-do..."

‣"She never did this, Dash."

‣She whimpers, giving a few last grinds before stopping

‣"B-But... she... you hated..."

‣"No, I didn't hate her. I hated what she did."

‣Dash's breathing has slowed but she still sobs

‣"You can still stop this. You don't have to-"

‣"NO!"

‣She sits upright once more

‣"NO! You, you're STILL testing me! It has to be! It can't be anything else!"

>She jumps up, turning over you before plopping herself back down. She scooches back, pressing her rump to your face

>"Okay... okay, I can do this..."

>Something warm and wet envelopes your member. You know what she's doing, you hate it. You hate her

>"Nngh... c'mon dude... just... just take it..."

>She bobs again and again, tongue dancing around your member but it's for naught. You can only feel disgust at what she's become

>"Augh! FINE! I-If I can't get -you- off then at least you can get -me- off!"

>She sits back up... on your face, pressing her forehead against what she feels to be your lips and starts gyrating about

>You try to shout, try to scream but your cries are muffled. You sorely wish your arms were free so you could jam a fist into her side

>"Hnnnn... c'mon... just... USE YOUR TONGUE FOR CELESTIA'S SAKE!"

>She pushes down harder, you wince at how your head is pressed back painfully like this

>"Do it! C'mon! DO IT!"

>She continues to press down, your eyes are shut tight, your mind cast off from what's going on

>"JUST BUCKING-"

>She stops very suddenly. Stops moving, stops talking, stops making any sound

>And then... clapping from above. Furious clapping. Voices. They're coming down the stairs

>"No! NO! NO! NO! THIS WAS MY TIME! I GOT IT RIGHT!"

>"Anon? Anon! What has she-"

>Relief washes over you in waves as you hear Rarity's voice call out to you

>"BUCK OFF YOU DONKEY! HE'S MINE!"  
 >Dash is screeching, leaping off you and gone in a heartbeat  
 >You can hear something... the soft thrum of a magical field  
 >"Rainbow Dash! How could you do this?"  
 >That's Twilight's voice, oh god, Pinkie actually got them  
 >"I simply can -not- believe you've turned to this! So help me, if I  
 get a moment alone with you I'll-"  
 >"SHUT UP! JUST SHUT UP YOU BUCKING WHORE! THIS IS  
 ALL YOUR FAULT! HE WAS MINE!"  
 >"What did you call me?! Twilight let her go, I want to take care  
 of this personally!"  
 >"Rarity, no! We have to get her help!"  
 >"The only 'help' she needs is help in having her wings rotated!  
 And I would be -quite- happy to assist with that!"  
 >"YOU BUCKIN' TOUCH ME AND I'LL- MMFF!"  
 >"There... now, Pinkie, go get some guards, we'll need them to  
 take care of her. Rarity you can just... help Anon out."  
 >"But... Oh. Oh! Oh, yes, Anon, I'm so sorry!"  
 >And there she is, the lady's face appears over you. You almost  
 feel like weeping at the sight  
 >"Rarity, I-"  
 >"Hush now, I'll have you free in a moment."  
  
 >You feel pressure at your hands and legs. With a soft thrum and  
 the glow of her horn the bindings are undone and you're up, arms  
 around her neck  
 >"Thank you! Thank you..."  
 >"Hush now, it's quite alright. We're here, nothing more is going  
 to happen to you."

‣And you just... let go. All that's just happened to you catches up and you weep into her mane, Rarity sitting herself and extending her forelegs around you. She doesn't say a word, just holds you

‣Sniffing, you pull back from her, to see her smiling at you

‣"I know it's hard but we'll get you through this, alright? I'm here, I'm right here and you don't have to be afraid. She's not going to be able to get to you any more."

‣You nod, still sniffing and turn to see Dash pinned against the wall, a purple magical field surrounding her. It's... hard to believe that that pegasus had you right in her grasp. Hard to believe the madness that she'd cultivated

‣She sees you looking at her and puts on a pleading look, eyes darting between you and Twilight. You turn your gaze away, unable to even look at her any more

‣You're lead out of that basement, out through a rickety shack and see that you've been outside Ponyville the whole time. Safety just tantalisingly out of reach

‣Rarity walks you back to her home and from there up into her bed. She tells you she's going to make some of your tea and to just wait there, don't worry, you're safe

‣You lie down against the sheets and pillows, still struggling to come to terms with what was done to you. It would take time, you knew that, but knowing Dash was finally out of your life would be a great help in getting through this

‣These days are better for you. It's been weeks since... that episode with Rainbow Dash. You've heard she's been committed to Ponyville General. You still hate her for what you did but you also hope she finds the help she needs. She did this to herself, she's the only one who can fix herself of it



➤Better still is a certain item arriving in the post. A letter of confirmation, one that had been ridiculously expensive to secure and had taken almost your entire savings. But it had been worth it. It was worth it because you'd made this promise to Rarity

➤Rarity. The lady had been by your side near every day since what happened. Every moment she could spare would be spent talking or not talking. Just being with her, crying, screaming, more crying... she never said a word unless needed, never became frustrated or gave up. You came to understand that this must have been what it was like for her and you couldn't have asked for anyone better to understand what you'd gone through

➤But that was in the past. You hadn't let your experience taint your newfound intimacy with Rarity. As with spending time with her, you'd also spent near every night with her too, most often in her own home. And through it all she never forced you, never pushed you, never gave any indication that she might be tired of waiting

➤You were two broken souls, seeking comfort in one another

➤And now, as you stride towards the Carousel Boutique, you clutch in your hand that most important of letters. It's a struggle to keep yourself from running, just from imagining the look on her face

➤"Good mo~rning! And welcome to the- darling! Oh it's simply marvelous to see you!"

➤The lady rushes up to you, hugging you and kissing you lightly. Ah yes, she's still making your tea

➤"And a good morning to you. Well, it would be if I hadn't received this."

➤You hold up the letter and Rarity levitates it over to herself

➤Rarity begins scanning over it, you notice her eyes growing wider and wider. Then she stops and starts reading it slower

➤"Remember, when we started out, I said to you if you kept going as you did, one day we would be dining in the Sommeil de Soleil in Canterlot?"

➤The letter lowers and she's looking back at you, eyes filled with stars

➤"I think we've long passed that point and I'm only sorry we-"

➤You're knocked to the ground as your world turns white

➤"Oh darling this is... I can't even say, it's just so incredible!"

➤She peppers kisses across you and you struggle to return more than a few of them

➤"You deserve it, Rarity. This and more. Now come on! We've got to get ourselves ready for it."

➤"Oh my... yes! I have to go get a makeover, pick out a suitable outfit, I have to make -you- something new; can't be seen traipsing about in the same old clothes..."

➤She's up and off you, walking into her work room, rummaging through clothes racks. You chuckle to yourself, relishing in how charming her flustered state is

➤With the weekend you take the train to Canterlot, Rarity giddy the whole way. You can't blame her, after hearing you'd also be staying in La Nuit Impériale - one of Canterlot's better hotels - she'd been practically beside herself

➤The trip itself is enjoyable, with you and her sharing a compartment by yourselves. Little was said, as little was needed. The smile never left her face the whole way

➤Arriving, the city has a different feel to Manehattan - less fast-paced but still retaining the sense of just being... bigger. You're

more familiar with it, visiting the Princess Celestia over the years as she checked on your integration in Pony society

›And the hotel, too, retains a more refined, sophisticated feel than that of the Sky High in Manehattan. You prefer it, it suits Rarity far more

›The room... ah yes, she's -very- pleased to set her eyes upon the double bed, knowing the kind of message that sends. Just as before you spend some time getting reacquainted with her upon it, before heading out to sample a little of the night life

›Indeed, the night was wonderful. Rarity might not claim to have any great love of nightclubs or the sort but finding the right one, she'd settled in well enough. Certainly a few drinks had loosened her up to even dancing... though you'd never shatter her illusions by telling her what you thought of it to her face. Plus, it had been enjoyable watching her have such fun

›Retiring to the bed... You'd spent the night in each other's embrace like so many times before. The delicate scent of her body tantalising you more than it had previously

›And then the day after, you'd gone about the city visiting art galleries aplenty. Much of the history of the movements might have been lost on you but it was nice, all the same, to have Rarity lecture you on the progression in styles and adding her own little titbits about various artists

›But evening sets in eventually and with that you prepared yourselves to dine in the Sommeil de Soleil, Rarity once more chattering about what you could expect. Rubbing shoulders, figuratively in your case, with ponies of high class, exquisite interior architecture, the great ballroom, food that made the stuff of other restaurants look like swill... Oh yes, she would be in her element

›You have to admit, walking her along with both of you dressed so well does feel good. In fact, you'd never have imagined that you could feel so joyful, in the company of a lady

›Outside the restaurant you can already hear the soft tones of the music within. As with so many of the odd similarities in this world it sounded almost like a waltz, though you couldn't be entirely sure

›Inside... she had been right. Warm colour tones and high ceilings, every inch bespoke class and grace. And then there were the ponies, outfitted in such beautiful clothing and talking, laughing, being all that the upper class are: lords and ladies of leisure

›Lead off to your table, Rarity has stars in her eyes, gazing about all around her. And, yes, many eyes fall upon the two of you. It's still easy to forget what an odd sight you can be but you find yourself caring so little these days - with her, you're too happy to

›For a few moments, she sits there, catching her breath as she still looks about. You can't help but to smile, surely this must be everything she had dreamed and, if you were lucky, you would cap off tonight with something you hoped would truly show her how far you had come

›"Isn't this just... just magnificent?"

›But you don't say anything, just enjoying her look of utter contentment. Looking about again you see this truly is where she belongs: every pony a picture of refined class, a far cry from the boorishness Rarity might bemoan being surrounded by back in Ponyville. But not a mare you lay eyes upon can dare to hold a candle to her beauty, her grace or her endearing charm

›"Will we order?"

›"Oh yes, hmm, it all looks so delicious! I don't think I know quite what I shall sample."

›But she quickly enough settles upon a dish of... you're not exactly sure what it is, given the name and description but you order the same, trusting in her judgement

›So you settle in to the meal, proving more flavoursome than you'd come to expect from such high class. That or perhaps, just perhaps, your palate was becoming more refined

›Conversation is mostly absent this evening, you presume Rarity is too busy absorbing the ambience. Good food, good music, good company... yes, you could well get used to this yourself

›With the meal done the band strikes up a rather lively tune and many of the couples present proceed onto the ballroom floor to dance

›And... you can't help but notice Rarity look on with barely concealed pensiveness. You watch the dancers for a few moments, hoping to discern the problem... Ah! Of course. They, one and all, dance with necks intertwined, staying on all four legs

›One of the few cases where your differences in leg numbers would prove a problem. Or it might have

›There is one idea that comes to your mind

›"Rarity, would you like to dance?"

›She continues looking out upon the floor for a moment before turning to you, a forced smile on her face

›"No... no it's quite alright, darling, I understand we can't."

›No, this won't do

›"There's nothing saying we -can't-. Come on."

›You stand and, placing a hand on her shoulder, gently lead her out to the floor

›"W-What are you doing? We can't dance together!"

>"Only if you think so! Look, I just want to try something. You trust me don't you?"

>You hate yourself for saying that but it's probably the only way you're going to get her to go along. Yes, she winces but nods, following

>You take her out into the centre, through the couples and into an island of calm

>"Alright... rear back and put your forelegs on my shoulders."

>"What?! B-But we'll look ridiculous!"

>"Rarity, please, I'm not going to make a show of you."

>With a heavy sigh, she does as you've asked, glancing about to check for any looks you might be getting

>"Alright, now... put one of your hooves over my shoulder... yes, like that."

>You reach up and cup the other hoof in your hand, holding it out

>"W-What..."

>"Ah-ah! Just follow my lead."

>You slip your other hand down onto her waist, eliciting a small gasp

>"Th-This seems rather intimate!"

>You lean in and softly whisper to her, "That's sort of the point of it."

>You're glad the music's timing is right when you take the first step, Rarity looking down momentarily before attempting to mimic. You take another and another, following the pattern of a simple waltz. She fumbles numerous times, quickly glancing about her, her features growing more and more concerned

>"Rarity! Look at me. Don't look at anyone else, just look at me."

>She snaps back, biting her bottom lip

>"Just pretend it's the two of us, back at your home, alright?"  
 >She nods, gulping but keeping her gaze fixed on you  
 >The music keeps at its steady timing, and Rarity starts to follow  
 your lead with fewer and fewer missteps  
 >"Ha! This... I'm enjoying this! I'm really enjoying it!"  
 >"See?"  
 >You pull her a little tighter  
 >"Now, don't be afraid to improvise. I don't know anything more  
 than these few steps, I'm afraid."  
 >"Oh, I shall!"  
 >You continue leading her through the three steps, but she  
 quickly starts to add her own little flourishes, spinning, pushing out  
 from you, changing direction... this is what she was born for  
 >Only now it's you who's missing a few steps  
 >"Chin up! We can't all have such faultless grace."  
 >She could be just a little humble about this...

>You take a breath to steady yourself and concentrate on your  
 movements; it's made all the more difficult by how Rarity beams at  
 you, now truly uncaring, you're sure, about what onlookers there may  
 be

>The music swells and dips, continuing in its gentle melody before  
 swelling up into a crescendo

>Rarity, now living only for it, leads you on, her movements  
 becoming quicker with the music

>Her cheeks are flushed and a few hairs are out of place but...  
 she's -still- smiling at you. And you her, you realise. To be able to  
 give her this does indeed bring you a great deal of satisfaction

>And then it ends, Rarity continuing to hold you for a moment  
 longer, panting, before going down on to all fours  
 >"That was..."

›"Fabulous? Oh my, yes!"

›She takes the time to look about her, seeing more than a few eyes upon you two. She doesn't look like she cares, though, as she haughtily strides back to your table

›"Promise me we'll do that again."

›"Naturally..."

›You're a little wary of being shown up by a quadruped at one of your people's own dances, that said...

›Rarity looks... you've been thinking it a lot tonight but she just looks so very content. Dinner, dancing... yes, this no doubt is exactly the type of evening she had dreamed of being treated to

›You stay on for some time, enjoying some tea while Rarity takes a strong cup of coffee, almost spluttering some of it as she gestures you towards the dance floor: a number of pony couples have begun trying to emulate your dance with mixed degrees of success. Maybe she'll feel just a little less self-conscious

›But, alas, even this must come to an end and the two of you walk slowly back to the hotel, gaily talking over whether this may set a new trend among Canterlot society. Your arm slips wide over her shoulder, holding her as tight as you can, pausing once at a quiet spot between the restaurant and hotel to kiss her, thanking her for such an evening. Thanking her for staying with you all this time and for being so patient, so kind and good to you

›She blushes, shyly thanking you in turn for ever taking the chance on her, after all that had happened. So you tell her you'd always had a soft spot for her, even through all her failed attempts at seducing you. She had been respectful, in her own way

›Not another word is said as you continue on back to the hotel, lost in each other



‣Something is different tonight. You can feel it. Washing up before getting into bed you look over yourself in the large mirror of the bathroom. You look... content. As content as she does, now. Perhaps it is that you can move on a little further

‣So it's with that, that you slip in under the covers and embrace her, as so often before you have

‣She snuggles back against you, gasping at the new sensation

‣"You... you're not wearing anything!"

‣"No."

‣She turns to face you, her face plain but her eyes showing her unbidden desire

‣"Does that mean... ?"

‣"We won't go 'all the way', not tonight but I do want to give you something more than I have before."

‣Rarity shudders as you slide your hand up against her stomach first. Then slowly lowering it, over her lower abdomen, delighting in the subtle curve, past the two soft globes between her thighs and...

‣She gasps, louder than before

‣"W-What are you-"

‣"Shhh, would you like me to continue?"

‣"Yes! I-I mean... I don't want to force you but..."

‣You lean forward, kissing her softly, sweetly

‣"And you're not. I -want- to do this, for you. For all you've done for me."

‣She lets out a shaky breath, slowly extending her forelegs over you, drawing you closer to her as you kiss her once more, holding it this time as you begin to please her, as a lady should be pleased...

‣Some months later...

>There's a snap to the cool air, as you walk down Trotskaya Street. No, strike that, this is -far- too chilly!

>"Remind me again why we're here."

>Rarity turns to you, a devilish grin playing across her lips

>"Don't you remember, darling? The Duke of Manehattan insisted we visit Stalliongrad at this time of year. It -was- awfully kind of him to pull a few strings with his good friends here."

>You shiver, pulling your greatcoat tighter to yourself. Your beloved had insisted on making you one to better fit in with the emerging fashion trends in this part of Equestria. Sensing this isn't enough you pull her closer

>"Ah! Must you be so rough?"

>"I don't recall you complaining about that last night..."

>She blushes furiously, turning away from you

>"Honestly, you are nothing -short- of incorrigible!"

>You lean down to kiss her mane softly, those same scents of blueberry and vanilla still sending a thrum of excitement through you

>"But isn't that why you love me?"

>She grunts, bumping against you

>"You can be so unfair sometimes."

>You rush to think of some suitably witty quip when Rarity taps your side

>"Oh darling, we -must- sample the delightful coffees they have here!"

>She's off before you can stop her, trotting down towards a small street vendor

>This is what it's all about, you reflect as you follow her. The simple pleasures of spending time with her

>Reaching her, a paper cup is levitated into your eager hands. Ah! Something hot besides her, at last. You're sure she tips the

merchant far too many bits but the way she smiles so cutely at his reaction makes you realise that, of course, is just her way

‣You place your hand back over her as you continue strolling down the street

‣"It's truly a shame we can't stay longer, isn't it?"

‣You shudder, the thoughts of wintering out these icy climes...

‣"But then we wouldn't be able to enjoy winter at our own home. I've been looking forward to -that-."

‣"Mmm."

‣She bumps against you once more, still sipping from her cup

‣"What's say we call it a day, I know you'd much prefer to be somewhere warm."

‣Your mind races with the thoughts of what, exactly, she means with that. No matter what it is, you love the sound of it

‣How could it be so cold even in the bedroom! It'd be nice if you could raise the heat just a little but you'd already gotten dirty looks from the cleaning staff enough after the last time you did it

‣Ah but then you do have something -far- better than that...

‣"Darling, aren't you coming to bed? You must be dreadfully cold."

‣You are but you still need to clean yourself full for this. There's not a hope she'd permit anything less

‣You walk out of the bathroom to see... ah, she's wearing that lavender chemise again. Yes, after the first time you'd caught her admiring herself in front of her bedroom mirror wearing a crimson and black corset you'd told her that, quite to the contrary, you'd found it very appealing

‣She high-tails under the covers seeing you, giggling softly

‣"Oh I know you hate this cold but... mmm, I'm sure we can concoct a few ways to keep ourselves warm..."

‣And you most definitely do, though you're also sure she doesn't expect what you have in mind

‣You waste no time yourself in getting under the covers, immediately shuffling up against her, holding her tight to yourself, running your hands gently over her stomach and chest

‣"Ahhh, you do so know -exactly- how I like to be touched."

‣You continue this way, a little grin forcing its way onto your lips

‣Rarity gasps suddenly but when she speaks it's slow, and quiet

‣"I'm glad to see I can still excite you."

‣You stop rubbing her, holding your hands at her chest

‣"Were you afraid you no longer did?"

‣There's a little pause, she shifts her legs a little

‣"Maybe."

‣You can feel her rubbing her thighs together softly. You know what she needs to be told

‣"Rarity, do you remember, a long way back, when I asked you to be patient with me?"

‣She stops, again speaking so softly

‣"Yees?"

‣"I think... I think I've made you wait long enough."

‣A pause again, then a gasp followed by a soft titter but when she speaks... she sounds nervous

‣"A-Are you sure? We can always wait-"

‣"Rarity, please. We've been together so long now, if I'm not comfortable at this stage you should just leave me."

‣"I... I would never do that."

‣"I know. And that's why I want to give you what you want."

‣There's a shuddering breath, you kiss her shoulder

>"I've just had so, -so- many dreams of this."

>"And this evening, I'll be sure to make every one of them come true."

>The warm moistness between her legs is not something you've been a stranger to, in the intervening months after that first night in Canterlot but this -is- the first time she's touched you more intimately with it

>She shudders once more, pushing back against you, not taking you in just yet. You're glad, you want to draw this out as much as her

>"I-It feels so... different."

>"Bad?"

>"No! That... I don't know what it is, it's like a... lip?"

>"The... bottom of the glans."

>"It feels so- AH!"

>You slide forward, shivering at the sensations that course through you

>"L-Like that?"

>A squeak is your response

>"No! Wait!"

>She slides herself off, robbing you of those wonderful feelings before- oh. She wants to face you...

>"You know I'm... one for intimacy."

>You feel her press down against you once more, both of you sighing at this sense of completeness

>"Why did I wait so long..."

>"It doesn't matter... It doesn't matter..."

>She whispers that, kissing along your neck as you kiss at her face, both of your lips meeting suddenly as she lifts her head. She pulls back, only to push forward, your member slipping but an inch into her

➤ "Mmmf!"

➤ You both halt, shaking against each other. Why -did- you wait so long!

➤ Rarity rocks against you gently, little shuddering breaths escaping her lips. Your hands wildly roam across her back and buttocks, every care forgotten now. They slide under the silk shift, and you delight in this new sensation

➤ Her hooves grip your elbows, pulling at them. She tries to draw herself down upon you but you pull back, teasing herself and yourself further

➤ "Annngh... oh don't do this..."

➤ She pulls forward again, you push slightly against her, her marehood sliding down you. Her hooves slip down from your elbows to your sides, holding weakly

➤ A wicked idea comes to the fore of your mind. Something you'd held a fantasy of yourself for a little while now

➤ You gently separate from her, drawing a soft whine before you cast off the sheets. If you're to do this you won't need them

➤ "Just... just a second."

➤ "What are..."

➤ You slide down the bed, stopping at her hind legs to part them gently, rolling her onto her back. Your nose is overwhelmed by her delicate musk. It does nothing to diminish your passions...

➤ "What-"

➤ "This is... it's something I want to do. For you. Okay?"

➤ She nods down to you

➤ You run your hands along her thighs, Rarity shivering in response

➤ "Tease me further? Hnnn... why?!"

➤ "For this."

‣You lower your lips to her teats and take a nipple between them, biting down on the sensitive flesh

‣She gasps, back arching above you

‣You raise your head, looking up at her with mock concern

‣"Should I stop?"

‣"Don't you -dare-!"

‣Feels good to smirk, but not quite as good as the knowledge of how much she's enjoying this

‣Your face down once more, you suck and bite at the nipple, little whines and gasps coming from above, legs kicking out. You can't stop your hands from finding their way up her sides, slowly at first and then pulling down quicker

‣Her breath is coming in short little breaths now, you stop the attention upon her teat, drawing an annoyed noise from her before you lower yourself to kiss at her inner right thigh

‣"You... you aren't... aren't going to...!"

‣No words would do justice, instead you kiss further inside her leg, slowly, delighting in the little shivers coursing through her

‣You have to stop them kicking about, though, you're likely to lose a few teeth if this keeps up. Plus it nicely allows you access to more... private parts

‣Yes, now moving closer to it, the scent intensifies. It drives you on, any thoughts of drawing this out too long now abandoned

‣You kiss once, twice at the edge of her labia, drawing a soft little whine from her

‣"Please..."

‣You're not one to deny a lady, so you edge over, running your tongue just along her marehood, the musky, spicy taste dancing down your tongue as little droplets escape her

‣Her back arches once more, the whine intensifying and then dropping down into hard, shuddering breaths

‣Ah but you cannot let it end here. You can't see it but you know you're drawing near and... there it is, the tiny nub. You dart your tongue over it, thighs clenching against your grip as her body ripples

‣"There...! There!"

‣You lower your lips upon it, slowly sucking and swirling your tongue, your arms quickly growing tired as Rarity attempts to buck against you

‣Hooves dart to your head, pushing you down and for a split second an image of a blue mare pressing herself down on you flashes before your mind. But this is different. You -want- this. You want her

‣Squeaks, moans and heightened panting are your reward for your continued ministrations but her muscles are too insistent and you relinquish your grip, her hind legs darting forward, bucking lightly

‣With your hands now freed of that chore you lazily raise them to rub at her teats, fingers sliding over her nipples and squeezing them lightly

‣With your vision a sea of roiling white you close your eyes, focusing your attention on the sounds, smells and tastes

‣Ah, the taste... no human girl had ever been this... exquisite; was it that Rarity's a pony? Or is it that she's a woman of such a ripe age? You care not, only berating yourself for ever having denied yourself this

‣Her breaths shorten, a slight whine to her voice again though rising in pitch now

‣She must be close, she has to be if the way her legs splay out and close in so quickly are anything to go by



➤You redouble your efforts, a hand slipping down to stroke at her hot moistness, Rarity pushing back against the finger

➤It's short lived, as her back arches one last time, holding for moments before she falls to the bed, panting, your reward another sweet taste of her juices and the knowledge of her satisfaction

➤You lie there, stroking her stomach while her breathing settles, only moving when she's suitably relaxed. Now back by her side you can clearly see the contented smile upon her face

➤You lick your lips before grabbing a tissue from the bedside locker, dabbing it upon them and then kissing her. No words are needed, not now

➤Instead you put your arms over her and pull her close once more, kissing at her neck and shoulder while Rarity nuzzles in against your own neck

➤"Oh! I almost forgot."

➤She pulls away from you, grinning while gently pushing you onto your back. You shoot her a quizzical glance but she doesn't give any indication of what she's planned

➤"I think I know how to do this..."

➤She stands and moves into position over your body, her hindquarters roughly level with your head. Lowering herself, you delight in the warmth of her body against your own; at least this is a position you know is to her liking

➤From this vantage you've got a perfect view of her toned buttocks and marehood, a sight that draws your hands onto those alabaster cheeks, to rest there and gently stroke them

›And then there's the sensation of a warm, soft breath over your member. Your eyes shoot wide at the realisation of what she's about to do

›But she's learned well from you and moves to start off, kissing at your inner thighs, slowly moving inwards. You can't stop your body from shivering at the sensation, the delicate softness of her lips upon this sensitive part of you something new and wonderful

›Your fingers clutch tighter at her rear and it's impossible to stop yourself from drawing her back, just slightly. It's the perfect position to return the favour and you're not going to shy away from that

›Those kisses edge ever closer to your member and though you try to concentrate on what's in front of you it's just too difficult. Not least of all because your breathing has increased dramatically

›And she accused you of being a tease...

›Those soft kisses end abruptly and the warm breath across you returns. You shiver slightly, before gasping as warm wetness envelopes the head of your member

›Your arms reflexively tense, pulling her down onto your eager lips. She shudders slightly, her warm flesh rippling under your fingers. The scent of that musk returns, not quite as strong as before and it's now mixed with her own gentle aroma

›You shut your eyes under the intense pleasure of her lips lowering down over you, her tongue moving in long, slow strokes. This is obviously not her first time but it matters not - at least she knows what a male likes

›Her forelegs move from the bed to encircle your legs, holding them slightly apart as you had her own. As she does so, her lips move back, her tongue winding down in time with this

›Your own arms slide over her rump, gently keeping her from escaping your own ministrations. Your eyes remain closed as you bask in these wonderful sensations. Your tongue flicks out, pressing against and into her warmth

›Rarity tenses suddenly, halting in her own movement before resuming with a little increased speed. You gasp as she keeps a tight suck upon you, pulling off, only to plant a gentle kiss upon your member

›A part of you regrets not treating her to such thorough treatment but perhaps now you have a chance to resolve that

›You pull back from her, leaning up once more to kiss her delicate lips. She shivers, looking back at you

›"But-"

›"No reason... can't both... enjoy..."

›She turns back, kissing your member once more, you do the same, you both shiver a little at the mutual sensations. Her body warms against your own, as yours does in response

›Rarity begins to take you into her mouth and you press your tongue against and into her, slowly at first, swirling your tongue as she does the same

›She pulls up suddenly, panting

›"You're... making it hard for... me to concentrate!"

›"Likewise." You reply smugly

›With a look of faux reproach she resumes her licking and you of her

›Her forelegs move down along your legs, stroking back and forth. You never could have imagined even this could prove so sensual, her soft coat playing so delightfully against your skin

>She pulls back, you pull back. She flicks her tongue against the tip of your urethra you- you grunt, your head flopping back onto the pillow

>Ah yes, she's found your weakness now and you're damn sure she's going to exploit it. Which she does

>Moving her lips down just over the glans of your member she flicks her tongue over and back that tiny opening, your body tensing each time, as you struggle not to vocalise your pleasure. You can't give her that much satisfaction!

>With some will, you lean back up, lips instantly locking onto the position you'd earlier located her clitoris and running your own tongue against it

>She stops, squeaks and then redoubles her efforts, unwilling to be outdone

>And she isn't, as you begin to feel a familiar pressure build in your loins. You pull your head back

>"Rarity... wait... wait!"

>She stops suddenly, looking back to you

>"Did I... do something wrong?"

>"No... no... it's just we... wouldn't want this to... end before it begins..."

>A smirk and then, "We have all night, don't we?"

>You make to protest but that warmth and motion of her tongue instantly halts you, your breath catching in your chest

>Attempts to match her now are more difficult, your mind drawn further to the wonderfully pleasurable sensations now spreading out from your lower parts

>Her forelegs are still stroking up and down, warming you delightfully. The most you can do is equally run your hands over her back and rump, hoping she enjoys it

>A few more quick flicks of her tongue and you know this is it, you can't hold out, you cannot be stopped

>"Rarity! Wait! Stop!"

>You're not sure what her predilection is in this area but you prefer to err on the side of caution. Which results only in her pushing further down on your member as you release a low groan, your body expending itself

>Your arms fall limp upon her back as you feel her continued sucking. Your eyes slowly close once more, as you are lost to all but these sensations

>Slowly, her soft lips recede and you're dimly aware of the soft thrum of magic being used

>You blearily look up to see a tissue at her mouth, Rarity grimacing at you

>"My apologies but... I'm sure it's an... acquired taste."

>You smile weakly. "It... doesn't have to be..."

>She just shakes her head, crumpling up the tissue and tossing it into a nearby bin

>As you come down from that intense session, she rejoins you at your side, your arms moving to encircle her and cuddle her closely once again

>"What shall we do now?"

>"Nothing."

>And you don't, not immediately. You just want to lie there, holding her, enjoying the warmth of her body, the sweet scent of her coat and mane

>She kisses you once, twice, smiling all the while. Yes, you both needed this

‣But the devil always finds word for idle hands and yours are not free from his misdirection as they slip down her gentle curves to rub at one of her teats

‣She moans softly against you, pushing herself up against your hand and you dutifully lower it, fingers trailing over her marehood

‣This is a return to what you've been used to over these months but now it feels decidedly more intimate

‣Surely she knows to avoid the part of you that's still too sensitive, so concentrates on running a hoof over your stomach and chest. The feeling of that soft appendage never ceases to delight you...

‣With one finger you slide inside her, your thumb lightly pressing down on that little nub, her walls clamping down upon you

‣Rarity gasps, her hoof stopping its motion before shakily resuming it

‣No, you wouldn't push her over the edge this time, just... tease her, as you so love to do

‣Her lips search over your neck and chin before you lower your head to allow her to more easily find your own

‣No matter how many times you may have kissed her you knew you'd never grow tired of those lips. Every meeting bringing with it a new taste or a new sensation as her experience against your own grew

‣You pull out of her, your hand rising to once more cup her teat, clasping a nipple between two fingers

‣She grunts, pressing against you. With your other arm you draw her chest to yours, that familiar warmth so nice

‣You move your hand around over her soft buttock, pulling that part of her close, allowing her to feel that you've been enjoying this.

She shudders as your hand passes over her backside and down again to that most sensitive of her parts

‣You kiss her forehead, inhaling deeply of her mane, the scent doing nothing to diminish your desire for her right now

‣You enter, pull out, run your fingers against the edges of her labia, slide your hand across her back and rump, kiss her as much and as many times as you can, little squeaks, moans and bodily shivers aplenty...

‣All to keep her just at the precipice without being forced over

‣But it could never last. Even you weren't so cruel as to tease her endlessly although Rarity does take matters into her own hooves, gently pushing you back

‣"Ugh, you... you can be... so..."

‣"Wicked?"

‣"Yes!"

‣"Oh, I think I like how you say that."

‣You go to pull her back but she shakes your touch off, standing shakily

‣"H-How are we to... do this?"

‣You look at her, front lowered, rump in the air, tail aside. Of course, that would be how ponies couple and while you might like, in time, to try that you know of something far better. Far more to her desires

‣"Would you stand over me, please?"

‣She looks at you askance before obeying, With that, you gently pull her down on top of you

‣"What are... ! Oh..."

‣Her nethers come flush against your own, as you wrap your arms back over that beautifully sculpted back. Another thing you will

never tire of - the softness and delicacy of her coat, richer than the finest velvet

>"Wouldn't you rather we see each other?"

>Rarity nods, smiling before leaning in to kiss you quickly

>Slowly, she begins to gently grind herself against you and you in turn undulate your hips in response

>Both of you are taken by a fit of small gasps, nothing could have prepared you for how wonderful this might feel. Once more you curse yourself internally for ever thinking to deny either of you this

>"Alright, darling... I-I'm ready."

>As if you needed her to voice that

>With one final push forward, she lays back and gently takes you inside her

>Neither of you make a move or a sound, lying there, taken by this new feeling. Every part of Rarity that touches you serves only to heighten your pleasure, even looking into her wide, blue eyes, seeing your own wonderment reflected in them

>"Is... is this... as you..."

>"Yes..."

>You are happy. You are beyond rapturous. Just to know that this is all she has wanted is beyond your hopes for the occasion. The thought of, perhaps, not measuring up against pony stallions had crossed your mind along with the inevitable humiliation on both your parts but this... no, this was perfect

>You don't move to draw out as you kiss her once more, lips dancing against one another, tongues fighting for dominance. Your hand finds the back of her head and gently presses down on it, not wanting this to end



‣It falls, to her cheek, as warm and welcoming to your touch as any part of her body. Her eyes glimmer and you shut your own against the sight, fearful of the emotion overcoming you in equal measure

‣She ends the kiss, moving her mouth to just beside your ear and whispers, "Thank you."

‣You shake your head, hoping it's not too small a motion to notice

‣So the two of you stay like that for moments longer, holding each other, before she takes the lead and gently pulls herself up and off you

‣Both of you shudder at this new panoply of sensations, her insides twitching against your member with each tiny movement

‣Your hands slide to her shoulders, slowly running down her warm coat, coming to rest gently on her buttocks, not pushing or pulling, still allowing her to lead

‣And that is how it proceeds at first with slow, gentle movements, both of you caught up in each other

‣Rarity begins to push a little harder back against you, breath catching at little moans that delight you

‣Her movements hit a peak, though, and she grunts in frustration at how her hooves fail to find purchase against the bedclothes. You can't blame her, this is a new position. So you have nothing left but to take over, bracing your legs against giving a thrust against her pushing back

‣You stop again, both of you, unprepared for how... good this feels. But it is only for a second as you pull back and thrust forward again. And again. Desire overtakes you and you fall into a rhythm

›Rarity's breathing becomes sharper, she raises her hooves to press them against your chest while her lips fall to your own, as you readily welcome them

›She tries to whine, to moan, to make her pleasure be known but you don't need any words, any sounds, only the natural language of her body that lets you know, more than she ever could, that this is what it wants

›Your hands move back up, gripping at her shoulders, pulling her down as she casts her own hooves over your shoulders

›If the contractions within her marehood are any indication she's close to her peak. You redouble your efforts, pressing on against the growing tiredness in your hips

›One... two... three more... and she's there, a high pitched whine as her back arches, her body tensing up, only to fall against your own but a moment later

›You take this as an opportunity to rest a moment. But only one, before you begin your attentions

›Rarity is, then, left with no time to recover from her ragged breaths as you feel yourself edging closer to your own climax

›"Rarity... I... you... should...", you grunt out the words, hoping she picks up the meaning

›"No... want you... inside..."

›You frown at her, or at least do your best to

›"Yes! Please... wanted it..."

›You nod slowly, continuing

›You'd like to think you were more man than to be so easily overcome by her but you know none could resist. Not Rarity

›Looking only into her eyes, you feel that same pressure building as before, only quicker

➤A few thrusts thereafter and your eyes are shut against those sensations - so much more gloriously intense - as you cease your thrusting and allow Rarity to come to rest atop you

➤You both lie like that panting, resting, desperately regaining lost breath until you open your eyes again and see her smiling down to you. A smile so much warmer and more satisfied than any you have ever seen grace those lips. Those lips that kiss you one last time as your arms rise to encircle her

➤A soft, wavering thrum of magic is followed by the bedclothes being drawn upon the two of you

➤Sleep doesn't claim you, not while you're still able to see her face

➤As before she leans down and whispers into your ear, "Thank you."

➤But this time there's a tiny quaver to her voice. You cannot blame her nor can you make a response for you know your own voice would fail you

➤So instead you just hold her, under the covers

➤Sleep comes some time later but it is with the vision of your beloved in your eyes, the warmth of her love in your heart and the knowledge that you have both finally been fulfilled that you allow it to claim you...

➤You stir from your rest, turning to find a white face still showing slumber. You love seeing her so innocent, like this. The temptation to run a hand down that fair cheek is too much and it's only through the greatest of luck that your beloved doesn't waken at your touch. Instead she sighs softly, pressing herself forward against you.

›These were your mornings now, now that things had changed so much. Well, it was only one thing but it was just so massive you were still getting used to it, somewhat.

›Weeks had passed since that fateful night in Stalliongrad and not long after returning to Ponyville Rarity had made some not quite subtle insinuations that you should no longer have as great a distance between you.

›This had gone on until you'd eventually asked her what ever was she talking about. Exasperated, she'd just outright asked you to move in with her. A gentle kiss and a whispered 'yes' was all it took to set her into an excited fit.

›Selling off your home had brought in enough bits to help her purchase materials for all the new orders from stallions across Equestria looking for the most chic garments that money could buy. The rest had gone towards buying a bed large enough for you (and her) and to replenishing your previously mortally wounded savings.

›You'd settled into a nice routine of sharing breakfast with her, coming back for lunch and then retiring to an evening of conversation and intimacy. The last part had, you admit, made that routine -very-nice.

›Even Sweetie Belle was... thrilled with these new arrangements. Apparently the thought of her sister and her boyfriend living together was just the most adorable thing ever. That was something else you liked - being able to care for someone Rarity so obviously did.

›The little filly had taken to you, seeking you out for assistance with her homework, while Rarity would look on, smiling. She wasn't your daughter, would never be. She wasn't even your sister but she was important to Rarity, which meant she was important to you.

›So now you find yourself looking at Rarity like this, almost every morning. At least the ones where you don't wake to find her already smiling to you. There are times where you still wonder how lucky you could be, to have found something so precious in this world that had previously seemed to be only something you tolerated.

›Rising is as much a chore as always, those moments in the morning seeming too few for your liking but needs must and while she might sometimes play the lady of leisure you had no such luxury. Besides, you always preferred to leave for work knowing she was still dreaming her dreams.

›At this hour Sweetie Belle is already up and feeding herself, readying her saddlebags and all that. You check to make sure it's a hearty breakfast and that she's remembered to put her history book back in her bag.

›Before departing she leaps into your arms and pecks you on the forehead. It takes a moment for you to react but you do so by returning the gesture, earning you a giggle before she scampers off to another day of finding herself.

›Twilight is, as always, keen to enquire about how life is now. Now that... certain unpleasant things are put behind you. Things you don't like to discuss with others. Things you receive little reminders of. One such, this morning.

›You set your mind to your work, eager to bury yourself in it and the odd thought of Rarity. Enough so that, just today, you take your break early to see her.

›You could do with it.

›Stepping through the door of your home you're not greeted with the sound of the sewing machine, soft humming or her melodious little greeting. There's nothing.

>"Rarity?" You set your jacket down and proceed into her workshop.

>"In here, darling." The voice calls out from the living room.

>You walk on in expecting... not expecting her to be sitting there so engrossed in a letter. One which she sets down on your arrival into the room, giving you a frown.

>"Rarity, please, you know..."

>"You can't put it off forever, dear. You know that."

>"Why? Why can't I!" It's easier to deal with the anger. It's not easy to direct it at her and you don't like doing it but she's not being fair. She's not...

>She doesn't flinch, doesn't sigh, doesn't move. You love her so much, she doesn't deserve this...

>"Because I know, my darling, I know how much it eats at you. Don't you think I hear you crying against my shoulder at night?"

>Oh god. God no, she hadn't. You'd been so sure to check she was asleep. And now the anger slips out of your grasp and there's only the terrible grief. And now she's at your side...

>"It's alright, you know. You can't put -this- off forever."

>The first tears roll down your cheeks as she gently leads you to the couch and takes your head against her chest.

>"Why haven't you told me?"

>"Because I..."

>"You're weak?" You nod against her. "You're not weak. You're afraid and fear is perfectly natural. But you don't have to be. What she did was monstrous but she can never do it again and... she can never take away what we have."

>Your hand reached up into her mane, her chin rests against your head. "I'm sorry."

>"Please don't. Don't ever apologise for what was done to you. If you must be sorry, be sorry you never felt you could tell me."

>"But why? Why did she...?"

>Those hooves tug you tightly. "Oh my dearest, didn't you once tell me that love makes us do terrible things?"

>You sniffle, your hand getting lost in that mane you love so well. "Didn't I... say it also... makes us do... wonderful things?"

>There's a long pause. "You did. And I'm holding one of them right now."

>You force your breathing under your control and wipe your eyes against her chest, hating what it must do to her coat. As you pull back you see a radiant smile directed at you. Suddenly, recalling what you now have, you don't feel quite so... ashamed.

>Her face suddenly turns very serious, though her hooves don't leave you. "You must do this, you know."

>You nod, trying so hard to keep your eyes dry. Putting a hand upon her back helps a little.

>"I know it's hard, please believe me."

>"I do. I know you..." You trail off, not wishing to draw so much attention to those memories.

>"So you know when I say you must confront this, you know I'm speaking from my heart." A tiny quaver enters her own voice and your eyes cease their attempts to embarrass you.

>"I don't... want you to have to suffer for so... so long, wondering..."

>You extend your grasp, pulling her tight to you. Stroking her back calms her, as it had before and you feel her hooves move over your own in a similar fashion.

>"I won't leave you. I'll never, ever abandon you. You must believe that." Her voice sounds stronger once more. "And I will be with you through all of this but you must, my dearest. You must."

>Another deep, shuddering breath. "I know. I've put it off too long."

>She squeezes you. You like that. "Then we shall go, together. The letter says this Friday, I know it's short notice-"

>"No." You pull back once more. "No, I need to do this, you're right. If it was off in the future I could just keep putting it off but now... No, I'll just have to... confront it." You don't like it, you don't want to but you know you have to. You know with her you can.

>"You'll feel better. I know it hurts so much now and it will hurt for a long time after but you have to take this first step."

>You make the most of the rest of your lunch, keeping to more pleasant topics but you can see that Rarity looks more satisfied now. You'd been wondering why she looked a little off in recent weeks. Your nerves feel shot but every time you look at her she smiles and you feel... if not better then more confident.

>She makes your tea - she's become quite good at that - and sits up against you as you both enjoy it, telling you of how Hoity Toity called this morning to see for himself this latest craze. He'd been all bluster about how, once again Miss Rarity had done it! And there was something after that. Another one of her little less-than-subtle remarks about how you might like to spend time advising her on some of the designs. Perhaps... guide her hooves upon the showing machine?

>You can't deny how much you deny that last part but you know what she means and you agree, feeling like if you're living here you may as well have some involvement in her business. Just as well, as the orders are coming in hard and fast now.



›Returning to the library you ask Twilight for Friday off immediately. You don't tell her why and seeing the look on your face she doesn't ask, just agrees to do so. Her hoof on your shoulder and small smile says all that needs to be said.

›Your nervousness dissipates somewhat as you find yourself engrossed in your work. And thoughts of Rarity. Again. She'd been so proud when she told you about Hoity Toity and so... pleased when you were willing to assist her. It seemed a little cliché, the two of you working together like that but it also felt good. You didn't have her eye for fashion but time spent with her was time well spent, as far as you cared.

›The hours pass by and finally you find your work if not neatly concluded then enough progress for you to do so soon enough and move onto more important subjects. Twilight even hinted at a trip to the old Castle of the Two Sisters to study some of its latent magical fields.

›The sun hangs low in the sky as you near your home, greeted by a tan pony? Ah yes, it was too much to think that knowing you were with Rarity she'd just give up.

›"Well howdy, sugarcube! Say, yer looking mighty swell today, is that a new shirt yer wearin'?"

›"No." You're tired, you just want to slip into the grasp of your lady-love, not deal with this shit.

›"Listen, Ah was thinkin' -"

›"Not interested."

›"Hold on! Hear me out! Ah was thinkin' since yer with Rarity now - and like ya told me, yer not leavin' her - ya might be open to uh... Darn, what did 'Shy call that thing..."

›Is she actually suggesting...

➤ "Aww, shoot, it's like a threesome but she used some a her fancy words fer it."

➤ "Good night, Applejack." You push past her, closing the door in her face before she can object.

➤ "But you said he'd be home by now!"

➤ Oh you know that little voice. It's enough to bring a smile to your lips.

➤ "And here he is now! Honestly, Sweetie Belle, you must learn to have a little patience."

➤ The little filly turns to you and leaps into your arms once more, hugging you tightly. "Hi, Anon! We were waiting for you!"

➤ You squeeze her gently before setting her down and moving on to Rarity. "And I've been waiting for this." Your hand touches her cheek and your lips meet hers, amidst an 'Awww!' from behind.

➤ Pulling back you see her eyes closed and a wide smile upon those lips. "How do you always know what to bring home."

➤ You help Rarity in preparing dinner. The first time you'd seen her cook had been amazing. All of that equipment was here for a reason, as with her pantry being so well stocked. No meal was too small not to be turned into something spectacular. Even the mundane was given her magnificent little flairs, turning it into a veritable artwork worthy of anything else she creates.

➤ But more than that you enjoy sitting down with her and her sister. It's like... It's almost like you're a family. You know you and your paramour surely are but you have plans to seal that. You knew this was what you wanted your life in Equestria to be now.

➤ After that Sweetie Belle shyly asks for help with her homework. You suspect it's more a chance to just spend time with you but you'd

never deny her regardless. If only to see Rarity looking on so proudly.

›With another day done you settle in for the night next to her. Despite the day's occurrences you don't let it get you down, your hands finding the warmth of her body more than welcome as she turns to you, that smile you know all too well clear even in this low light.

›Not another word is said between you that night.

›The rest of the week passes by... with difficulty. Every night you find yourself in Rarity's embrace, second-guessing whether you should even be going through with this. And every night she gently reminds you that this is necessary. That without this first step you'll forever be stuck at this precipice of pain.

›And it is only by her that you have the strength to push beyond it. Only by her gentle touch and kind words that you feel yourself yet uplifted.

›Friday comes.

›You don't sleep much the night before. Neither does Rarity. You talk, she talks, you're not really sure what either of you talked about but you did. You get up early, wash, dress nicely, eat... everything feels so normal. Until you see her waiting for you at the door of your home. She'd reassured you again and again she'd be there.

›The walk to Ponyville general is a long one. The building only lies on the far side of town but you make no hurry in getting there and Rarity doesn't rush you. Your hands are clasped behind you, a cold sweat running down your body. You feel sick.

‣And then she bumps against you lightly and smiles and you feel... not better but the knowledge that she's there, that she's the one in your life now is good to remember.

‣You stand outside Ponyville General. Take a deep breath, walk in. The smell of disinfectant is one you know. It's just a hospital. They've got a psychiatric ward but it's well locked down. You'll be okay.

‣You walk down the halls, doctors and nurses going about their business, ponies visit loved ones. It feels so surreal in how normal it all is.

‣Deeper into the building until you come to the point where the psychiatric wards are sectioned off. There's no going back now. Not when you've got your hand on her shoulder.

‣The doctor is waiting for you near the room where you'll be meeting her, a grey stallion with a blonde mane.

‣"Ah, Mister Anon, I'm glad you decided to come visit our patient. I really do believe this will be beneficial for her recovery."

‣You nod curtly. "Will there be-"

‣"Security?" He nods, still smiling. "Yes, yes, you needn't worry. We're well equipped to deal with some of our more... troublesome patients but I'm confident it won't be necessary." You're not.

‣He begins explaining to you that they've been using a combination of cognitive therapy and anti-psychotics to help her condition. She's been responding well so far but she often mentions you and laments that she doesn't see you. Her other therapists believe being able to meet with you should help her better deal with what she did.

‣You don't really care for his words, seeing her for yourself will be the real test.

‣He stops you outside the room. "Now, -if- she does become violent please allow our staff to restrain her, they're trained to do so without injuring her." You're not sure if you have it in you to really resist if she tried... that again.

‣Rarity reaches up and touches your shoulder. "I'll be right here, my darling. As soon as this is over I'll be waiting for you." Her eyes glimmer slightly and you touch her hoof, hoping to reassure her. Or perhaps yourself.

‣You feel bile rise at the back of your throat as you step in. She's not there. Not yet. Just two burly looking guards at the opposite side of the room, a steel table and a chair on each side of it.

‣You take a seat and wait.

‣You're not sure how long you sit there before you hear muffled clopping from the door opposite you. The guards stand straight as its opened and... Dash is ushered through by a large brown pony.

‣She's wearing the same pale green gown the other patients do but there's something different. Some... thing is attached to her wings at the back, holding them by her sides.

‣She blinks once, twice. Squints leaning forward and then takes a few steps in.

‣"A-... Anon?"

‣You swallow in a dry throat and nod. Her face lights up.

‣"Anon! I-It's really you! You came! You... You came..." Her smile widens as her eyes moisten. "They... they said you'd come but..." She walks the rest of the way and sits down on the chair, holding her hooves over the table.

➤At any other time you might have reached out and gently taken them in your hands but right now... Right now they serve only to remind you of how they pressed against you as she...

➤"I missed you so much, Anon!" She sounds so happy. Like nothing ever happened. Like she never did a thing. "Anon? You okay? C-Can you hear me?" There's a nervous little chuckle.

➤"Yes." Her face lights up once more.

➤"I really missed your voice!" She looks down and pulls her hooves back over the table. "Um... the doctors told me... told me there's something I gotta say..." She frowns heavily, looking down into her lap. "I... I'm sorry?" She looks back up to you, understanding washing over her features. "I'm sorry. I-I'm sorry!"

➤For a split second you believe her. You see the way her lip quivers and her eyes glisten again. How she brings a shaking hoof up over the table and holds it out. "I'm sorry-y-y-y!" She chokes suddenly, sobs wracking her body. "I-I-I I dunno... what to... say..."

➤"There's nothing you can say." She continues sobbing, though she's looking at you now. "After what you did to me-" No, that's something you can't say. Not to her.

➤"Oh... oh my gosh..." Her sobbing ceases and the hoof goes to her mouth. "I-I did that. I -did- that, didn't I?"

➤You feel your fists clench at your side as you nod slowly to her. Hating her is better than fearing her. Better than feeling sick at what she did.

➤"Bro. Bro I... I can't-"

➤"Don't call me that." No, why is your voice quavering like this. You can't let her think she's bested you. "You're not my bro, Dash. Not any more." You clench your fists tighter against this.

➤"But... But I'm... your bro." She frowns slightly, mouth falling. "I... that's what I am. That's why you came here. That's why I'm

here. 'Cause I... hurt you." She looks down now, frowning more heavily. "I hurt you because... because of... her..."

>That voice... you don't like the hard edge that enters her voice at that last word. "Dash forget about her." You won't - can't. But if you're going to do this you need to keep her calm. "Talk about me. Me."

>She holds herself for a moment before letting out a shaky breath. "Yeah... you. Us." Her smile returns. "I... I'm getting out soon, ya know that? The docs say I'm doing great!"

>Oh Christ... Dash, out on the streets again. Out where she can get you, can touch you can...

>"How, uh, how do you feel about... me?" You feel sick again. If only they'd given you something for these blasted nerves.

>A very unsettling smile tugs back her lips. "C'mon bro, you know how I feel, right?" She leans across the table, lowering her voice. "You told me before, it's okay."

>"Dash, it's not okay. You remember that, right?" She frowns suddenly, pulling back.

>"You said... you said you had somepOny else... um..."

>Alright, pull her back. "Have the girls been visiting you?" You know they have, Twilight told you of Dash's progress but you're starting to doubt her words now.

>"Girls? Oh yeah! Applejack was in. Pfft, she was all 'Ah just dunno what Ah'm gonna do about Anon, he don't seem ta want me' but I just reminded her you're my guy." She snickers into a hoof. Jesus, if this is her making progress then what the hell was she like when they first started working with her?

>"How about Twilight?" This should be interesting.

>"Twi? Oh yeah, she was telling me all about you. She said you were real happy working with her but... um, she said you were helping

somepony else too..." She looks off, her eyes vacant. "I... I can't remember who it was. Pinkie? Was it her?"

>You don't move a muscle, don't give her any hint of who it is.

>"Pinkie came to see me too. She wanted to throw a party - in a hospital! Can you believe her?"

>It's so strange: she seems almost normal when Rarity isn't mentioned but as soon as she is she sounds like she's slipping away. How haven't her doctors noticed that?

>"Y-Yeah, she's kinda funny." You try to smile and are sure it comes off more as a grimace. Dash buys it, grinning back to you. You don't like the sight of that.

>"Hey, one of the girls didn't see me. It was..." You can't avoid this, eventually she's going to come up.

>"Rarity."

>"Yeah! Her! What is she caught up in her \*snerk\* dresses?" Why is she so suddenly normal? She's actually smiling and talking normally about her. Was it just a slip earlier?

>"Uh... yeah, she's been really caught up in some big orders from-  
"

>"How do you know that?" And there comes the little edge creeping in again. "How would -you- know what she's up to."

>"Because, Dash-" Okay, just try to be reasonable, maybe you can calm her down.

>"Because you're bucking her! Aren't you!" It comes out through gritted teeth and her eyes stare daggers at you. "You... You were - my- guy. I waited for you. I waited... three years." Even through her anger her lower lip starts to tremble again. "I was such a... good pony. I even held them off and you... why didn't you..." She stops, raising a hoof again, holding it on the table.

>"Dash, you know why. You-"



>"I had to!" She almost shouts that, the guards at the rear lean forward. "You... you weren't gonna give me my chance!" Tears start falling down her cheeks, her gown puffing out with her deep breaths. "Why couldn't you understand? I love you, Anon! I always loved you!"

>No she doesn't. This isn't love, you know what love is. You hold it in your arms every night.

>"Please, Dash, don't just throw it all away."

>"I'm not! You are!" She slams her hooves on the table, the guards take a few steps forward. "I don't wanna live without you!" She stretches a hoof across the table to you. "Please, Anon! Please just don't shoot me down!"

>You press back against your chair, suddenly terrified of that little blue hoof. "D-Dash, c'mon now-"

>"Please! That's all it'll take! I swear!" She pulls herself onto the table, the guards start moving forward quicker. You begin scrabbling against the floor. "J-Just one chance! Just one!"

>She darts forward and in an instant the guards are on top of her, she wails as they pull her back off the table. Only now are you aware of how heavy your breathing is as you slowly lean forward and place your hands on that cold steel.

>"Please, Anon! Please! Just let me show you that I..." It trails off as she's dragged out, the door closed behind her.

>You sit for minutes longer, just staring at that door, wondering what's not to become of her. Presently, the door behind you opens. You stand on shaky legs and wobble out, Rarity rushing up to you as you exit. Your arms find her back and you don't stop yourself as the tears come.

>"I'm... very sorry about that, Mister Anon. She'd been much more responsive with the others. We thought she was fit enough to

meet with you but... well, clearly she's still far too much of a danger to release just yet. We shall continue with our treatments, however."

>You don't really listen to him, don't really care. You care about the mare in your arms and the way she holds you tightly to herself, whispering that it's okay now, you're out of there.

>In time you compose yourself and Rarity lets go. "How do you feel?"

>You look into her eyes and try to find the words. "Horrible..." You can't.

>"Yes." It's very quiet when she says that. "You will. I'm sorry, my darling, there's nothing I can say that will ease your pain. Nothing I can do."

>You sniff, bending down to slip an arm over her. "You can... stay with me."

>She nuzzles in against your neck. "Oh yes, of course! You don't have to fear facing any of this without me." Taking a deep breath you pull back from her.

>"Let's go. I don't... want to be here any more." She nods and you both set off with more purpose than you entered.

>In her dreams, she's flying. High above the clouds, nothing and nopony can touch her. Light balms her tired limbs and cool winds blow through her soft mane. She dives down suddenly, already knowing where he'll be.

>He's by the lake. Their lake. The one she stops at every evening. Diving faster and faster until... she halts suddenly. She doesn't want to hurt him, she loves him too much for that. Instead she pulls up to find him reclining against the tree, smiling, waiting for her as always.

>The mare trots over and embraces him. He's so warm, so comforting to her. It's cold after the dive, she likes this. He tells

her they can't stay. She recoils, why not? Because they have a warm bed awaiting them.

›She doesn't wait, flying ahead of him. She is so happy.

›They are in his home. No, their home. He made it theirs some time ago so everything could be perfect. Everything -is- perfect now. Now it is.

›She waits on their bed, larger than anything she'd ever need. Another reminder of who she shares it with. She presses her nose into the pillow, breathing in his scent. It makes her shudder in a way she loves the feeling of.

›He walks in, smiling to her. She smiles back, patting the bed. He doesn't hesitate but takes his time undressing, of course he would know how much she loves it. Slipping under the covers she shivers at this warmth she loves so well.

›She loves him so, so much. She leans forward, eyes closing...

›She wakes to find herself on a hard bed, cold walls all around and darkness. It's often dark in the cell.

›He is not here. There are no clouds, she cannot fly.

›She is alone.

# A Second Life

- You bolted upright, drawing in a gasp of the pristine air.
- The light around you was intense, blinding in fact.
- A cold wind nipped at the exposed skin all around your body.
- Only moments ago you had been in an intense firefight with insurgents near Kandahar airfield.
- The hot sun was nearly baking you alive with all that gear on, it couldn't be less than 100 degrees,
- But now, you were actually a bit cold.
- And that breeze...
- your eyes finally adjusted to the light, revealing your naked body.
- "What the shit?"
- You turned your head frantically, searching for a clue as to where you were.
- You were sitting on a cloud.
- Well, it seemed the floor was made of clouds.
- The sky above you was clear and a beautiful shade of blue.
- You drew in another breath, taking in the freshness.
- After 6 months of smelling sand, explosives, and oil burning, it was a refreshing scent.
- In the distance was a long golden fence, and a tall pearly gate.
- A good place as any to start, it was the only thing in view.
- As you approached, a figure behind a pedestal came into focus.
- He was an older man, bald with a grey beard, wearing soft looking ropes.
- "Where am I? What happened to my gear? And my squad?"

‣The old man smiled gently. "You mean you don't recognize the place from the texts?"

‣You simply awaited an explanation, not in the mood for riddles.

‣"Anonymous, you need not worry. Your squad is fine. As for your possessions, they remain on Earth."

"So I'm not on Earth... Am I... Dead?"

‣"Quite. Before you stands the gates of Heaven."

‣You paused a moment, thinking over the situation in your head.

"I never believed in a god though..."

‣"I know. I am the gate keeper of Heaven. And for your disbelief, you shall not pass.

‣The clouds beneath you suddenly gave way to your feet, plunging you into darkness.

‣When you woke up, the familiar sensation of heat washed over you.

‣But this heat was different.

‣It was radiating from everywhere, and you could feel the skin on your back being singed.

‣You leapt to your feet quickly, taking in your surroundings.

‣Lava flowed all around the obsidian rock island you were on.

‣Jagged pieces of rock stuck up out of the ground all around you.

‣You kept a steady walk going, keeping the hot ground beneath your feet from burning your soles too badly.

‣The air felt like you had been placed in an oven, left to bake overnight. Dry and unbearably hot.

‣"Greetings Anonymous. Welcome to your home for the rest of your eternal existence."

"Ah, the disembodied voice must be Satan."

‣Darkness shrouded in front of you, then dissipated revealing a cleanly dressed man, his hair slicked back.

‣"Lucky guess Anonymous. Welcome to my domain of hell."

"Your domain? So there's others?"

➤ "Quite astute Anonymous! Yes, this is where your dimension comes when they can't get into heaven."

➤ you crossed your arms, waiting for Satan to continue.

➤ "You see, I offer everyone I think capable a challenge. A chance for a new life."

"Really? Color me interested. What's the catch? I have to beat you in a violin duel?"

➤ Satan chuckled at the comment. "It's quite simple, all you need to do, is find one of the exits in the other domains of Hell."

"I have a feeling it won't be so simple. What's the catch?"

➤ "There's a chance you will emerge in an alien dimension, where you can't survive. You can either live a somewhat normal life in Hell if you choose to decline, but if you accept, and you fail, you'll be sent to the next level of hell, where your soul will be tormented endlessly."

➤ This was an interesting offer, you had to think it over in your head."

➤ "Decide now Anonymous. Do you accept?"

➤ You paused another moment, then extended your right hand.

"If I fail, I suppose I'll see you in hell."

➤ You shook hands with the devil, and began walking along the obsidian path.

➤ Where in Hell you were going, you didn't know, but you left your fucks on Earth, leaving you fresh out for the journey.

➤ You'd been walking for what you guessed to be a day, coming to a bridge at the far side of the island that was Satan's domain.

➤ Bones and rotting flesh littered the ground before you.

➤ Your stomach pained you, but you had to remind yourself that you were already dead.

➤ then again, so were these poor souls at your feet.

➤ Were they killed by hunger? Or was it something else?

>An arrow fell at your feet, nicking your skin and drawing blood.  
 >There was your answer.  
 >you looked in the distance, at 4 or 5 human looking beings,  
 drawing up another volley of arrows.  
 >If someone's shooting at you, you must be doing something  
 right.  
 >You took off in a dead sprint across the bridge, with arrows  
 whizzing by you.  
 >5 more figures appeared at the middle of the bridge, long  
 swords in hand.  
 >You got a good look at their features with every step closer  
 >They had no skin, only seared meaty flesh.  
 >Eyes as black as evil itself, and armor to match.  
 >The first went for an overhead slash, giving you plenty of time  
 to spin around him like a pro football player.  
 >You almost ran right into the next blade, but you rolled along  
 the ground, dodging it by inches.  
 >Springing to your feet, you landed a punch on the face of the  
 third, stunning it.  
 >you snatched the blade from the stunned demon, blocking the  
 fourth and shunning him away.  
 >the fifth and final demon came down and at an angle, but you  
 dodged it as well, slicing off its unprotected head.  
 >Without another moment, you resumed your dead sprint,  
 throwing your body into the portal at the end of the bridge.  
 >There was a sign in front of you when you emerged, which blood  
 was painted on a rock.  
 >If you had food in your stomach, you probably would have lost it  
 by now.  
 >"Welcome to Tartarus, Humans. What you seek is here."  
 "Well that was easy."

›"You think so? It's been a while since a human came through here."

›You turned to see another bipedal creature, but moved more like a gorilla, and had the face of a dog.

›Like the guards in Hell, his skin and hair had been stripped away, leaving only muscle and bone structure.

"How long has it been since you've seen a human?"

›"About 100 years. He didn't make it past Cerberus though."

"I don't suppose you'll tell me where this gate to the new world happens to be?"

›The creature only pointed at the top of the mountain, where a single tower stood.

›"Don't expect anything beyond this bridge to be friendly. I've only developed your language after a millennia of guarding this wretched portal."

"Has any human made it past Cerberus?"

›The creature only shook his head.

"Well, I suppose I'll make Tartarus history."

›Without another word you set off in a jog across the bridge, keeping your head on a swivel, and your blade arm ready.

›After the bridge you came to a cliff edge, with about a 20 foot drop to the path below.

›A lone guard was making a patrol along said path, keeping his eyes forward.

›You had to admit, one month of patrols could get mind numbing.

›However long this thing had been doing it, he must be on auto pilot.

›You had to time this perfectly, if you were off a by even a second, you would break a leg, and end up being killed. Again.



➤Just as the guard came underneath you, you leapt from your perch, coming down on top of the guard, sinking your blade into it as you landed

➤Just as you expected, the creatures body slowed your fall enough that you didn't get hurt in the slightest.

➤You pulled the blade from the carcass at your feet, blood squirting up along your body.

➤Wasting no time, you took off down the path, sticking to the side where you could attempt to hide if you met another guard.

➤With no armor, and the chances of finding a set that actually fit slim to none, you needed to avoid any fights you could.

➤Well fuck, ahead of you were 3 more creatures in a clearing, resembling horses, but much smaller.

➤They didn't have weapons, nor did they have armor.

➤Against your better judgment, you stepped into the clearing, and almost immediately drew the attention of the three creatures.

➤As expected, they didn't put up much of a fight, your blade cut through them pretty easily.

➤you attempted to wipe your blood and soot covered body, only to smear it over the few clean areas of your skin.

➤You gave up trying to clean yourself up, and took a look at your options.

➤The clearing was fairly small, but there were 4 different paths that led to it, not counting the one you just took.

➤The tower appeared to your left, but none of the paths seemed to head in that direction.

➤You pondered a for a few moments on your next move, thinking on a 5th option.

"Fuck it, let's try this"

➤You took off directly at the tower, scaling the obsidian boulders.

➤Moving across the rocky terrain was murder on your feet, and slowed your progress immensely.

➤The hunger pains in your stomach had worsened, and your thirst seemed unquenchable.

➤You'd give anything for a MRE and a pair of combat boots.

➤If you had to guess, you had been on the move for 3 days now.

➤the rocky terrain had scraped you up pretty badly, but alas, you had made it to the tower, covered in blood and soot and soot and blood.

➤there were two guards guarding the entrance of the tower, both of the gorilla/ dog type, and both were armed and armored.

➤Every part of your body complained in protest of the hell it was going through.

➤You couldn't help but giggle at the joke you subconsciously made.

➤Maybe you could rest a while... No every moment you delayed your body lost the nutrients it needed.

➤You slowly stood up on top of the obsidian boulder, sword in hand, drawing the attention of the guards.

➤They mindlessly charged, their eternal boredom finally had something they could entertain themselves with, if only temporarily.

➤With what strength you could muster, you leapt off the boulder, bringing your blade down on the helmet of the first guard, stunning him.

➤The second lunged in with a spear, grazing your side.

➤You grabbed the shaft of the spear and drove your blade into the exposed face of the guard.

➤you snatched the spear out of the fallen guard's hands, spinning around to deflect another incoming blow

➤with a final thrust, you drove the spear in its throat, planted your foot squarely on its chest, and kicked it off.

›you turned toward the tower, and took a deep breath, the sooty air nearly making you cough.

›This wouldn't be easy, nor pleasant.

›But at the top of this tower was a portal to a new world, and you'd be damned if a few walking meatbags would keep you from that.

›You pried open the obsidian door and stepped inside the tower.

›You stepped back in shock as your feet struck the cold, smooth floors.

›After a moment, you stepped back inside, the cold floor offering some relief to your blistered, burned, and cut feet.

›Despite the relief, you couldn't help but wince at every step you took, the damage had been done.

›One of the small horse guards strolled past on patrol, not spying you in the darkness.

›In the center of the tower was an orange beam of light, which climbed up to the top of the tower, illuminating everything with a soft orange glow.

›You stuck to the shadows as best you could, sneaking by several guards.

›Along the walls of the stairs were several cells, whose residents kept the guards preoccupied.

›A few still appeared to have their eyes, hair, and skin, but you couldn't make any other details in the dim light.

›The tower was filled with the sound of various grunts, shrieks and cries from the animals around you.

›You began to wonder if exiting through this gate was such a good idea, especially if there wasn't going to be another human once you got up there.

›It was too late though, if you went back and searched for another portal, you were sure you would end up collapsing out of exhaustion.

‣Your stomach complained again as you crept across the final cell block.

‣Only this time it was loud enough to draw the attention of the guard you were sneaking behind.

‣As he turned around, you delivered a quick jab to the face, and took off up the final set of stairs as fast as you could.

‣Another guard, hearing the commotion, began coming down the stairs, weapon in hand.

‣He drew back his sword, ready to slice you in two.

‣You couldn't fight an uphill sword fight, you didn't have to be a samurai to know this.

‣Instead, in a last ditch effort you hurled your blade through the air, catching the creature off guard.

‣It dodged the sword toss, but ultimately tripped, and tumbled down the stairs, passing just inches away.

‣You gathered your blade, and continues to run up the stairs.

‣You muscles complained with every step you took, but you managed to reach the top of the stairs.

‣Down below, guards from the lower levels noticed the racket of sword play from above, and were rushing to investigate.

‣You didn't have long, and you still had the Cerberus to deal with.

‣Silently as you could, you crept through the open door, and into a chamber filled with bones of creatures that had tried to escape Tartarus before you.

‣In the center of the room, lay a three headed dog almost three times your size, snoozing lazily.

‣You couldn't ask for a more opportune moment to escape,

‣you continued to creep further toward the orange portal at the far edge of the room.

‣The only clear path was directly beside the Cerberus, close enough that you could stab it with your blade.

›Whether or not such an action would do you any good if it woke up, you highly doubted it.

›Almost there, maybe two thirds of the way.

›You froze at the sound of a yell, and you turned to see a guard with a bow and arrow aimed directly at you.

›You stole a quick glance at the portal then back to the guard.

›Too close to stop now, you had to go for it.

›You sprinted with what energy you could muster toward the glowing portal.

›The guard released his arrow, soaring a few inches away and hitting a pile of bones.

›The rattle of bones awoke the Cerberus, and with a flash of fire, incinerated the first thing it laid eyes on.

›Lucky for you, it was the guard that caught its attention first, who was already drawing a second arrow to take you down.

›The Cerberus turned to face you, blasting a gout of fire along the ground behind you.

›The skin along your backside seemed to catch fire from the radiating heat behind you.

›No doubt you would have blisters a plenty if you lived through this.

›The heat intensified with every step you took closer to the portal, the gout inching closer.

›You leaped into the air for the last few feet, passing through the portal and into the other side.

›You landed face first into the green grass on the other side.

›The air seemed cold at first, but the sun's rays gently kissed your backside, inviting a pleasant warming sensation.

›You breathed in your first gasp of fresh air in 3 days, and slowly rose to your feet.

‣You let out a wild, primal, yell, and slowly took in your surroundings.

‣The landscape was filled with the most vibrant colors you ever saw.

‣On the horizon you could make out what seemed to be a city built on the side of the grey mountains

‣A series of noises brought you attention to two horses, with white coats and golden armor.

‣They didn't look like the guards you encountered in Tartarus, but you weren't going to risk them sending you back.

‣The fresh air seemed to revitalize you as you reached you're your... blade...

‣The blade was gone.

‣It must have stayed behind when you went through the portal.

‣You looked up just in time to see a white and gold horse slam into you at full speed

‣Your broken and defeated body finally gave in, going limp and being tossed back against the portal.

‣The two horses were murmuring amongst themselves as they approached you, seeming surprised.

‣Perhaps they expected you to go back through and into Tatarus?

‣Blackness took over your sight, fading in and out as you felt yourself carted off onto a chariot.

‣You woke up, surrounded by a cold wet darkness.

‣You attempted to get up, only to find your movement restricted by heavy iron shackles chained to the wall.

‣Your wounds had been stitched hastily and bandages quickly had been applied to the more serious wounds.

‣Your eyes slowly adjusted to the darkness around you, revealing the silhouette of a plate in front of you

‣You cautiously put your hand on it, feeling the consistency of a hard loaf of bread.

‣At this point you didn't care if it was moldy or if it was even bread

‣You snatched it off the plate and crammed it in your mouth devouring the half loaf in a matter of minutes.

‣You heard the voices of your captors echoing down the hall, though their words seemed unlike any you had ever heard.

‣The warm glow of a lantern filled your cell, as 3 sets of eyes looked down on you through the bars.

‣The first was a Unicorn, dark grey and wearing black armor

‣The next was a tall white winged unicorn, her mane seemed an enthrall pastel rainbow.

‣On her head was a golden crown with a purple jewel, her necklace a similar design.

‣Finally a smaller midnight blue horse, with cyan eyes and a mane like the night sky, wearing a smaller, ebony crown and necklace with a white crescent moon in the center.

‣They must be princesses; maybe the white one was a queen.

‣The white one spoke with a voice that nearly shattered your ear drums.

‣Worst of all, you were sure she was talking to you, and you couldn't understand a damn word she said.

‣The princess, or queen, you weren't sure which she was right now, looked at you curiously as you held your ears to protect them from the noise.

‣She turned to the midnight blue horse, saying something in a much softer tone.

‣You lowered your hands and listened to the horse talk, her voice was somewhat soothing.

➤The other glanced at you; her tone seemed more formal, like one from the middle ages.

➤It seemed they were speaking to you again, yet this time with a normal tone.

"I can't understand you."

➤You resisted the urge to face palm. If you couldn't understand them, they couldn't understand you.

➤The two exchanged a few words between themselves, leaving you back to your thoughts and your darkness.

➤Days went by slowly, and you could feel your strength beginning to be sapped from your body from the lack of protein and exercise.

➤It wasn't that you were being lazy, you just didn't have much room to work with.

➤Your cell was obviously designed for a smaller creature, you couldn't even lay down in on your back without bending your knees in some fashion

➤If it wasn't the shitty living conditions that kept you awake, it was your own dreams.

➤Every time you closed your eyes it seemed your mind drifted back to Tartarus, or back to the mountains of Afghanistan.

➤You'd give anything for eight hours of uninterrupted, dreamless sleep.

➤The jail keeper came by, shoving your dinner of bread through the bars.

➤As per usual, you quickly devoured the loaf before noticing the red apple on the tray.

➤You picked it up, almost as if you had never seen an apple in your life

➤You devoured the apple quickly, throwing the core in the corner where you had made your bathroom.



›Hopefully there was a caretaker in the prison that was going to clean all that up.

›You settled your head against the cold stony wall in an attempt to fall asleep once more

›For once, it came fairly quick, the three or so days of restless sleep no doubt helping.

›The dreams were back, vivid as ever.

›You were in the MRAP, doing your best to stop the bleeding of your friend, Rex.

›"Too many anti-air devices for MEDEVAC" they said.

›So there you were, in the back of an MRAP, shoving the last of your gauze inside the wounds.

›Rex had dove head first on a grenade that an insurgent had dropped from a roof top.

›Hell he was lucky to be alive.

"Hey Rex, just hang in there, we're about 15 minutes from the FOB."

›He only looked up at you, his face a pale grey

"Don't look at me like that Rex, you survived jumping on a grenade. You're a hard ass now."

›There is was, a small smile.

›You'd been through this dream a hundred times, yet every time you did your best to save him.

›This time was a bit different. Normally this was the part where Rex closed his eyes, and gently nodded off and died.

›This time, your vision clouded, almost as if you suddenly lost your vision.

›You could feel a presence swirl around you, like a warm spring mist.

›You felt your buddy place the picture of his girl he had waiting for him back home in your hand.

>"Write to her for me. Tell her what I did."

"Yeah, I'll do that bro..."

>You still couldn't see, but you knew this dream by heart.

>The two of you grabbed hands, as if you were about to arm wrestle. No homo.

>"Stay golden."

>His grip went limp, letting you know he was gone once again.

>You perked up at the sound of crying, despite being the only two in the back of the vehicle, and the diesel engine drowning out most of the other sounds around you.

>No, this almost sounded like it was coming from inside your head.

>Your dream faded to black, and soon was replaced with the sight of your cell.

>The small ray of light pouring in from the window above you, hitting the left corner in the room, signaling morning.

>The jailer, along with two guards came to your cell, stating something in their language, sounding somewhat like an order.

>When were they going to learn you couldn't understand what they said?

>Your shackles suddenly glowed, wrapped in a blue aura and to your surprise, popped off.

>You stood slowly, cautiously stepping forward toward the open door.

>The horses made no moves to attack you, the jailer even stepping out of the doorway.

>If that wasn't a motion for you to step outside you didn't know what was.

>One of the guards took a position in front of you, the other behind you, escorting you like a P.O.W into the castle.

›The inside was beautiful, the marble hallways gleamed brilliantly in the sunlight.

›The soft rug at your feet felt divine against your worn and blistered feet.

›Every step you took you felt your stomach raise just a little, your mind tying to wrap around what was about to happen.

›Were they going to execute the demon from Tartarus, or release you in the wild? Maybe you could be the royal pet.

›You were led to a large courtyard, where a single rain cloud hovered overhead, and was placed ovetop of you by a Pegasus.

›After a brief rain shower, you were given a towel to dry off with, and led back inside.

›Seems they just wanted to give you a shower. Hopefully they cleaned out your pig pin of a cell too.

›Something seemed off though, the tapestries at along the walls seemed different.

›You ascended a spiraling set of stairs, and came to a large wooden door.

›You could make out the engraving of a crescent moon, the same as...

›oh shit. Your jimmies just went super saiyan.

›The door swung open, revealing the mystical horse, who seemed a bit shocked when she looked up at you.

›You must have seemed smaller in your cell to her.

›Remembering you lack of clothes, you quickly covered your member with your hands, blushing furiously.

›She said something to you, seeming to ignore your motion to cover yourself, temporarily forgetting that you couldn't understand her.

›Seeing the confusion on your face, she promptly turned around and made her way to a table with parchments, quills and ink wells spread across it.

›She sat down on her haunches, patting the spot on the ground next to her with her hoof.

›You cautiously walked over, taking a seat to next to her.

›A quill came to life across the table, dipped itself in ink and began writing a series of symbols along the paper, wrapped in a dark blue mist.

›The quill wrote out twenty six symbols, the same as your own alphabet. This must be hers.

›You took you own quill, dipping it in ink and writing out your own alphabet as neatly as you could.

›Pointing to each of the letters, you sounded them out slowly and deliberately.

›Luna wrote her own alphabet, matching each symbol with the one it sounded most like.

›This didn't seem so hard, especially compared to that summer you spent learning Arabic.

›You went over the alphabet a few times, before she rewrote them, in a different order, and took away the list that had both of your alphabets on it, forcing you to say it from memory.

›It took a few tries, but you got it, the princess giving a smile and a nod of approval before looking over at the clock, and standing up.

›Her horn glowed, floating the paper of both of your alphabets and a few books in front of you, releasing her magical hold on them only after you had grabbed them.

›She took you under her wing and walked you to the door, where she gave you one last look of... sympathy?

›She gave her guard an order, and in a flash of light disappeared.

➤With a flick of his head, the guard signaled you to follow him, and led you back down through the castle, again a different route than before, stopping at a door, and opening it to reveal a luxurious hotel room.

➤You stepped inside; turning back to the guard to ensure this was really for you, to which he gave a reassuring nod.

"Thanks..."

➤You closed the door and went to the window, where you watched the sun set, as the moon rose into the sky.

➤The room was at the face of a cliff, preventing you from escaping off the balcony if you wanted to.

➤Your door swung open, and a horse pushed in a cart with some food on it, placed it on your bed and quickly left, no doubt nervous entering your room.

➤Even if you had the opportunity to escape, you had nowhere to go, no way to communicate with the world's inhabitants, and no money.

➤You were better off a prisoner in the castle, a student of the princess.

➤You sat in your bed, slowly eating the more elaborate meal that had been given to you, consisting of nuts, fruits, and sweet rolls, before finally turning in for the night.

➤Princess Luna quickly made her way to the royal garden, as her and Celestia's nightly ritual, to raise the moon and lower the sun.

➤"Ah, sister, I was growing worried you lost track of the time."

"Forgive me sister, I have been trying to teach the creature how to read and speak our language. I did lose track of the hours."

➤Celestia's face grew worried, as she turned to face her sister.

➤"You're teaching the demon? What in Equestria possessed you to do that?"

"I do not believe him a demon. I saw his dreams last night, and I couldn't help but be moved by the compassion he showed."

›Celestia paused a moment to lower the sun, and turned back toward Luna as she brought out the moon.

›"Please sister, be careful around this de- this... thing. I would not trust it so easily. After all, it was in Tartarus for a reason."

"Well once I figure out a way to communicate with him, I will ask about it."

›Luna's tone had an edge of annoyance to it, though even she didn't know what caused it.

"He is sentient, and should be treated fairly until we find him until he proves to be a danger."

›Luna began to trot away silently, to her chambers, in hopes to see the creature's dreams once again.

›Maybe he would dream of something else tonight, so that she could learn more about his language, and maybe of why he was sentenced to Tartarus.

›Luna laid down in her bed, quickly closing her eyes and falling to sleep, waiting for the dreams to come.

›She found herself in a desert, encumbered by heavy clothing, holding a black... thing.

›Sweat clung to every part of her, well, his body.

›Everything he did, she did. She was but a second conscious in his body.

›Around her were eight other creatures exactly like him, all dressed in bulky green and brown clothes, somewhat of a uniform it seemed.

›They were moving a small town, seemingly abandoned, with the few exceptions such as a goat and a few chickens in the street.

›The group broke into two separate teams, heading toward two different houses.

›He lined up with the others against the wall, third in line from the door.

›She felt a jostle from behind, and watched as his hand reached forward and rustled the creature in front of him, who continued the chain.

›Once the first one was touched, it stepped out of line, and drove its foot into the door, kicking it wide open.

›The rest of the team poured inside, finding several surprised looking creatures inside, that reached for similar looking metal and wooden sticks.

›There were several loud cracks, and the rooms inhabitants fell over, pools of blood forming around them.

›Her host moved through the room, checking behind a counter before finding a small creature, possibly a young boy.

›The boy drew a small, shiny, L shaped item, and pointed it at her/ him.

›There were two loud noises that followed, one loud, and heavy bang. The other a bit lighter, sharper crack.

›Luna felt the wind knocked out of her chest, and her host stagger backwards.

›When he/she looked up, she saw the small boy, now laying on the ground, small pieces of brain matter plastered against the wall, blood pooling around him.

›He quickly staggered outside, bracing against the door frame and vomited onto the sandy road.

›The dream ended abruptly, he must have awoken from the nightmare.

›Luna herself had woken up, the horrifying images of the creatures dreams still fresh in her mind.

›She checked her clock, noting it wasn't even 3AM.

"I pray he does not dream like this every night, lest we both suffer from a lack of sleep." She muttered, lying her head back on her pillow.

➤You woke up in a sweat, and in a shock.

➤Another nightmare, and one you were all too familiar with yet again.

➤Though the sensation of warm mist had enveloped you once more, this time though out the dreams entirety.

➤You slowly rose out of the bed, the silky sheets clinging to your body.

➤Taking a step out onto the balcony, goose bumps crawled along your body, stirred by the cold night air.

➤It seemed not even death could keep your actions from coming back to haunt you.

➤You made your way to the latrine, washing the sweat off with a quick hot shower before returning to bed.

➤Sleep didn't come to you for the rest of the night, leaving you to toss and turn in the bed for the rest of the night and into the morning as the sun rose.

➤You pondered a moment what to do to get ready for the day, seeing as you still had no clothes, no tooth brush, and as far as you knew you were confined to the room.

➤The door swung open, and what you guessed to be a servant pushed in another cart, with a meal similar looking to the one from the night before.

➤you didn't mind the lack of variety, the food tasted fresh. And after the time you spent in hell any form of food was welcome.

➤Sitting back in your bed, you began to read some of the books the princess had given you, which turned out to be baby books.

➤It took a bit of rereading but soon, you had a few of the basic words down, such as hello, good bye, my name is and so on.



›At least, you think that's what you learned, it was hard to tell without a horse to talk to.

›After lunch you opened your door to a knock, finding the princess on the other side.

›This was the perfect time to try out what you had learned.

›[TRANSLATOR BOOTING UP]

"Um... Hello. My name are Anonymous, What are yours?"

›The princess gave a soft chuckle, her face seemed tired, as if she hadn't slept well.

›It seemed the two of you had something in common.

›"Hello, Anonymous. My name is Princess Luna."

›You made a note to remember how to say "is" and gave a smile, moving out of the doorway to allow Luna inside.

›She drew several pieces of paper and ink wells from her bag placing them on the table, and began you lesson for the day.

›The door remained open, with the guard frequently peering inside to ensure you weren't trying anything.

›The language was coming fairly easily to you; in fact Luna seemed surprised at your progress.

›By the end of the day, you could form a few shaky sentences at best.

›Still, Luna seemed content, if not amazed by your progress.

›Looking at the clock, she placed the books and papers neatly away, and stood.

›She asked something, you couldn't make it out though, forcing you to sit there with a confused look on your face.

›She pointed at her mouth with a hoof, then walked to the door, then looked back at you.

›She was inviting you to dinner.

›You stood, walking over to her side and stayed alongside her as the guard followed the two of you to the dining hall.

‣The dining hall was a lot like what you would come to expect in the castle.

‣A large, ornate rug covered most of the room's wooden flooring, matching the maroon painted walls, which were accented by the golden trim.

‣In the center ran a lengthy table, with several candles toward the center, giving the room a soft glow.

‣At the head of the table was the white horse you had seen earlier in the prison block, her lavender eyes went wide at the sight you.

‣You couldn't understand the heated argument that took place, but two things were apparent.

‣The white horse was very unhappy about you being out of your room, and Luna was trying to defend you.

‣Their faces were intense with anger; their bickering was going nowhere.

‣You reached over to Luna, placing a hand on her shoulder, bringing her out of her rage.

‣She looked at you with startled turquoise eyes, taken back by the physical contact.

‣You shook your head, and gave a polite bow toward the white horse, before turning around and showing yourself out.

‣Luna trotted alongside you, wrapping a wing around you, shaking her head no back at you, and pulled you to the other end of the table.

‣You couldn't help but shudder at how soft her wing was as it wrapped around your body, but it thankfully went unnoticed.

‣She gave a glare to the white horse before turning to the servant, and ordering some food for the two of you.

‣The dinner was much more elegant than the normal one you were served last night, though your desire for some form of meat would have to wait longer.

‣With your belly full, you patiently waited for Luna to finish what looked to be a salad, occasionally glancing at the white horse that was staring a hole through you.

‣Luna seemed to take note of your uncomfortable shifting in your seat, and quickly finished her meal so she could take you back to the room.

‣The walk was silent, as expected. But despite the silence and the language barrier, you felt you had a friend in the Princess.

‣As you stepped inside your room, you turned once more to face her, searching your mind for the words.

"Thank you Luna."

‣Her smile was all you needed to know you said it right, and she turned away, mumbling a short phrase.

‣You went back to your books, until night fall, being sure to figure out the phrase Luna had said.

‣"Good night, and good dreams." Or something like that.

‣If she only knew what visions had been plaguing your sleep for the last few months.

‣Satisfied with how material you learned for the day, you laid down, awaiting the sleep, and the dreams that would with it.

‣Once again, the dreams came to Luna.

‣It was dark, and the wind blew in her face.

‣She felt Anon draw something down over his eyes, something that felt sort of rubbery.

‣The world around her turned into different shades of green, showing off every rock, and every shadow that lurked out of sight.

‣In front of her and Anon sat a long metal box connected to another box on one side, and a tube in the front.

›there were a few metallic pings and some flashes off to the right, and Anon swung the device in front of him to face it, pushing down on an odd lever.

›The noises she heard last night were nothing compared to this, the steady thumping was deafening, and showed no sign of stopping.

›Every ounce of Luna's being wanted to cover her ears, yet she couldn't, Anon was in control.

›One thing was apparent, this thing in front of her was a weapon, and it was truly deadly.

›If she doubted it at first, seeing a creature about the same size of Anon being ripped in half reassured her.

›Thankfully he didn't have such weapons here in Equestria, lest he kill everypony there.

›The dream didn't last much longer, and soon faded to black.

›Luna awoke on her own this time, feeling sick at the images she had just witnessed.

›Nothing a late night fly wouldn't fix though.

›Spreading her majestic wings, she leapt off her tower balcony, and into the brisk night air, soaring high above the castle grounds.

›As she looked down on the castle grounds, she noticed a single light in the night, and a tall, bipedal creature staring out into the darkness, leaning on the balcony railing.

›It seemed Anonymous had woken after all.

›Luna swept down from the sky, landing next to a startled Anon.

"No good dream, Princess Luna?"

›The sentence was broken, but it conveyed your question all the same.

›Luna responded with a small nod, staring up at the stars, her eyes filled with questions.

‣She wanted to know more about where Anonymous came from, the reason of all the violence, why these nightmares plagued him like no other being she had seen before.

‣And above all, how he held together. After only three nights of sharing dreams with him, she felt tired, run down, and as if she was going to fall apart from seeing all the images in Anon's mind.

‣When she turned back to your eyes seemed glazed over, staring blankly off into the city.

‣Luna brought you out of your thousand yard stare, nuzzling against you shoulder with her warm nose.

‣Something about her eyes seemed so caring, and for the first time ever, you wanted to tell someone about the flashbacks.

‣But now, you couldn't because no matter how much time you spent trying, Luna would never understand the things you saw.

‣Chills were sent through your body as a sudden gust of wind hit, forcing you to shiver uncontrollably.

‣You started to turn inside when you felt Luna's wing wrap back around you, wrapping you in a feathery embrace, and drawing you close to her body.

‣The wind had shifted her mane over to your side, brushing against your body, forcing a laugh out of you as it tickled underneath your nose.

"I should get to bed."

‣You paused, realizing your mistake in reverting back to your own language, and acted like you were laying your head down on a pillow, then pointing to bed.

‣Luna nodded in understanding, telling you how to say it in her language, and made you repeat it until she was satisfied.

‣She walked you inside to your bed, lifting the sheets with her magic, allowing you to crawl under them.

"Thank you Luna. Good night."

›"Good night Anonymous." Her horn glowed once more, and you felt a wave of sleepiness roll over you, lulling you to sleep in seconds.

›Luna couldn't help but feel somewhat attached to you as she showed herself out the same way she came, ensuring to close the door behind her before taking back off to her chambers for the remainder of the night.

›"Luna! Get up!"

›Luna shot up out of bed, her mane a mess from practically crashing in her bed last night.

"My apologies sister, I haven't been sleeping well lately."

›"Yes yes explain later, and lower the moon."

›Luna stepped to the balcony and lowered it as Celestia rose the sun, completing the ritual.

›"Luna, you seem to be tired the last few days, and very irritable. I think you are spending too much time with the demon."

"His name is Anonymous!"

›"You just proved my point. I do not wish to see my sister become corrupt again. I will ask you once more to refrain from seeing him."

"I am not being corrupted by him! He comes from a dying world, full of chaos and death, his only wish is to atone for the acts he committed."

›"And how do you know this demon's-"

"His name is Anonymous, I would appreciate you to use it!"

›Celestia gave her little sister a glare, her patience was wearing thin. "How do you know Anonymous' intentions?"

"You know I occasionally see the dreams of those in Equestria. Every night since he has been here, he has dreamed of a war, one which he committed terrible things in the fight for his own life. And I don't need to speak to him to see the regret in his face, or the shame in his eyes."

➤ "If he really did all of these things then he will no doubt turn on us and do them again. Evil and disharmony will never stop. There are no exceptions, especially for a demon." Celestia began to trot out, confident in her victory.

"Then I am still Nightmare Moon to you? I haven't changed from a thousand years ago when you banished me?"

➤ Celestia drew a deep breath before looking back at Luna. "I will see you tonight sister. Take heed in what I have said."

➤ Celestia walked out, and vanished down the stairs back into the castle.

➤ Luna gathered her things and made her way downstairs to meet with you, hoping teaching you more about language would take her mind off the fight with her sister.

➤ Perhaps what she said was true, about Anon slowly corrupting her. She had never fought with Celestia like this. But maybe she could help him, and prove that he wasn't corrupt.

➤ The guard opened Anon's door, allowing her to enter without having to knock. Technically, Anon was still a prisoner, though a very well treated one, so privacy was not a given right.

➤ "Hello Anonymous, good morning." Luna seemed rested, yet something seemed a bit off.

"Good morning Luna."

➤ She set down the extra ink on the table, doing a double take at you. You had grown tired of being naked all day, especially in Luna's company.

➤ So using some tape and the room's curtains, you had fashioned a purple cloak that covered your body.

➤ Luna couldn't help but giggle at the sight, tearing away your makeshift clothing with her magic, and then turning back toward the door, looking back at you to signal to follow her.

›She led you through the castle, past several guards that eyed you suspiciously, and into a round room where a small pink unicorn was busy stitching away at a dress.

›Luna and the unicorn exchanged a few words before signaling you to stand next to a pedestal, allowing the unicorn to get to work measuring you every single part of your body

›You felt your member being grabbed by a soft hoof, and you promptly smacked it away.

›The unicorn mumbled something causing Luna to chuckle softly, a slight red blush coming across her face.

›You could feel your own face flush bright as a tomato, and you began to rack your brain wondering what they said.

›with a rough diagram sketched out of your form, the unicorn walked off, and Luna once again took place at your side and escorted you back to your room so your language lessons could begin.

›Today the lessons seemed to go a bit slower, despite your usual pace being kept.

›For some reason that she couldn't say, Luna seemed troubled. If you had to guess, she had another argument with that white one.

›It was almost like that time you brought that dog home to your mom, and the first thing it did was shit in her bed.

›You stood up for the little bastard though, you loved that dog so much. And just when you wondered if it was worth it the fur ball would come around you, little tail wagging and keep you company while you cleaned guns or did homework.

›Actually, this was exactly like that. Only now you were the dog, and Luna was you.

›You reached into your figurative pocket, and pulled out exactly one fuck, and gave it to Luna in a warm embrace, completely catching her off guard.



‣After a brief moment you pulled away, taking note of a small smile that had replaced her frown.

‣That one brief moment let her know you cared, and that's all she needed to keep going, was that one act of kindness.

‣You went back to your studies with Luna, who very gently placed a wing around you, wrapping you in that feathery blanket you had quickly grown to love."

‣You set your head down on the desk in front of in frustration.

‣You had been at trying to form sentences for almost 5 hours now, but no matter what they always seemed to come out broken.

‣Luna seemed to pick up a bit of English in the month, but communication between the two of you was still difficult.

‣"You are doing well, Anonymous."

‣She nuzzled you shoulder, in efforts to bring your head off the table.

"No, bad."

‣"You mean: No, I am doing bad. And no you are not."

‣You slowly raised your head, looking at the texts in front of you intently.

‣Luna looked at the clock on the wall, and stood. "Excuse me, I am running late."

"Yes, Princess. Good night."

‣You didn't even bother to look up from the book in front of you as Luna trotted out to do whatever it was before the sunset.

‣Maybe she liked to watch the moon rise, she had that tattoo on her flank after all.

‣Come to think of it, every horse had a tattoo on their flanks, usually corresponding to their job, such as the seamstress, and her sewing needle.

‣Speaking of which, these clothes were great, if not a little plain.

‣They were pretty warm, probably made from cotton. The pants were a regular shade of blue while the shirt was somewhat of a white button up.

‣Underwear hadn't been included, but there was no way they could know about that little detail. You were surprised they even made pants and a shirt separate.

‣You started burning the midnight oil in your studies, quite literally, committed to getting at least a few phrases down.

‣"Anon?"

‣The sudden voice from behind you nearly gave you a heart attack, forcing you to leap to your feet, and knocking the chair over.

‣The guard posted at your door rushed into the room, charging at you head on with ferocious speed

‣A light blue mist surrounded him only inches away from you, halting him in his tracks.

‣At first he seemed confused, but looking to his left he saw Luna, staring at him blankly for a moment before letting him down on the ground

‣The guard silently dismissed himself, and returned to his post outside your door.

‣For the first time ever, Luna closed the door behind him, leaving just the two of you alone.

"Why... close door?"

‣Fuck that wasn't a complete sentence, again.

‣"Relax Anon, it is past midnight."

"Why are you up?"

‣Luna gave a small smile at your somewhat complete sentence.  
"Come with me."

‣You followed her out to the balcony, where she laid down on her stomach, looking up at you.

‣You sat down next to her, and she shook her head to say no.

›Before you could ask, she lifted you into the air and onto her back, with your legs just in front of her wings.

›She stood up, lifting you with ease.

"Luna, what the hell are you doing?"

›Well shit, you reverted back to English on that last one, and before you could translate your sentence back she leapt off the balcony and into the air.

›Riding with your legs dangling off the side off a Blackhawk into a combat zone was one thing, this just seemed stupid dangerous.

›You threw your arms around her neck, ensuring not to squeeze too hard. The last thing you wanted to do was accidentally choke her way up here.

›Luna told you once more to relax, and descended toward a hillside outside the city, leaving the lamplight behind.

›In fact it was so dark you didn't realize you had landed until you felt your feet touched down on the ground, and the wind went back to a gentle breeze.

›Out here, you could really take in the beauty of the night sky, which seemed starrier than your own.

›Luna's horn glowed once more, drawing down two apples, one of which levitated in front of you for your taking.

›You grabbed it out of the air and bit into the juicy fruit, its juices squirting all over you cheeks.

›Luna asked you something, though you could only make out a few words, leaving you to piece together the sentence with only a few words.

›Do you... something... stars... something?

›Luna could see you struggling with the words in your mind again. You'd pushed yourself too hard tonight.

›Her expression grew a bit sad looking, hanging her head, making you grow frustrated.

"Sorry..."

➤She shook her head again, bringing herself closer to you and looking up at the night sky, sitting back on her haunches.

➤The two of you sat in silence for a while; the peaceful night air was chilly, but not unbearable.

➤Luna's horn glowed softly, and up above the two of you several stars began to move around in an unnatural way, as if...

"Are you doing that?"

➤You pointed to her, then to the stars moving up above.

➤She seemed happy with you noticing the correlation, and your sentence, and gave a nod, continuing to play with the stars above, pulling you in with her wing.

➤You noticed she was beginning to do that a lot; she must know you liked it.

➤You failed to suppress a small yawn after some time, drawing Luna's gaze once more.

➤"Come Anon, time for bed."

➤You gave her a nod, climbing back on top of her and holding lightly around her neck once more.

➤Back in the air, you were a little more at ease. If she could move stars light years away, she could grab you in case you fell.

➤Luna landed gracefully as ever at your balcony, laying down for you to climb off.

➤The two of you exchanged goodnights, and Luna took back off into the sky to head to bed herself.

➤You crawled in bed, your mind drifting to sleep before your head even hit the pillow.

➤Of course, like every night you had been here, the nightmares came.

➤Luna found herself back in Anon's body, surrounded by sand and several metal buildings.

›Other than the intense heat, and carrying this extra weight things seemed fairly nice this time.

›But if nothing was wrong, why was she here?

›There was a whistling sound in the air, and everyone around Anonymous dove to the ground, several explosions pluming up sand all around him.

›One soldier leapt to his feet, making a run for more suitable cover.

›In a flash of smoke and sand, his body was replaced with a lingering pink mist.

›The sound of explosions was soon replaced by a constant high pitched ring.

›Shockwave after shockwave rolled over her, and even over the intense ringing she heard another whistle louder than ever.

›Not even a foot from Anonymous' face, landed a dark green egg with yellow letters.

›A warming sensation flooded his lower regions, and the distinct smell of urine wafted up into the nostrils.

›Luna and Anon both bolted up from the dream they shared in their respective rooms, only a couple hours after they had fallen asleep.

›Sure enough, you'd pissed yourself in real life as well, soaking the silk sheets in urine.

›You tossed the blankets out onto the balcony, letting them air out for the night.

›Back inside ran some hot water, splashing it in your face, trying to get the images out of your head once more.

›Inside, you could feel your energy already plummet, the lack of sleep finally getting to you.

>Vision blurred and your mind fogged as you drove your fist into the mirror repeatedly, slicing up your hand and shattering the mirror..

>What was the point in getting another life if what happened in your first was going to haunt you every night?

>The sensation of the warm mist crept around your body again, much like in your dreams, and...

>As you were putting two and two together, you fell back asleep, collapsing to the cold tile floor below you.

>A very tired Luna picked you up and placed you on the bed, lying next to you with wing draped over your body, her horn kept an ever present glow about the room.

>Strange, you seemed to remember passing out on the floor of the bathroom last night.

>Yet you could feel the distinct sensation of a mattress under you, and the silk sheets you had tossed out.

>The sun's rays began creeping into your face, forcing you to squint your eyes.

>You grabbed the blanket on top of you, giving it a firm yank to pull it over your eyes.

>"Ow! Anon!"

>All of your wut.

>Sitting up, you forced your eyes open and took in the surroundings.

>Your vision was blurred, but you could make out dark blue objects all around.

>Somehow you had wound up in Luna's room. Even worse, her bed, and naked.

>Oh god what did you do after you blacked out?

"Luna... what...?"

‣You paused long enough to rub your eyes, clearing up the last of your blurry vision.

‣"You had a nightmare, and your living conditions were less than suitable. It was late, so I brought you here."

‣Oh damn, that was pretty good English...

"How did... I mean..."

‣You looked over at her, noticing every detail of her dark face.

‣Her mane was unkempt, her crown cast aside on the nightstand behind her.

‣Her eyes had a tint of pink to them, and her eye sockets seemed a bit puffy, as if she had been crying all night.

"Luna what's wrong?"

‣Damnit, English. It was too early for Equestrian dialect.

‣"Anon, ever since you came to Equestria, I have seen what could only be your dreams. Horrible images that have plagued you everynight."

‣Heh, spoke too soon it seems. Wait what?

‣"Last night... You had yet another nightmare. I went into your mind, looked at your memories-"

"YOU WHAT?!"

‣Luna looked away, realizing her mistake in violating your privacy.

‣"Please Anon, I only wanted to help you get over these dreams. I want to understand about what happened-"

"War happened."

‣"Tell me more-"

"What, you can't just go through my memories again and see for yourself?"

‣If only your knife had been as sharp as the tone of your voice.

‣You stood up from her bed, walking over to the balcony.

"I want to return to my room."

‣She trotted up behind you, "Anon, tell me-"

"No."

>"I want to help you." You felt a hoof against your back, setting off a small but powerful spark deep in your mind.

"I don't need it!"

>you spun on your heel, backhanding your only friend in the world in the side of her face.

>What in the name of nipples did you just do you asshole?

>Luna brought a hoof to the spot you struck, touching it lightly, her face filled with shock.

>A few tears dropped from her eyes as her horn glowed, and the room around you flashed out of existence.

>When the light faded, you found yourself back in your room.

>What did Luna think of you now? All of that violence and death she saw you cause must surely have altered her opinion of you somehow.

>You recalled the dream of the boy you had killed, maybe 10 years old.

>Your stomach wrenched at the mere thought of it.

>Had Luna's mother, Celestia or whatever her name was, seen those same images, she would have killed you on the spot for sure. She was already not very fond of you after all.

>Still, Luna had seen those images, and still came to see you every day and teach you.

>You lay down on your bed, pondering why such a graceful creature would try to help a murderer like yourself...

>As wrong as it was for her to violate you in the way she did, she had the best intentions.

>Could you really be angry at your only friend in this world for that?

>No, you couldn't. You weren't a heartless monster, even if you just acted you.



➤You cracked open your book, looking up a few key words before opening the door to the guard's surprise.

➤"Speak demon." His eyes narrowed, wings flared, and head lowered ready to attack in case you made a run for it.

"I request audience with Princess Luna please."

➤You slinked back in your room, sitting on the bed, hoping Luna would see you after everything that just happened.

➤Why did you hit her? She was only trying to help you ass.

➤She had seen the images of war burned into your mind, that brief moment only would have convinced her you were nothing more than an intelligent monster.

➤The day passed by at a crawl, with no sign of a messenger or anything, confirming your request.

➤The only thing that did surprise you was the fact that guards hadn't escorted you out on some platform and killed you in front of the crowd for attacking royalty.

➤You decided to use your time wisely, studying the text books on the desk.

➤If you lived through the day, you would still need to learn this stuff to speak to any other pony.

➤Things moved a lot slower without a tutor to help you, and quiz you throughout the day, keeping you focused and on task.

➤Night fell on the kingdom as you began putting away your books.

➤Finally, a knock on the door.

➤You didn't even have to wonder who it was; Luna was the only one who ever knocked on your door before entering.

➤Others usually just barged in; to them you were still a prisoner.

➤You opened the door, confirming your thoughts.

➤Luna stood there, her face still tired looking, and the spot you had struck swelled slightly.

➤"Anonymous-"

"Please, come in Luna..."

>You stepped out of the door way, making your way to your bed and taking a seat on it

>Luna followed silently, pausing in the middle of the room, shuffling her hooves in a somewhat nervous manner.

>In unison, you both began "I'm sorry", pausing once again before trying again. "You first."

>Well, this was awkward.

"Ladies first, Princess."

>"I'm sorry for intruding into your dreams... I should have asked your permission. My intentions were only to help you."

"I forgive you Luna."

>She seemed a bit shocked, making eye contact for the first time tonight. "That easily?"

>You gave a slow nod before continuing with your own apology.

"I'm sorry as well."

>"It is fine Anonymous, you were upset-"

"No Princess, it isn't fine. I really over reacted. Yelling at my only friend in the world, and then hitting her."

>"I was in the wrong-"

"As was I. You were trying to help me, and I got angry at you for it."

>Silence engulfed the room as the sun drifted slowly into the horizon

"Don't you usually go somewhere for sundown? I wouldn't want to keep you..."

>Luna stayed silent, moving outside to the balcony.

>Her horn glowed for a few minutes, while in the sky a full moon came into view.

>So that's what she was always doing. She could control the distant stars, why not the moon?

›You almost felt retarded at taking so long to realize it all, but then again, magic was an aspect of life you were still getting used to.

›She trotted back inside, the moonlight just enough to illuminate the room in a soft glow.

›Luna stopped next to you, debating a something in her head.

"May I ask you a question Luna?"

›She gave a nod, seeming to answer her own question as she settled in next to you on the bed

"Everyone I've met has thought of me as a monster, as a..."

"Demon, except for you. Why would you care about a creature that no pony has ever seen before, that crawled out of a gate of Tartarus?"

›Luna paused a moment, pondering the question over and over in her head.

"Why would you care about a demon, with a history full of nothing but violence?"

›Luna looked off toward the moon, her eyes strained from exhaustion.

›"Because not long ago, I used to be a demon to all of Equestria. I know what it's like to be hated by everyone for the past crimes you committed."

›Color you intrigued, how could a lovely lady like Luna be seen as a demon?

›Brain, did you just call her lovely?

›"But now, I am tired, and I must rest. May our lessons resume tomorrow. Good night Anonymous, sweet dreams."

"To you as well Princess."

›Luna slowly rose, trotting to the door. "One last thing Anonymous. I forgive you for your actions earlier."

"Thank you Luna, good night."

‣Luna left quietly, as you lay back on your bed, wondering again what she had done to earn the title of demon.

‣Maybe you could go to the library tomorrow, and do some research.

‣Maybe, if the guards let you.

‣For once, you actually managed to get a full nights rest, no doubt Luna somehow had a hand in it.

‣Well, hoof. Whatever.

‣After going about your morning ritual of showering, shitting, and doing your best to give your best a proper shave, you took a look at your small bookshelf in your room.

‣You wanted to find a history book, figure out what Luna could have possibly done to be demonized by her people.

‣After a good hour of searching, it became clear most of the books up on the shelves were for recreational reading, pure fiction.

‣Back to the dictionary, this time to figure out the phrase to ask the guard to the library.

‣You studied the phrase on paper for a moment, sounding it out before opening your door to speak to the guard.

"I need to go to the feces."

‣The guard arched his eye, looking at you in confusion.

‣"Do you mean the library?"

‣You looked down at the dictionary, inspecting the words in the dictionary, blushing bright red at the realization of what you said.

"Yes, library. Please."

‣The guard shrugged, jerking his head in a way to let you know to follow him.

‣The library was much bigger than you expected.

‣Spacing between shelves were barely big enough for you to squeeze between, and went all the way up to the high vaulted ceiling, well beyond your reach.

➤You started at the first set of shelves, slowly gazing through the vast collection of books. You were going to be in here for an eternity.

➤A frail old voice drew your attention away from the shelves.  
"Can I help you creature?"

➤There was a small grey unicorn, her features wrinkled and saggy, her mane bleach white.

"Yes, history books?"

➤The unicorn nodded, walking off toward the other side of the library, drawing a large black book, about five inches thick cover to cover.

➤You thanked the librarian, and sat down at one of the tables spread out throughout the room, starting to skim through the book.

➤"Demon... what are you doing here?"

➤the words were familiar, as was the voice that spoke them.

➤You turned your head, finding the white alicorn behind you, glaring down at you with her lavender eyes.

➤You stood out of respect, giving a small bow, as you would a martial arts instructor.

"Hello, we have not proper met. My name is A-"

➤"Anonymous, yes. My sister's lessons seem to have done well."

➤It seemed so indeed. Speaking was still hard for you, but you could figure her sentences out after only a few seconds.

"What is your name?"

➤she allowed a small chuckle, remembering all the times the two of you had confronted each other, as she silently cursed you in her own language. "Princess Celestia. Now answer me demon, lest I throw you back in your cell."

➤Damn, she really did not like you did she?

"Searching books, practicing Equestrian language. Learning."

›Celestia continued her long had stare, as if trying to pin you with something illegal.

›"Very well, until next time."

›She trotted off into the library, looking around for a book of her own, leaving you to return to your own.

›"Ah Anon, there you are. I was worried you ran away." Luna sat next to you, eyeing the book on the table. "Equestrian history? Interesting reading..."

›You were never going to figure out what Luna meant by...

›Oh, yeah, Luna's here. Just ask her numbnuts.

"I had my reasons you see... about last night."

›Luna's face grew worried, "Perhaps we should discuss this in private my student."

"I see... if that what you want-"

›"Indeed it is, it's still somewhat of a... sore subject." Her voice trailed off as she broke eye contact, staring at the floor.

›You closed the book, returning it to its spot on the shelf before returning to Luna.

"Shall we leave Princess?"

›She gave a small nod, looking up to you. "I have but one request. Once I tell you my story, you tell me yours. Explain the violence that fills your dreams."

"You have a deal. A story for a story. Along with any questions you have to ask."

›Luna seemed content with the deal, getting off her haunches and walking lightly alongside you back to your room.

›Luna decided to head to her own room, instead of yours, seeing as it was roomier, and much larger.

›She drew a pair of glasses and a bottle of red wine, pouring a glass for the two of you.

›"Shall I go first or do you wish to, Anon?"

"Whatever makes you comfortable Luna. Just remember you're in the presence of a demon from Tatarus, it will take a lot to scare me away."

>A laugh, good, the tension in the room seemed to melt away as the two of you sipped the wine.

>You never cared for wine, but this wasn't so bad. It tasted more like fruit juice.

>"It took place over a thousand years ago..."

>Well, five seconds into Luna's tale and you had already spit your wine out.

"A thousand years ago?! Forgive my rudeness but... how old are you Princess?"

>"This year I will be 1418. A typical alicorn lives ten thousand years."

"I see... sorry for the interruption, and my rudeness. Continue please."

>"It's fine Anon, as I was saying, I became jealous with my sister. She ruled the night, making each day beautiful so that the pOnies of Equestria would always be outside, playing, living their lives."

>She paused taking a sip of her wine.

>"The pOnies always slept through the night, no matter how beautiful I made the sky, and the constellations in the sky. Naturally I became jealous, but I kept my tongue."

>She kept her composure, yet her voice sounded shaken as she fought off tears.

>You placed an arm around the back of her neck, squeezing tight, bringing a small smile to her face before she continued.

>"Well, I did fine until Discord came to me one night, giving me the idea to keep the moon in the sky, preventing Celestia from raising the sun. If the pOnies wouldn't stay up to see my work, I would cover Equestria in an eternal night."

"You were tricked by Discord, whoever that may be. It wasn't your fault."

>"Discord is the embodiment of chaos, a trickster of sorts. I should have been stronger..."

"It's not your fault-."

>"I would have caused a mass genocide of Equestria, had my sister not stepped in, banishing me to the moon with the elements of harmony!"

>Normally, you would have probably shit a chicken at the thought of being "banished to the moon" but you just accepted the fact that something s in this universe were just plain crazy.

"How long were you there? On the moon?"

>"A thousand years... A thousand long years of loneliness, of isolation. When I came back last year, legends were still going about my crimes. I was hated by a few, and feared by almost everypony." There went her composure, tears streaming down her face. "Things haven't changed that much either..."

>You held her tight in your arms as more and more tears streamed from her face and onto your shoulder.

>A few minutes passed before Luna drew back, allowing you to wipe the remaining tears from her face.

>"Thank you Anon, it's nice to have a friend to talk to for once."

"Any time princess. Anytime."

>Luna's mane shifted as a breeze drafted through the open window, wrapping around your head in a small piece of heaven.

>The scent of flowers gently kissed your nostrils, her wispy ethereal hair tickled your skin.

>"Now, I've shared my story, tell me yours. Why were you fighting? How did you end up here?"

>You paused, thinking over the years you spent in the army.



"I joined the army when I was 17, still just a boy in many eyes. I wanted to protect my country; you could say I was a... patriot."

›Luna sat there, listening intently.

›"My world is dying, full of greed and corruption, war and poverty. A terrorist group, humans that use scare tactics and violence to cause the public to go into a frenzy attacked innocent civilians one day, killing thousands."

›"That's horrible... did they get caught?"

"No, they killed themselves in the act. Needless to say, we went to war with a bunch of farmers and shepards. Poorly trained, poorly armed, one on one they were never a match. They resorted to ambushes."

›"It sounds like you did what needed to be done. You were only following orders, like a good soldier."

"That's what I told myself at the beginning. But eventually, every time I closed my eyes, I would see face of the people I killed. Regular people just like myself. They believed in something that mattered to them."

›You downed the remainder of the wine glass, this was harder than you expected.

"Then I lost my friend, Rex. Watched him bleed out in front of me. After that, I just wanted to kill everything in front of me, no matter what. Then, a few weeks later I shot a little kid. That just..."

›"I remember the dream." It was Luna's turn to hold you, her feathery wing wrapping around your body.

"Anyways, after that is when I started having trouble sleeping. I couldn't pay attention as well as I used to, and it cost me my life."

›"So you... died? How are you here then?"

"Patience Luna, I'm getting there."

›You reached over, stroking her mane, her eyes closing and a smile spreading from the sensation.

"After I died, I was sent to Hell, a place similar to Tatarus, all because I didn't believe in a god while I was alive. I made a deal with the king of hell, fought my way through Tartarus, and past Cerberus. The rest is, as they say, history."

➤ "You seem justified with all of your actions Anon-"

"Justified or not, I feel like a monster. If someone barged in my home, pointing a gun at my head after killing my parents, I'd try to kill them too."

➤ "You are not the monster you make yourself out to be."

"You don't know that. But thanks."

➤ You felt Luna nuzzle against your cheek, her warm face and soft hair tickled your cheek.

➤ "You're right, I don't know. From what I have seen though, you are not. You are as kind and as gentle as anypony I've ever met."

➤ You turned to look at her, chuckling at the irony of her words as the spot you had hit became somewhat swelled.

➤ Reaching over, you traced a finger on the swelled spot, causing Luna to draw back, bringing your hand down with a hoof.

➤ "I told you it was fine, don't fret about that bump."

➤ Something seemed so peaceful about her eyes and her mane... Her face was just... majestic.

➤ You blinked, and the next thing you knew, a soft set of lips pressed against your own, accompanied by a warm tongue that sank into your mouth, teasing your own.

➤ Your eyes shot open, and your mind raced.

➤ It was so wrong, but it felt amazing

➤ You honestly didn't know what to do.

➤ Go with the flow, or push her away?

➤ You didn't like having to make decisions under pressure.

➤ You had spent 6 months in the desert, surrounded by nothing but guys.

›Never having a chance to blow off steam, especially like this.  
›And with a princess, you couldn't ask for much more.  
›But she was a horse, a pOny. You were human.  
›It just didn't seem natural and yet...  
›Why was this giving you a boner?  
›Luna pulled back from her warm kiss, her turquoise eyes staring into your own.

›It was as if she could see the conflict between your brain, your heart, and your penis.

›Hopefully, not that last one, you didn't want to seem so... impulsive.

›Her eyes shifted away to the floor

›"I apologize if that was... unpleasant, or awkward to you. I... I..."

›She was truly at a loss for words, her mane fell over her face.

"Awkward, a little."

›You swept her mane out of her face, and leaned closer.

"But it was anything but unpleasant."

›You planted a kiss on her lips, this time catching her by surprise.

›She recovered, and the two of your tongues wrestled against each other, fighting for dominance.

›Your hand slid down her side and across her wing, which tensed as she let a soft moan into your mouth.

›You don't know what the fuck you're doing, but that seemed to work, so you kept massaging that spot with one hand, your other gently cradling her face.

›Luna let out another moan, breaking the kiss as her wings popped out.

›Your clothes seemed to melt away in the glow of her magic aura, allowing you to focus on keeping up the momentum.

›With a firm push, you had Luna on her back, her wings spread out across the bed.

›Luna's head shot up, her face filled with confusion at this awkward position you placed her in.

›You placed yourself on top of her, the tip of your gun grinding against her marehood, your faces inches away.

›Your lips met once more, and you gently breached her marehood, warm juices soaking you almost immediately.

›Luna arched her back with pleasure.

›Had the two of you not been kissing, she may have alerted the guards with that one.

›Her breathing was steadily getting quicker and deeper with every motion of your hips

›Her forelegs wrapped around you as her climax came closer and closer.

›Holding yourself up with one hand, you reached down to the wing you hadn't massaged yet, giving it some attention.

›That sent her over the edge, her marehood constricted around your gun, forcing it to discharge as a tidal wave of her juices flowed across it.

›She broke the kiss, turning her head with her teeth clenched, her body convulsing like it was twenty below.

›A brief moment later she let out a long sigh, her jaw quivering just as the rest of body.

›Both wings lost their rigidity, wrapping your body in the softest of embraces.

›Luna was still shaking, though much less by now, staring up into your eyes, tightening her wings to bring you in for several, smaller, more sensual kisses.

›The air around you and Luna was silent, save for the sound of you gently brushing her mane and her coat.

>Her wet mane had plastered itself against her neck and head in the shower the two of you had shared, and you insisted in helping her brush it.

>"My sister can never find out about this..."

"Yeah... I know. She'd kill me no doubt."

>"Sadly, I believe you to be right Anon."

>Another long pause, as you focused your attention on Luna's mane.

>It reminded you a lot of taking care of a dog back home, getting all of its loose hair off in the spring so it wouldn't end up all over the house.

>Luna stood, looking into her mirror, then reaching back to kiss you once more.

>"Thank you Anonymous. I think you may take the remainder of the day off. We shall continue your lessons tomorrow."

"Ok Luna, I'll be in my room if you want to see me."

>You stood, walking silently toward the door, and down the spiral stair case escorted by one of Luna's guards in its bat like armor.

>"Ah, Demon! There you are."

>You froze at the voice of Celestia from behind you.

>With your poker face at max, you turned to meet her eyes as she totted up to you.

>"Where have you and my sister been? I looked all over the castle."

"Oh, we walked around the castle..."

>Could she tell you were lying? She didn't look convinced.

>"Strange I did not see you then..."

"Yes, very strange. Life is strange."

>"What did you talk about?"

"Uh... no speak Equestrian well, sorry."

>Celestia did not look amused at all, staring you down for what seemed an eternity.

>"Very well, I will simply ask Luna. I am curious of you after all, since you continue to claim yourself not a demon. Farewell... Demon."

>Well, now you know she was fucking with you. Did she smell her sister on you?

>You did your best to scrub the scent off of you in the shower, but maybe pOnies noses were stronger than yours.

>You kept your nerves under wraps until you got in your room, hoping Luna would think of the same excuse when Celestia found her

>Back to your books for the rest of the day, seeing as you didn't have much else to do.

>"Oh Luna? Are you in here?"

>Luna gracefully leapt to her feet, opening the door for Celestia.

"Yes sister? What is it?"

>"I was wondering where you and the demon have been off to. I looked all over the castle."

"Oh... We went tooooo the garden! Yes, the garden."

>"Really? It said you went for a walk."

"Well, yes, we stopped in the garden for a bit though. Why are you asking me when you have already spoken to Anonymous?"

>"Oh you know, it can be a bit hard to understand. Like a child almost."

>Luna clearly gave a look of annoyance to her sister.

"Would it hurt to call Anon by his name? Or at least refer to him as 'he' instead of 'it'?"

>"Again with this-"

"Yes! Again with this. He is not a demon!"

>"Why do you care what I call it?"

"Because the Princess Celestia I remember used to care about every living thing in Equestria."

›Well that rustled Celestia's jimmies quick fast and in a hurry.

›"I allow this demon to reside in the castle as a favor to you. Do not DARE to accuse me of being uncaring to those who reside in Equestria."

›Celestia turned and made her way back down the stairs in a huff, frustrated with the constant bickering between her and her sister.

›It hadn't been like this until that demon showed up.

›She knew what she would have to do.

›The gate of Tartarus may not let the demon back in, but there was surely a spell somewhere that would send him back.

›Luna would be angry for a time, sure, but in the long run it would be best.

›It was bucking freezing up here in Luna's chariot.

›You still were having trouble keeping yourself from laughing at pOnies pulling chariots for pOnies.

›How she talked you into coming along to this "POnyville" for some festival was beyond you.

›Well, she was pretty persuasive when she wanted. A better question was how Celestia agreed to this.

"Exactly what is going on again?"

›You looked over at her new form, what she called "Nightmare moon"

›She was larger, her body more like Celestia's, wearing some sort of armor on her head, her coat black as night

›Luna rolled he eyes, "For the fifth time Anonymous, this is a festival somewhat in my honor, called Nightmare night."

"And everypony goes around scaring one another for candy?"

›"More or less. I have a few friends in POnyville, I want you to meet them. Also, I was thinking about having you play along with a prank."

‣On the horizon you could see a few lights shimmer, signaling you must be close to the town.

"What's the plan?"

‣"Would you act like a... demon? Speak in your language, act angry. That'll get a good rise out of them."

"That's cruel Luna. Of course I'll help."

‣You could have sworn Luna just squee'd.

‣"Oh wonderful! Here, place this around your neck. It will seem more realistic this way."

‣She levitated a metal collar around your neck, clasping it shut.

‣It was tight, but not unbearable.

"I didn't realize collars whips and chains were your thing Luna."

‣You gave her a quick wink, forcing her to blush in the soft moonlight.

‣"You and your jokes Anonymous." she leaned over, kissing your cheek as the chariot slowed, hovering above the town.

‣Well, fuck physics once again.

‣Brain: Dude, you've been around magical talking pOnies for almost 3 months and you're still commenting on physics?

‣Yeah yeah brain, shut up.

‣Luna clasped the other end of the chain leash to her hoof as the chariot descended, landing softly in the center of the town.

‣She stepped out, giving a yank to the chain and speaking in Equestrian. "Out demon!"

‣A purple unicorn stepped closer, giving a bow. "Princess Luna, what in Equestria is THAT!"

‣"Hello Twilight Sparkle, this is a demon from Tartaus, I have made it my pet. Say hello, demon."

‣You eyed the crowd, spotting the closest pOny to you, which happened to be Twilight, seeing as she stepped closer to inspect you.



➤You lunged at her stopping just a few feet short as the chain snapped taught.

➤Twilight gave a small squeak, jumping back, her horn glowing.

➤"Now Twilight, there will be no need for that. Should A- the demon get loose, I will be more than capable than taking care of him."

"So confident you can capture me Luna?"

➤you spoke in English, as Luna asked.

➤She gave a small smile, somehow hiding it from the rest of the pOnies.

➤"Don't get cocky demon, no pOny can escape that collar."

➤Twilight's face lit up in amazement, "You can understand it?"

➤Luna gave a nod, "But enough of this demon, let the festival commence!"

"NAY! LET THE HUNT COMMENCE!"

➤This time you spoke Equestian, shocking everypOny around you, including Luna.

➤You reached behind the collar, unclasping it with ease and tackling Luna to the ground and whispering in her ear.

"Catch me if you can."

➤You bolted off through the town, the sound of a stampede of hooves already behind you.

➤You're longer legs gave you quite the advantage, as did the black cloak Luna had made for this night in particular.

➤You dove left down a street then immediately took a right down a dark alley.

➤The crowd rushed by, save for one pOny, that peered down the alley.

➤The light made it hard to distinguish features, but what you could make out was a... cowboy hat?

"H-h-hello? Mr. Demon? You aren't in there are you?"

‣This was like a horror movie unfolding right before your eyes, as the pOny walked into the darkness.

‣Silently you gripped the rope off a nearby cart, and watched as the pink pOny crept by.

‣With a quick sweep of your leg, you knocked her off her hooves, quickly hog tying her legs together as best you could.

‣"HAY! SOMEponY HELP ME!"

‣This pOny had a set of lungs and a thick county accent that nearly busted your eardrums.

‣The sound of hooves was approaching fast, and the only way you could go was up.

‣You climbed on top of the cart, careful to not tip it over, and leapt to the roof nearby, and listened for the result of your shenanigans.

‣"Apple Jack! Are you ok?"

‣"Nuthin hurt but mah pride Rainbow Dash. That demon is tricky!"

‣"You see where it went?"

‣"Up on the roof, be careful if you go up there."

‣"Yeah yeah, watch and learn Apple Jack."

‣A Pegasus floated up to you, looking down still talking to her friend.

‣Her eyes almost went completely white as you gripped her tail and chucked her into a group of pOnies down below

‣With the pOnies in complete disarray you took off like a ninja across the roof tops, the sounds of clopping hooves becoming more and more distant.

‣Like Ezio, you jumped from the next roof top, disappearing inside a haystack on the side of the main road.

‣"I think he went this way!"

‣That sounded like Twilight

‣You poked a small hole in the haystack, looking down the dark street.

‣Damn you were good, Twilight had illuminated the path ahead of her, keeping close to the Princess.

‣"I just don't know what went wrong Twilight. He seemed peaceful at the castle."

‣Good, Luna was still in character.

‣"Princess, forgive me but you brought a DEMON from Tartarus. How did this seem like a good idea?"

‣Just as they passed, you sprang out, drawing Luna into the haystack, your hand over her mouth.

‣Without a word, she teleported the two of you into a lone cloud above as Twilight swung around.

‣"P-p-p-princess? Where did you go?"

‣She was slowly backing down the road, her horn glowing brighter.

‣You whispered into Luna's ear, and she nodded, taking you up in her aura and lowering you down head first.

‣Feeling like your local neighborhood superhero, you dropped behind Twilight, your timing was perfect.

‣Twilight spun around freezing at the sight of the demon, upside down suspended in mid air.

"Boo."

‣Twilight shrieked and took off down the street, while luna released her magical grasp over you, her hooves doing their best to keep her from laughing.

‣You dropped down to the ground ninjaing over to the next dark alley way.

‣It seemed most of the pOnies had gone into hiding, leaving you to creep around for about 15 minutes.

‣"There it is! Git it!"

‣There was that country twang again, she must have gotten loose of her bindings

‣you took off down the road, with the pOny hot on your tail.

‣You looked back momentarily to check where she was, turning back to a face full of pOny, the flying kind with a rainbow mane.

‣You landed on your back with an oof, Rainbow Dash bolting off just as a purple bubble formed around you.

‣"We caught you now demon!"

"Heh, so you did. Good job Twilight Sparkle."

‣"Quiet demon, what did you do with Princess Luna?"

‣"I'm right here Twilight Sparkle."

‣Luna was sitting a cloud above her, looking down at the trio.

‣"I would appreciate if you let Anonymous go, this was simply an elaborate ruse."

‣"A... prank?"

"Sure was."

‣There was a long silence before Rainbow Dash and Apple Jack burst into laughter, calling everpOny out of their homes.

‣"So, you aren't trying to kill us?" Twilight asked as she released you, stepping closer very slowly to inspect you again. "And you aren't a demon from Tartarus?"

"No Twilight, Luna and I just wanted to prank the town. My name is Anonymous, a pleasure to meet a friend of Luna's"

‣She came within reach, and you knelt down, extending your hand and petting her mane.

‣She flinched, but didn't run. In fact, she even gave a small smile.

"Now, let's get this Nightmare Night started!"

‣The town cheered, seeming to accept you fairly well with the exception of a few pOnies that seemed angry at the whole ordeal.

‣Soon enough, games were in full swing, colts and fillies were running around gathering candy in costumes of all sorts of things.

>There was a ninja, a zombie, a mummy, a pirate.  
 >A mint green Unicorn came walking up unsteadily on her hind legs, alongside an off white colored pony with a purple and blue mane.  
 >"Look Anonymous! I'm you!"  
 >You couldn't help but give a laugh, within a hour of coming here you already had a few friends and a fan.  
 >"Come on Lyra, let's keep going." The off white pOny kept an uneasy eye on you, still somewhat afraid.  
 "Sorry if I scared you too much miss. I apologize. Nice to meet you miss Lyra."  
 >Lyra waved as her friend was pulled away down the road, leaving you with Luna again.  
 >Being new to town, you let her lead the way out into the countryside and to an orchard.  
 >Luna disappeared with a flash of light, leaving you alone in the midst of several three foot tall pOnies.  
 >Over by the fence several little pOnies gathered around a tub of apples, reaching in and plucking one out, happily munching on it as they walked away.  
 >A familiar blue Pegasus with a rainbow mane went next, acting ever so confident.  
 >"Check this out everypony! Watch the professional show you how its done."  
 >You watched as Luna popped out of the tub and into RD's face, startling Rainbow Dash into jumping at least 30 feet in the air.  
 >"Well howdy there mister demon!"  
 "Please, call me Anonymous, Apple Jack is it?"  
 >"Well nice ta meet ya Anonymous! I gotta admit, yer handy with a rope!"  
 >You smiled at making yet another acquaintance, the pOnies here sure were friendly.

"Thanks. I'm sorry if I scared you too bad."

➤ "Awh, it'll take more than that ta scare me off. Where ya from anyhow? I never seen yer kind round here before."

"That's a bit of a long and unpleasant story I'd rather not get into."

➤ Tartarus was a place you'd rather not think about.

➤ Occasionally Tartarus would creep into your dreams, along with the visions of the war.

➤ Fortunately for you and Luna both, your nightmares were few and far between, maybe once a week if you were unlucky.

➤ When they did come, Luna was always there when you woke up, ready to make sure you got back to sleep, and comfort you if need be.

➤ Heh, you never really told her how much you appreciated everything she did and sacrificed for you to be comfortable.

➤ Not to mention her relationship with Celestia had gotten worse since you'd been around, which you couldn't help but feel a little bit responsible for.

➤ "Uh, Equestria to Anonymous, ya there sugarcube?" Apple Jack waved her orange hoof in front of your face, snapping you from your thoughts.

"Yeah! Sorry Apple Jack, I was just thinking about some stuff."

➤ "Well, I you wanna try bobbin for apples? If ya feel up to tha challenge."

"Please Apple Jack, this aint my first rodeo."

➤ You walked over to the tub, bending down into the tub to grab an apple.

➤ There, just gotta shove it down to the bottom so you can get a proper bite on it.

➤ Suddenly you feel yourself launched forward, doing somewhat of a front flip and landing square in the middle of the tub.

‣You bolted upright, apple in your mouth and looked around at the laughing pOnies all around.

‣Apple Jack was there, her back turned toward you, laughing her flank off alongside Luna.

‣"This makes us even Anonymous!"

‣You took a bite of your newly acquired apple, looking at the laughing mares.

"Fair enough Apple Jack. But don't think I don't know this was your idea Luna."

‣Luna gave a shrug as you climbed out of the tub, using your cloak to sling water all around at the pOnies, bringing out shrieks of laughter all around.

‣You and Luna made your way into town after spending time with the Apple family, walking along in silence for the most part.

"Luna?"

‣"Hmm?" She was looking up at the stars, making a jack o lantern constellation as she walked.

"I just wanted to say thanks. You've been the best friend I could ever ask for."

‣Luna paused, looking over at you. "We are more than friends... right?"

"Of course! I just meant, you- well..."

‣Luna chuckled at your frustration. "I understand Anonymous, I would do anything for you."

"As would I Luna. I'd go through Tartarus and back."

‣Luna chuckled. "You are so silly sometimes Anon. Sweet, but silly. Let's hope it never comes to that."

‣She extended her wing around you, noticing your shivers from the cold air mixed with your soaked clothes.

‣"You look cold my little human."

‣Did you just get a pet name?

‣You had plenty of fucks to give, but you didn't feel like pulling them out of your pocket.

‣No fucks for Luna tonight.

‣The night went on, and eventually the sleepy fillies and colts made their way to bed

‣You had to admit, it was getting late, and while the cold water had woken you up for now, you could already feel sleep creeping back in.

‣Back in the chariot, you snuggled up with your Princess, feeling the sensation similar to that of a Blackhawk lifting off, just with a lot less noise.

"Wake me up when we get there Luna."

‣Before she could respond you were out like a light, gently snoring against her furry body.

‣Luna decided to carry you on her back to your bed from her chariot, giving a kiss goodnight before she left the room.

‣She silently closed the door with her magic, careful not to wake you, and turned around to head to her own bed.

‣Luna gasped as a tall figure crept out of the darkness in the hallway.

"Sister! What are you doing up so late? This is very unlike you."

‣"I just wanted to ensure you and the demon made it back. After all, this is the first time we have let him out of the castle grounds."

‣Celestia's eyes seemed to stare right through Luna, making her heart beat faster for some reason.

‣Did she see her kiss him? She hadn't closed the door, and the bed was in plain view from the hallway.

"Yes, no problems at all. I believe he had fun."

‣"Hmph. Well then I'll leave you to go get some rest. Tomorrow is a big day Luna."



›Celestia trotted back down the hallway, her figure disappearing into the darkness

›Luna breathed a sigh of relief at Celestia not mentioning the kiss, it was possible she didn't see it after all.

›Still, she felt an ever present rustling of her jimmies as she made her way to her chambers, wondering what "big day" Celestia had planned tomorrow.

›"Ah, demon. I apologize for leaving after I summoned you. Speak to Luna, she will bring you up to speed."

"Very well."

›You walked into the throne room and approached Luna who was sitting on the throne, looking regal as ever, with a fairly large grin over her face.

›"Good morning Anonymous, I have good news!"

›Well wasn't she just bubbling with excitement.

›"After I told Celestia how well you behaved at the festival, she couldn't deny me when I asked her to grant you some leave."

"So, I can leave the castle?"

›Luna nodded happily. "I know how much you hate being cooped up all day, so you are free to roam about Canterlot until this time tomorrow."

›You couldn't hold back your excitement, quickly embracing Luna in a hug, catching the guards off their... guard

"Thank you Luna, I can't tell you how much I appreciate this."

›Luna returned your hug, giggling. "Just go have some fun Anonymous, and stay out of trouble. Oh, and here, you'll need these."

›She handed you a small cloth pouch, full of bits.

›"Now get out of here you. I'll see you tomorrow."

›You hurried out the door and out the front door of the castle, and into the city, straight into the crowd of pOnies.

›What time is it?

>Brain: about 10 AM

>Nope. ADVENTURE TIME!

>With a city this big, it was hard to figure out where to start first, but thanks to your stomach you had your answer soon enough.

>Joe's Donut Shop was the first thing you saw, with a small line of customers inside.

>You figured you'd give it a try, you hadn't had donuts in a long time anyway.

>You entered the small building, stepping in line behind a yellow pegasus with an almost flame like mane, casting a shadow over her.

>The Pegasus turned around in a start, looking up at the odd creature that had ever so quietly snuck up on her.

>"Mother of Celestia!"

"Is that how you greet everypony?"

>Her jaw dropped another couple inches, the other patrons including "Joe" at the counter by now had taken notice of you.

>"W-what are you?" she managed to stammer out, eyeing you all over.

"A human. I come from a very far away land. The name's Anonymous."

>You knelt down, taking her hoof in hand and shook it.

>"I see, well I'm Spitfire. Exactly where ARE you from? I've been all over the world and I've never seen anything like you."

"It's... a long story. Anyway, pleasure to meet you Spitfire."

>Spitfire tuned back to walk forward in line, but keeping her head turned to keep talking to you.

>"Well, how long you been in Equestria?"

"About six months I think, your calendar is a bit different than the one where I come from."

>"How come I never seen you around Canterlot then? Or is this your first time in town?"

"Well, I've actually been living in the castle. This is the first time Celestia has allowed me to leave."

➤"We're you a prisoner then?" She gasped. "Is the rumor about Princess Luna keeping a demon true?"

➤Great, somehow word had leaked out. What do?

➤Brain: ONE MOMENT

➤Brain: PROCESSING...

➤Brain: PROCESSING...

➤Process faster damn it!

➤Brain: SOLUTION FOUND

"No, I just scared quite a few pOnies by my looks. There's no demon in the castle."

➤"Whew, that's good. So how long until you go back to the castle?"

"I need to be back by sunrise I suppose."

➤"Well then, allow your new buddy Spitfire to show you around! Hey, you like airshows? Or have you ever even seen one?"

"I haven't seen an airshow since I was little! Is there one in town?"

➤Spitfire laughed, "Oh boy, you ARE new in town. I'm the captain of the Wonderbolts, best stunt team in the world!"

"Oh really? I guess that makes you a celebrity of sorts."

➤You hadn't noticed that the two of you were already at the counter, Joe waiting patiently to take Spitfire's order

➤"Hey ya Joe, the usual. And whatever he's having, on me."

➤"Sure thing Spitfire, what'll it be Anonymous?"

➤Fuck, you hated making hard decisions.

"I guess I'll have a jelly donut, thanks."

➤Spitfire shelled out eight bits and carried the plate over to a table where you joined her.

"Thanks for paying Spitfire, you didn't need to do that."

>"Ah, don't mention it Anonymous. It's nice to meet a pOny that isn't a crazy fan always asking for my autograph."

"Heh, I know what you mean. Sometimes a lot of public attention can get pretty awkward."

>"Are you a celebrity where you come from or something?"

>You had a small laugh at that, and did your best to explain.

Without a translation for "army" in Equestrian, you decide improvise.

"No, I was in the guard, and where I come from that's a pretty honorable position. Civilians would always come up and thank me for my service. It was always awkward to me."

>"I see..." Spitfire wolfed down the rest of her donut, and wiped her face with a napkin.

>Not the most lady like mare, but you were ok with that. Too much lady likeness got annoying.

>"Come on Anonymous, I want to introduce you to the team, then you can watch us practice."

>Spitfire trotted out the door with you in tow, asking questions about where you came from, pointing out all the places to be after dark.

>Eventually you came to an open field on the edge of town where several other Pegasus were gathered around waiting for Spitfire.

>"What in Equestria did you bring to practice Spits?"

>"This here's Anonymous Soarin, he's a guest of the Princesses, and I figured we'd show him what the Wonderbolts could do."

"Pleasure to meet you Soarin. Now I've seen quite a few airshows when I was younger, let's see if you pOnies can hold a candle to what I've seen."

>Well that motivated them.

>The group took off into the sky, faster than any pOnies you'd ever seen, disappearing into the clouds.

‣They emerged a bit a ways, flying in a perfect line toward you, diving toward the ground and leveling out only feet away.

‣They zipped over your head, so fast they almost seemed to sound like a jet.

‣You made yourself comfortable in the grass, watching as the team spun, dove, flipped and sped through the sky.

‣You sat there for hours before the team finally landed in front of you, their breathing was hard, but controlled.

‣Each of their eyes seemed to search for some sign of approval from you.

‣You let them sweat over it for a minute, building suspense before slowly clapping.

‣They weren't the blue angles, but then again they didn't have F/A-18 Hornets.

"Alright, I'm impressed. That was pretty awesome. Was that all of your tricks?"

‣"Pfft, not even half. We're just done with practicing for the day."

"Really? It seems like we just got here."

‣"Check for yourself Anonymous." Soarin pointed over to the sun which was slowly descending behind the mountains in the horizon.

‣Damn, you spent all day watching these pOnies pull off their tricks.

‣"You should head on over to that club I showed you earlier, we'll catch up with you later Anon!"

‣You waved them off, making your way back through the city to the club that had just opened its doors.

‣The line was already forming outside with eager stallions and mares, ready to party up the night.

‣A larger stallion eyed you curiously as you approached, but let you in regardless. He must have let worse pOnies in before.

›The DJ was just getting started with some music, and the barcolt was already busy mixing up drinks.

›You never cared much for dancing, so you made your way to the bar, looking at the menu of the drinks they had.

›Hard Apple Cider seemed like a good one to start off with.

›You ordered, and almost immediately a frosty mug slid in front of you, filled with a light brown liquid.

›You took a drink of the cider, the taste nearly knocking you on your ass.

›It had hints of cinnamon, a bit of vanilla, yet with the kick of whiskey. Delicious.

›Your stomach growled in protest of being fed only a donut all day

›you order a plate of hay fries to go with the drink, hoping you won't be hammered by the time the Wonderbolts decide to show up.

›After an hour, and 3 drinks later, you felt a steady buzz going on, and did you feel out of place.

›Everypony in the club had eyed you at least once, but hadn't bothered to come talk to you.

›"Hey Anon!" Spitfire had no trouble finding you in the busy club, seeing as you loomed over the tallest stallions in here.

›Her and Soarin took seats around you, ordering a round of drinks.

"Bout time you two showed up, I got a buzz all on my own."

›The three of you raised your glasses in some cheer, you didn't catch what for. Maybe new friends?

›A few giggly mares came up, flirting with Soarin. Apparently he was quite the stud.

›He followed the two to the dance floor, leaving you and Spitfire alone.

›"Exactly how many drinks have you had already Anon?"

"Only 3, they seem to be pretty weak."

➤That seemed shocking to her. "Normally 3 hard apple ciders will knock a normal pony senseless"

"Well, I am twice your size."

➤"Good point" she turned her attention to the dance floor where Soarin was going buck wild with his dancing. "Wanna dance?"

"Oh, no. Um... I don't dance much."

➤Can't tell if being friendly, or hitting on you.

➤"Oh, come on chicken, get out there and show your moves." She flew behind you, pushing you in the fray with her head.

➤Fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck.

➤Calm down brain, just remember prom.

➤Brain: You didn't go to prom numbnuts, and this is totally different.

➤Right. Music videos?

➤Brain: One moment... Got it

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=uIVGXktag-I>

➤Good enough.

➤You start busting moves, not entirely sure what the fuck you're doing, but the ponies all around seem to take note

➤Several keep cheering you on until the song ends, and you leap to your feet, making your way back to the bar.

➤half the crowd was laughing, the other seemed to be wanting more.

➤You sat back down next to Spitfire who couldn't stop laughing.

"Oh wow Anonymous, that was pretty good."

➤A few mares came over, giggling away, drunk as could be, waving at you.

➤You gave them a passive way, turning back to your drink

>"Gotta mare back home waiting for you Anonymous? If not, you could probably get a few mares after that." Spitfire had a bit of a flirty tone.

"Uh, yeah I suppose I have a mare back home."

>"You suppose?"

"It's kind of a complicated relationship."

>Spitfire didn't seem convinced. "Oh yeah? What's her name?"

"Luuuuuuuu.....is.... a. Louisa."

>God damn brain, you aren't very smooth at this shit are you?

>nope.avi

>"I'm calling your bluff. HEY MARES! ANON HERE IS A SINGLE STALLION, HE'S JUST A LITTLE SHY!"

>A small grey Pegasus came up quick, placing her head on your shoulder. "Hi! I'm Zips!"

>As quick as she came, she disappeared, being drug off by a stallion, somewhat roughly at that.

>"Hey! Let me go! Jerk! I told you to leave me alone!"

>"I told you not to be going out to places like this, and ya went off and disobeyed me."

>"Ya aint the boss of-" The little mare shut up as the stallion kicked her in the head, knocking her dizzy.

>Why did you have to be such an upstanding citizen? Damn your rustling jimmies were at Mach 10.

"Now hold on just a minute there buddy. There isn't a reason for kicking her senseless like that."

>"She's already senseless. Now mind yer business."

>You gipped the stallion's unicorn horn, hoisting him up to your eye level.

"My business is protecting those that can't defend themselves"

>You felt a jolt as the stallion double kicked you square in the chest, releasing your grip on his horn and sending you into the bar.



>You were probably going to feel that in the morning.

>You got up, grabbing the remainder of your mug and downing it before returning to the fight, throwing the mug at the pOnies face.

>He charged, his head lowed, racing across the bar floor at a good speed.

>Still, he was about 80 pounds, allowing you to scoop him up with ease and toss him over your shoulder, landing him on the bar.

>You spun on your heel, and drove your elbow into his throat.

>You gripped his horn once more, pulling his limp body and throwing it like a piece of firewood at a nearby support.

>A sickening crack- resounded over the crowd and the music, leaving the stallion crumpled in the most awkward looking position, lying motionless.

"Come on, I didn't hit you that hard."

>Zips slowly got to her feet, still in a daze.

"You ok miss?"

>She nodded, "That was my ex special somepOny... Glad I left him... Anyways, thanks for sticking up for me."

"Anytime. Though sorry to say I have a special somepOny of my own."

>"Awh... well thanks anyways. Look me up if ya'll don't work out!"

>Zips wandered back to the other end of the bar as a few Pegasus guards walked in the club, inspecting the unicorn

>You turned back to the bar, paying for your drinks, content with the night out.

"Thanks for showing me around Spitfire, nice to meet you."

>Spitfire nodded, apparently finishing off her second or third drink, considering her wobbly state.

>"Anonymous, we need you to come with us."

>You turned to see the guards in their golden armor, with one carrying the unicorn on his back.

"Um, I have to have an escort to go back to the castle? I thought I was on leave."

➤ "Easy now Anonymous, just face me, hands in front of you."

➤ You recognized the sound of the guards voice, it was the same that used to be posted at your door in the night.

➤ Usually he was pretty nice, what was his deal now?

➤ Still you decided to go along with it, maybe this was his idea of a prank.

➤ Large metal shackles were clasped around your wrists, and the guards led you out into the streets.

➤ "I'm taking this poor fellow to the morgue, you going to be ok?"

"Morgue?"

➤ "Yeah, Anon isn't that bad of a guy. I'm sure the Princess will understand."

"What in Equestria are you two talking about?"

➤ "Anon, are you that drunk? You just killed a pOny."

➤ Your heart was pounding out of your chest as you lay in your room, awaiting this "trial"

➤ You didn't mean to kill him, your training just took over, and mixed with the alcohol, you used too much force.

➤ You slowly sat up; your ribcage aching from that double kick

➤ As far as you could tell, the worst you sustained were a few cracked ribs, if that.

➤ You really went overkill on that poor unicorn.

➤ There was a soft knock at your door, and Luna entered, flanked by the guard.

"Is it time?"

➤ Luna shook her head no. "Not quite yet. I wanted to see how you were doing."

"Like any prisoner that's about to be executed."

➤ Luna looked over to the guard. "Leave us, and close the door."

>"But Princess-"

>Luna only glared, silencing the guard who bowed, continuing only after he left the room.

>"My sister will not execute you. She's better than that."

"Comforting. I'm still going to be in a world of hurt."

>"I'll do my best to fight for you Anonymous." She leaned over, nuzzling your cheek.

>You reached your arms around her neck, holding her gently and stroking her mane.

"I didn't mean to kill that unicorn, really, I didn't."

>"Tell me what happened..."

"I was having a drink at the bar. Well, a few drinks. A mare came up to me, trying to hit on me when her ex showed up, and dug her off. While he was dragging her, he kicked her in the head. I just... couldn't let that go."

>"Did you know the mare?"

"No, I don't even remember her name now. All I remember is she left after I fought the unicorn."

>"You defended a mare you didn't know?"

"Of course. I'd do it again."

>"I would not tell Celestia you would do it again. But that is most honorable Anon."

>You stood, walking to your closet and began putting on your best clothes, wincing as you struggled with your shirt.

>The shirt came alive around you with Luna's magic, making it easier to slip on, the buttons magically buttoning themselves.

>You looked over at Luna, a small smile spreading across your face at her.

>She walked back over to you, giving you a small kiss, breaking away for a second, then back in for a more intense and loving one.

›The kiss broke, moving into an embrace as the guard knocked on your door. "Princess Luna. Celestia is ready to begin the trial."

›Luna escorted you out into the hall where the guard began to lead the two of you to the throne room.

›The walk was both longer and shorter than you liked, as much as you wanted to get this over with, you knew nothing good was going to come out of this for you.

›"Anonymous?"

"Yes Luna?"

›"I just want to let you know, whatever happens; I will never leave your side."

"Thank you Luna... I'm glad to have known you."

›The golden doors ahead of you swung open, revealing a very unhappy Celestia sitting on her throne.

›"It appears I should be more careful when listening to your advice sister. I give the demon one day of freedom, and it already takes the life of one of my subjects."

›Luna stopped, about twenty meters from Celestia's throne, where you stopped as well."

›"Sister, your place is at my side, not the demons."

"I will represent Anonymous in this case, he is not the most fluent in Equestrian still."

›Celestia gave a glare but continued nevertheless.

›"Demon, you know your charges, what say you to them?"

"He was defending a mare against an abusive unicorn. He should be acquitted of all charges."

›"Does this mare have a name? We may bring her in to testify."

"N-No, Anonymous does not remember her name. He was drinking at the time of the incident."

›"So he is not only violent, but a drunk."

›Luna was beginning to get flustered, this wasn't looking good.

"He did not intend to kill the victim either. Things were taken too far in the heat of the moment!"

➤"So we add impulsive to the list. This demon is proved to be a violent, impulsive, drunk. It has no place in Equestria."

"Celestia! This-"

➤"SILENCE!" Celestia's horn began glowing with a powerful aura, her Royal Canterlot Voice was at max. "DEMON! I HAVE ALLOWED YOU TO RESIDE IN MY LAND AS REQUESTED BY MY SISTER. BUT MY GENEROUSITY ONLY GOES SO FAR."

➤She was seriously calling herself generous?

➤"I HAVE BEEN READY FOR THIS DAY FOR A LONG TIME, SEARCHING THE ARCHIVES FOR THE PROPPER SPELL. I SENTENCE YOU TO LIVE OUT THE REST OF YOUR DAYS IN TARTARUS!"

➤You heard Luna shout a resounding "no" as a large orb of light shot from Celestia's horn at you.

➤The light blinded your eyes, and exploded with a concussive wave that rattled your body, knocking you on the floor.

➤Something went wrong.

➤You could tell before you even opened your eyes.

➤For one, the air about you hadn't changed from its pleasant temperature, and the floor beneath you hadn't changed to obsidian.

➤You slowly opened your eyes, finding the murals of the throne room above you.

➤"I don't understand... WHY?!" Celestia cried out.

➤Did the spell backfire?

➤You sat up, slowly blinking as the rest of the room came into focus.

➤Celestia's mount was agape in horror.

➤Luna was... wait.

➤Where was she?

>She didn't...  
 >She did, the crown and necklace and shoes laying on the marble floor in front of you were all you needed to see to confirm it.  
 >She jumped in front of you and caught the spell.  
 "Luna, you stupid girl, why did you have to go and do that?"  
 >Celestia leapt off her throne down at you, her horn aimed at your face.  
 >"You caused this!"  
 "Me? You cast the spell! You gave me a mock trial! You were going to convict me no matter what!"  
 >Celestia's eyes glowed with more hate than ever at you.  
 >Her chest was heaving with every breath, her horn glowing intensely as if she was deciding what spell to cast next.  
 "Well, aren't you going to send me to Tartarus?"  
 >"You wish to return home now? Perhaps I should send you-  
 "OR you could do the smart thing, and send the one being in Equestria that knows the most about Tartarus, and mount a rescue."  
 >That caught Celestia off guard, her eyes widening. "Are you trying to make some sort of a deal?"  
 "I'm trying to save Luna. Tartarus is no place for her."  
 >"Implying I couldn't just send in a legion of guards to rescue her."  
 "And so many lives would be lost. I'm the only being that's made it through that place in one piece, I'm your best chance."  
 >Celestia backed away, allowing you to stand. "This feels like a trick..."  
 "Every moment you wait is another moment Luna is potentially being tortured. Once I get back, I don't care what you do to me."  
 >"Why would you do this for me?"  
 "I'm not doing this for you! I'm doing this for Luna."  
 >"...Why?"

"DO YOU WANT LUNA TO BE TORTURED ANY LONGER THAN SHE HAS TO?"

>Celestia's horn charged back up, preparing to fire.

>"If you do this... I will reconsider letting you stay."

"Ask me if I care right now."

>"...Do you-"

"No, now do the spell"

>The white ball of energy leapt from Celestia's horn, slamming into your chest knocking you out once again.

>This time when you woke up, the long lost smell of burning flesh and sulfur filling your nostrils.

>Your back was already burning from the hot obsidian underneath you.

>You stood slowly, taking in your surroundings.

>Primary Objective: Find and retrieve Princess Luna.

>Secondary objective: You need weapons.

>"Hello Anonymous. I've been expecting you..."

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zagTlOh67Tk>

>You turned finding the ultimate Frankenstein of a creature slithering through the air.

>Head of a goat, two different horns, paw of a lion, talon of an eagle, tail of a dragon, ok fuck this, what isn't this thing made up of?

>"Discord's the name, chaos is my game. Now, I believe there is a certain alicorn that you're looking for?"

"Where is she? I don't have time for shenanigans."

>"Oh but you do have time Anonymous! Now the Princess... she may not."

>You grabbed for the creature's throat, only to have your hands grasp empty air.

>"Ah, ah, ah! I'm willing to help you, but only for a price."

>Seeing no way around this, you had no choice but to accept.

"Alright, I'm willing to make a deal."

>"That's the spirit Anon! Now tell me. First, what is it you need?"

"I need a weapon."

[LUNA'S POV]

>Luna woke slowly, nearly gagging on the stench of Tartarus, then quickly leaping into the air with her wings realizing the burning sensation the ground gave her.

"Sister, so help me, when I get back I am going to... UGH!"

>She focused her magic, preparing a teleportation spell to head back to the castle.

>Just as she cast it though, her horn fizzled, giving a small pop.

>She looked around, confused.

"Why didn't that work?"

>She tied again, focusing even harder, but to no avail.

"Ok, I did not see that coming. This is bad"

>That was an understatement.

>She focused an offensive spell, a simple lightning bolt, pointed at a piece of obsidian rock.

>An arc of lightning shot through the air, splitting it in two, the sound of thunder echoing around her.

"Ok, that works."

>Finally she picked up a rock, ensuring telekinesis still worked as well.

>She turned behind her to the sound of roaring , finding a pack of horrid creatures beginning to encircle her.

> Two dogs, and a griffon in the middle.

>Their faces were blank, their fur gone along with skin, showing only scarred and burned muscles.

>Luna shot a lightning bolt at the first diamond dog that attacked, causing it to explode.

>The other lunged at her, it's claws digging across her underside.



›She flapped her wings, putting some distance between her and the ground as she charged up another shot.

›sweeping around, she shot off another arc, exploding the last dog.

›Something caught her attention in the corner of her eye at the last second.

›Before she could react, the Griffon T-boned her midair, digging it's talons into her side.

›Luna yelped in pain, doing a barrel roll to bring the griffon under her and crashing into the ground.

›The griffon released its hold, rolling away and leaping on its feet and charged.

›Luna quickly leapt to her hooves as well, delivering a double kick at the charging griffon's face, knocking it away.

›Luna flapped her wings again, taking off into the sky in hopes to get away.

›She looked behind her to check, only to find the griffon on her tail, and closing fast.

›It was smaller, faster, more maneuverable, she had no chance in out flying it.

›she readied another lightning bolt, and flared her wings.

›The griffon soared past, but not before dragging it's talon along her left wing, tearing a gash in it.

›The pain made her lose focus, shooting the arc of lightning off just as the griffon came in front of her.

›The griffon exploded into a red mist of blood, coating Luna as she passed through, arcing through the air and crashing into the hard ground below.

›She unsteadily got to her hooves once more, looking down at her blood coated coat, and began puking her lunch out.

›After puking for a few minutes, she started dry heaving, before finally binging her gag reflex under control, and looking up at the path ahead of her.

›Several demon dogs blocked the path ahead of her, while griffons circled overhead.

›behind her were more dogs, mixed with pOnies.

›Trapped, with no way out.

›What did Anon always say in his nightmares? The words echoed still.

"If there's no way out, make one."

›Her horn glowed once more, brighter this time, shooting a stronger arc of lightning that arced along every demon ahead of her, making them all explode.

›With all her strength she raced ahead, the griffons overhead diving down on her, tackling her to the ground.

›Talons dug in all over her, and a dog loomed over her, blade in hand, raised above his head.

›Luna's eyes went wide as the blade came down, a fountain of blood squirting as it made contact.

›Discord snapped his talons, teleporting you to a white room.

›Shelves raced by you, inches away from your body, with one passing between you and Discord.

›Just like the Matrix.

›Swords, guns, grenades, knives, other explosives along with gear was piled around you.

›First thing's first, clothes to protect you from the harsh landscape.

›A pair of subdued ACUs, black steel toe boots, and Kevlar gloves.

›Next you donned a tac-vest, and extra magazines for your weapons

‣Kel-Tec RFB, with an ACOG. Shorter than a M4 with a lot more stopping power and range.

‣A H&K .45 USP as your sidearm, and three grenades along with a large combat knife completed your weapon loadout.

‣Finally, two canteens full of water, and a rucksack with a 3 liter bladder full of water as well.

‣In the bag, you placed a few claymores, a bottle of alcohol for cleaning wounds, which you and Luna would no doubt sustain, some trail mix

‣Finally, a large medkit, full of gauze, pain pills, compression bandages, and a couple tourniquets, in case some shit really went down.

‣"Seems you're ready for war Anonymous. Are you prepared to hear the price for my aid?"

"Name it."

‣"Excellent. First, when you go out there, cause some chaos. Second, IF you succeed, blow up the statue of me when you get out so I can leave this place."

"Is that it?"

‣"That's it. What do you say?"

"I say I don't have much of a choice, so I suppose you have a deal."

‣You racked the charging handle of your rifle, and Discord brought you back to the spot where you entered Equestria

‣"Oh and Anonymous, if you don't hold up your end of the deal, I'll be coming for you. Remember that."

‣In a puff of smoke he vanished into the air, leaving you to your mission.

"Time to fuck some shit up."

‣You halted in your tracks, wiping the sweat off your forehead as you took in your surroundings.

›Several flying demons circled an area far to your left, pinpricks of blackness against the angry red sky.

"That must be where Luna is."

›You took another small sip of water; the heat radiating from the ground was dehydrating you quickly.

›You needed to ration out what you had, being sure to save at least a canteen for Luna.

›How was she doing?

›After all, she was a magical creature; surely she had some offensive spells to defend herself with.

›Surely after living so long she had figured out some form of attack.

›Or did she rely on her guards for protection, instead focusing more on other areas of magic?

›Either way, you needed to Charlie Mike, continue mission.

›With a spring of energy and resolve, you set back to a light jog across the ash covered obsidian grounds.

›You looked back at the spot you saw the demons, but found no trace of them.

›They must have attacked whatever it was they were circling.

"Please don't let that be her..."

›Your ears perked at the sound of demonic shrill crossed with the scream of an eagle, coming from directly behind you

›You spun, raising your rifle just seconds too late, the .308 going off wildly into the air as a griffon made up of charred flesh and bones tackled you, driving a set of talons into your left arm

›You fell to the ground with a hard thud, the griffon lunging in with its sharp beak.

›With your free right arm, you gave a quick right hook across its face, then brought your elbow back across it.

‣In a daze it let loose its grip on your arm, stumbling off long enough for you to draw your .45 and place a pair of shots center mass, dropping the creature for good.

‣You got back to your feet, checking the condition of your arm.

‣It had a pretty nasty gash, a steady stream of blood already running down from it.

‣With no time to bleed, you grabbed your smaller medkit and wrapped the wound up with gauze and placed a bandage over it.

‣It was pretty hastily made, but it seemed to have stopped the blood loss for now.

‣Celestia had said you would live out your days here, meaning you were a mortal on an immortal plane.

‣Under that logic, if you died here, chances are you'd be lost forever.

‣As would Luna.

‣Brain, this is not the time to think about that stuff.

‣Then get your ass in gear and go get her!

‣You didn't have to talk to yourself twice, and you took off back down the path at a faster pace than before, ignoring the pain from your little scuffle, which had also jostled your already sore ribcage from the night before.

‣You rounded another corner coming face to face with a dark cave with a writing inscribed above it in what looked to be old style Equestrian.

‣"The Spire onward... this must be the way to the tower."

‣You suddenly seemed to recall the prison cells lining the tower that led to the portal to Equestria

‣maybe Luna would be in one of those cells.

‣You entered the cave, feeling your way around as the darkness faded.

›Another turn, and you found yourself in a massive torture chamber, a narrow obsidian path lined by pitfalls on both sides.

›At the bottom were pools of bright orange magma, cast iron cages suspended above them with prisoners screaming from the heated metal against what skin they had left.

›The nearest creature, a demonized unicorn noticed you first, dropping the cage into the magma and facing you.

›Before you had time to even think a fireball shot through the air, straight at your head.

›Reflexively you let your feet go out from under you, landing on you bag as you sent a trio of shots down the path way.

›The unicorn doubled over as two rounds slammed into his chest, slipping off into the vat it had guarded

›A demon dog behind him caught the last bullet in the side of his head, a pink mist appearing on the other side.

›The three claps of thunder the rifle produced brought the attention of the guards and other workers, staring at you with black voids of eyes.

›They charged at you, while you stood at the entrance letting the soft, fleshy, unarmored creatures funnel themselves along the path, save for a few Pegasus and griffons that took to the air around the charge.

›You let loose another burst of bullets, the Full Metal Jackets punching through several demons at a time.

›For an unexpected bonus, the first casualties you inflicted crumpled to the ground, slowing the ground advance, along with a few extra casualties that tripped into the pools of magma.

›You turned your attention to the Pegasus and griffons, dispatching them methodically as they each drew closer and closer.

‣One Pegasus was too close for you to take down in time, slamming into you with its body weight and driving you back into the tunnel leading to the torture chamber.

‣Without talons digging into your flesh, this demon was easy to fight off

‣you drew your knife from its sheath on your shoulder, and sliced the throat open, rewarding you with a squirt of blood across your face.

‣You pushed the demon off, finishing your mag as two last flying demons landed in front of you.

‣The ground forces had finally clambered over their extra dead companions, and were back to charging at you full steam ahead

‣You kept your knife in hand, drawing your pistol as your rifle fell to the ground, and finished the rest of its ammo as well, leaving only two demons left.

‣The first, an earth pOny leapt at you, allowing you dive under it and drive your blade into the dog behind it

‣The demon pOny spun back around, leaping at you again.

‣This time you came at it with an overhead stab, driving the blade through its skull.

‣Your adrenaline was pumping, preventing you from noticing the ache in your ribs getting progressively worse, and the ringing in your ears from the high power rifle going off.

‣You quickly changed magazines in your weapons, leaving the bloody mess behind you and running through the chamber, bringing each cage up to ensure Luna wasn't in one.

‣There were a few pOnies, but none were the one you were looking for.

‣You didn't know if you were lucky because she wasn't being tortured, or unlucky because you hadn't found her yet.

›Still, you weren't going to do her any good standing her contemplating the meaning of life, and you ran through the exit of the chamber.

›You emerged back into the rocky plains of Tartarus, the tower closer than before.

›Hopefully, so was Luna.

›You continued along the mountain path at your feet, taking the last few precious sips of water from your camelback rucksack.

›This place didn't seem at all familiar to you, as if the landscape had changed since you left Tartarus.

›Well, this place was highly volcanic, maybe it did change.

›As for now, you were resigned to the mountainous path leading up toward the tower.

›By path, you meant there was a path with several hand holds and places to put your feet, but there was no way you could walk.

›You knew you had to keep up your momentum, lest you take a break and realize just how fatigued you were.

›The bandage on your arm had bled through by now, and you were fairly certain a rib had broken since your adrenaline rush from the torture chamber had long worn off.

›You silently swore to yourself as you gripped another hand hold, pulling yourself up another few feet.

›The hold crumbled beneath your weight dropping you like a stone toward the ground.

"SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT SHIT FUCKING SHIT!"

›You swore not so silently now, scrambling around the cliff face for a proper hand hold.

›You found one by the grace of some deity, halting your descent abruptly, but at the cost of a sharp pain in your shoulder as it felt like it had been pulled out of its socket.



➤ Looking up you found yourself about twenty feet from the spot you fell from.

➤ God fucking damnit

➤ You checked functionality of your arm, and though it was in a bit of pain, it was working.

➤ Stupid. So stupid.

➤ Three points of contact at all times. Not two, and definitely not one numb nuts.

➤ You had a special lady depending on you to come on and save the day, and you can't go about doing that if you fall off the side of a mountain

➤ You paused a moment, resting your head against the cliff face.

➤ Your adrenaline spiked during the fall, but you could feel it already feel it dissipating.

➤ Yep there it was. Fatigue was rearing its ugly head, and there wasn't a damn thing you could do about it.

➤ You had some food in your bag but there was no way you could get to it while you were on this cliff side.

➤ You could just give up, fall off the-

"Shut up brain, you damn well know that I will not accept defeat."

➤ Alright man, it's your funeral.

➤ Back to climbing, this time slower, more methodical, and a lot more careful.

➤ You found a pretty good process that kept you going at a decent pace.

➤ Hand, hand, leg, leg, rinse wash and repeat, never moving more than one limb at a time.

➤ You continued scanning the face of the mountain for the right path to continue on.

›You chose a path and committed to it, snaking your way up to the ledge ahead hoping for a big enough spot to pause and rest your aching muscles.

›With the last little bit of strength you had, you hoisted yourself up and onto the ledge above you, crawling through a thick layer of ash until only your feet dangled off the edge.

›To your surprise, you made it to the top, a long stone bridge full of guards were all that separated you from the spire that housed several prisoners and Cerberus.

›Sticking to the ashy ground, you crawled over to a large boulder, taking cover behind as you began counting the guards.

›At least thirty of them, pretty equally distributed between pOnies, griffons, and dogs.

›You looked up from your rifle sight, refocusing on the tower at the far end of the bridge.

›A large dog, dressed in heavy black armor, with a massive blade was dragging a body of a pOny by the leg.

›Damn you for not bringing binoculars, and your ACOG for only going out to 4x.

›Still, that body, despite being covered in blood and soot, seemed to look a bit like Luna.

›It was a pOny, no doubt. A bit larger than a normal one and it had wings.

›Too far away to tell if it had a horn too though, but still, it was your best lead.

›You drew a suppressor from your bag and fixed it to your rifle, but your stomach protested before you could line up your first shot.

›Should you continue on, and fight to the tower? Time was of the essence after all.

›But you wouldn't be very effective if you went on in this condition, with your bandages tearing apart and your body ready to shut down at any moment.

›How long had you been in Tatarus anyway? It was impossible to tell without a watch or anything in the sky to tell time.

›You opened your bag and quietly rummaged through it, drawing out some pain pills and the bag of trail mix.

›Mixing a few pills with the mix you shoved a handful of contents in your mouth, washing it down with a quick swing of your canteen.

›Poking your head around the boulder once more, you chose your first target.

›Griffons were the most dangerous type of demon to you with their talons and speed, with dogs being a close second.

›Worse yet, they were the most common types of demons here it seemed.

"Here we go."

›You lined up the first shot waiting for just the right moment to place a head shot on the nearest griffon.

›It's... BEAUTIFUL!

›The griffon flipped over the edge of the bridge, crashing into the lava below it.

›Other demons gathered around the edge, looking down at their fallen counterpart.

›Several griffons hovered above the edge, looking down.

›They were making this too easy, and you lined up a two for one deal.

›The bullet leapt forth from the barrel, passing through the body of the first griffon and imbedding itself into the head of the second.

›Your rifle was nothing more than a whisper compared to the thunderous back ground noise.

›the two demons fell, tumbling down into the lava along with their fallen comrade, sending the others into a frenzy.

›Before they all unclustered, you drew a grenade as you exposed yourself from cover as you tried to close the distance between you and the mob of demons.

›You let the grenade into the air, watching as it arced through the sky and bounced along the stone bridge and into the crowd.

›Two seconds of five.

›A few of the demons noticed, letting out one of their shrieks to alert the others to your presence.

›You dropped to a knee, sliding through the ash as you squeezed the trigger a few more times.

›That thing should have gone off by-

›An explosion cut you off, sending blood, limbs and bodies up and out in a fountain of gore and destruction.

›Several sharp pains lanced through your body as you continued to squeeze off the rest of your magazine.

›You quickly dropped another empty magazine, rolling to the side to avoid being hit by a demon dog's claw.

›You were literally fighting from the ground, rolling every which way to avoid being hit by the sharp talons, beaks, claws, and teeth that were all around you.

"Fuck it, I'm Conan the Barbarian now!"

›Leaping up, you swung your empty rifle around, using it like a club to cave in the skull of a nearby dog.

›That bought you enough time to put another fresh magazine in, allowing you to continue fighting the rest of the demons, finishing them off with half a mag left.

›Stepping lightly over the bodies, you made your way across the bridge, where five dogs stood guard, encased in black armor similar to the one you saw earlier.

‣If you were a more dramatic person, you would have attempted to strike up a conversation before killing them, but you had no time, and no patience.

‣Pausing 100m away, you lined up a shot on the first one, putting the bullet right between his eyes.

‣The next one you settled for a chest shot, seeing the remaining four demons charge you.

‣The FMJ impacted with force, denting the armor in a few inches, shoving the dog back off its feet.

‣Three others followed suit, save for the lead one that simply flinched as each round struck it's armor.

‣25m and closing, you lined up a headshot, blowing its brains out.

‣You reached for another magazine, patting your vest down frantically.

‣Out of ammo already? That couldn't be...

‣The three dogs that you hit in the chest slowly got up, shaken, but not dead.

‣Well, this was not good. This was in fact, just the opposite. This was very bad.

‣You drew your .45, checking to see how much ammo you had on hand for it.

‣Two extra mags of 10 rounds. Time to make each shot count.

‣You weren't the best shot with this thing, so you waited until they were only 10 meters away, placing a headshot on each one.

‣You picked up a blade from one of the fallen enemies, and took off toward the tower, hoping you wouldn't encounter too many more enemies.

‣The tower was a lot like how you remembered, the only difference being a few extra corpses skewered like worms on giant fishing hooks hanging from the center.

>You looked at the ground, finding fresh blood smeared across the smooth obsidian stone floor.

>Again, it was your best lead, and you crept down the dark sloping path to your left, sticking close to the shadows just like last time.

>Checking inside each of the cells, you found plenty of griffons and dogs, curled in the backs of their cells.

>You drew a claymore from your bag, fitting it through a cell door next to a light, and running a trip wire from it to the railing on the side of the walkway.

>You drew another at the bottom of the ramp, doing the same thing, ensuring this one pointed up the ramp instead of across it.

>"Anonymous?"

>You checked the cells at the bottom, finding a large pony in the one directly under the stairs.

>The dim light made it impossible to make out any features.

>Wait a minute...

>You set your ruck down, searching its contents in hopes of finding some sort of light.

>You weren't exactly sure why you brought a flare, but damn you were glad you did as you struck the end of it, illuminating the area around you.

>The pOny was covered in blood and soot, several lacerations spotted her body.

>She had wings, and a crescent moon, but no horn.

>Wait, is that a dildo?

>No you pervert, that's a severed horn!

>That settled it, it could only be Luna.

>With haste you shot off the lock with the few of your precious bullets, ripped off the lock and rushed to her side.

"Luna!"

>"A-A-Anon? You came for me..."

"What, you already forget what I said Nightmare Night?"

>You quickly took your ruck off, bringing the last item out of your ruck; the large medkit.

>"You... said... ugh."

"I would go through Tartarus and back for you."

>You couldn't see the smallest smile Luna gave. Even that small action took all of her concentration by now.

"This is going to sting quite a bit, but it's needed. Here, bite down on this."

>You removed your belt, placing it in her mouth as you opened a bottle of alcohol.

>You poured the contents of the bottle all over her body, disinfecting the several wounds over her body.

"You know how many pOnies I had to check to make sure they weren't you?"

>Luna bit down on the belt as the alcohol washed over her wounds, the soot coating her fur washing away with the blood.

>"There shouldn't be that many pOnies down here. Most of the criminals are from other lands.

"I ran into a whole torture chamber filled with them."

>"Then we need to go get them!" Luna tried to stand, her legs giving out from underneath her.

"I'll go get them, your flank is going back to Equestria first."

>"No! They need our help!"

"I'll take care of it! You'll only get in the way. If you want to help so bad, tell Celestia I need back up. I don't have much ammo left."

>You applied the last of your gauze, stuffing the worst wounds before applying bandages over her wounds.

>An explosion rocked the foundation of the tower, no doubt your first claymore going off.

‣You grabbed her horn, wrapping it in an alcohol soaked cloth and shoving it in one of your mag pouches along with your unused supplies, leaving your ruck behind

“Alright your highness, your carriage awaits.”

‣You threw Luna's body over your shoulder, climbing the bird cage in the center of the floor.

‣The dog inside clawed your leg, forcing a scream out of you.

‣He gets exactly one fuck from you, via a .45 caliber bullet.

‣Gripping the heavy chain, you looked down at the joint.

‣If you were right, there was an empty cage up top that acted as a counter balance when it was full.

‣This next line, you couldn't help yourself.

“There is no spoon.”

‣You squeezed off a few more rounds, breaking the chain and sending you soaring into the air.

‣There was an explosion below you as a team of guards hit the last claymore, being shredded to pieces by the hundreds of steel ball bearings

‣The roof of the spire came closer and closer, the iron cage whizzing only inches by you and Luna as you passed the entrance of the spire.

‣Shifting your weight, you swung the chain left, then right, then left once more letting go and soaring up toward the last flat portion of the tower before Cerberus chambers.

‣Fuck, you misjudged this.

‣With your only free arm, the one that was also injured, you reached out grasping the edge of said platform, your good arm around one very frightened Luna.

‣Several guards showed up below you making falling to the next platform not an option, but you couldn't pull yourself up like this.



‣With the remains of her strength, and her one good wing, Luna pushed the two of you up inch by inch, just enough that you could swing her up to the platform and to safety.

‣with her taken care of, pulling yourself up to safety was easy, and you once again threw Luna over your shoulders.

‣You ran up the final ramp and into the den of the three headed dog you had already made it by once before.

‣This time, the pooch wasn't asleep on the job.

‣The commotion had stirred him from his sleep, and he stared at you with intense glowing eyes, as if begging you to try and pass.

‣Brain: Dude, I got an idea. Listen.

‣...that's retarded brain.

‣Got a better idea?

‣Nope.

‣You drew one of your two remaining grenades, pulling the pin.

"Want the ball boy? Ya want it? Go get it!"

‣You hurl the grenade to the far edge of the room, and the dumb dog went for it.

‣Everything went better than expected, and you bolted for the portal once again, passing as the grenade exploded, sending bits of shrapnel into Cerberus' middle face.

‣When you emerged from the portal, you were immediately drenched in rain, as you carried the dark blue pOny past the armored guards and to the nearby medical tent.

‣Thank somebody for the red cross symbol being medic in this world as well.

‣To your amazement, you still had your gear on, a pistol in one hand, Luna in the other.

‣You set her down on the nearest table, and doctors rushed to her side.

‣You heard Celestia yell as you bolted back toward the portal.  
"Anonymous! Where are you going?!"  
"To save some more souls!"  
‣Back through the portal you went, the cool rain refreshing you for the task ahead.  
‣Cerberus was still howling up a storm when you entered his den again, giving you an easy entrance.  
‣You rounded the first corner shooting a guard in the face point blank, snatching his sword out of the air and slashing the next guard in line.  
‣Where you got this sudden burst of energy, you had no idea. Maybe it was the steady beat of war drums deep in your soul.  
‣Maybe it was because killing was your business, and business was boomin all around you.  
‣Sword in your left, and a 45 in your right, you carved through the guards, checking each and every cell along the way down.  
‣There were no pOnies here.  
‣You slapped in the last magazine for your pistol, thrusting your blade through two guards, making a shishkabob before kicking them down the ramp and into the wave of guards coming up.  
‣From the walkway you leapt into the center of the tower, clutching one of the empty cages and riding it like a bomb to the center of the tower and beyond, then back up as the other counter balanced it, finally leaping off at the entrance.  
‣You bolted out the door, and back across the blood stained bridge of Tartarus.  
‣Ok you didn't think this through. You had no way back down the mountain side in your current condition.  
‣You know what, fuck it.

>You pressed through the pain, unsure how you were going to get these pOnies up the mountain, but you would climb that mountain when you got to it, quite literally.

>Going down was actually somewhat harder than going up, as you were forced to feel for foot holds through melted steel toe boots.

>Still, you kept up a steady pace, using the reverse of your climbing strategy.

>Foot, foot, hand, hand. Rinse wash and repeat.

>Foot,

foOHHOLYSHITHEREWEGOAGAINMOTHEROFNIPPLESBBQ

>Apparantly that foot hold was as crumbly as three day old MRE crackers, and you went for another intense round of extreme mountain boarding, without a board.

>You rumbled and tumbled down the mountain side, at the complete mercy of gravity, hitting several boulders on the way down.

>Finally, you came to the path that you had started at hours ago, maybe a quarter mile from the torture chamber.

>You tried getting up, only to find a shooting pain in your leg.

>Yeah, that was broken. No doubt about it.

>Alight, time to improvise. You took your ACU blouse off wrapping it around your leg tightly. Next was the actual brace, which you used the sword that had snapped in half in the fall.

>The blade was the perfect length to act as a splint for your shin, and you completed the field cast with a few wraps of your belt, tightening it so that it wouldn't move even the slightest bit.

>This time, you managed to get up, and even limp slowly for a bit before resting against an obsidian boulder.

>Brain: "Dude, you need to go back. Your leg is BROKEN,"

"Fuck you brain, I do what I want."

>You took a swig of your canteen, tossing the empty one aside.

>Just extra weight that you didn't need.

➤You still had one canteen left, which you originally planned for Luna, but the guards closed in too fast for you to give it to her.

➤Back on your feet, you continued down the path in a silence you hadn't known since you arrived in Tartarus.

➤It seemed even the distant thundering had stopped, bathing the hellish world in silence.

➤Finally, after what seemed like hours of torturous walking, the torture chamber came into view, lifting your spirits slightly.

➤Once again, you felt your way through the dark tunnels until you reached the actual chamber, a soft crying filled the air.

➤you rummaged through the dead guards until you found a large cast iron key, and slowly began raising each cage and unlocking them one by one.

➤One pOny jumped out, hugging you with tears in its eyes, sending pain through your already overworked leg.

➤"THANK YOU! OH CELESTIA THANK YOU SO MUCH! I DON'T EVEN WANT TO KNOW HOW LONG I'VE BEEN HERE!"

➤you pried the dark red pOny off of you, working on the next cage.

"Why are you in Tartarus?"

➤"I don't know... It's been so long. All these days of torture..."

"Got a name?"

➤"Uh, Cinnamon... Erg... what was it.. smoke? Cinnamon Smoke! That's it!"

"Cinnamon Smoke, organize the others and get ready to move, we have a long hike ahead of us."

➤You continued rescuing the pOnies, each one just as thankful as the last, at least the one's that hadn't died, their bodies charred into Kellogg's POny Crisps.

➤All in all, you rescued seven pOnies, fear gripping their faces as they approached you.

›"Why did you save us? Who are you, WHAT are you?"

"A favor to Luna, she believes you pOnies shouldn't be here. As for who and what I am, my name is Anonymous, and for the time we are in Tartarus I am your guardian angel of death. Now who knows why they were sent to Tartarus."

›"IT WAS CELESTIA!" yelled a blue pOny from the back

"Only?"

"Well, not directly, something was wrong with her... I don't remember the details. Everything's so fuzzy."

"Fair enough, if you pOnies are scumbags, you'll just be sent back here. For the ones of you who aren't, welcome to your second chance at life. Now follow me."

›You spun on your good leg, slowly limping your way back through the chamber and out into Tartarus, the mountain ahead looming over you.

›It's very sight was a big "fuck you" to your spirits, but you swore you would get these pOnies out.

›They gathered around you, the dark red one already collapsing. He looked to have gotten the worst of the punishment.

›Brain: Dude, don't do what your thinking

›You thought of it.

›You snatched Cinnamon Smoke with one arm, throwing him over your shoulder, your leg screaming in protest of the extra weight.

›You pushed on, handing your canteen to the pOnies as you walked.

"One drink, no more. That's all the water I have left."

›Each of them nodded in understanding, drinking from the canteen and passing it on.

›Leg: Hey buddy, fuck you too.

›Lolwut?

➤Another lance of pain shot from your leg, seemingly in unison with the other injuries you'd sustained, making you collapse.

➤As you looked up, several demon's came into view, as if determined to personally fuck your shit up for all the chaos you brought to Tartarus.

"Get behind me."

➤You set Cinnamon Smoke down, slowly getting to your feet and drawing your knife and your pistol.

➤ten shots... and fifteen, sixteen, twenty... ok you were clearly fucked.

➤You fired off the remainder of your last magazine, before tossing the pistol at the nearest griffon that lunged at you, knocking it out cold.

➤You were going to die fighting as long you had some way to fight, even if they chopped off your arms and you had to bite their legs off.

➤Seems the demons were out for a promotion, as they charged one by one, quickly being dispatched by quick thrusts and slashes of your knife.

➤Just as two more began to attack, an explosion appeared out of nowhere, incineration the demons in an intense ball of fire.

➤"Anonymous?" the voice was soft, almost caring, yet filled with sorrow.

➤You fell to your knees as exhaustion finally got the best of you.

➤Your vision was slowly fading, but you could make out a pair of slender white pOny legs, with golden shoes that went up about a foot.

➤The pOnies around you fell, no, bowed along side you.

"It couldn't be..."

➤You looked up in amazement. Celestia had landed in front of you, along with several of her Royal Pegasus Guads.

‣Her head, neck and breast were covered by a golden armor with purple gems throughout it, her once pastel rainbow mane replaced with a light blue flame, her eyes a lighter shade of purple/pink.

‣You grasped one of the fallen demons beside you, holding up the bloody carcass and pointed to it.

"Demon"

‣You pointed to yourself.

"Anonymous"

‣You were about to repeat yourself when a magical aura snatched the corpse from you.

‣"You don't need to convince me anymore Anonymous. I believe you. No demon would risk its life for a pOny, then head back into Tartarus for a group of pOnies I wrongly banished."

‣"Why did you do it Princess?" Cinnamon Smoke stood beside you, his body bearing the most scares of all the pOnies.

‣"I will explain everything once we arrive back in Equestria. Guards! Give these pOnies a lift back to the portal."

‣A magic aura enveloped you, bringing you onto Celestia's back.

‣She launched into the air, holding you in place with her magic as she led the guards back to the tower, passing through unchallenged by the Cerberus.

‣Made sense, she was technically the ruler of this place as well of Equestria.

‣Her mane returned to normal as she passed through the portal, her armor disappearing in a white glow as she landed and kneeled so you could get off.

"Thank you Celestia."

‣There were three words you never thought you'd say.

‣"No Anonymous, thank you."

‣And there were four you never thought you'd hear.

‣"As for you pOnies, when I banished you, I was under the influence of Discord, who transformed me into a tyrant. When he was defeated, I lost all memory of what happened, and ultimately the names of those I wrongly banished. I hope you can forgive me..."

‣She lowered her head in shame, and despite the downpour of rain all around you, you could see the tears well up in her eyes.

"I forgive you Celestia."

‣Ha, surprise bitch. She turned to you, confused, almost begging for you to elaborate.

"You only wanted to defend your kingdom from another demon like Discord. I can understand that."

‣"And we forgive you as well Princess. " Cinnamon Smoke exclaimed standing next to you, seeming to have been inspired by you.

‣Several medics gathered around the group, lifting you up with their magic and helping the pOnies that could walk over to the tent.

‣You felt the cold table beneath you, sending shivers up your body as two unicorns gathered around you, cutting away your blood stained, soot covered fatigues.

‣"He don't look so good, put him to sleep, this is going to be a long night."

‣Just then, your eyes grew heavy as you looked over to your left, seeing Luna resting peacefully, most of her body covered in bandages and gauze.

‣So sleepy... no point in fighting it either. Hopefully these unicorns knew what they were doing

‣You let sleep embrace you for the first time in what felt like weeks, as the ponies got to work stitching your wounds together, removing the bits of shrapnel from your body, and mending your broken leg.

‣Mission Accomplished.



›You woke up early today, getting ready for the day of your new life.

›You had been released from the hospital only last night, along with Luna

›Celestia had finally released her grip over you, so much as to even remove the guard posted at your door.

›You were a free man now, but you insisted on staying in the castle, if only to help Luna through her physical therapy in turn for food and a place to live.

›You grabbed your cane and limped your way out into the marble hallways, heading Luna's chambers.

›"Morning Anonymous."

"Good morning gentlecolts."

›The two guards seemed to stand at attention as you passed.

›You definitely earned a lot of respect by going into Tartarus twice to pull Luna and those pOnies out, and the guards weren't afraid to show it.

›Then again, most of them never hated you, they were just simply following orders, and you could respect that just as much.

›You climbed the spiral staircase up to the heavy wood door, your leg complaining in protest with every step.

›It had a few months since you got back from Tartarus, but it still pained you on inclines, especially Luna's staircase

›At least you had a cane to help you move around, seeing as the castle wasn't the most accessible to wheelchairs.

›You slipped in the room silently, closing the door behind you and opening the curtains of the nearest window.

›Luna gave a soft whine as the light of the rising sun came across her eyes, rolling away cutely.

›You gently placed a hand on her shoulder, shaking her gently.

"Come on Princess, I'm hungry. Let's get you ready for the day."

›She reluctantly crawled out of bed, her legs trembling slightly still at her own weight.

›"I can take care of myself Anonymous, this care is not needed."

›You ignored her complaints, staying beside her as she approached her dresser, concentrating on it to open it with her magic.

›Her eyes opened, realizing her mistake.

›Despite your efforts, the horn was too far gone to reattach, rendering her magic useless.

›Without a word, you drew out her favorite cloak, wrapping it around her body and fastening the clasp around her neck.

›"How am I supposed to go about my duties if I can't use my magic? I can't bring out the moon, or arrange the stars. What am I supposed to do?"

›A few tears fell from her face as you embraced her, at a loss for words.

›All the times she spent comforting you, now it was your turn, and you had nothing.

"Give it time Luna. Things will go back to normal-"

›"NORMAL?!"

›God damn it brain.

›"I can't use magic, I can't fly with this mangled wing, Tartarus, I can barely WALK!"

"At least you have your life Luna."

›"Some life..." Luna's words were filled with bitterness, as if she wished she had died in Tatarus.

›"What's the point in living if you can't do anything for yourself?"

"I don't know..."

›Luna rested her head on your shoulder, a few more tear drops falling on your shoulder.

"Come on, I'm sure you'll feel better after some breakfast. Then we can go for a small walk, help you get back your strength. Sound nice?"

➤ "I suppose that sounds... nice." she answered after a brief pause.

➤ The two of you made your way down the stairs, Luna's good wing wrapped tightly around you to hold her up as your cane supported both of you.

➤ If your leg was screaming before, now it was a drill sergeant, screaming point blank at your brain to drop Luna and give your poor leg a break.

➤ Nope, not going to happen leg, you have a brace and a cane to help you, now tough it out.

➤ You mother fucker.

➤ Cope with the circumstances leg; you can rest when I'm dead.

➤ You already died once!

➤ Well I guess you need to wait until I die again.

➤ You made it to the dining hall without needing to stop and catch your breath, a sign you were already getting your own strength back.

➤ You always did heal fast, though you had suspicions that your shin had healed wrong.

➤ You sat Luna down at her usual table in the dining hall, taking a seat beside her, keeping your injured leg straight.

➤ Luna seemed to stare intently at the silver plates in front of her, checking her reflection.

➤ A small portion of the remainder of her horn stuck through her hair, obviously bothering her quite a bit.

➤ Her hooves were obviously not doing a proper job in covering it, leaving you to reach across with your dexterous fingers to sweep her hair over the nub.

"Better?"

➤ She looked away, a slight tint of blush coming across her face.

‣"Does... Does the way I look, and these scars, disturb you."

"Not at all."

‣You paused as the waiter brought out a platter of food, setting it in front of you, and continuing along with the other orders.

"Despite whatever you may think, you're still a very beautiful mare. The most beautiful in Equestria if I dare say."

‣Luna's blush enhanced, bowing her head slightly.

‣"Anonymous please... You're such a charmer."

‣You felt yourself blush a bit, wondering if you went too far with your compliment.

‣"You should watch what you say. You may have convinced Celestia you aren't a demon, but I'm certain she would still be displeased at hearing of our relationship."

‣She had a point; the two of you went to great lengths to keep any "activities" a secret

‣Though it did help that she had taken you in as her student, teaching you more and more about Equestria.

‣Luna daintily ate her breakfast alongside you; a silence fell between the two of you as you both turned to your thoughts.

‣You had to admit, it wasn't very pleasant having to hide your romantic life from everypony around you.

‣Why were you even thinking about this?

‣You shook your head, casting the thoughts aside.

‣Did you really just contemplate leaving this mare? After everything she did for you, after all the time you spent together.

‣That was a low you-

‣Take it up with management, I can think all I want, I'm not going to do it.

‣Still, perhaps you should read up on interspecies relationships.

‣There was at least three sentient races in this land, surely at some point some of them had a relationship.

‣Then again, maybe that's why they were in Tartarus.

‣With breakfast done, you walked Luna to the garden so she could get some exercise.

‣you admit, you could use it too, laying in the hospital bed had made you pretty weak yourself.

‣Still, you kept the two of you up on your feet and her hooves, however shaky she may be.

‣"I feel like a filly learning to walk all over again." She muttered, her eyes focused on the ground beneath her.

"Good, that means you'll eventually get it."

‣There was the smile you loved so much.

‣She stopped, turning her head to nuzzle against your chest before continuing on.

"Now come on, if you can make it to the balcony overlooking Equestria on your own, we'll take a break."

‣Her face became slightly worried at the sight of the balcony, about 50 meters away.

‣"I don't know if I can do it..."

"I think you can. You're tougher than you think."

‣Luna paused, obviously hesitant to try. "And if I fall?"

"Then I'll catch you, and we'll try again, until we get it right."

‣You remember when your drill sergeant did that, making you do something over and over until you either passed out, or did it right.

‣Crude, but effective.

‣Luna still hesitated, afraid of failing.

"Luna, you can do it. Just relax. I won't leave your side."

‣You felt her wing slowly withdraw to her side, and she took her first few shaky steps toward the stone railing.

‣Just as you promised, you stayed next to her with every step she took, a single arm draped across the back of her neck in the event she lost her balance

›One hoof in front of the other, or something of that nature, bringing the two of you closer and closer to the balcony.

›Her knees seemed to go out from under her suddenly, forcing you to drop a knee and catch her in your arms.

›You winced a bit at dropping on your bad leg, but shoved the pain away.

"Almost there Luna, keep going"

›Luna gave a nod, slowly rising up under her own power.

›She continued on, making it another ten meters before collapsing again.

"Oh come on Luna, I went farther on a broken leg."

›She gave you a glare cold as ice, pushing herself up once again and moving forward.

›You noticed she was taking longer steps, in efforts to get to the railing quicker.

›Luna clenched her eyes shut, her legs wobbling like jello.

›Her eyes shot open as you placed another hand on her breast, stopping her.

"You made it Luna."

›She collapsed to the ground once more, letting out a sigh of relief.

›You sat down beside her, keeping a hand gently placed on the backside of her neck.

›She sighed again as your fingers ran through her beautiful blue mane that sparkled in the sunlight just as beautifully as it did in the night.

"Luna, can we talk?"

›"Anon, I don't think there's a thing in Equestria I'm uncomfortable sharing with you."

"Are inter-species relationships looked down upon?"

➤That seemed to strike a nerve, as Luna opened her mouth as if to speak, but finding herself at a loss for words.

➤Luna lowered her head to your lap, staying silent as you played with her soft mane.

"I guess so..."

➤"It's not that it's looked down on. But no royal family member has ever done such a thing. It does happen in pony and griffon society."

"I see."

➤More silence, broken only by the rustling of leaves and jimmies at the awkward subject you had brought up.

"What's the worst that could happen? You know, if we told Celestia."

➤"I could lose my crown; you may be exiled to one of the other kingdoms..."

"Forget I asked..."

➤More silence, followed by a snuffle.

➤Was she... crying?

"Luna, what's wrong?"

➤She didn't speak, just silently struggled to hold back the tears as she lay in your lap.

➤Great, it seemed women logic existed in this dimension as well.

➤Still, you weren't about to just sit there and watch her cry.

➤You scooped her up in your arms, holding her body tight against your own.

"Come on you, tell me what's wrong."

➤She paused, looking at you with the most d'awww inspiring look she'd ever given you.

➤"I... I hate having to hide this. Us."

"I do too-"

➤"Then why do you stay? Celestia has given you freedom to leave."

"Do you want me to leave?"

>"NO!"

"Then why are we talking about this?"

>She was silent again, her eyes shifting away from your own.

>"My only wish is to tell my sister about us without having to risk everything. This secrecy is going to drive me mad."

"Then I'll tell Celestia I want to... what's the word?"

>"Court?" Luna's face was filled with horror at the idea.

"Yeah-"

>"No, most certainly not."

>You buried your face in your head, exhausted already by this conversation.

"Eventually we have to, she'll find out eventually."

>Luna sighed, admitting you had a point. "I suppose you are right."

>you pulled the dark blue mare closer yet again, rubbing her backside.

>"Would you escort me back to my room? I did not sleep well last night, and I wish to lay down for a bit."

"Of course."

>You released your grip on her body, allowing her to pull away once more.

>She paused, placing her fore hooves on your thighs and placed a kiss against your lips before stepping away entirely.

>Her wing wrapped back around you to support her as you stood, and you promptly began the long slow walk to her room pausing at the long spiral staircase ahead.

>It seemed impossible, even to you, to do this twice in one day.

>"Perhaps I could rest a moment in your room?"

"Yeah, good idea."

>The walk was quiet, mostly with you mulling over the conversation the two of you had in the garden.



>You opened the door to your room, escorting Luna inside.  
 >"Once again, thank you Anonymous. Let me know if I become a burden by staying here."  
 "Nonsense, stay as long as you like."  
 >You knelt down, kissing her forehead as she made herself comfortable in your bed, then making your way out.  
 "I'll check on you in a bit. And Luna?"  
 >"Hmm?"  
 "I love you..."  
 >Her face seemed to light up, a mix of happiness and exhaustion.  
 "I love you too Anon."  
 >As you left the room, you realized how little you actually said those words to her. You could probably stand to tell her more.  
 >Out of the corner of your eye you saw a guard approach you.  
 >"Anonymous, Princess Celestia would like to see you for lunch."  
 "Now?"  
 >The pOny nodded, offering no further explanation.  
 "Very well, lead on."  
 >What in Tartarus did Celestia want to see you about?  
 "You wished to see me Princess Celestia?"  
 >The white alicorn looked up from her tea, inviting you in with a small smile.  
 >"Please, take a seat Anonymous."  
 >You weren't one to challenge authority, especially one that could send you back to Tartarus in the bat of an eyelash.  
 >You sat to her left on a plush white pillow trimmed in gold, an apple levitating over to you and dropping in on the plate in front of you.  
 >There was a few moments of silence as you bit into the apple , eyeing a very shiftY Celestia.  
 >Seems she was just as uncomfortable as you.

"Do you just like being around me, or was there something you wanted to talk about?"

>Celestia shot you a cold glare at your lack of etiquette, her lavender eyes narrowed.

>Brain, did that really seem like a good idea to you?

>Wait, she's sort of laughing. Nice job brain.

>"Bold, I like that Anonymous. I asked you to join me for a few reasons. For one, I have a lot to apologize for."

>Brain, you better be recording this. This is history in the making.

"I believe you already apologized for sending me to Tartarus, if my memory hasn't failed me."

>"That, and I never got the time to learn about your kind. I set a terrible example for my little sister, I'm glad she challenged me so many times."

"Well, what would you like to know?"

>"Tell me everything about yourself, where you come from, your culture."

>You leaned back in your chair, well, pillow, losing your balance at the lack of a back seat.

"Whoa shit!"

>There was a clatter as Celestia's tea cup was launched in the air by your legs hitting the table, spilling tea all over her white coat.

>Celestia let out a yelp in surprise, the tea burning her slightly

>Bolting up right, you grabbed a napkin from the table and gently patted the brown spots on her coat, absorbing what you could.

"I'm sorry! I guess I'm not used to chairs without backs to them."

>Celestia's body tensed up at your touch, flinching at first but allowing you to continue.

>"It's alright Anonymous. I suppose this is one way to warm up to you."

➤Processing: Hot tea + warming up = punny.

➤You gave her a small laugh of recognition, pulling away once the last of the tea was wiped away from her coat.

➤"Thank you for the help Anonymous, though I could have taken care of that myself."

"You sound like your sister."

➤"Yes... now where were we?" Celestia had a half wing boner going on, and was desperately trying to be discreet about it.

➤Despite her thinking of you as a step above demon, even she couldn't deny you had some magical fingers.

➤You acted as if you didn't realize what was going on, taking a sip of your own cup of tea.

"Well, I'm a human, from a place called Earth. It's a bit like Equestria, with plains, mountains, big cities."

➤"What kinds of creatures? How many humans?"

"Oh, billions of creatures, though none are really intelligent save for humans. And as for humans, we number about seven billion."

➤Celestia's mouth dropped open at the word billion for a few moments, he composure sent souring out the window.

➤"That's... a lot."

"Yes, it is."

➤"Did you have a title? A position of power?"

"The only word that comes close to explaining my job in your language would be guard. And yes, I led a few guards in fighting."

➤"I see." Celestia looked over toward a clock on the nearby wall, "I'm afraid I have to go back to my duties Anonymous."

"Of course Princess. But before I go, I have a question."

➤"Can it wait until later? I should really be going."

"Very well. Take care."

➤You made your way back to your room, forgetting the reason you originally came out before being asked to join Celestia.

‣You stopped by the dining hall, taking a few apple fritters for Luna so she wouldn't have to get out of bed.

‣As silently as you could move with a bag full of fritters and a cane, you crept into the room, finding Luna tangled in her sheets.

‣Her head picked up, looking at you as you stepped into the room with the food.

"Did I wake you?"

‣"Oh, no. I couldn't sleep... Are those apple fritters in the bag? I'm famished."

"Quite the nose you have their love."

‣You sat on the bed next to your special pony, holding up a fritter from the bag.

‣Luna wasted no time snatching the small treat out of your hand with her mouth, swallowing it in a few seconds.

‣You can't help but smile at the adorableness, the happy expression from Luna munching on her favorites, her ruffled light blue mane exposing the nub of a horn on her head.

"Luna I think your horn is growing back, It's been what, three months?"

‣Luna immediately went into her self-conscious personality, looking up as if she could see her horn.

‣She raised a hoof in effort to hide the protruding horn, which you quickly brought down with your own hand.

"Don't worry about that. I just thought that you should realize your horn is going to grow back."

‣"Still, it looks dreadful."

"It doesn't bother me."

‣Luna offered another small smile, nuzzling your side.

"Want me to leave you alone so you can try and get some rest?"

‣"No need to leave. I feel better with you around."

"Better? What's wrong?"

›Luna remained silent, laying her head back on the pillow.

›You'd ask her what was going on later. Probably the discomfort her wing gave her from time to time.

›It often seemed to have a mind of its own, flapping randomly throughout the day.

›Nerve damage was way beyond your area of medical knowledge, though there were a few doctors that had done what they could, but it would take a lot of flight therapy if she wanted to ever fly again.

›You gently ran your fingers back through her mane, rewarding you with a relaxed exhale.

›With Luna fast asleep by the end of the hour, you slowly went over to your desk, taking up a book to read while the hours passed by, keeping a watchful eye on the dark blue pOny in your bed.

›A loud knock on your door brought Luna up in a start, and you quickly walked to the door to figure out what the ruckus was all about.

"Oh, Princess Celestia. This was unexpected."

›"Please Anonymous, follow me..."

›Celestia must not have seen Luna in the bed behind you, or didn't care. You were going to go with the former.

"Where are we headed Princess?"

›"The garden, I have one task left for the day, and I figured you may be interested in watching. Then we may return to our discussion from before."

"Oh, of course."

›You stepped into the garden alongside the regal white alicorn, who was softly humming a tune as she took her place.

›You watched the ceremony as she lowered the sun with her powerful magic, then replaced it with the moon.

"I would have thought only Luna could do such a task."

›"Unfortunately, I had to pick up that job long ago and now once again until her horn grows back in."

"Yes, the story of Nightmare Moon. I remember it."

›Celestia looked over at you with a small smile, her eyes just lower than your own.

›"It seems you are more well-read than even some pOnies. Most don't remember those stories. Although I'm sure your time with Luna has helped."

"It has. Though if not for he I would have never been able to read them in the first place."

›Your eyes were fixated on the night sky, its stars hadn't moved since that night before you were sent to Tartarus.

›You were thankful still; it was beautiful to you, while Celestia feigned interest.

›"What did you wish to ask me Anonymous?"

"Oh, that. Is there anything else you want to know first?"

›"I have many questions, and we would be here all night if I asked them all. Ask yours."

›Oh man your jimmies were rustling at Mach 11

"Very well. I've... started to have...um. Feelings toward a mare."

›"Who?"

"I'd rather not say."

›Celestia gave a bit of a smile, wrapping you in her large wing.

›Jimmies at Mach 12. Captain, they've never gone this fast before!

›You shifted in place, trying to continue.

"I just wanted to know this was ok. I mean, there's no humans here, so... yeah."

›"I'm surprised you didn't go to Luna about this."

"Oh, right. Why didn't I think about that?"

>You began to pull away, only to have Celestia tighten her grip around you.

"I should go check to ensure she's ok, in case she needs something."

>"Before you go Anonymous, I've given it some thought, how would you like to be one of my..."

"Servants? No thank you Princess."

>"I wasn't going to say servant Anon. Something as my little helper, seeing as you seem to do so well with caring for Luna. You'd be paid in addition to your living arrangements already provided."

"I see...I'll consider it. Good night Princess."

>"Anonymous!"

"Yes Princess?"

>"Celestia will suffice, and you have my permission to... well, court with the mares in Equestria."

>Celestia gave a small wink, which seemed all the more seductive in the lantern light of the garden.

>A shiver went up your spine as you quickly extracted from the garden, and made your way to your room.

>You slipped back inside, Luna sitting on your bed on her haunches as if waiting for you.

>"What was that about Anon?"

"I spoke to the Princess about us-"

>"YOU WHAT?!"

"Calm down, I didn't actually use name's. But she did say she approved of me... courting."

>Luna facehooved. "Anon, I can't tell if you're crazy or just stupid. Regardless, we still don't know if she's ok with you dating ME."

›Well, she had you there. But the way she acted tonight, something told you that she didn't mind about you chasing after royalty.

"Either way Luna, I'm tired. Move over."

›Initiating: Big\_Spoon.exe

›you wrapped an arm around the warm body next to you, breathing in the scent of her mane that smelled of the night air outside.

›"Good night Anonymous. Sweet dreams."

"You too Lu-\*yawn\* Luna."

›You woke up to a still dark room, finding your bed empty.

›Strange, Luna was in no shape to be going off by herself.

›You slipped into a robe, lighting a candle as you looked around the room, making sure Luna wasn't simply in the latrine or out on the balcony.

›She wasn't.

›You stepped into the cold marble hallways, looking around for any signs of guards.

›No pOny was around, and the halls were filled with an eerie silence that complimented its darkness well.

›Did pOnyjesus come down from heaven and rapture up all the good little pOnies or some shit?

›You walked through the garden, the unusually hot air seemed to suffocate you with every step you took, the animals silent.

"What the fuck is going on here?"

›Continuing on, you found yourself at the large doors of the throne room, left unguarded.

›Yet as you approached them, they magically swung open, as if sensing your presence.

"Luna, are you in here?"

›Despite the darkness you could make out the shape of a pOny.



"Luna? Celestia?"

>"STOP!" Luna's voice had an edge that you had never heard before, filled with anger

>She stepped into the moon light as it shone through the window, locking eyes with you

"Luna, what in Tartarus is going on. How did you get here?"

>Luna let out a blood curdling scream, shattering your eardrums, forcing you to drop the candle on the rug below you.

>Fire leapt forward, surrounding Luna in an orange glow as her dark blue coat seemed to melt away, as did her eyes and mane.

>All that stood before you was a demon like pony, eyes blacker than night and a featureless face full of pain as another shriek filled the air.

>A sinister laugh filled the air, a mix of a deep male voice and a female voice you hadn't heard before.

>You spun around, coming face to face with a set of yellow and red eyes you vaguely recalled from Tartarus.

>"I told you I would come for you Anonymous. Remember our deal?"

>You threw a punch at the creature, only to have his body dissipate into smoke around your fist, and creep off into the air.

>You spun back around to the demonized Luna as she reared her head back in a pained shriek, fire climbing her legs and enveloping her body.

"NO!"

>Wait... you weren't in the throne room.

>You were back in your own room, in your bed, covered in sweat.

>But Luna was gone, again.

"Not this shit again."

>Thankfully, she wasn't in the throne room like your nightmare, but on the balcony, looking up at the stars.

‣You went out to her, placing a hand on the back of her neck and running your hand through her mane.

"You ok Luna?"

‣She jumped slightly, apparently not hearing your approach.

‣"I had a bad dream..."

"About Tartarus?"

‣Her eyes widened a bit, turning her head towards you "How did you..."

"I had a bad dream too. Call it an educated guess."

‣"I see..."

"Want to talk about it?"

‣She nodded, walking back inside in front of you and laying on the bed.

‣You sat next to her as she explained the nightmares that had plagued her since you rescued her.

‣you didn't let go once, doing your best to comfort her through it all until she fell asleep once more.

‣No sleep for you though.

‣You stayed still as Luna placed her head on your lap, using you as a pillow, leaving you to sit and wonder about your own dream as you continued to run your fingers through her, keeping watch over her in hopes her nightmares wouldn't return again.

‣Anything for your little Luna

‣You stood in front of the statue like you did every day, looking up at Discord frozen in place.

‣Four months since you promised him, no swore to him you would release him.

‣But he was stuck inside Tartarus for a reason, and you dared not breathe word of it to anypony.

‣Not even Luna.

›Promising a demon to release him back into Equestria, if that didn't put you back on bad terms with Celestia, you didn't know what would.

›Speaking of Celestia...

›"Anonymous, Celestia would like to see you, in her chambers."

›Great, more meaningless busy work, usually running errands around the castle, making small repairs.

›You often debated on going into Canterlot and finding a job as a bartender or a bouncer for a club, especially the later since your leg had started bothering you less and less.

›Still, a free place to live, free food, weekends usually off, and pretty good pay for what you could tell.

›It was hard to beat all of that when you were doing next to nothing for it, but you still liked to feel busy.

›Oh, you were already at her room. Lovely.

›You gave a brief knock, and the door magiced open, revealing Celestia lying on the floor absorbed in one of her books.

›Damn, was everypony a book worm, or was that all to do in this place?

"Need something Celestia?"

›the white alicorn looked back at you with a large grin "Please come over here Anonymous. I have a more... personal need."

›And there went your jimmies, soaring straight out the window at Mach 12

›"Oh don't look so tense Anon, I was only going to ask for a massage. Those hands of yours are... handy it seems."

›Celestia and her puns.

"I don't really feel comfortable with this Princess."

›"Oh come now, it's strictly business. I could go to the trouble of making plans with a masseuse, then getting what would probably be a sub-par massage, or I could have my favorite little human do it."

‣With no viable excuse, you came closer to the princess, debating on how you should take on this awkward task.

‣Strictly business... my ass.

‣Hey brain, how many fucks do we have in stock?

‣Fresh out.

‣well shit.

‣You threw one leg over her body as if you were getting on a motorcycle, squatting so that you stayed off her back, if only by a few inches

‣You gently placed your hands on the base of her neck, beginning the very awkward massage.

‣Awkward for you at least, Celestia was enjoying it so far.

‣"How goes your attempts to find a mare Anon?"

"I thought this was strictly business."

‣"Knowing about my subjects is my business Anon."

‣This is why you hated politicians, always having an argument to everything, suckering you in to conversations you had no interest in.

"Yes, I have a mare friend. Things are going pretty well too."

‣"Does this mare have a name?"

"Yep, sure does."

‣Celestia glanced back at you with a look of contempt.

‣Just then you decided to press one of her pressure points, the spot where her wings and body met.

‣Sure enough her entire body went rigid, her eyes wide.

‣"Where did you learn to do that!?"

"That's a secret princess."

‣You released her pressure point continuing her massage as she slowly recovered from the stunning move you just pulled.

‣"Well it would seem you've been seeing a Pegasus pOny. Though you've only went into Canterlot a few times..."

>Oh shit, was she performing basic math? Was she about to add 2 plus 2 and get the answer.

>"You aren't seeing one of my guards are you."

"What?! No, just no. NO! Ew, no!."

>Celestia chuckled at your response, tempting you to hit that pressure point to immobilize her yet again.

>It wouldn't hurt her, as far as you knew it had no other effect other than stunning the pOny.

>Still, you stayed your hand, for now.

>"Well, I can't think of any other mares in the castle with wings, save for L-"

>Ok, now you hit that pressure point again, silencing Celestia with a slight whine.

"Sorry, still getting used to pOny physique."

>Celestia shifted her hind legs, bringing her back directly into your crotch

>You cringed, muttering in what was still a foreign language to Celestia.

"My tenders..."

>Rolling off to the side, you assumed the fetal position as you cupped your throbbing nuggets.

>"Problem Anonymous?"

"Nope, just one moment."

>Fucking Molestia just became Trollestia, in the blink of an eye. She knew damn well where your private parts were, you spent at least a month walking around here nude.

>You made your way to your feet once more, looking over at the white alicorn with a grin on her face.

>"I trust there will be no more shenanigans?"

"Seems fair."

›"Regardless, I think you've done enough, perhaps I'll see you later."

›You quietly began making your way out, leaving Celestia to her reading.

›"Anonymous?" You only paused, waiting for her to say whatever needed said. "Thank you for the massage. Perhaps Luna would like one too."

›She winked at you, her suspicions all but confirmed about you and Luna.

›You left her room, not entirely sure about what just happened, but continued on with your business nonetheless.

›As you walked back to your room, you couldn't help but think about Discord, that creepy thing that had haunted your dreams every now and then, reminding you of your deal.

›It wasn't always a bad dream, but it always rustled your jimmies pretty good every time.

›Maybe you should talk to somepony about this.

›Spitfire was a good friend, the two of you often hit up the clubs on the weekends with Soarin, but neither of them even knew you went to Tartarus.

›Celestia was definitely out of the question, you didn't really consider her a friend quite yet.

›That left Luna, and you weren't quite sure how well she would take you making deals with Discord either.

›Still, she took you in when all the other ponies had already labeled you a demon, surely you could trust her not to over react.

›You checked her room, conveniently located on the other side of the castle, finding it empty.

"Guard, did Princess Luna say where she was going?"

›"She said she was going out for a walk, sir"

‣You disliked being called sir, but you shrugged it off. Too bad you couldn't enlist in the guard, maybe they had the rank of Sergeant, or an equivalent.

‣Brain: Or you could take this life easy, enjoying the fact that your friends with royalty.

‣You win this time Brain.

‣The garden seemed like a logical place to start, seeing as it was one of the more tranquil spots of the castle, so you headed there first.

‣You stepped into the crisp equestrian air, breathing it in through your nose like it was the best thing since cocaine.

‣You never got over how clean the air was here. Much better than the smoggy cities of Earth.

‣Right, you had to find Luna. Focus brain.

‣You made your way through the flowery maze, looking around and taking in the sights of the furry critters scurrying around you and through the trees.

‣Yet, no Luna.

‣Brain, what are some other possible locations?

‣Processing: Please wait...

‣Possible target locations: Throne room, Library.

‣Thanks brain, I knew I kept you around for a reason.

‣You checked out the library first, you would pass it on the way to the throne room anyways.

‣Fortunately the librarian was on duty, sitting at her desk waiting patiently if she was needed.

‣"Anything I can help you with dearie?" she asked, her voice sounding as brittle as she looked

"I was wondering if you've seen Princess Luna lately."

‣"Well yes, she left here with a book about half an hour ago."

"Thank you ma'am."

➤Back into the hallway you went, heading toward the throne room where at least one princess was usually stationed.

➤But again, neither one was there.

"Buck this... I guess I'll find her later"

➤You made your way to your room, finding a guard posted at your door.

"Guard, what are you doing here? Celestia stopped posting guards at my door months ago."

➤"Oh, I uh..."

"Just leave."

➤The guard seemed conflicted for a moment, before bowing his head and moving down the hall on patrol.

➤You stepped into your room, mumbling to yourself.

➤Seems you still had your Sergeant demeanor after all, though your size probably helped that along.

➤You spun to the sound of beating wings, only to have a face full of dark blue fur as Luna swooped down on to you, shoving you on the bed, pinning you with two hooves placed squarely on your shoulders

➤"GOTCHA!" Luna was beaming with a grin from ear to ear, her eyes seeming to sparkle with achievement.

"I see flying therapy is helping you along quite nicely."

➤You noticed her horn was about the size of fillies by now, and had a point to it once more.

➤She leaned down and kissed you, then floated over to your side on the bed, though a bit ungraceful.

➤Didn't matter, a week ago she was walking, and now she was starting to fly already.

➤You pulled her over in a hug, her warm body feeling amazing against the skin on your arms.

"I'm proud of you Luna, you're doing great."

➤"Thanks, Anon."



➤A few moments passed in silence, just you and your Luna when you remembered why you wanted to talk to her in the first place.

"So I have bad news, and good news. Which do you want to hear first?"

➤Luna pulled away, looking at you quixotically. "Um... bad news..."

"I was hoping you'd say good news, but here it goes. Do you remember the things I had in Tartarus? The odd clothes, the weapons... these boots."

➤You were so thankful the medics hadn't torn apart the boots to take them off. Despite the somewhat melted soles, they were much comfier than anything the pOnies could make.

➤"Yes, go on." Luna started to look worried, the horrors of Tartarus still fresh in her mind.

"I may have made a deal with a certain demon to acquire those things... One I think you may know."

➤Luna offered no response, awaiting the name of said Demon.

"Discord. He said if I destroyed his statue and released him into Equestria, he would give me the gear to save you."

➤Luna's jaw was almost to the floor in horror. "Anonymous, why are you telling me this? If word got to my sister, she would not even waste time with a trial!"

➤Luna kept a hushed voice, though you could hear the fear in her voice. "Are you sure it was Discord?"

"Discord's the name, Chaos is my game. Judging by the statue in the courtyard..."

➤Luna cut you off, leaping to her feet and pacing around the room. "Why are you telling me this now?"

"Because lately, I've been having nightmares. Well, dreams really. Discord is always there, reminding me of our deal."

➤Luna continued to pace around your room, lost in thought.

"Luna, what are you thinking?"

›She continued to pace a few more moments, before letting out a sigh. "Are you sure you aren't just letting nerves get to you?"

"I don't know, maybe. But it didn't start until I was out of the hospital. Almost like he knew..."

›Luna frowned, her previous good mood shattered by your news.

"I'm sorry Luna."

›"No, don't be. You did what you thought necessary. Still, I think we best keep quiet about this, until we are sure it is actually Discord, and not simply your own imagination causing these dreams."

"If that's what you think is best, we'll do it."

›Luna nodded, beginning to turn away toward the door.

"Luna, you didn't hear the good news."

›She turned back to look at you, seeming to have forgotten it already.

"I think Celestia knows about us."

›Luna facehooved "Anon, that's a BAD thing."

"Is it? She seemed happy about it. Maybe happy her little sister finally found someone to make her happy."

›She blushed, walking over to nuzzle against your cheek. "You're reckless Anonymous."

"Oh you know me, never thinking before I do anything."

›"I wouldn't have you any other way. Care to go stargazing tonight, on my balcony?"

"I'd love to. Should I bring some fritters?"

›"Sure Anon, just come meet me after the moon comes out."

"It's a date, see you tonight Luna."

›You exchanged a pair of small kisses, and Luna made her way to the hallway, with a small smile as she went about getting back into her duties for the first time in months.

›Now this was something you could get used to.

›Waking up beside Luna, her warm body pressed up against your own.

›Warm breath gently brushing against the arm you had running under her neck.

›The faint and steady beat of her heart in her chest.

›You wanted more moments like this.

›It wasn't without a downside though.

›You were stuck in this bed until she woke up, and you had to poop.

›Maybe if you just shifted your body like this...

›Alright, and now just have to tow out your arm...

›Steady as she goes Captain.

›Success!

›Your arm was free from captivity, but the movement had stirred the sleeping mare from her sleep, who gave a soft whine as your bodies separated.

›Leaning down, you brushed her mane away from her face and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

"Don't worry, I'll be back. Go back to sleep princess."

›You ninja'd your way to the bathroom, your eyes adjusting to the darkness as you went.

›By now, you were used to getting up before the sun again; it reminded you of the military life.

›Finally, the royal latrine.

›POny bathrooms were still pretty awkward to used, the toilets were often built into the ground since pOnies often sat on their haunches when they relieved themselves.

›In turn, you were forced to sit on the ground to relieve yourself, the tile floors numbing your cheeks in seconds.

›With business concluded, you silently made your way back to bed, where a pair of luminous light blue eyes was staring over at you.

➤A faint light shown from her horn, lighting the room in a soft glow and allowing you to safely move through the room and back to the bed.

➤Between the cute and tired look on Luna's face, and her bed-mane sending it every which way, you couldn't help but audibly d'aww.

➤"Morning, did you enjoy last night?"

"Of course I did. We should do it more often."

➤You reached over to the wall, slowly un dimming the lights to check for the time.

➤0630, sunrise usually took place in 30 minutes.

"Are you going to try and lower the moon today?"

➤Luna nodded, "I want to take back control over the night as soon as I can."

"In that case, I'll see you later. I think I'm going to go for a jog."

➤"Be careful." Luna smiled, floating over from her bed, laying her fore legs over your shoulders as you slipped on your pants.

"Hey, you know me-"

➤"That's why I said be careful."

➤The two of you shared a laugh, and you made your way to your room for the set of PT's you had made.

➤Luna walked along side you until you passed the garden, where she broke off to meet with Celestia.

➤With a grey shirt, black shorts, and your combat boots since you lacked a pair of proper running shoes still, you made your way to the castle's perimeter wall, and began your normal route along the inside.

➤You hated running in the cold night air, you were always more of an evening runner, so you decided on a little cadence for a motivational boost.

"One mile - No Sweat"

"Two mile - Better yet"

"Three miles - Gotta run"

"Four miles - Just for fun"

"Come on - Let's go"

"We can go - Through the snow"

"We can run - To the sun"

"We train - In the rain"

"A-I"

"R-B"

"O-R"

"N-E"

"Can you be - Like me?"

"Airborne - Infantry"

"Hoo-ah!"

>You stopped at the sound of clopping behind you.

>Wait.

>No. That was clapping.

>You halted in your tracks and looked behind you.

>In the shadows, you could make out a long, slithering figure, it's out line you knew all too well.

>"I didn't take you for a singer Anonymous, very good." That voice confirmed it.

"Discord. Alright, I'm stumped. I haven't destroyed your statue, so how are you here?"

>"Must you always be so straight forward and to the point Anonymous? Here, have a drink. You look thirsty."

>A glass of chocolate milk appeared in your hand out of thin air.

"Sorry, but my mother told me not to take things from strangers."

>Discord frowned, and began circling you like a predator eyeing its prey.

>"Am I a stranger though? I thought we could be friends. I did help you save your fair maiden, your damsel in distress, did I not? Or have you forgotten about that?"

"I didn't forget, I just don't think helping a demon out of Tartarus is a good idea."

>"Well neither did I, but look at you? Acting all chivalrous with Luna, despite us both knowing your past."

"A past I've atoned for, I did my time in hell."

>"And so have I! I'm a changed man, Anon! May I call you Anon?"

>The two of you looked over into the sky as the sun began to rise over the mountains.

>"Remember our deal Anonymous. Even if you don't fulfill it, I'll still escape, and there won't be a thing you can do about it."

"So then what's the point in me helping you if you're going to escape anyway?"

>Discord's body slowly slithered around you in the air, as if he was about to constrict you, pausing only to whisper in your ear.

>"Because we had a deal. And if you don't keep it, I can't guarantee something won't happen to..." Discord drew closer, emphasizing his words. "Everything. You. Love."

>You glared over at the creature, meeting his yellow and red eyes as he slowly slithered away with the disappearing shadows.

"You wouldn't hurt them. Not even you would stoop that low."

>"Your right Anon, but chaos can be a very... chaotic thing. Take care now."

>The last of the shadows were swept away as the sun rose higher into the sky, taking Discord along with them

>You stood there a moment, contemplating your encounter, before deciding to keep along with your jog.

>At this point, you weren't sure if you were going crazy, or Discord was really ending you these messages.

>After all, if he hadn't escaped yet, how could he talk to you?  
 >Yeah, that made sense.  
 >You were just seeing things, something must be stressing you out, you just couldn't put a finger on it.  
 >But if that was the case... why were you still holding a glass of chocolate milk?  
 >You quickly tossed it aside and jogged back to the castle.  
 >You needed a shower, and to go to your thinking place.  
 >Lucky for you they were the same thing.  
 >As you jogged up the stairs, humming the tune to "Gonna Fly Now" Luna swept down from the sky, landing at the top of the stairs.  
 >"I did it!" Her face beamed with pride.  
 "Did it? Oh the moon? Good job Luna."  
 >You paused at the top of the stairs, bending over to catch your breath.  
 >Aint no air down there, straighten up!  
 >Fuck you brain, who made you a Dill Sergeant?  
 >Regardless, you straightened up, slowing your breaths as Luna watched you curiously.  
 >"I will never understand why you insist on putting your body under this kind of stress."  
 "Old habits die hard I guess."  
 >Luna shook her head with a smile, "Join me for breakfast?"  
 "I'd love to, let me get a shower first? I'll stink up the entire dining hall if I don't wash this sweat off."  
 >Luna nodded, turning to walk along side you, though keeping her head slightly ahead of you  
 >You must stink pretty bad already, but at least Luna had the courtesy not to point out the obvious.

‣You stepped into your room with Luna who waited patiently on the bed as you stripped off the sweaty clothes and brought the fresh ones into the latrine.

‣As you stepped into the steaming shower, your mind instantly went back to your encounter of the day.

‣Was it real life?

‣Or just fantasy?

‣Brain this is not a Disney movie.

‣But...

‣We are not breaking out into song, you know damn well I can't sing and Luna is in the next room.

‣Well you're no fun at all.

‣Fuck you too.

‣There was a loud knock at your door, bringing you from your thoughts.

‣"I thought guards took quick showers! Hurry up!"

‣You couldn't help but chuckle, you'd been in here probably ten minutes already.

‣You hit the turbo boost, washing up quickly and toweling off, getting most of the moisture off your body and dressing quickly.

‣Stepping outside, Luna was waiting impatiently for you by the door and the two of you made your way to the dining hall.

‣With you in tow, Luna totted down the hall, often looking back and waiting for you to catch back up before trotting ahead again.

‣In the dining hall, Luna happily ate her breakfast, a bit quicker than her normal regal self allowed.

‣Who were you kidding, Luna never did care for the royal attitude, being more of a light hearted prankster.

‣At least, that was the Luna you knew. Not to say she couldn't be serious when she needed, now just wasn't one of those times.



>As for you, you ate slower for a change, your mind still on Discord.

>"Something on your mind? You normally don't take this long."

"Ask me later."

>"More dreams?"

"No, something worse. Again, we should discuss this later, in a more private setting."

>"I see..."

>You really knew how to be a buzz kill to Luna's good moods.

"Don't worry about it actually. I'm sure I'm just... letting nerves get to me."

>Luna didn't look convinced, but dropped the subject regardless.

>When you returned to your room, Luna stayed with you, closing the door behind her.

>"Tell me what's wrong."

"It's nothing. Like you said yesterday, just nerves."

>"I don't believe you. Seeing Discord in your dreams is bad. You said that this was worse. The only thing I can think of being worse is seeing Discord in the flesh."

>There was a very long pause as Luna awaited a response, then growing restless.

>"You didn't see Discord in the flesh did you? Has he escaped?"

"Would his statue disappear if he did?"

>"I... I think so."

"Then when he does, I think we'll know."

>"If, not when, right?"

"No... I think he's going to come out one way or another, whether I help him or not."

>"So then he doesn't need your help. And we can prepare for his return until then."

"It's not that simple..."

➤More silence, Luna laid her neck over your shoulder in a pOny hug, in hopes to open you up. "Talk to me Anonymous."

"I don't think I should elaborate any more than I have so far. I don't want you to worry."

➤"I'm already worried Anon. But I'll leave you alone. I have things to do."

"Take care Luna."

➤You ran a hand along her neck, stoking her soft fur, then watched as she walked out the door.

"I'll be damned if some freak monster is going to harm you."

➤Eleven months. Almost an entire year since you arrived in Equestria.

➤About one months since you encountered Discord on your jog, though he continued to make appearances in your dreams from time to time.

➤You walked outside, looking up at the purple sky.

➤Purple?

➤Right, some royal wedding involving some princess you had never met.

➤In the courtyard and throughout the city, there had to be a thousand guards in their golden armor on patrol right now.

➤Oddly enough, it was hearts and hooves day as well; something about Princess Cadenza or whatever her name was being the embodiment of love.

➤Luna had something planned, but she wouldn't give you clues as to what.

➤There was a knock at your door, and Luna bust in before you could even give an answer.

➤"Are you ready Anonipuss?"

"Dafuq?"

➤"How about Anonypoo?"

"No. Just. No."

›Luna looked a little disheartened at her failed petname for you, but smiled as you ran a hand through her mane.

"Anon is just fine Luna. Or is it Lunypoo?"

›Luna gave you a playful glare, jabbing you gut with her fore hoof.

"Alright alright! No need to get mean Luna. You still never told me where we're going."

›"It's a place outside of the city. Did you pack everything you may need for a day in that saddle bag?"

"Yeah, but what-"

›"Good, now undress."

"Say wha-?"

›"Undress. Unless you don't care for your clothes to be ripped off."

"You should at least kiss me first."

›Luna leaned over, planting a kiss on your lips for a second, and then pulled away. "There, happy? Now get undressed."

›You undressed, wondering where Luna was getting this sudden sense of... you didn't even know what to call it. Lunaughtyness?

›Tossing aside your clothes, you looked over at Luna, who had her nose in a book, her horn glowing softly.

"I'm lost, first you make me take my clothes off, and now you're reading while I freeze my balls off."

›"Be patient Anon. This is going to be fun."

"What in Tartarus is that book anyway? Kama sutra for pOnies?"

›Luna looked up at you, not entirely sure what you meant by that, and cast the book aside, her horn glowing brightly.

›Sexytime now?

›Which ever part of me said that, I don't know, go to yellow alert.

‣Luna's horn grew brighter by the second, eventually making it impossible to look at directly.

‣A small bolt of magic leapt from her horn, striking you in the chest.

‣Your entire body tingled like you just stuck a butter knife in an electric socket, your muscles spasmed every which way.

‣White light overtook your vision, and you felt your body collapse to the ground below you.

‣"Anon... Anonnnnn. Ah good your up. I hope that didn't hurt too much."

"My aching head... what the hell."

‣In front of you, was a hoof?

‣Two hooves.

‣You stood up, stumbling over to the latrine to get a good look in the mirror.

‣Suddenly, you cannot into walking.

‣You fell, pace planting into the ground.

‣You heard Luna chuckle from behind you, levitating the mirror off the wall and into the bed room for you.

‣"Was this what you were going for?"

‣You looked in the mirror, almost losing your shit right then and there.

‣Horn, four legs, wings, body of a pOny.

"I'M A BUCKING ALICORN!"

‣Your hair color was now your mane color, your coat somewhat resembled your skin color, and your eyes had remained unchanged.

‣"And a handsome one at that." Luna came up beside you, nuzzling against your neck. "It's only temporary, but I wanted to take you someplace special, and I don't think I can lift you just yet."

"So, you aren't just tired of being around a hairless monkey are you?"

‣"No, I would have turned into a human myself, except I have no idea what a female human looks like."

"Hmm..."

‣You focused on a nearby vase, in attempts to move it with magic.

‣Your new found horn fizzled with magic, but other than that, nothing.

‣"Magic takes years to develop Anon. Let's just hope you can figure out flying before the spell wears off."

"And how long is that?"

‣"One day."

‣You looked down at Luna, who looked back up at you.

‣If you had to guess, you were about as tall as Celestia right now.

"Well then, I guess you better give me a crash course in flying."

‣"Let's hope you don't do too much crashing, come on, the garden shouldn't have too many pOnies in it with all the preparations for the wedding underway."

‣The two of you made your way, quite slowly considering you cannot into walking on four legs or two legs right now.

‣Confound these hooves, they drive me to-OHSHIT!

‣Another faceplant, followed by more of Luna's laughter.

‣She walked a bit ahead of you, flicking her tail playfully.

‣You got back to your feet, er... hooves, and unsteadily walked on, attempting to catch up with the princess.

"You're enjoying this aren't you?"

‣"Maybe a little. You're like a giant colt trying to learn how to walk." She giggled, stopping at the door, looking over at you.

‣"A chivalrous stallion would open the door for his mare."

‣You looked at the door and back down at your hooves, contemplating just how in Equestria this was supposed to work.

‣Maybe you could just, push down on the handle. Now how to pull it open...

›Damnit it slipped.

›Try magic again? [Y/N]

›[Y]

›Magic.exe has failed to start.

›Well fuck me.

›Luna giggled some more, opening the door with her magic and stepping through after you.

"I would have got it eventually."

›"I'm sure Anonymous. But we only have a day, and at the rate you were going, we wouldn't get through the door until I brought out the moon."

"Yeah yeah. Alright, what's lesson one?"

›"Taking off."

"I should of guessed. Right... Here goes nothing."

›You struggled at first, the foreign body was difficult to figure out.

›You tensed every muscle up in efforts to find the right nerve leading to your wings, finding them after few minutes.

›You pushed off the ground with your four legs and beat your wings furiously, launching a lot higher than you intended to go.

"WHOASHITTOOHIGHTOOHIGH!"

›You were a good 50 feet in the air when you finally slowed your beating wings, causing you to plummet another 30 feet until you managed to flap you wings faster, bringing you back up high into the air.

›Down below, Luna was rolling. Literally. Rolling on the ground from laughing so hard.

"And I thought Battlefield 3 helicopters were hard to fly."

›You continued your ascending and descending shenanigans until you finally found the right frequency to somewhat hover.

›"Good job Anon, that's lesson two."

›Luna had managed to pick herself up off the ground and fluttered up to meet you in the air.

"Lovely, what's lesson three?"

›she only smiled, launching herself forward.

›Great, lesson three must be chasing her. The only question was how to approach this.

›Well, you could hover. Helicopters hovered. So if you tilted forward like a helicopter, theoretically...

›You did your best to do just that, lowering your head and bringing your hind legs up into your body.

›Your reward consisted of moving forward about three feet before coming to rest.

›Luna swept around, stopping beside you. "Having problems?"

"You could say I'm stuck flapping my wings..."

›"Afraid of a little fall? Just stop flapping up and down, and go from front to back. Like this!"

›Luna shot off again, leaving you alone in the air.

"Alright Anon, you used to jump out of fucking airplanes. You got this."

›With one big flap, you shoved yourself up to compensate for any fall, and then angled your wings to flap from front to back as Luna said, shooting forward.

"ALRIGHT!"

›In your excitement, you forgot to keep flapping, sending you into a nosedive.

"SHIT!"

›Flapping your wings, you managed to pull up by the grace of nipples, skimming only a few feet from the ground and shooting back up into the air.

›The speed, the wind in your face. You hadn't felt this sensation in a long time. Not sense you went on motorcycle rides back home.

➤Add the weightlessness of flying, and this was truly a unique sensation.

➤You shot into the air and circled the castle, your wings stretched out to sustain a glide as you looked for any sign of Luna.

➤"Looking for me?"

➤There she was, somehow she snuck up on you to the outside of your circle.

"Maybe, what's next?"

➤Luna grinned. "Keep up." She raced ahead, leaving you to beat your wings furiously in order to keep up.

➤She was making straight shot to the mountains behind Canterlot.

➤There was no way you were going to let some princess out fly you, even if you did just get your wings.

➤You had the speed, but as she passed through the force field and arced over the mountains, she twisted her body, going into a nose dive.

➤No way were you prepared for a high level maneuver like that, so you simply went straight over the mountains

➤Looking down, you made out a dark blue blur gliding through a long canyon.

➤You tilted your body, circling around until you were headed in the right direction, flying above the canyon.

➤Between having larger wings thrusting you forward and the slightly downward slope you were traveling, it took no time at all to catch up with the princess.

"How am I doing?"

➤Luna looked back at you in surprise. "At this rate you should try out for the Wonderbolts!"

➤Before you could reply, Luna beat her wings and shoved ahead, racing through the wide canyon ahead of you and around a corner.



>You followed suit, nearly crashing into the far side of the canyon.

>Apparently you cannot into sharp turns yet either.

>Luna landed on a small secluded green area, surrounded by cliffs on all sides with the exception of one that dropped off into a large lake below you.

>Then it hit you. You had no brakes.

"LUNA HOW THE BUCK TO I LAND THIS THING?!"

>You soared past her, frantically trying to flap your wings in reverse to no avail.

>You dug your hooves into the ground, skidding into the bushes and trees at the edge of the small clearing and toppling over behind them.

>Luna rushed over, looking over the bushes at you as you slowly got to your hooves.

"Perhaps next time, you should tell me how to stop before racing me."

>Luna giggled, seeing that all that was hurt was your pride and made her way to her dropped saddle bag, magicing a cloth and some lunch out for the two of you.

>You walked over to her, a bit unsteady still, but managing to keep on all fours, and sat next to her.

>"I love it out here. Far enough from the city to cancel out any light from Canterlot, yet not that far of a fly. And the view is amazing , wouldn't you agree?"

>You stayed silent, looking out across the pristine lake and forest surrounding it, before looking over at Luna.

"Yeah, it is beautiful up here."

~~~~~  
~~~~~

›Daisy sandwiches were never your favorite pOny meal, but now it seemed alright to you.

›Maybe being a pOny changed your taste buds.

›Either way, with dinner out of the way, you were left to watch as the sun was lowered into the hoizon, bathing the sky in a range of purples, oranges, reds, and blues.

›You and Luna lay on the ground next to each other, this time it was your turn to put a wing over her, blanketing her in feathery goodness.

›Her horn glowed brightly, bringing the moon across the sky so that it halted right in front of you both, bathing the two of you in soft moonlight.

›"You surprised me today Anon."

"How so?"

›"Well, most Unicorns and Earth pOnies are afraid of heights. Seeing as you aren't born with wings... I just assumed."

›You didn't let her finish her sentence before starting to laugh.

"I used to be afraid, and I still kind of am. But I mostly got over my fear a few years ago during airborne training."

›"Airborne?"

"Oh right... See, humans have these flying machines, called airplanes. Basically a giant metal bird we can pilot. Well, soon after they were invented, we adapted them for war."

›"So, you piloted these... planes?"

"No, I jumped out of them."

›Well that surprised her. "But, if you don't have wings..."

"Another invention we have, parachutes. Originally it was made in case the plane stopped working. It had a canopy that deployed above us, slowing us down by catching air. Kind of like flaring your wings helps you slow down."

›"So your job was to jump out of nonfunctioning planes?"

"No, I jumped out of perfectly good planes."

>"Why in Equestria would you do that?"

"It beat walking to the enemy."

>"I see. Surely it wasn't THAT high of a fall. I can't imagine a simple piece of fabric slowing you down that much."

"No, we usually jumped from thousands of meters in the sky."

>"Wow. That must have been..."

"Terrifying."

>Another small laugh. "No wonder you weren't afraid to fly."

"Oh I was. I just didn't want you to know at the time."

>"Are you still afraid?"

"Nah..."

>"Lies!"

"Are not!"

>"Prove it!"

"How?"

>Luna stopped, thought a moment, and grinned. "Tag, you're it!"

>Luna raced off toward the cliff and took off before you could even get on your hooves.

"Oh it's on like Donkey Kong now!"

>You rushed to the cliff edge, flapping your wings to get an added speed boost as you leapt into the cold night air, in hot pursuit of Luna.

>You had bigger wings, giving you more speed, while Luna had much more control over her flight path.

>The battle of the Mig-17 and F-4 Phantom all over again.

>You closed in on Luna who expertly rolled away right before you could make contact with her wing.

"Hold still you!"

‣You banked as hard as you could to turn to intercept her flight path.

‣Fuck this was hard, good thing you didn't join the Air Force.

‣Despite being cooped up in the castle most of her time, Luna proved to be a precise and elegant flier, sweeping low and tracing a wing along the lake surface.

‣Not to be outdone, you banked hard to the left and flared your wings, then flapping them harder as you came out of your turn, gaining ground on Luna.

"You're mine Princess!"

‣Luna cranked her head around, her eyes wide seeing you so close out of a turn, and closing fast.

‣You were maybe 20 feet from Luna, closing roughly a foot every second.

‣Soon it was 15 feet.

‣Then 12

‣10

‣Where the fuck did she just go?

‣You cranked your head around, looking behind at the dark blue pOny flaring her wings to slow down and let you pass only inches from her.

‣Hey, watch the road.

‣There is no road brain.

‣Not the point there flyboy.

‣You looked forward just in time to get a face full of trees, bushes and shrubberies as you crashed into the edge of the forest.

‣Your body slid along the ground, bouncing off roots, rocks and other miscellaneous items, coming to a rest in a small clearing.

‣"Anon! Are you alright?!"

"Owwwwwww"

>You cracked open an eyelid, looking up at Luna as she landed next to you.

>"I'm so sorry!"

"It's ok..."

>You mumbled, a small smile spreading across your face.

>"What did you say Anon?" Luna leaned closer,

"I said... GOTCHA!"

>You sprang in the air with your wings, tackling Luna to the ground and rolled around for a few moments before coming to a stop on your back with Luna on top of you.

>"Seems... I have you... Anonymous." Luna was breathing pretty heavy, her light blue mane falling from her and around your face

"Well this didn't go according to plan it seems."

>"As if you actually planned to do that." Luna drew closer, her heavy breathing wrapped around your face along with her hair.

>Compared to the cool night air, her body felt hot as it pressed against your own, as she leaned down in for a kiss.

[spoiler]and we fade to black[/spoiler]

[spoiler]see what I did there?[/spoiler]

>You watched as the mare next to you sent stars shooting across the sky, streaking against the back canopy up above.

>The two of you were laying next to each other, your wings draped over the others body.

>A small yawn escaped her mouth, her body worn out from all of the physical activity today.

>Truth be told, you had a feeling you were going to feel pretty sore tomorrow, if not from flying around so much, from your two crash landings.

>Luna brought her gaze down from the sky, nuzzling against your elongated neck before lying her head down

›You clumsily fumbled around with the metal clasp on Luna's bag, in efforts to get the other blanket so neither of you would be cold.

›Damn this would be so much easier with magic.

›You gave magic another try, this time being rewarded with a faint aura wrapping around the bag and pulling the blanket out.

›How the hell were you doing this?

›The blanket moved on its own, and over on top of you both, laying perfectly on your bodies.

›"Was that what you were trying to do Anon?"

"Aw come on. I had my hopes up I used magic."

›Luna chuckled, leaning up momentarily to plant a soft kiss on your cheek.

›"Good night Anonymous, see you in the morning. Love you."

"Love you too Luna, good night."

›You laid your head down similar to Luna and closed your eyes, sleep embracing your tired alicorn body quickly.

›No tears, no dreams, no jimmies rustling at multiple times the speed of sound. Just good plain old sleep

›"Anonnnnn... Wake up Anon."

›A soothing, male voice called out to you, gently waking you from your sleep.

›"Come on Anon, today is a big day. Up! Up!"

"I don't want to do PT today sergeant. I want to stay in the barracks and bake cookies with you."

›"As nice as that sounds Anonymous, I'm afraid I'll have to decline. Chocolate milk?"

›Your eyes snapped open, your wings flared, and you leapt to all four hooves, bringing Luna out of her own sleep in a start.

"Discord!"

›"Discord?" Luna echoed in confusion.

›"In the flesh! Say Anonymous, did you do something with your hair? Or lose some weight? You look a bit different."

"What are you doing here?"

›"Oh don't worry; I just thought you should know I no longer require your services."

›"Explain yourself Discord, before I send you back to Tartarus myself!"

›"Please Princess, this is a private conversation between myself and Anonymous. So... zip it."

›Discord snapped his talons, literally zipping Luna's mouth shut.

›"Besides, we all know you haven't remastered many of your spells, the one banishing me to Tartarus included."

"I swear if you don't dispel that I will BUCK YOU UP!"

›"Anonymous, do you take me for a fool? You can't out fly a namby pamby princess, or use any magic for that matter. And your walking abilities rival that of a young colt."

›Fuck, he had you there. Still, you always seemed to have an ace up your sleeves in a time like this..."

›"Looking for these?" Discord poofed up four small pieces of paper, showing you four aces in his hand, then igniting them in a flame.

"What the buck? How... This is all a dream. That's the only possible explanation."

›Just as Discord heard those words, he disappeared into smoke, reappeared in front of you, grabbing your horn tightly in his eagle talon.

›"Real enough for you?"

›Pain lanced through your body, every muscle seemed to go into lockdown.

›Luna came to your rescue, rearing up on her hind legs and jabbing a pair of hooves into Discord's face, driving him away.

›Now it was your turn, and you charged at Discord as fast as your new found hooves could carry you.

›He was toying with you, calmly standing in place then disappearing into smoke at the last moment.

›Luna took to the air in an attempt to flank him, but ultimately had the same luck as you.

›Discord kept up his shenanigans, disappearing just before you or Luna made contact with his body, reappearing somewhere else in the air.

›Banking like a WWII pilot going in in for a strafing run, you dove at Discord who disappeared yet again with ease.

›But what made your eyes wide was the fact that it wasn't open air on the other side of him

›Instead, you collided head on with Luna, sending you both tumbling to the ground.

›"Do I have your attention now?"

›You struggled to your hooves, looking over at Luna who managed to flare her wings during the fall, escaping serious injury.

›"I mean, I'm just trying to be friendly, letting you know our contract is void, that now that I'm back you should be on your toes, though it seems you traded those in for hooves... Oh, and Canterlot is under attack."

›Luna struggled to yell something, to which Discord snapped his fingers, allowing her to speak.

›"Tis a lie! Shining Armor's spell is impenetrable!"

›"Every defense is "impenetrable". Until it's penetrated. And guess what just happened?"

"Luna! Listen..."



➤It was faint, but far away, you could hear the faint screams of ponies, explosions, sounds of combat that you had long tried to forget.

"We need to head to Canterlot now!"

➤"No! We need to capture Discord, he's the one that orchestrated the attack, he's simply trying to trick us."

"Luna, neither of us are in any condition to take on a sorcerer of chaos, if you haven't noticed, we're getting our flanks handed to us on fine china on silver platters."

➤"We need to try!"

"We did! Now let's go fight where it matters, we can fight Discord another day. Canterlot needs all the help it can get!"

➤Luna glared up at Discord, who was patiently waiting on the two of you to make a decision.

➤"Fine, let's go."

➤The two of you raced off the cliff side, taking to the air and began to make your way to Canterlot.

➤"Take care you love birds! See you soon!" Discord called out, as if the two of you were about to go on some elaborate cruise.

"What do you think he's attacking Canterlot with, demons from Tartarus?"

➤"I sure hope not, I've seen enough of those wretched things."

"I know what you mean."

➤"Anon, I'm sorry."

"Luna it's fine, there's no way we can defeat Discord on our own, especially like we are-"

➤"Not about that, but for doubting you. I was beginning to think you had gone mad."

"Honestly, so was I."

➤Having to fly with all of the injuries you sustained made progress slow for the both of you, but soon the two of you arched

over the mountain summit, and dove into the thickest mob of black creatures you could find.

"DEATH FROM ABOVE!"

‣you shouted your war cry as you swooped down a clogged street, turning your body into a bowling ball.

‣Guards looked over in confusion at the new alicorn standing before them.

‣Luna landed next to them, which seemed to snap them out of their daze and boost moral around them.

‣As for you, you were beginning to realize how badly you could not into pOny on pOny like creature combat.

‣The "changelings" as you heard someone shout, swarmed around you like the insect pOnies they appeared to be.

‣Luna looked over just in time to see ten or twelve of the creatures pile onto you, digging their claws and teeth into you.

‣"Anon!"

‣She began to rush over to help, only to see the creatures flung off of you in stages.

‣First, you kicked up on your hind legs, losing one.

‣Next you shot out your forelegs, kicking another couple off.

‣Placing yourself on your fore legs, you double kicked your hind legs, losing a few more.

‣Next, you popped out your wings, leaving a sole changeling clutching to your back.

‣Finally, you bucked wildly in place like a rodeo horse, sending the last one for a wild ride.

"I'M A BUCKING BRONCO! RANGERS LEAD THE WAY!"

‣The final changeling flew off, just as your body began to glow white, blinding everything around you.

‣When the light faded, you found yourself on the ground, naked as could be.

"Well fuck me I guess I just digivolved."

>You crawled to your feet, towering over the nearby changelings that looked up at you in wonder.

>Several of them suddenly transformed around you, turning into... well. You.

"So that's why you all are called changelings! That makes sense."

>They each stood on their hind legs, making their advance toward you, each one losing their balance in unison and toppling over on each other.

>Awesome, changelings can't into bipedal walking.

>You grabbed the nearest creature by its hind legs, spinning it round and round, using it against its own kind as a blunt weapon.

>You released it after a few rotations, sending it hurdling into its companions, knocking them over like bowling pins.

>Despite all of this, you soon found yourself back to back with several guards and Luna.

>"There's too many of them!" one guard shouted.

"You don't say?"

>Just then, a massive shockwave filled the city, sending a purple bubble through it and shoving the creatures away, and out into the horizon.

"Wat."

>Your brain didn't even process the 'h'.

>"Captain must have managed to cast his barrier spell!"

"Wut."

>"Anon, you're bleeding, we should get you to the hospital."

"Yeah, I think you may be right about that."

>You gave a small laugh, looking at the numerous cuts and bite marks on your body.

‣Luna drew the attention of a chariot team, and helped you onto the chariot that rushed off as soon as you were on board, Luna flying alongside them.

‣The hospital was extremely busy already, badly wounded pOnies, guard and civilian alike were being rushed into emergency rooms all over.

‣The nurse in charge took one look at you, opened her mouth, paused, and closed it.

"Just bring me a lot of gauze, bandages, and something to disinfect my wounds. I can handle the rest."

‣The nurse only nodded, rushing off to get the things you asked for while Luna sat along side you.

‣"Why don't you let a doctor help you?"

"Look around Luna, there's a lot of pOnies here that need more attention than me."

‣"But your more..."

"Don't say important. No pOny here is less important than me."

‣"To me you are..."

"That's different. Besides, these wounds aren't that bad. There are just a lot of them."

‣"Still..." Luna paused as the nurse brought the things you asked for, several packs of gauze, bandages, medical tape, and a bottle of liquor.

‣"Sorry, we're running low on actual disinfectant, and we're saving it for the more critical patients."

"These will work fine ma'am, thank you."

‣You began situating all of your current wounds, soaking a piece of gauze and cleaning the wounds as you went, wincing with every drop.

›After you cleaned each cut, you applied the bandages to your chest wounds, while wrapping the one on your limbs in gauze tightly, making sure you didn't cut off circulation.

›"Is there anything I can do Anon?"

"Could you patch up my back?"

›She nodded, following the same process of soaking a fresh piece of gauze and wiping each wound on your back.

›Lucky you the wounds were small enough they didn't need stitches. You hated those things.

›"All done Anonymous. Here, I grabbed your bag. I think you have some clothes in there."

›Sure enough, you brought your boots, pants, and a t-shirt, all of which you quickly donned to keep Luna from staring at your wounds.

›Luna's personal chariot awaited both of you outside, whisking you away to the castle where Luna stayed by your side all the way to your bed, and even then stayed.

›Fireworks were going off in the distance, celebrating the new bride and groom, drawing Luna's attention.

"You should go, I'm sure you'd be missed if you didn't at least show up at the reception."

›"I doubt that, besides you-"

"All I need is some rest. Go, have some fun with the other pOnies. Tell me about it in the morning."

›"But-"

"No buts. Get your flank out there and have some fun."

›Luna could see arguing with you was pointless, leaned down and kissed you. "Fine, I'll check on you when I get back."

"Yeah, yeah. See you tomorrow Luna."

›Luna left the room, dimming the lights on her way out and took off to the party, landing beside the mane 6 and Celestia.

›"Hello everypony, did I miss anything?"

>You were stirred from your sleep the next morning from the noise Luna made upon nearly busting your door down.

>"Anonymous, wake up."

"What time is it?"

>"Time to get up. Celestia called a meeting about Discord and she wants you there!"

>Well your jimmies just went from 0-60 in the drop of piss.

"Why me? Does she think I had something to do with his release?"

>"I don't know Anonymous."

>Luna looked back, closing the door with her magic and continuing in English.

>"I think it would be best if we didn't tell her about you seeing Discord in your dreams, or making deals with him in Tartarus."

"That I think I agree to. What about the night before, when he attacked us?"

>"Possibly... it would probably help your case if she suspects you, knowing that you fought Discord."

"True..."

>"Just let me do the talking, hopefully nothing will come of this."

>You nodded in understanding, getting up out of bed, stretching your sore body.

>"How are your wounds?"

"Sore, a bit painful."

>Luna frowned, nuzzling against your neck.

"We should go before Celestia gets suspicious."

>With a nod, she led you out into the hall and to the throne room, a pair of Unicorn guards uncrossed their spears in front of you and opening the doors.

>Shining Armor and a few more Unicorn guards stood before Celestia who remained poised at her throne.

›"Nice of you to join us Anonymous." Shining Armor smiled, stepping aside for Luna and yourself.

›He was always a decent guy toward you, treating you fairly even when Celestia thought you were a demon.

›Turns out he was the p0ny who ordered the guards to bandage you upon your arrival from Tartarus.

"I apologize for being late; I forgot to set my alarm for this meeting."

›"This is not a time for your humor Anonymous. There is a serious threat to Equestria."

"Princess Luna has brought me up to speed on the situation. This... Discord."

›Luna interrupted you quickly, glaring at you. "I told him Discord escaped, and that he was chaos incarnate."

›Right, you were supposed to let her do the talking.

→"Yes... anyway, Discord has been an issue in my land for a very long time. Do you have any idea how he got out?"

›"Anon was with me all day yesterday and the night before, he had nothing to do with Discord's escape." Luna was already defending you, her voice sharp. Damn this mare would do anything for you.

›Celestia stared blankly at her sister, "Luna, I didn't say he did. And how do you know it didn't occur last night?"

›Luna's eyes widened, realizing she jumped to conclusions too soon. "Uh..."

"He attacked us both while we were outside of the city."

›"And you didn't stop him!?"

"We did our best, but he mopped the floor with us. We had to head to Canterlot to aid in its defense."

›Celestia narrowed her eyes, steeping down from her throne and meeting you at eye level. "How did you know Discord was evil?"

›Brain, need a solution, and now.

"I fought him in Tartarus."

>Nice work brain, that's a step above your normal work.

>"Why didn't you mention this before?"

"I didn't think it was necessary. He was stuck in Tartarus for all I knew."

>"Then why, did he come to you once he was released?"

"Maybe he wanted to get back at me. I don't know."

>"I see... I admit, I suspected you had something to do with this Anon. But I believe you."

>"So what's the plan, your highness?" Shining Armor turned to Celestia, awaiting his orders.

>"I know Discord, it doesn't matter what we do, whatever his plan is. He'll find a way to pull it off."

>"How do we plan a defense against something, when we don't know what the something is."

>There was a long silence, the three pOnies around you looking at each other in hopes the other would speak.

"You've defeated him before haven't you?"

>Now all eyes were on you, waiting on your proposal.

"Don't worry about stopping his plan. Just focus on stopping him; however you did it last time. Whatever he decides to do won't succeed without him. Keep the guard on its toes, ready to mobilize in a minutes notice."

>Silence returned to the room, Shining Armor looking back and forth between Princess Celestia and you.

>"I have to admit, I can't think of a plan that would work better against anything Discord throws at us."

>"Very well, I'll trust your judgment Captain. As for you Anonymous, I'm glad I asked you to this meeting."

"It didn't feel like I was really asked, being drug out of bed in the early morning."



‣Celestia ignored your comment, continuing. "I may keep you around as an advisor for the guard. Provided Captain is ok with it."

‣"I don't see the harm in it."

‣"Then I suppose this meeting is adjourned. Go about your business everypOny, and Anonymous."

‣You, Luna, and Shining Armor made your way out of the throne room, allowing Luna to exit first, being the gentlemen/colt you two were.

"By the way Captain, congratulations on the wedding. Sorry I couldn't make it."

‣"It's fine Anonymous, I heard you were in the hospital. How are you feeling?"

"A little scratched up, a bit bruised, but as we say where I come from, 'what doesn't kill me makes me stronger'."

‣"Interesting attitude." The two of you looked over to a impatient looking Luna, facing you both.

"I'll see you around Shining Armor."

‣You gave a crisp salute, and parted ways with him and approached Luna.

"Something on you mind, love?"

‣"Just wondering who you are, and what have you done with Anonymous. Are you a changeling?"

"I'm lost... what did I do?"

‣"You never speak that well, or that firm. But when you gave advice to the Captain and Celestia... you seemed to change. More of a leader than a guard."

"I guess I just felt that was more in my area of expertise. Now, I believe you owe me a story on how the party went last night."

‣Luna reared up on her hind legs, flapping her wings to hold herself steady and planted a small kiss, then turned to walk with you back to your room.

›The party had been fairly uneventful according to Luna, sounding a bit like a regular reception back on Earth.

"Sounds dull. I'm glad I didn't have to go."

›"And I'm annoyed you made me go." Luna softly prodded your ribcage with her hoof, watching as you sat back on your bed.

›You woke up in a start, unsticking your face from the wooden desk slowly.

›Despite feeling like hammered shit, you grabbed your list and headed to see Celestia to get it approved, being sure to fold up Luna's cloak and tuck it neatly under your arm.

›If you had to guess, it was probably around 0800 or 0900, you went to sleep pretty early.

›Luck had smiled upon you already, as you immediately came across the two princesses returning from the garden to swap the moon out for the sun.

›"Good morning Anonymous, sleep well?" Luna smiled, though kept her composure in front of her sister.

"I slept in a library with my head on a wooden table. But thank you for the cloak, I'm sure it helped me sleep."

›Luna magiced her cloak from your hand, placing it on her self.

"Celestia, I have the list of promotions ready, do you wish to see it?"

›"No Anonymous, I'm sure you chose the pOnies you thought best. You seem to have a knack for this stuff."

"Very well, I suppose I should get going. I need to track down these guards."

›delivering a crisp salute, you made your way into the court yard and over to the barracks.

›The guards inside were doing what any group of guards were doing on their down time.

›Sleeping, playing cards, just general bull shitting.

➤One guard looked up from the book he was reading his eyes going wide at the sight of you.

➤His mouth opened, but no words came out.

"What's the matter guard? Something on my shirt, or do you think I'm pretty?"

➤Your voice drew the attention of the other guards, who gave similar expressions.

➤"Sir, the captain's never came in here..."

"I'm not the captain. And I have good news for a hundred and ten of you. You're being promoted."

➤Looks of confusion, all around. "How are we going to have a hundred and ten captains?"

"I made some new ranks, none of you will be equal to Shining Armor. Ten will become Lieutenants, the rest Sergeants. This is a list of the pOnies being promoted, I want them all in a formation after lunch."

➤"Yes sir. I'll spread the word."

"What's your name?"

➤"Sherm, sir." You checked the list, confirming your suspicions.

"Congratulations. You've been promoted to Lieutenant."

➤you stuck the list to the wall with your knife you kept from Tartarus.

"I want my knife back Sherm"

➤"Yes sir."

➤You made your way out of the barracks, and went out to the city to check how the guards on duty were doing.

➤Didn't Luna want to talk to you about something?

➤It can wait brain, we got STD.

➤Wat.

➤Shit to do. You know that acronym brain.

➤Right...

‣You made your way through the city, searching for the guards on patrol already.

‣It was fairly easy right now, with breakfast already over, and it being too early for lunch, the guards were the majority of the presence on the street.

‣Well, they were even at the busiest of times it seemed, since they were all actively patrolling at once.

‣You mentioned the list in the barracks to each patrol you encountered, hoping to get every pOny present on one formation.

‣The bell tower rang, signaling noon.

‣The formation would be in an hour, and you had yet to eat.

‣At least you were close to Joe's donut shop, and you had a pocket full of bits.

‣You grabbed a donut from the shop, eating it as you walked back to the castle.

‣Just as you walked through the main gates of the castle grounds, a herd of guards ran toward the steps of the castle, rushing to formation.

‣Well, not so much of a formation, more like a cluster fuck.

‣You took a position on the steps, looking over the gaggle in disgust.

"Do you pOnies even know what a formation is? Give me five rows so I can figure out how many of you showed up."

‣You waited as the guards shuffled around until they formed a rectangular shape, 5 rows deep, 22 columns wide.

‣Time to math. That meant there was... holy fuck everyone was here. All 110.

"Alright, where is Sherm?"

‣Somewhere from the midst of the formation, you heard a lone voice sound off.

"Front and center."

➤Thankfully you didn't have to explain what you meant, and Sherm ran up to you.

"I want my knife and my list."

➤He drew both from a slot in his armor with his horn, handing both over to you.

➤You called out the names of the other nine officers, having each one come up alongside Sherm.

"As of now you ten are promoted to Lieutenant, second in command to Captain Shining Armor. Give these men some applause."

➤The rest of the formation stomped their fore hooves, waiting to be told the reason they were out here as well.

"The rest of you will be given the rank of Sergeant, a position which you will support your Lieutenant and act as a role model to other guards."

➤That seemed to go over pretty well.

"Lieutenants, what I need you to do now is pick ten sergeants to serve under your command. Try to pick ones that are already in your shift but realize that some of you will be reassigned to other shifts after tonight."

➤The ten of them nodded, and turned to the formation once they were dismissed to begin picking their NCO's

➤You watched what seemed to be similar to kids picking teams for a game of kickball, though a bit more dignified.

"Excellent, now make ten separate formations with your new companies."

➤More waiting as pOnies scurried about, forming into smaller rectangles.

➤The whole ordeal was making quite a sight, several weather pOnies, landscapers, and even Princess Celestia was looking down from her tower at the formations.

‣You went down the line, figuring out which shift each company would be assigned.

The way you figured, there was three 8 hour shifts, and ten companies.

‣2 for 1st, 2 for 2nd, 2 for 3rd. left four companies un-used.

‣Plus three extra companies for a new position you were going to create by tomorrow.

‣That gave a company a week off once every ten weeks.

‣Much better than the current schedule of four companies on duty during first and second shift respectively and two at night.

‣You explained the new schedule to the guards, and how it would rotate every week.

"One more thing before I let you return to whatever you were doing. Sergeants, choose ten guards to be placed under your command, and do your best to explain the changes about to take place. Keep it balanced between Unicorns and Pegasus if you can. Next formation will be..."

‣You paused a moment, thinking it over.

"Same time tomorrow, for only you all. Ensure you have a full company by then. Dismissed."

‣The formation broke apart, and the new found officers and NCO's returned to their day.

‣You laid back once more, letting your body rest and heal, your mind wandering to Shining Armor and Cadenza or whatever her name was.

‣Luna floated over you, laying on the bed next to you and looking over at you.

‣"Is something on your mind?"

"Somewhat."

‣"Do you want to talk about it?"

>You thought a moment, and looked over at Luna.

>You really loved her. More than any girl you had ever been with in your life.

>In either life for that matter, though Luna had been your only one in this life.

"Have... no. Maybe another time, but not now."

>"Are you sure?"

"Yeah, I'm sure."

>Luna stood, making her way toward the door. "Well, let me know if you change your mind. See you around Anon."

>It was a few days later, your wounds had done little to heal, but that didn't stop you from continuing some degree of PT.

>Today was another run day; 3 miles in your boots along the castle perimeter wall.

>You approached the steps of the castle, ready for a nice long shower that awaited you in your room.

>"Anonymous! Glad I caught you." Shining Armor walked over to you from the castle doors, a tired smile across his face.

"What can I do for you Captain?"

>"Heh, two stallions can't just stand around and talk?"

"They can, but we both know neither of us are that type of... stallion."

>"Got me there Anon. Listen, Cadence is a bit aggravated that we've been married almost a week now, and we haven't been able to go on our honeymoon. And you were a guard back home..."

"What in Equestria are you getting at Captain?"

>"Look, I need someone I trust to take command over the defense of Canterlot while I'm gone. After the other day in the throne room, I think it should be you."

"Look Captain I'm flattered, but part of being leader is being respected and somewhat liked among the guards."

➤"Come on Anon don't give me that. You went into Tartarus twice to save Princess Luna and a handful of other pOnies."

"Ok, so I did a few acts of heroism. I never had this many guards under my command."

➤"Come on Anon, I'll owe you one."

➤You paused, contemplating the offer.

"Tell you what; you owe me a favor and a bottle of Apple Whiskey. And I want the bottle before you go, because I have a feeling I'll need it."

➤"I'll drop it by your room tonight. You'll take command tomorrow at noon."

➤You snapped the Captain a salute, and made your way to your room.

➤What shenanigans were in store for you tomorrow?

➤Later that night, you heard a knock at your door, and you quickly opened it.

"Oh, Luna. Good evening."

➤"Expecting someone else Anon?"

"Yes actually, but come on in."

➤Luna walked in, collapsing on your bed in a sigh.

"Rough day?"

➤"Exhausting. Can I get a massage?"

➤You chuckled a little, watching as Luna shifted so that she was lying on her stomach instead of her side.

"I didn't say I was going to give you a massage."

➤"But Anonnnnnnnnn" Luna whined, looking back at you, a pouty expression on her face.

"Fine..."



›You smiled, walking over and placed your hands on Luna's backside, beginning to work her back muscles.

›Almost immediately you were rewarded with a soft sigh, before being interrupted by another knock at your door.

›You left Luna on the bed, opening the door.

›"Hey Anon, here's your Apple Whiskey."

"Thanks Captain. When's first formation tomorrow?"

›"Just be on the castle steps around 10."

"Anon? Who's at the doo- oh, hello Captain."

›Shining Armor's pupils went small, a small blush came across his face.

›"Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you."

"No worries Captain, you didn't disturb us. I'll see you tomorrow at 10."

›You closed the door, turning to the blushing Princess.

"What, it's not like everypony in the castle doesn't know we're together anyways."

›"I know, I guess I'm just not used to being seen here anymore, without a guard posted at your door and such."

"Come on, I still owe you a massage."

›Luna laid back down on the bed, allowing you to climb on her back and continue the massage.

›A few minutes passed by, little snores were escaping the Princess' throat making you silently d'aw.

›Snuggling up with your princess, you drifted off to sleep.

›You stretched your arms, feeling a sensation of warm mist wrap around your body along with weightlessness.

"Luna did you leave the door open? It feels drafty in here."

"You slowly opened your eyes, looking up into the clear blue sky."

›Sky?

›Where the fuck was your roof?

>Where the fuck was your bed?

>You looked down at the sheer 100 foot drop directly below you.

"WHOA HOLY SHIT!"

>You scrambled around in the air, desperately trying to grab onto something.

>Luna pulled you back to the balcony, setting you down before she lost her grip over you from laughing too hard.

"Not funny!"

>"You didn't... see... the look... on your face!"

>Fucking Trolluna.

>You walked back inside your room, grabbing your nicest outfit to wear to the changing of command ceremony.

>Golden armor it was not, but you were still going to dress your best at least for this day.

>After a small breakfast with Luna, and a quick lesson to figure out words such as platoon, company, and others you would potentially need, you set out to the main entrance of the castle

>Shining Armor would be meeting you soon, and there was no way you were going to be late on your first day of work.

>Shining was walking around amongst his guards when you stepped out, probably saying his goodbyes.

>You stood there a full minute before any of them noticed you, one of the guards nudging Shining Armor to get his attention.

>"Anonymous! You're early!"

"Better early than late. Anything I can help with right now?"

>"No thanks Anon, I should probably get out of here though."

"Isn't there a changing of command ceremony or something?"

>"Oh, right." Shining Armor climbed to the top of the stairs and looked over his guards before continuing.

‣"Everypony, Anonymous will be taking over command of the guard while I'm away. Show him respect and do as he says. They're all your Anon."

‣THAT was the changing of command ceremony?

‣He may as well call you a baby sitter with that.

‣Shining Armor trotted off into the castle, leaving you alone in front of a sea of golden armor.

"Uh, hi. Who's in charge here?"

‣There was a moment of silence, before a lone guard cocked his head in response. "You are sir."

"No, I mean, whose below me?"

‣"We all are."

‣Facepalm. This is going to be harder than you thought.

"What is your chain of command?"

‣"Captain Shining Armor, and then us."

‣Holy shit. Their chain of command consisted of two ranks?

"Alright then, just... Spread out in teams of three; cover the city as best you can. It seems I have my work cut out for me."

‣You withdrew back into the castle heading to the throne room as quickly as you could.

‣History in the making right here, the first time you ever came to Celestia without her summoning you first.

‣After a brief search of the castle, you found her sipping tea quietly in the garden, staring a hole through the spot where Discord's Statue usually sat.

"Princess, do you have a moment? I have some issues with the guards."

‣"Oh? Didn't you take command just an hour ago?"

"Not even that. Your guard has no chain of command, no usual tactic for defending the streets save for flooding them with their presence. The citizens will get worried if the patrols don't lessen up."

>"We can't afford to lower our defenses. I already dislike letting Shining Armor leave in a time like this."

"The guard can't continue to operate at full strength and then expect to be combat ready after long shifts that you've kept them on."

>Celestia glared at you. "I will not risk the safety of Canterlot."

"Celestia, just trust me on this. I want to reform the guard, make it more efficient, while easing the stress on the guards and ease the minds of the people."

>The princess returned her glare to the missing statue, turning over the thoughts of reforming the guard at a time like this.

>"Very well, but I want a daily report on what you've done, and what you plan to do the next day."

"Fair enough, can you promise full power to do what I need?"

>"As long as you can explain the reasoning to me."

"Very well."

>Celestia stopped you before you could turn to leave. "What's the first idea?"

"I need a list of every guard in Canterlot, and how long they've served."

>"Very well. There should be records in the library. What's this for?"

"Depending on the size of the guard-

>"A thousand. There are a thousand royal guards."

"I plan on promoting ten guards to officer positions, and-"

>"How is a guard supposed to function with that many leaders!?"

"Each officer will be in charge of a hundred guards, while Shining Armor will be in charge of those officers when he returns. I also plan on promoting a hundred to sergeant."

>"And what is... sergeant?"

"A non-commissioned officer... er..."

>Celestia didn't understand what that meant, and awaited a better explanation.

"Each officer will have ten sergeants under their command, who will help distribute orders to the ten guards under their command."

>"Is there a point to this?"

"It helps with organization, helps the flow of communication, and in case something was to happen to an officer or Shining Armor, there would still be a guard in charge to keep order."

>Celestia thought a moment, and then nodded her head. "Very well, you have my permission. You do realize you're only in command for a week?"

"All the more reason to get started."

>You gave a salute to Celestia, turned around and began to walk away.

>"Anon, what IS that gesture? You've done it so many times... I always wondered what it meant."

"A salute, where I come from its similar to bowing, a sign of respect to those in superior positions."

>"I see... Carry on Anonymous, good luck."

"Thank you Princess."

>Finding the files had been easy enough, with the help of the librarian.

>Even reading through them wasn't necessarily HARD.

>Just one royal pain in the ass.

>Three hundred personnel... pOnyennel? Whatever. You read three hundred of them so far, starting with Shining Armor as a basis to judge the others.

>So far, no pOny came even close to his record, his entry exam.  
 >As far as you could tell on paper, Shining Armor was a damn super soldier.

>A familiar sensation rubbed across your cheek as Luna nuzzled you from behind.

>"Anonymous, you've been in here all day. Maybe you should come out for some lunch. Take a break."

"I don't have time for breaks Luna. I still have seven hundred of these things to read, and then decide who I'm promoting."

>"Anything I can help with?"

"No, I think it'd be best if I left the entire decision to myself, rather than have two minds decide over the whole thing."

>"I see... I can bring you some lunch. You have to be hungry."

>Just as you were about to turn down Luna's offer, your stomach rumbled in protest, answering Luna's question for you.

"Something small and quick to eat. Nothing fancy."

>"Very well, I'll return soon."

>You went back to reading the files, marking each one with a score.

>Shining Armor being the standard, his file was labeled 10/10, while all around you sat piles of 5/10, 6/10, and one 7/10 that you considered for sergeant, or officer if there weren't enough 9/10 and 8/10.

>Luna came back shortly with an egg sandwich for you, which you scarfed down in minutes and resumed reading.

>"Do you have a minute? I need to talk to you about something."

"Can it wait until I'm finished Luna? I already have a lot on my mind."

>You didn't even look up to see the worried look on her face, keeping your nose buried in the folder in front of you.

>"It's somewhat important..."

"Later Luna. If I work quick I might get done by tonight, and then we can talk."

›"...Can I help?"

"We just discussed this not even an hour ago."

›"No, I could read to you. I read faster than you and it would give your eyes a rest."

"...That could help out a bit. Just read me their entrance exam scores, how long they've been in, and any comments."

›Luna nodded, picking up the first folder and looking through it, reading you the stats and then handing it to you for you to grade.

›She was right, this was going faster, though after a few hundred more folders, she too was struggling to concentrate.

›Luna looked up through the nearby by window, at the setting sun.

›"I need to go raise the moon, so the guards will have enough light to see."

›Shit, the guards... did they know when their shift ended, and did their replacements no when to take over?

"Do the guards have a set process for changing shifts?"

›Luna nodded. "Night guards are always on duty by the time the sun sets and until sun rise."

"That works... thank you for your help Luna."

›"You're welcome Anon, I'll bring you some dinner after I raise the moon."

›Luna trotted out of the library to attend to her duty, leaving you to read over the last hundred files alone.

›With a fresh set of eyes, you burned through the files relatively quick, leaving you with four 9/10 profiles, a fairly large stack of 8/10, maybe forty or so, and close to a hundred 7/10.

›All of which was in no particular order.

›On a scrap piece of paper, you quickly used the remainder of your ink to scratch down the names of the ten officers, picked from the 9/10s the first six 8/10 you came to.

›The remainder of the 8/10 along with a chunk of the 7/10 would be promoted to sergeant.

›So much reading... so much writing.

›Just rest your eyes a moment, before putting all of this crap up.

›Luna trotted back in, a bit later than either of you had anticipated, finding you fast asleep at the desk surrounded by mountains of paperwork.

›She placed a sandwich beside you on the table and draped her cloak over you as a blanket.

›She was getting stronger, but she lacked the strength to carry something as heavy as you still

›After placing the files back in their respective places, she left the library, leaving you to sleep.

›You woke up in a start, unsticking your face from the wooden desk slowly.

›Despite feeling like hammered shit, you grabbed your list and headed to see Celestia to get it approved, being sure to fold up Luna's cloak and tuck it neatly under your arm.

›If you had to guess, it was probably around 0800 or 0900, you went to sleep pretty early.

›Luck had smiled upon you already, as you immediately came across the two princesses returning from the garden to swap the moon out for the sun.

›"Good morning Anonymous, sleep well?" Luna smiled, though kept her composure in front of her sister.

"I slept in a library with my head on a wooden table. But thank you for the cloak, I'm sure it helped me sleep."

›Luna magiced her cloak from your hand, placing it on her self.



"Celestia, I have the list of promotions ready, do you wish to see it?"

➤"No Anonymous, I'm sure you chose the pOnies you thought best. You seem to have a knack for this stuff."

"Very well, I suppose I should get going. I need to track down these guards."

➤delivering a crisp salute, you made your way into the court yard and over to the barracks.

➤The guards inside were doing what any group of guards were doing on their down time.

➤Sleeping, playing cards, just general bull shitting.

➤One guard looked up from the book he was reading his eyes going wide at the sight of you.

➤His mouth opened, but no words came out.

"What's the matter guard? Something on my shirt, or do you think I'm pretty?"

➤Your voice drew the attention of the other guards, who gave similar expressions.

➤"Sir, the captain's never came in here..."

"I'm not the captain. And I have good news for a hundred and ten of you. You're being promoted."

➤Looks of confusion, all around. "How are we going to have a hundred and ten captains?"

"I made some new ranks, none of you will be equal to Shining Armor. Ten will become Lieutenants, the rest Sergeants. This is a list of the pOnies being promoted, I want them all in a formation after lunch."

➤"Yes sir. I'll spread the word."

"What's your name?"

➤"Sherm, sir." You checked the list, confirming your suspicions.

"Congratulations. You've been promoted to Lieutenant."

›you stuck the list to the wall with your knife you kept from Tartarus.

"I want my knife back Sherm"

›"Yes sir."

›You made your way out of the barracks, and went out to the city to check how the guards on duty were doing.

›Didn't Luna want to talk to you about something?

›It can wait brain, we got STD.

›Wat.

›Shit to do. You know that acronym brain.

›Right...

›You made your way through the city, searching for the guards on patrol already.

›It was fairly easy right now, with breakfast already over, and it being too early for lunch, the guards were the majority of the presence on the street.

›Well, they were even at the busiest of times it seemed, since they were all actively patrolling at once.

›You mentioned the list in the barracks to each patrol you encountered, hoping to get every pOny present on one formation.

›The bell tower rang, signaling noon.

›The formation would be in an hour, and you had yet to eat.

›At least you were close to Joe's donut shop, and you had a pocket full of bits.

›You grabbed a donut from the shop, eating it as you walked back to the castle.

›Just as you walked through the main gates of the castle grounds, a herd of guards ran toward the steps of the castle, rushing to formation.

›Well, not so much of a formation, more like a cluster fuck.

›You took a position on the steps, looking over the gaggle in disgust.

"Do you pOnies even know what a formation is? Give me five rows so I can figure out how many of you showed up."

›You waited as the guards shuffled around until they formed a rectangular shape, 5 rows deep, 22 columns wide.

›Time to math. That meant there was... holy fuck everyone was here. All 110.

"Alright, where is Sherm?"

›Somewhere from the midst of the formation, you heard a lone voice sound off.

"Front and center."

›Thankfully you didn't have to explain what you meant, and Sherm ran up to you.

"I want my knife and my list."

›He drew both from a slot in his armor with his horn, handing both over to you.

›You called out the names of the other nine officers, having each one come up alongside Sherm.

"As of now you ten are promoted to Lieutenant, second in command to Captain Shining Armor. Give these men some applause."

›The rest of the formation stomped their fore hooves, waiting to be told the reason they were out here as well.

"The rest of you will be given the rank of Sergeant, a position which you will support your Lieutenant and act as a role model to other guards."

›That seemed to go over pretty well.

"Lieutenants, what I need you to do now is pick ten sergeants to serve under your command. Try to pick ones that are already in your shift but realize that some of you will be reassigned to other shifts after tonight."

‣The ten of them nodded, and turned to the formation once they were dismissed to begin picking their NCO's

‣You watched what seemed to be similar to kids picking teams for a game of kickball, though a bit more dignified.

"Excellent, now make ten separate formations with your new companies."

‣More waiting as pOnies scurried about, forming into smaller rectangles.

‣The whole ordeal was making quite a sight, several weather pOnies, landscapers, and even Princess Celestia was looking down from her tower at the formations.

‣You went down the line, figuring out which shift each company would be assigned.

The way you figured, there was three 8 hour shifts, and ten companies.

‣2 for 1st, 2 for 2nd, 2 for 3rd. left four companies un-used.

‣Plus three extra companies for a new position you were going to create by tomorrow.

‣That gave a company a week off once every ten weeks.

‣Much better than the current schedule of four companies on duty during first and second shift respectively and two at night.

‣You explained the new schedule to the guards, and how it would rotate every week.

"One more thing before I let you return to whatever you were doing. Sergeants, choose ten guards to be placed under your command, and do your best to explain the changes about to take place. Keep it balanced between Unicorns and Pegasus if you can. Next formation will be..."

‣You paused a moment, thinking it over.

"Same time tomorrow, for only you all. Ensure you have a full company by then. Dismissed."

›The formation broke apart, and the new found officers and NCO's returned to their day.

›You went to your room for some peace and quiet so you could focus on your next task

›Figuring out how to train a company to become a QRF.

›Quick Reaction Force.

›As of now, the guards on patrol were merely just sentries; you didn't expect them to fend off an attack.

›Not for long at least.

›No, they would alert the QRF, which would consist of one company of chariots.

›The only question was if you should try and teach each company, or trust the NCO's to do it.

›You could just supervise, watch the training from a distance and step in when needed.

›That would make for some long days though.

›You were pulled from your thoughts by a knocking at your door.

"Who the hell could that be?"

›You made your way to the door, fully expecting Luna.

›It was Celestia.

"Oh. Hello Princess, I wasn't expecting you."

›"Yes, I just wanted to drop by and see how things are going with the guard. I noticed the rectangular things you made them do."

"Formations. It helps me know how many guards were there. Shows discipline as well. Do you want to come in? I hate to make you stand."

›"It's fine Anonymous, I won't take too much of your time. You seem to be very good at managing the guard."

"Thank you Princess."

›"I know it's all so sudden, but would you consider a permanent position as a member of the guard? Shining Armor could use the help."

"No, I'm done fighting."

›"You wouldn't need to fight, I could make you an advisor. You'd be doing what you're doing right now."

"Well..."

›"A training instructor perhaps? You have some unique skills you could teach the new recruits."

"Alright, I'll think about it. But I still reserve the right to say no."

›"All I ask is that you think on it for a bit. Take care Anonymous."

"You too Princess."

›You walked back to your desk, and began to think again.

›Great, now two big questions on your mind.

›How to train a QRF.

›And if you wanted to become a drill sergeant

›The easiest way for you would be to teach the leadership, and let them teach the soldiers below them.

›Plus it would help the guards bond with their superiors.

›As for the training instructor, you really didn't want that kind of job.

›You remembered how the drill sergeants in basic were up before you and went to bed after you.

›Do not want.

›Though it would be pretty fun...

›Just then Luna came in without knocking, making you fall back in the chair you had made.

"Hi Luna, come on in!"

›"Sorry, I just need to talk to you..."

"About what?"

›Ok, that may have come off a bit more sharp than you intended.

›Luna stopped in her tracks, a hurt look on her face.

›"Never mind, sorry I disturbed you..."

"Luna wai-"

›You didn't even finish your sentence before Luna went out the door, fighting back tears.

"What's her deal?"

›The rest of the day went along slowly, you were left to your thoughts with nothing to do but occasional check on the guards.

›What was getting to Luna? She never cried like that before, save for the time you hit her.

›Before you knew it, you drifted off to sleep in your bed, with day two of your command a rather big success.

›Day three of your week in command of the guard.

›So far you managed to organize them into companies, Alpha through Juliet.

›Promote ten company commanders

›Promote a hundred squad leaders.

›And today, you were going to teach them how to mount a proper QRF force.

›In front of you stood nine companies, lined up in ten separate formations that filled up the court yard.

›There was one company, Charlie Company, that stayed on guard at the edges of Canterlot, just in case of an attack.

›Fuck, public speaking was not your thing, and you had never even stood in front of this many people. O pOnies. Time to sound off like you got a pair.

"Can you hear me way out there?"

›The farthest company, Juliet, sounded off with a yes sir, signaling you to continue.

"Alright mares, today is going to be a busy day for all of us. Today we are all going to learn about something called a quick reaction force, and it's only going to take about an hour if everything goes along smoothly."

‣You continued on, explaining the schedule of the day, when each company was going to train, and for how long.

‣You were hoping for an hour for each company, but you allowed yourself two just in case.

‣Two hours per company, ten companies, meant twenty hours of training.

‣Yeah, definitely going to allow two days for this.

"Alpha company, you have exactly fifteen minutes to be at the chariot pool, once I release this formation. Bravo, I expect you be waiting outside before they leave. Dismissed."

‣Thousands of hooves stomped around as the companies went about their business, and you made your way to the chariot depot alongside the guards of Alpha Company.

"Alright, listen up because I'm only going to say this once per company. Gather around me so you can see."

‣With everypony gathered around you, you began the class.

‣It was pretty basic, how the whole process worked.

‣A unicorn near the city limits would send up an illumination spell, designating which general direction the possible threat was.

‣From that signal, the QRF would have a minute to mount up in the chariots and get in the air.

‣It seemed a bit difficult on paper, but when the drills started, and you started the stopwatch, it seemed down right impossible.

‣Ponies scrambled every which way, tripping over each other, running into other chariots.

"Whoa whoa whoa! Stop the madness! Alright listen up. Those of you closest to the chariots, quit being lazy and run to the farther



chariots. Unicorns, help the Pegasus get hooked up to the chariots.  
Try it again."

‣You started the timer again, watching the guards scramble around once more to their chariots.

‣More organized, but still slow.

‣You made them do it over.

‣And over

‣And over

‣You were right, after an hour and half of training, they finally had hooked up and climbed into the sky, circling the city and sweeping down into the staging area.

"About time, get out of here, get some rest."

‣YFW you had to do this nine more times.

‣Day 6 of your command.

‣Shining Armor was supposed to be back tomorrow.

‣Thank Celestia, Luna, and the hair of your ass, because you were sick of this job already.

‣Sure it was fun at times, but you were no Shining Armor.

‣He had a charismatic atmosphere, a good conversational partner when he wanted, and in front of the guard.

‣You kept a somewhat gruff attitude towards them, keeping conversations short and to the point.

‣Today, you took a walk through the city, mostly to try and relax, partly just to ensure the guards were doing ok.

‣How did SA do this shit everyday?

‣Ha, SA.

‣Sounds like esse.

‣Which was Spanish for something like friend or brother.

‣Fucking laugh brain.

‣Out to lunch, be back in 15 minutes.

‣Fuck you too.

>You reached the city outskirts, walking along checking on each of the guards.

>Far off to what you assumed to be north, you could make out a single black speck.

"Guard, can you tell me what's out there?"

>You raised a hand to shield your eyes from the sun, squinting to see what was approaching to no avail.

>"I can't make it out sir, but the rate its approaching, I think we'll know soon."

"Ready a spell, my jimmies are starting to rustle."

>"Sir?"

"Ready a spell guard, to alert the reaction force."

>The Unicorn's horn glowed brightly as he charged up a spell, holding it until you gave the order.

>Minutes went by, the black silhouette growing larger and larger.

"Send the spell."

>"Sir, how can you make out what that is from here?"

"Call it a hunch, but I think that's a dragon."

>"A dragon? How the buck are we going to take down a dragon?"

>His horn grew dim as his pupils shrank in fear, and he slowly backed away. You promptly snatched him by his armor.

>Time for motivational speeches, your specialty.

"Now listen up! You had your chance to be afraid before you joined the royal guard. But to guide back to the true path, I brought this motivational device!"

>You pointed to another unicorn, who shot a signal into the air

"Our big gold style, cannot be defeated!"

>Just as you finished, the QRF soared overhead, soaring head on at the dragon.

"Pegasus! Take flight! Show that dragon what it's made of!"

>Guards took to the skies in wake of the QRF, leaving you to rally the Unicorns around you.

>"Sir, what do we do if we're all the way out here?"

"Ready whatever the most powerful spell you have, and when or if it gets close enough, fire. Short, sweet, and simple. Just how I like my mares."

>A chariot landed alongside you, the Lieutenant of the QRF no doubt.

>Before he could even speak, you stepped inside the chariot.

"Lieutenant, you're in charge of this firing line, if that dragon comes in range, light it up."

>"Sir, you have no wings, you have no magic. What in Equestria are you doing?"

>He had a point, you didn't know what you were doing, but you drew your knife, showing it to him.

"Pegasi, fly me close, I want to hit him with my knife."

>The chariot shot off, into the sky, and toward the red dragon.

>Pegasi swarmed around it, kicking the random parts of its body in efforts to bring the dragon down.

>Flying alongside the dragon were chariots pulling unicorns, blasting the sides of it with magic bursts

>Brain: Dude, you're armed with a knife.

>Ah, brain, nice of you to wake up from your nap. Or were you at lunch?

>WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING YOU CRAZY BITCH

>Don't worry, I think I saw this in a movie once.

>WE ARE GOING TO DIE.

"Fly over top of the dragon!"

>The pegasi nodded, straining their wings to pull up ahead of the dragon

>Closer...

›Closer...

›When it looked safe, safe being a very relative term, you leapt from the back of the chariot, knife in hand.

›you pivoted in the air, bringing the knife down with all your weight.

›the blade alone was 11 inches in length, but it sank only an inch in.

"I immediately regret this decision!"

›with your free hand you began pounding the bottom of the knife, hoping to make it sink deeper into the dragon's body.

›Each pound seemed to strike a nerve, resulting in a loud screech from the dragon.

›Realizing it had a hijacker on board, it began twisting and turning in a desperate attempt to shake you away.

›A wave of heat washed over you, bringing your attention to the massive wave of energy bolts coming from the firing line of Unicorns.

›The dragon let another screech out, the shockwave knocking it out cold.

"Alright, that's what I'm talking about! Wait... Shit."

›Call your dumb ass Jamal, because you were about to go down with the dragon you worked so hard to hijack.

›The green landscape below you came closer every second, flashbacks of your jump training came through your mind.

"I came back to life for this?"

›The dragon impacted the ground, sending a plume of dirt high enough it was visible from the castle.

›Hospital lights.

›Yep, those were definitely hospital lights.

›And they made your eyes burn like they had been hit by a shroud of tear gas

›"You're finally up."

>You looked over to your side, your vision blurred still.

>You recognized that voice though.

"Shining Armor, weren't you supposed to come back tomorrow?"

>"Heh, I came back yesterday. You've been out cold for a while now."

"I see. Not to be rude, but there are other pOnies faces that I'd rather wake up to. What are you doing here?"

>"Just came to check on you, I only been here a few minutes."

"Ah... How was the honeymoon?"

>"Great, although I couldn't help but worry about Canterlot. Seems I left it in good hands though."

"I did my best, hope you like the redecorating."

>"You did great, this system is really efficient. Anyways, I need to get going. When you get out, you should try to talk to Princess Luna."

"Right, she's wanted to talk to me for a while now, I've just been so busy with the guard though."

>"Anon, you shouldn't throw all of your energy into your work. It can ruin a relationship. It almost did mine."

"I'll keep that in mind... See ya around Shiny."

>SA gave a small chuckle at your short name for him, and made his way out of the room.

>Time for a systems check.

>You wiggled your fingers and toes, and then sat up slowly.

>That dragon had mostly taken the brunt of the fall, leaving you without any apparent broken limbs.

>You pulled the wires away from your skin, making the EKG flat line.

>A panicked nurse rushed in in hopes to save you, but stopped in her tracks, seeing the large hairless ape crawl out of the bed.

"Excuse me ma'am, just packing my things."

›"Do you want some help?"

"No, I feel fine. Thank you."

›The nurse nodded, returning to her post at a desk out front.

›You dressed in the clothes you were wearing when you took your hijacked dragon, making your way slowly out the door.

›The journey back to the castle was long and very awkward as it seemed almost every pony was staring at you.

›A few made comments to you. "good to see you" "glad you're ok" and "you're awesome!"

›Guess they heard you fell 200 feet to the ground while fighting a dragon.

›You really need to take it easy... maybe you could ask Luna if marriage was out of the question.

›It'd be nice to settle down, an experience you couldn't seem to recall from Earth.

›Funny, the longer you stayed here, the more distant that life became.

›You made your way into the castle, stopping only to get a quick shower and groom before heading to Luna's room.

›You knocked and waited for a brief moment for an answer.

›Maybe she was doing something else somewhere in the castle - oh, never mind.

›Luna glared daggers at you, her face filled with so many emotions it was impossible to read.

›"Now you have time for me?"

"I'm so-"

›"I've needed to speak to you for over a week now, about a matter of the utmost importance!"

"I-"

›"And yet, you didn't care, you never sought me out when you were done training."

"Luna..."

>"When you weren't doing anything, you became hostile to me-"

"Luna!"

>"DO NOT INTERRUPT ME!"

>Luna's went inside her room, leaving the door open for you to come inside.

>Just as you passed through, the door slammed, forcing a small gust of wind over you.

>"And to top it all off, you pull that little stunt, jumping on a dragons back! You could have died when I needed you most!"

>Luna turned at you, thrusting a hoof at your face and catching you off guard, sending you to the ground.

>Ok, you probably deserved that, but you wanted an explanation.

>You rubbed your cheek, waiting for Luna to explain her outburst, or at least calm down.

>Seems hitting you was all she needed, because the next thing you knew her body was overtop of yours, nuzzling the spot she hit, and tears streamed from her eyes.

"Sssshhh... It's ok, come on."

>You drew her closer, holding her tight and ran a hand through her mane.

>"I'm in so much trouble..." Luna had switched to your native tongue, and you knew shit was about to go down.

>"I'm... with child..."

>Wat.

>You and Luna sat on her bed in silence.

>Your mind could barely wrap it's head around what she had said.

"Are you sure? I mean... it's only been a few weeks"

>"I'm sure Anonymous."

"How?"

>"Anon, I'm sure. The... ugh what's the word for this thing?"

"Pregnancy?"

>"Pregnancy, yes. It lasts six months."

"That's not long... humans normally last nine months usually."

>"Exactly. And before long, it will be obvious to Celestia what's happened."

"Why does that matter?"

>Luna looked at you as if you just went full retard.

>"Anon, I'm going to lose my crown, my dignity... maybe even you..."

"Me? I don't understand..."

>"Anon, do you realize how... shameful it is to conceive a child out of wedlock? Especially for a member of royalty."

"Then let's get married."

>"Not funny."

"I'm not joking. I've thought about it before... I just never had the courage to bring it up."

>Finally, a smile from Luna. However small it may be, it was welcome all the same.

>She leaned over and nuzzled your cheek, and you gave her a tight hug in return

>"That's sweet Anon, I wish it would work."

"Why wouldn't it?"

>Luna pulled away, her eyes falling on the floor below. "Royal weddings take months to plan. If we rushed it, we may have it planned in two months. And then another month to actually get pOnies to come."

"Does it have to be so... big?"

>"It would seem... wrong if it wasn't. It's a big tradition and if I fight against it, it would only delay it, as well as bring suspicion."

"But we would still be married when it's born. Then-"

>"No Anonymous, that wouldn't work. It would be born too soon, and we'd be shamed together."



‣Luna laid her head down in defeat; a single tear fell onto the silky blanket below her.

‣You placed a hand on the back of her neck, rubbing it gently.

‣"It's not fair... I don't want to lose you..."

"Hey, we'll figure something out. I'm not going anywhere."

‣"If Celestia doesn't kill you, she'll banish you, and keep either of us from seeing each other."

"If she finds out."

‣"I can't leave, how else am I supposed to hide it when my stomach swells up?"

"I don't know yet. But I promise I'll figure something out."

‣"You always do seem to manage the impossible..."

"Damn right I do. Now, just relax. Try not to think about it."

‣"Easy for you to say."

‣You kissed Luna on the forehead, and made your way over to the door.

‣"Oh, Anon. I'm sorry for hitting you... I just got carried away."

"It's fine Luna, I deserved it. I won't ignore you like that again."

‣You made your way to through the castle, toward your room. It was already getting late.

‣"Anonymous! I heard you were out of the hospital." Celestia came from behind you, and walked along side you.

‣"I trust your recent heroics haven't caused too much injury."

"I wouldn't call them heroics, more like stupidity. But yes, I'm fine. Thanks for asking."

‣"Tell me, have you had time to think about the offer? We could use more training instructors."

‣Fuck, you had somewhat forgotten about that. And now that you had a little you on the way, that would affect your decision.

"Uh, I need some time to think still. With recent events and all."

‣"What do you mean recent events?"

>Damn it brain are you trying to spill the beans already?  
 "A certain somepOny is worried about me is all..."  
 >"I see. As I said, I'll do my best to keep you behind the front lines. Possibly inside the castle."  
 "Right. I promise to have an answer by tomorrow."  
 >"I see. Well I suppose this is where you were heading. Take care Anonymous."  
 "You as well, Princess."  
 >You stepped inside, and laid on the bed, hoping for sleep to embrace you quickly.  
 >Nothing, not even a yawn came to you.  
 >So many things to think of, so little time.  
 >Better idea, time for apple whiskey.  
 >You grabbed the bottle and poured a little bit into the cup you kept in your room, and sat back on your bed, sipping away.  
  
 >Before you realized it, the sun was rising to shine its rays of light though your window.  
 >You'd been up all night, thinking things over in your head.  
 >May as well get the day started off right.  
 >You swapped into your workout clothes and started up some PT inside, not in the mood for a run today.  
 >In the middle of your pushups a knock came from your door.  
 "Who is it?"  
 >"It's me"  
 "Well come on in me!"  
 >In stepped Luna, wearing her favorite cloak, who looked down at you in confusion at your odd stance.  
 >"Do you wish to be an alicorn again?"  
 "Exercise Luna. I either do this or run every morning while you lower the moon."

➤ "I see... well..."

➤ You leapt to your feet suddenly, surprising Luna.

"Did you want to talk about something?"

➤ "Yes... I heard my sister gave you a job offer. Why didn't you tell me?"

"The same reason I didn't listen to you about... it. I was planning on talking to you today about it."

➤ "I see. Do you wish to hear my opinion?"

"Of course I do... But first, why are you wearing your cloak?"

➤ "Tis a bit chilly outside, winter will be here soon. Does it not please you?"

➤ You could already tell nerves were making her turn back to speaking in her old style.

"No, I was just curious. This actually gives me an idea."

➤ "What? About being the advisor for Shining Armor?"

"No, about... it. Just wear your cloak around until it's born. It hides your figure really."

➤ Luna stared at you silently for a moment, as if processing what you just said.

➤ "THAT'S your brilliant idea?"

"Well, yeah. If you wore it in public, Celestia wouldn't notice when your stomach once it starts to get bigger."

➤ "Wont that bring suspicion as well?"

"I don't think so. Just tell Celestia you're setting a fashion trend. Or... something..."

➤ "That's a terrible excuse for wearing my cloak around all the time. Still... that helps us delay her knowing. But what about once it's born?"

"I'm still working on that... "

➤ "Well, at least we have a start on this... as for being an advisor to Shining Armor..."

"It would be just that. An advisor. No field work. No combat. I'd stay in the castle most of the time."

>"Promise?"

"I promise."

>"Then go for it."

"I'm glad you think I should. I honestly wasn't sure. Now, I need a shower."

>You grabbed some fresh clothes and jumped in the shower, washing the drying sweat off of your body.

>Feels good man.

>With the grime washed off, you dressed and headed out into the castle to find Celestia.

>She was a lot easier to find than Luna it seems, since most of her time was spent in the throne room.

>"Ah, Anonymous, have you made a decision?"

"I have Princess. Tell Shining Armor he has a new advisor.

A few weeks later...

>What a day, being Shining Armor's advisor was more tiring than you expected, with his leadership meetings twice a day.

>You didn't care for the excessive amounts of paper work, or the ridiculous wake up times one bit.

>Neither did Luna for that matter, it seemed you hadn't seen each other in days.

>That's because the two of you hadn't save for eating lunch together for a brief 15 minutes.

>Today was starting out much like the same, another meeting about possible training, and patrols patterns.

>At least you had time to go to the dining hall that Luna and Celestia ate at along with members of the other royalty.

>Luna was too absorbed in a book to see you approach, or see you sneak quietly behind her.

>You bent down and kissed her cheek, startling her into giving a small squeak.

"Good morning Princess, mind if I eat with you?"

>"Of course Anonymous." Luna was blushing slightly, still unused to the idea of PDA apparently.

>That, or she was embarrassed by the small squeak you forced out of her.

>You took your seat next to her, and waited for your food to be delivered.

>"I see Shining Armor finally let you leave the guards"

"Yeah, I wasn't expecting this job to have so much..."

>Curse your lack of Equestrian swear words.

>"Bulls shit?"

"Bullshit, yes."

>Luna chuckled, "I'm still not sure if I should teach you those words in Equestrian, I have a feeling you'll make quite the scene at clubs."

"You're probably right about that."

>Your breakfast came, which you began to eat with some haste.

>"Today's Friday, are you going to the club with Spitfire and Soarin?"

"Actually, I was thinking we could go out."

>"I don't think I should be going out to club right now. Even if I was the type of pOny that would enjoy such activities."

"Have you even been to a club Luna?"

>"No, I haven't."

"Well, I guess I'll just have to take you sometime in the future."

>"Sometime in the very distant future, I'm sure. I'd worry about our... package."

"Of course. But tonight I was thinking we could go to a local restaurant. I hear Octavia is playing at the Gilded Lily tonight."

➤ "That sounds lovely, Anon. Meet me in the courtyard when you get off tonight."

"Then I'll see you tonight Luna, take care."

➤ You finished your drink and made your way out to the castle hallways, and went back to work.

➤ More reports, more files, and more questions from Shining Armor.

➤ How the hell did he run the guard before you came along?

➤ You checked the clock on the wall after what seemed like every hour, finding it only to have moved only a few minutes.

➤ "Anon! You there?"

"Huh? Oh! Sorry Shining Armor, I dazed off."

➤ "Got some where to be Anonymous? You've been looking at the clock all day."

"I was planning on going to The Gilded Lily with Luna, somewhat of a dinner date."

➤ "Why didn't you say so? Get on out of here!"

"You sure Shiny?"

➤ "Yeah, get out of here before I change my mind"

"Thanks, but you still owe me one. This don't count!"

➤ You rushed out of your office and to your room, tossing aside clothes until you found your best outfit and put it on.

➤ With you nice clothes on, you went to the courtyard to find Luna.

➤ She was chatting with Celestia, in front of the spot where Discord's statue once stood.

➤ An ever absent reminder of the danger Equestria was in.

➤ "Anonymous, I was beginning to wonder if Captain Shining Armor was going to keep you to himself all night."

➤ Luna smiled, turning to face you in her black dress that was studded with diamonds all over to mimic the night sky

"I don't think the Captain is a colt cuddler."

>The two princesses chuckled, "Well, I'll leave you two alone. Have fun at dinner sister."

>Celestia made her way inside, leaving you with Luna, and the two of you made your way into the city.

"You look lovely tonight Luna."

>"Thank you Anonymous. I was saving this for the Gala..."

"Gala?"

>"Oh, right. It's a bit of a formal ball we have once a year. I forgot you didn't know about it. You showed up in Equestria a few days after it."

"I see..."

>"You have a suit, correct? Wouldn't want you underdressed."

"This is actually my best outfit... but I don't tend to go to formal parties anyway."

>"If I have to suffer through this, you do too."

"Gee thanks."

>You arrived at the Gilded Lily after a brief walk, finding the restaurant fairly packed.

>Octavia must be quite the star around these parts.

>A lone pOny stood at a pedestal, looking down at a list.

>"Do you have a reservation?" You hated this guy already, all snooty and proper.

>"Sorry, I do believe I forgot to make one. Surely you have room."

>The pOny opened his mouth as he looked up from his book, as if he was about to say something, then dropped his jaw at the sight of the Princess.

>"I'm sure we have an empty table for you Princess Luna! One moment!"

➤The pOnly quickly made his way through the restaurant, looking for a table.

➤He quickly rushed back, and showed you to a table right by the stage where Octavia was playing.

"Seems dating a Princess has its perks."

➤"It would seem that way. That or he was afraid of the creature that survived Tartarus."

"I doubt it."

➤The waitress came to the table to take your orders, the very air about her seemed jittery and nervous.

➤"G-good evening your highness, would you care for a bottle of our finest wine? It's a--"

➤"Water will do fine, thank you miss." Luna smiled softly at the waitress in efforts to put her at ease.

➤"Oh, ok. And you sir?"

"Water as well please."

➤The waitress gave a small bow and hurried off to get your drinks, retuning only moments later with the two glasses and set them on the table.

➤The food came just as quickly, each thing looked just as delicious as the next.

➤All that was left was to sit back and talk, allowing the soft music to fill in any silence that came between you two.

➤Around 2300, you paid the bill, much to Luna's protest.

➤You were too nice of a guy sometimes, but Luna liked it, so you would keep doing it.

➤The walk back to the castle was fairly quiet, With Luna arranging the stars in the night sky as the two of you walked.

➤Luna walked so that her body pressed against your side, allowing your hand to drape over her shoulers.

➤It was the closest thing the two of you had to holding hands.



‣"Thank you for the romantic evening Anonymous. We should do this more often."

"Yes we should."

‣The two of you paused in the courtyard, where Luna stood on her hind legs and draped her forelegs over your shoulders.

‣You wrapped your arms around her in a hug, and took in the perfect moment.

‣The stars, the air, the statue gleaming in the starlight behind Luna, the scent of her perfume, the feel of her fur and mane against your skin.

‣Wait... That statue shouldn't be there.

‣You did a double take at it, confirming what you were seeing.

‣In the darkness, a pair of yellow and red eyes cracked open, and stared right back at you.

‣"What a lovely couple..."

‣Discord.

‣Luna spun around at the familiar voice, her horn already glowing.

‣"Oh please, don't let me interrupt! It was just simply adorable to see the soon to be parents of a freak."

‣You didn't waste a second, springing forward at Discord with your fist in full swing.

‣Just like always, your fist connected with no more than smoke.

"How do you know about that?"

‣You spun around in search of Discord, the night sky making it more difficult than usual.

‣Your eyes locked with the two red and yellow eyes mere inches away from your own, causing you to flinch.

‣A dull pain filled your abdomen, causing you to double over as the wind was knocked out of you.

‣"You just don't learn do you Anonymous. I know everything!"

‣He disappeared again, just as a bolt of lightning arced through the air he once occupied.

‣Luna trotted over to your side and pulled you to your feet.

‣"Are you ok?"

"I've had worse... where is he?"

‣"Yoo-hoo! Over here!"

‣Fucking Discord, he was toying with the two of you again.

"What do you want from us Discord?"

‣"I just want to hang out with my favorite human! No one else ever plays with me after all."

"I am so sick of your shit Discord."

‣You charged again, and once again met empty air.

"Why don't you stay and actually fight me? Afraid?"

‣"Anon don't!" Luna tied to caution you, just as Discord reappeared behind you.

‣His claw came down across your back, tearing a gash in it diagonally.

‣You fell to the ground in pain, and Luna shot off another lightning bolt.

‣So close, the arc had to have been only a few inches away from his chest when he teleported.

‣Luna rushed over once more, but you were already on your feet.

‣if you couldn't take him on one on two, maybe you could do it one on a hundred.

"Shoot a light spell in the air."

‣"How is that going to help us?"

"Just do it!"

‣Luna charged her horn and shot into the air, the spell dissipating after a few hundred feet.

‣"Can't fight your battles for you? Very well."

‣With a snap of his fingers, Discord multiplied into several copies of himself, each one wearing a toothy grin of his impending victory.

‣Guards swarmed in from above, dismounting their chariots and surrounding the multiplying Discords that surrounded you.

‣"May the chaos begin!"

"With pleasure. Now hold still."

‣Luna cracked off lightning at the first Discord, vaporizing it instantly as you charged in toward what you thought to be the real Discord.

‣The guards joined in the fray as well, Pegasi diving in from the air above in efforts to make contact with the Discords while Unicorns shot off bolts of energy.

‣You finally made contact with the Discord you were fighting, driving your fist into its head and having it turn to dust at your feet.

‣A fake, duplicate. All that effort for dust at your feet.

‣Looking around, a lot of the pOnies around you were having the same luck.

‣Suddenly, a thunderous voice filled the air "ENOUGH!"

‣One Discord nearby teleported and reappeared next to Luna, his remaining clones turning to dust all around.

‣Luna charged her horn once more, just as Discord gripped it with his lion paw, and with his talon redirected the arc straight at you.

‣The arc struck your chest; its power seemed weakened by its premature firing and redirection.

‣Regardless, the jolt was enough to knock you on your back, pain lancing through your body.

‣You struggled to get up, fueled at this point by nothing but adrenaline and anger.

‣Discord had Luna's horn gripped tightly, a razor sharp talon at her throat.

"Let her go..."

➤ "Why would I do that? I have everyone right where I want them. After all, being your best friend, I think I should announce the big news!"

"You wouldn't..."

➤ "You can't deny the chaos that would ensue."

➤ Just as he trailed off with his words, Celestia herself swooped down beside you, her mane set ablaze like she had it in Tartarus.

➤ "Nice of you to join us Celestia! The parties just about to get started!"

➤ As Discord was talking, you could make out Luna's horn began to glow brightly.

➤ "Now now Princess Luna, you don't want another lightning bolt to hit poor Anonymous over there. I don't think his little body can take another."

➤ Well, there was one thing you agreed on.

➤ "You have everyone where you want them..." Luna was obviously struggling with what ever spell she was about to cast.

➤ Her eyes suddenly shot open, glowing bright white "But I have you exactly where I want you!"

➤ A lance of white light burst from her horn, striking Discord's hand as he tried to redirect it like the lightning.

➤ Instead, his hand turned to stone, and he brought it in front of his face in horror as the stone spread across his body.

➤ "NO! NOT LIKE THIS! YOU'RE COMING WITH ME!"

➤ He gripped Luna's horn tighter, forcing her to wail.

➤ The stone transformation wrapped around Discord, and then jumped to Luna, and began transforming her as well.

"NO!"

➤ You sprinted toward her, hoping to rip her away from Discord's grasp.

‣The lightning strike had really messed you up however, forcing you to stumble, trip, and face plant in the stone path.

‣When you looked up, it was too late.

‣The light had faded, leaving only a statue of Discord gripping Luna's horn in anger, his hand raised as if he was about to deliver a death blow.

‣You scrambled to your feet, continuing your charge at the statue, driving your fist into Discord's stony face over and over.

‣You felt a sickening snap as your hand broke, and you collapsed to the ground once more.

‣The pOny you had spent so much time with, had fallen in love with, and was about to start a family with, was now nothing more than a giant lawn ornament.

‣Manly tears fell that night. Many, manly tears.

‣You felt a hoof fall on your shoulder, but you didn't bother to look up to see who it was.

‣"Guards, return to your posts. The battle's over." Celestia's voice seemed like it was right over top of you.

‣You felt Celestia nuzzle against the side of your face, which you flinched away from.

‣She had seen you angry, uncomfortable, happy, but this was new.

‣Demons didn't cry, they didn't love, and they didn't show emotion like this.

‣She accepted that Anonymous wasn't a demon a long time ago.

‣But now she realized how much like a pOny he was, as he laid on the ground at her hooves.

‣"I'm sorry Anon... I know she meant a lot to you as well..."

‣You remained silent, your voice too choked up to squeeze out a single word.

‣Not that you had anything to say anyways.

>"Come Anonymous, we should get you to a doctor to treat your wounds."

>Again, more silence.

>You acknowledged the throbbing pain in your hand and backside, but little else.

>You just didn't have the will to stand up.

>The last time you lost a friend like this, you had been in the back of the MRAP, stuffing wounds with gauze.

>this stung a thousand times more, the empty numb feeling that plagued you so long ago was back and stronger than ever.

>"Anon, com-"

"I'm fine..."

>"Very well. I guess I'll do it then."

>Just as you were about to respond, a mist wrapped around your backside, and you felt the flesh comeback together.

>The sensation felt like alcohol being poured down your backside, causing you to cringe and grunt in pain.

>The mist wrapped around your hand as well, healing the bloody skin over your knuckles and setting your bones straight.

"Thank you..."

>A wing draped over your body as Celestia lay down beside you, startlinging you.

"What are-"

>You looked over at the white alicorn, and to your surprise saw tears shimmering in the moon light.

>You ass, Celestia was Luna's sister, she was probably hurt more than you were right now. After spending so many years together and all.

"I'm sorry too..."

>You leaned over and embraced her, looking up at the new statue in front of you two.

‣The two of you sat there for what seemed like hours, before you finally drifted off to sleep under a feathery blanket of Celestia's wing.

‣Fall asleep in courtyard, wake up in bed.

‣Processing...

‣Memory has failed to load properly, try again?

‣[N]/[Y]

‣You crawled out of bed, noticing you were still in your outfit from the night before.

‣You changed out of it, noticing the torn back side

‣It really happened last night, Discord, the battle, Luna sacrificing herself to stop Discord...

‣The half bottle of Apple Whiskey was already looking good.

‣Still, maybe you imagined that last part.

‣You donned a set of clothes, and slowly made your way to the courtyard.

‣Shining Armor would understand if you were a bit late today, yesterday was rough regardless if you imagined it or not.

‣Entering the courtyard, you could see the statue from the castle entrance.

‣You didn't need to walk all the way up to it to tell Luna was really there.

‣But you had to touch it, see it up close, before you could believe it.

‣You placed a hand on Luna's stony body, running a hand along the coarse texture.

‣"Anon..." Shining Armor approached you from behind.

"I'll report in soon..."

‣You knelt by the statue, placing your forehead against it.

➤More manly tears were on their way, and there was no way you were stopping them.

➤"Take the day off Anon, take the week off for all I care. I can't use you like this."

"Thanks Captain..."

➤"Let me know if you need anything." He placed a hoof on your back side as he spoke, then paused moment in case you needed to say anything.

➤After a moment of silence, he withdrew his hoof and walked off leaving you in the courtyard alone.

➤You spent some time there, just kneeling by the statue, doing your best not to look at Discord, before finally getting to your feet and wiping the remaining tears from your eyes.

➤You made your way back to your room, passing Celestia along the way, her head hung low.

"Princess?"

➤She looked up momentarily, forcing out a small smile.

➤"Morning, Anonymous. Are you doing... ok?"

➤You only shrugged, finding yourself at a loss for words still.

➤"Would you care to join me in the library?"

"I don't think I'm in the mood to read Celestia."

➤"Even if it could bring back Luna?"

"...Well, that I may be willing to do some reading for. Lead on."

➤If there was even the slightest chance you could bring Luna back, you would do whatever it took.

➤In the library, you and Celestia began grabbing all sorts of scrolls and tomes, with various symbols marked all over them.

➤Quite honestly, you had no idea how you were going to help Celestia, the markings were unlike an you had ever seen, possibly an ancient equestrian language.



"Celestia, I can't read any of these. How exactly am I supposed to help?"

➤"Just bring me scrolls, and when I finish with one put it away. That way we won't have to stop and clean up."

➤That was pretty logical, even if you didn't have a direct impact you would be able to support the overall effort.

➤Damn you brain for always looking at things in a military perspective.

"Alright, let's get this stated

➤You began placing scrolls on the table, and almost immediately were tasked with taking scrolls back as Celestia began reading with the speed of Kenyans.

➤This would prove to be quite a physical job.

➤The hours of the day seemed to go by quickly, your only actions consisting of shuffling back and forth from shelf to Celestia and to another shelf.

➤"I need to go lower the sun for the night Anonymous, could you clean up in here?" Celestia sounded as drained as you were.

"Is it that time already?"

➤"Unfortunately, yes. And I yet to find a single scroll that even looked promising."

➤You were already busy putting away an armful of scrolls in a box you had found, so that the two of you could pick up in the same place tomorrow.

➤"Good night Anonymous, I'll see you tomorrow."

➤Just as she stepped out, your stomach gave a thunderous roar that would have scared small animals away.

➤You never even ate breakfast, and chances are neither had Celestia.

➤You placed the box of tomes and scrolls under the table and made your way to the dining hall.

>Thankfully there were still a few pOnies still on duty, though they were cleaning up everything.

>You grabbed the attention of the first one you came to.

"Excuse me, do you have any food left over?"

>"I think we have a few muffins left, would you like a bag of them Anonymous?"

"Yes ma'am, thank you."

>The pOny disappeared into the kitchen, coming back out with a white paper bag filled with muffins.

"Thanks again ma'am."

>You hurried off to meet Celestia before she turned in for the night, finding her just as she was coming back inside.

"Celestia!"

>Her ears perked up, and she cranked her head around to look at you.

>"Anon, I thought you would be in bed by now, what are you doing?"

"I brought you some food, I know I went all day without eating, I figured you would have to."

>That brought a small smile to her face. "That was thoughtful of you Anonymous, thank you."

"You welcome, Celestia. I'll see you in the morning after sunrise."

>"Good night Anon."

>You made your way back to your bedroom, quickly passing out on the bed without bothering to undress.

>It was going to take forever to go through that library.

>You'd been at this for weeks, hopelessly going through the giant library in search of a spell that would work.

>Dispelling magic was almost unheard of in Equestria, as most spells had relatively short term effects.

>Whatever Luna had cast, it was powerful, turning her and Discord into stone for what could be months, or forever.

>"Anon... ANON!"

"Huh? Wha- I dozed off again, didn't I?"

>"It would seem so. It is past noon, should we head to lunch?"

"Luna needs us to figure out this spell, one of us should sta-"

>"Anon, you need to rest your eyes. We both do. We could be looking right at the spell and not realize it."

>She had you there, and there was no argument you had against it.

"Ok, I guess you're right."

>"I know Anon, come on." Celestia gave one of her small chuckles.

>She walked a few paces away, and then turned to wait for you to catch up. "Come on Anon, I'm getting hungry."

"You sound like your sister."

>Celestia laughed a little, which in turn made you laugh.

>Seems laughter was infectious, and it spread between the two of you like a plague, intensifying for a few seconds

"Why... are we... laughing?"

>You could barely get the sentence out between your gasps for air and laughter

>Finally it died down after a few minutes, leaving you two standing in the library, with you leaned against a shelf.

"Alright, let's go get some food, Princess."

>The two of you walked side by side to the dining hall, and sat at one of the nicest table you had always assumed Celestia reserved for herself.

>The two of you ate quietly for the most part until Celestia spoke halfway through the meal.

>"Why do you and Luna never eat at the royal table with me?"

"Royal table? You mean this one?"

>Celestia nodded, looking down at her plate.

"I don't know. Maybe it's because she always eats with me, and didn't think I was allowed to eat here."

>She shook her head, a sad look on her face.

"Maybe it's because we never got along in the past."

>"Do we not get along now?"

>She was right, you hadn't argued since you came out of Tartarus with those pOnies.

"We do..."

>"Then why don't we eat together more? Or talk? Or... anything."

"I don't know Princess Celestia. I guess I never saw you as a friend."

>"Oh..."

>Smooth brain, you probably just made her feel great.

"We've always just been like... business acquaintances."

>"I understand Anonymous, I'm sorry I brought it up."

>Damn it brain, you're a smooth talker.

>Sit back, shut up, and watch this.

"That doesn't mean we can't be friends now."

>Celestia smiled and looked up at you from her plate, "That's kind of you to say Anon."

"Come on, we should get back to the library, this spell won't find itself."

>You grabbed a sack of food for later and made your way out the door with Celestia back to the library.

>The two of you dove back into the books, putting aside a few tomes that looked promising

>"Take these to the statue, I need to lower the sun."

"Sounds good Princess. See you soon."

>You made your way to the courtyard where Luna's statue remained unmoved.

➤The night sky soon came into view; the moonlight seemed to capture Luna's beauty even in her stony form.

➤Celestia swooped down next to you, taking up the first tome with her magic.

"Let's hope this works..."

➤"It will Anon, stand back."

➤Celestia's horn grew brighter than any you had ever seen, and hit the statue.

➤The light faded, revealing an unchanged Luna.

➤"Right, next spell..." Celestia's voice was shaken, but she did her best to maintain her composure.

➤You handed her the next tome, and watched as she cast it, to no avail.

"Last one. Third time's a charm, right?"

➤Celestia looked at the tome, then cast the final spell as you looked on in hopes of seeing the stone fade away to blue fur.

➤As the light faded, so did your hopes.

➤Nothing had changed, not even a little.

➤You stood there for a few minutes, hoping the dispel effect would work after a few minutes.

➤Celestia put her wing around you, seeing your saddened face.

➤"I'm sorry Anonymous, we'll try again tomorrow..."

"Yeah... I guess we will..."

➤She withdrew her wing as the two of you walked inside the castle, Celestia staying by your side until you came across your room.

"Good night Celestia... See you tomorrow."

➤"We'll get it eventually Anon, don't worry."

➤You shut the door as she finished her sentence, and got ready for bed.

➤Today started out like any other day.

➤Wake up to rays of sunshine on your face.

➤Look at picture of Luna you had taken from her room a few weeks ago in order to get motivated.

➤Stumble into shower, allow brain to process the number of fucks it has in stock.

➤Number is still 0.

➤This is where it got different.

➤you opened your door to find Celestia in mid- knock.

"I'm up. Am I running late or something?"

➤"No Anon, I... was hoping we could talk."

"Walk and talk, I want to get started as soon as possible."

➤"That's just it Anonymous... It's been three months... We've went through almost every spell in the library."

"Which means we're almost done with finding a proper spell."

➤"Yes... I suppose that's true."

"Are you trying to imply differently?"

➤Your tone grew serious, if somewhat angry.

➤Celestia avoided eye contact as best she could.

➤"I don't like it either Anon, but we might not be able to bring her back..."

"I won't stop until I've used every spell in Equestria on that statue out there, with or without you."

➤"I expect nothing less from you by now Anon. However, we have worked on this without a day off for so long. All I suggest, is that we take a day off."

"How can you-"

➤"Anon, you can go to the library if you want. But I'm tired from yesterday still. I need to relax."

"Very well, I'll do it myself."

➤Brain: Are you forgetting something?

➤What?

➤You can't into magic.

➤A valid point good sir.

"Alright. I guess one day won't hurt..."

➤"Perhaps we could do something together. Since we have become friends, haven't we?"

➤You always imagined Celestia being more charismatic than this, perhaps she was awkward around you after everything she did to you in the past.

"I suppose, what would you like to do?"

➤"Well, there's the theatre that plays orchestras and plays regularly. Perhaps we could go see one."

➤You didn't care for the theatre, watching plays and listening to orchestras.

➤Still, if you were forced to take a day off, it did sound relaxing. And you couldn't abandon Celestia after telling her you would try to be more of a friend.

"Sounds as good as anything I suppose. When is the first showing?"

➤"I'll send somepony by when I find out. I should attend to a few things I've neglected over the past few months."

"Then I'll see you later."

➤Celestia trotted down the hallway, leaving you to wander about the castle in search of things to do.

➤Despite your efforts, you ended up at the statue, as if your mere presence would restore her back.

➤"Anonymous I take it?"

➤You turned your head to meet the purplish eyes of a pink alicorn.

"I don't think we've been introduced."

➤"Princess Cadence. Shining Armor's husband."

"Nice to meet you, Princess. Shining Armor is a good friend."

➤"Yes... He has been a bit concerned about you, though his work leaves little time to see those closest to him."

"I hope he's followed his own advice and made time for you."

>"Well, yes. He has been doing better about that. You both seem to be workaholics still."

>You didn't a response for that, you were a bit of a workaholic.

>There was a silence between the two of you for a while, making Cadence shift uncomfortably.

>"You miss Luna..."

"Obviously."

>Your answer was dry, as if Cadence had simply asked if it was sunny out when the sun was shining on the both of you.

>"Most pOnies would have lost hope by now."

"I'm no pOny."

>Brain, chill out. She's trying to help.

>You looked over at Cadence, who seemed a bit flustered at your shortness.

"Sorry, I guess I'm just..."

>"It's a sore subject for you, I understand. I just wanted to say your loyalty to Luna is unrivaled by any I have seen. Luna is a very lucky mare to have you."

"Thank you Princess. Sometimes I wonder if I should give up. But something keeps me going..."

>"The power of love?"

>You couldn't help but chuckle. That was sappy. You looked back from the statue over to her, as she eyed you curiously.

"Sorry, it's just where I come from... never mind."

>"Stay strong Anonymous. I'm sure you and Celestia will find a way to bring her back."

"Thank you Princess."

>She walked off, leaving you alone at the statue for a few moments.



>Your silence was interrupted yet again as a guard swept down to you, the armor style denoting a member of the elite guard.

>"Sir, Celestia wanted me to give you this."

>You took the piece of paper from his mouth and looked it over.

>Dinner at 1700 at the Gilded Lily, and a ticket to the 1900 showing of a play.

>Why were your jimmies rustling?

>You waited in your room for the remainder of the day, mostly just laying around and taking it easy.

>Your mind continued to wander to Luna, and back home.

>Despite how much you hated that place compared to Equestria, it was still where you came from.

>And you still had a few friends you left, you couldn't help but wonder how they were faring.

>There came a tapping at your door, signaling you it was time to get a move on.

>You donned your jacket to your new suit, and then paused at the mirror.

>This was two friends going to dinner and a play. Were you a bit over dressed?

>The knocking repeated, this time louder.

>Fuck it, it could get chilly tonight with winter getting closer.

> You stepped out into the hall to greet Celestia, who was in her normal attire of wearing only a necklace and a crown.

>"You look nice Anonymous." Celestia seemed her old graceful and proper self.

"Thank you. You look... as you normally do."

>"Do you have everything you need?"

"Yes, lead on Princess."

>The two of you walked side by side through the castle, though you kept a respectable distance between the two of you.

➤You did not want her getting the wrong idea about this.

➤Two guards were waiting for the two of you at the bottom of the castle's stairs, a large golden chariot hooked to them.

➤"No need for that guards, I believe it will be too cold to have the wind from blowing in my face."

➤The guards bowed and walked off, the enormous chariot in tow.

➤The two of you continued through the busy city, the streets filled with pOnies on their way home from work and families heading to dinner.

➤Each one turned and saw the massive white alicorn princess, quickly bowing as they walked past and remained that way until you passed.

"This feels weird..."

➤"What's that Anonymous?"

"All of these pOnies bowing as we walk by..."

➤"You get used to it after a while. Makes making friends hard though."

➤Heh, you kind of felt sorry for Celestia, all this time alive, shoe could probably count all of her friends on one... never mind.

"Well, it's not the quantity of friends, it's the quality."

➤That brought a huge smile to her face.

➤"Seems I just learned a valuable lesson in friendship."

"Uh, right."

➤"I suppose I should write to my student in POnyville, Twilight Sparkle."

"I know Twilight, we met at Nightmare Night."

➤"I hope the two of you became friends, Twilight can be anti-social sometimes."

"She did seem nice, despite mine and Luna's prank."

➤You opened the door to the restaurant, allowing Celestia to step inside first.

>The two of you were immediately seated at a corner booth, the lit candles in the center of the table slightly rustling your jimmies.

>The booth had three sides to it, two facing the walls, one to the booth behind it

"Seems a bit over the top for a night out with a friend..."

>"I'm sure the restaurant is just trying to impress us."

>Celestia took her seat at one end of the table, as you pulled up a tactical report on the booth in front of you.

>If you sat in front of her, the candles would seem a bit to romantic, if you sat too close, same scenario.

>"Anon, are you going to sit?"

>Initiate infiltration.

>You silently sat in the booth, sliding around the corner so that the candles weren't in between you, but far enough away from the next corner where Celestia sat that you weren't too close.

>"Hello Anonymous, seems you're quite popular with the royalty!"

>You looked up at the waitress, the same one that had served you last time.

"Do I know you? I don't recall giving you my name."

>"You don't recognize me? I know it has been a while... and you were probably drunk."

>"Anon, I'm curious as well. Who is this?"

>You sat back, staring intently at the grey Pegasus trying to sift through your memories for the long lost scene.

>You remember a fight, and a unicorn pissing you off. And a Pegasus that had hit on you... was this the same one?

>You had a face... a name... Zipper, Zippy...

"Zips?"

>"You remembered!"

"I'm surprised you didn't say anything the last time I was here. Celestia, this is the pOny defended that night in the bar."

>"I guess I was nervous. I never served royalty.  
 >"A pleasure to meet you Zips, any friend of Anonymous shall be a friend of mine."  
 >"I'm honored Princess, now, what could I interest you two in?"  
 "Water please."  
 >"I'll try some wine."  
 >Jimmes were becoming more rustled, but they still weren't setting off alarms.  
 >After all, maybe Celestia just enjoyed wine when she needed to relax.  
 >Zips was true to her name, and zipped off to the kitchen after collecting your orders.  
 >"She seems nice. I'm sorry for doubting you so long ago."  
 "Water under the bridge Princess."  
 >"Hmm?"  
 "It means it's in the past, don't worry about it."  
 >"Humans have an interesting way of life."  
 >The two of you fell silent as Zips brought out the food, placing each plate down before speaking.  
 >"Anything else?"  
 >You and Celestia shook your heads, dismissing Zips with a smile.  
 >You looked down at the plate and began to dig in.  
 >Spaghetti, your favorite meal since coming to Equestria.  
 >"Are all humans so forgiving as you?"  
 "Definitely not. And I'm not always forgiving either. Just when I feel someone, or somepony, has earned it."  
 >Celestia continued asking about human behaviors, what life was like on Earth, questions that put you at ease by their friendly nature.  
 >With the meal done, Zips came by and took the plates, asking if you wanted desert.

‣You declined, feeling too full from the plate of pasta you had finished.

‣You dropped some bits on the table as a tip, and quite a generous one at that.

‣With everything free at the castle and a well-paying job with Shining Armor, you had a small fortune in bits.

"Ready to go Princess? We don't want to be late."

‣The two of you got up from the table, and you gave one last farewell wave to Zips as you left.

‣As the two of you walked, Celestia's horn glowed bringing the sun behind the horizon early for the day.

‣You walked into the theatre, Celestia snatching your ticket out of your hand with her magic and flashing them to the ticket master

‣She led you to a booth on the side of the theatre inside, high above the crowd of pOnies below.

‣Well, not high. But more than you cared to jump, maybe 20 feet.

‣You and Celestia didn't talk much during the play, and quite frankly you didn't care too much for the play either, leaving you to sit quietly next to the princess as she watched with unparalleled interest.

‣Call you uneducated, uncivilized, or whatever, these plays never held your interest for very long.

‣The pOnies below stood, stamping their hooves in applause, while Celestia only looked down with a smile at the bowing actors.

‣You stood, stretching your sore limbs from sitting in one place so long.

‣Celestia stood as well, and turned to walk with you down the stairs and out of the theatre.

‣"Did you enjoy the play Anon?"

"It was..."

‣"Humorous?"

"Yeah, that."

›The two of you stepped out into the cold night air; the first snows of winter were already falling.

›You continued to the castle, the two of you kept mostly silent.

›"Sure is cold..."

"Eeyup."

›You looked over at the white alicorn, seeing her shiver as a gust of wind washed over you two.

›Brain: Don't do it dude.

›She's cold.

›Brain: So are you , don't do it.

›I'd feel bad if I didn't do it.

›Brain: You're going to regret it.

›Who's in charge here?

›Brain: I don't even know anymore.

›You unbuttoned your jacket and draped it over Celestia.

"You look cold."

›"Aren't you?"

"I'll be fine. You don't have clothes on anyways."

›Celestia gripped the coat with her magic, drawing the sleeves around her neck and tying it in place.

›"Thank you Anonymous."

›"No problem."

›More silence, this time it lasted all the way until you came to your room.

›"Thank you for such a fun night Anonymous."

›She untied the jacket sleeves, handing it over as you unlocked your room.

"You're welcome. Library at sunrise, right?"

›"What about breakfast after sunrise? That way we actually have some food in us before we begin."

"Fair enough, good night Celestia."

>You opened the door, to your room and made your way to your bed where you placed the jacket and began unbuttoning your dress shirt to get ready for bed.

>Brain: Proximity Alert!

>Lolwut?

>You turned to find Celestia, with a nervous expression on her face.

"Princess... What are you doing?"

>Your jimmies just went super saiyan.

>"Something I've wanted to do for some time now."

>She placed her fore hooves on your chest and knocked you back on the bed.

>Her lips met your own in a passionate kiss, nearly popping your eyeballs out of their sockets.

>It took you all of three seconds to process what just happened, and another to come up with a solution.

>You tucked your legs into your chest, then shot them out against Celestia's body, sending her across the room and bouncing off the floor.

"What the-"

>Equestrian brain, not English."

"What in Tartarus are you thinking?"

>"Anon I-"

"GET OUT!"

>Celestia looked to the ground, tears welling up in her eyes.

>"I'm sorry Anon..."

>She rushed out of the room, leaving you alone to wipe the taste of the princess from your mouth.

>You put the rest of your clothes away, crawled in bed and did your best to get to sleep.

‣The next morning went as expected, you went to breakfast early to avoid Celestia, and went to the library to get a head start on the day's research.

‣Celestia came by not long after the sun rose, avoiding eye contact.

"There's some tomes I think may be worth looking at."

‣Celestia only nodded, sitting across from you and began reading the first of the tomes you had laid out.

‣The two of you remained silent for a few hours, reading through tomes.

‣"I'm sorry..."

"You should be."

‣"Anon-"

"What."

‣Your very tone made Celestia flinch a little.

‣"The way you acted last night, I guess I just got the wrong impression."

"Apparently."

‣Celestia sat quietly a few more moments.

"What happened last night, will never be spoken of, and will never happen again."

‣After another moment of silence, she nodded in understanding, and continued her reading.

‣That night the two of you stood in the courtyard facing the statue, a stack of tomes in your arms.

‣This was becoming a once a week process it seemed.

‣The two of you would gather up the few spells that looked promising, and you would carry them out to courtyard to watch Celestia cast one after the other.

‣Tonight seemed no different.

‣The last spell faded, revealing the statue unchanged.



›"I'm sorry Anon..."

"It's not your fault. We'll just have to try again tomorrow I suppose..."

›How long would this go on?

›Your hopes rose with each spell Celestia cast, only to have them fade away just like each spell.

›Did you really expect anything different to happen by now?

›"Anon?"

"I'm going to bed Celestia... good night."

›"Anon!"

›You felt her teeth grip the back of your shirt, pulling you back toward her.

"What are you doing?!"

›"Look."

›You looked back at the statue, seeing nothing but stone.

"What? All I see is stone. There's no flesh there. See?"

›You walked over to the statue, slapping the side of Luna.

›Dafuq?

›You ran your hand across the statue, the sensation of fur tickled against your hands.

›The "statue" grew warm under your touch, and Celestia shone a light from her horn to help you see just what was happening.

›The light gray stone was slowly turning into light gray flesh, and then slowly back into dark blue fur.

›Three months of reading countless books had finally paid off.

›Luna's torso finally finished transforming, followed by her legs, wings and head.

›The moment her mouth uncovered, she began coughing violently, stuck in place by Discord's stony paw.

›But if Luna was turning back into stone... Discord would as well.

‣You looked over at his paw, seeing it slowly turn yellow once again.

‣You left your knife in your room, or you would have severed it right there.

‣Holding Luna tight, you tried to comfort her from her coughing fit, probably from her lungs being turned back from stone.

"It's ok Luna, you're going to be ok..."

‣Your arms tightened around her as you looked up at Discord, the stone washing away from his face causing him to cough similarly to Luna.

‣He released his grip on Luna's horn, clutching his chest in pain as he coughed.

‣At the same time, you pulled Luna away from his grasp, you weren't going to lose her again.

‣Just as his eyes shot open, you became enraged at this creature that had tormented you for so long now.

"SURPRISE BITCH!"

‣You let go of Luna long enough to bring a fist around in a left uppercut, throwing your entire body mass into this one hit.

‣You caught him napping, so to speak, and connected with his ugly goat head and sent him sprawling backwards.

‣God that was satisfying.

‣You gently laid Luna down before continuing your assault, curbing stomping his face into the cobblestone path.

"Not so tough without your magic are you?"

‣You curbed stomped his head again, blood began seeping out from his nose and mouth.

‣Just as you were about deliver a third, he snapped his talon and disappeared into a cloud of smoke.

"Come back you coward!"

‣You looked back at Celestia and Luna, who were embraced in a wing hug.

‣Kneeling down, they both embraced you into their hug, wrapping you in a warm, furry and feathery blanket of bliss.

‣"I... I wish to return to my room. Anon, will you escort me?"

"Of course."

‣You stood alongside Luna, placing a hand across her shoulders and began the slow walk to her room.

‣Celestia walked on the other side of her, keeping a wing stretched over her.

‣The three of you got to Luna's tower, where she exchanged good nights with her sister, and looked up at the daunting staircase.

"Do you need a lift?"

‣"I couldn't ask you to carry me all-"

‣you swept Luna off of her hooves before she could mutter another word, and began the long climb up to her room.

‣Was parts of her still made of stone? She seemed heavier than you remember.

‣Maybe your lack of PT had made you weaker, since you spent most of your time in the library.

‣Luna magic'd the door open, allowing you to pass through and set her down on the bed.

‣You helped her out of the dress she still wore from your last date, placing it neatly on one of the pOny mannequin in the corner she saved for her more elaborate clothes.

‣She rolled over on her side, letting out a heavy sigh as you finished up.

‣That's when you noticed the cause to her being so heavy.

‣Her stomach had swollen quite a bit since you last saw her, almost so that her "belly" was almost as big as her "chest"

➤You sat next to her on the bed, running a hand through her mane.

"It's good to have you back... It seems your transformation didn't delay a certain little pOny though."

➤"How long have I been gone? It feels like only yesterday we were coming home..."

"It's been about three months... almost four."

➤Luna frowned. "I missed so much..."

"Not really, all I've done since then is sit in a library with Celestia reading hundreds of spell tomes."

➤"You worked with Celestia? You must have really wanted me back."

"You don't even know... Anything I can do for you?"

➤Luna closed her eyes, giving a tired "no".

"Alright, good night Luna."

➤You kissed her forehead, and then went down to kiss her belly.

"And good night to you little one. I can't wait to meet you."

➤You silently left the room, turning off the lights as you left and went back to your room for sleep.

➤Well, you had two problems once again.

➤You still had no idea how you were going to explain a child to Celestia, and Discord was on the loose again.

➤Still, maybe Celestia would be ok with it... after all she had just made some advances on you, however unwanted they may be.

➤And Discord, after the beating he just took probably wouldn't show his face for a while.

➤He would be back though, no doubt about that.

➤And boy would he be pissed.

➤The next morning, you woke early and headed to Luna's room.

➤In her current state, she would probably be sluggish with her movements, carrying around a baby never looked easy.

>You slipped into the room, and flipped on the light, stirring Luna from her sleep.

>"Is it morning already? Give me five more minutes..."

>You couldn't help but chuckle, she was always adorable when she first woke up.

"Come on sleepy head. I got up early to help you get ready for the day."

>"That was your decision."

"Someone is feisty this morning."

>She raised her head, giving you a sleepy glare before heaving to her hooves and stepping down from the bed.

>"Alright, I'm up. You don't need to come help me every morning though."

"Well, I just thought you might need help-"

>"I'm pregnant Anon, I'm not a cripple." She pressed her snout against your side, nuzzling you gently. "But thank you for the concern."

"My pleasure, Luna. I'll meet you for breakfast?"

>"Sounds good Anonymous. I'll see you in a bit."

>She turned to her mirror and began brushing her hair as you left, and made your way back down to your room.

>You could probably lay back down for another hour, it was still early.

>Crawling in your bed, you checked your clock, lowering your head to the pillow and falling asleep.

>"Anon! Wake up!"

>Confound this sun; it drives you to blindness in the mornings.

>You felt a hoof jab your side, and shove you off of the bed, landing on the floor with a thud.

"Now was that necessary? I was getting up."

>"Well make haste Anonymous. I'd like to get some breakfast."

‣You gave a small sigh, getting up on your feet and over to Luna who had let herself in.

"You know what's funny, when I was a prisoner here, you were the only pony that knocked. Now, you hardly ever knock."

‣Luna walked alongside you to the dining hall, where you spied Celestia sitting at her table alone as usual.

"Hey, how about we eat with your sister? She looks lonely..."

‣Luna looked stunned at that comment. "What in Equestria did I miss while I was gone?"

"Celestia and I are on... better terms than we used to."

‣That seemed to make Luna a bit happier, and she approached the table her sister was at.

‣"Sister, would you care for some company?"

‣Celestia's face grew into a smile, and she looked over at you.

‣She seemed a bit surprised you kept your word to eat with her more often.

‣The three of you went about eating, and you listened to the two sisters chat idly.

‣After causing so much conflict between the two, it was nice to see them getting along so well.

‣Celestia got up after finishing her meal and excused herself, leaving the two of you.

"I think we should tell her..."

‣"What are you talking about Anonymous?"

‣You sighed, you had hoped to keep this conversation in Equestrian, but it wasn't going to happen.

"About the baby. I don't think she'll freak out"

‣"Are you crazy Anonymous? Even if you were her best friend in Equestria, she'd have no choice. Especially if our parents were to get word of this?"

"Your... parents...?"

>Ok, you hadn't accounted for that.

>Luna nodded. "King Eternity and Queen Galaxia. I haven't seen them since I was a filly, but I'm sure news of their daughter having a foal would bring them."

"I understand Luna... I didn't realize..."

>"It's fine Anonymous. Now you know why I refuse to let anyone know about this."

>This seemed to be a sore subject for her, it'd be best to just drop it.

"I'll figure something out Luna."

>"I know Anonymous. You always do."

>You finished your egg sandwich and waited patiently for Luna to devour her giant breakfast.

>Normally she ate something small for her meals, but with a second mouth to feed, she was probably going to be hungry a lot more.

"What if, when its born. I act like I found it on the street. Then I'll adopt it."

>"That's just plain crazy Anon."

"It could work though. Wouldn't be the first time one of my crazy ideas worked."

>"I suppose it's better than nothing..." Luna nuzzled against you.  
"It's risky Anon..."

"I know. Everything about this has been risky."

>"I should get along to my duties... I'm sure Shining Armor misses you in the office as well."

"Take it easy Luna, I'll see you later."

>Month 4.5 of 6

>Luna barged into your room like always as you were sitting at your desk reading.

"Come in Luna."

>"I already am. Perhaps you should look up from your book."

"I was being sarcastic."

>Luna sat beside you, looking over at the book you were reading.

>"Fools for fools?"

"I don't know anything about raising a human child, much less a pony."

>"I see. I was on my way to dinner, would you like to come?"

>Luna nuzzled against you, almost pleading with you.

"Sure Luna. How could I say no to you?"

>"Normally you don't, I just can never find you in time to ask if you'd like to join me.

>The two of you walked to the dining hall side by side as usual, Luna seemed a bit cheerier than usual as she nuzzled your side as you walked

>You were about to make a comment, but decided against it.

>Luna had a tendency to have mood swings at the slightest, most innocent comments lately.

>Fucking hormones.

>"Shall we eat with my sister again? She seems to enjoy our company."

"Sure, it's nice to see you two getting along again."

>You sat between the two alicorns, figuring more distance between them gave your hopeless plan a slim chance at succeeding.

>The three of you sat around, slowly eating your food as the two princesses chatted back and forth.

>Luna daintily ate her food as normal, suddenly dropping her muffin and cringing.

>"Are you ok sister?"

>Luna put on a very forced smile, picking up her muffin once more.

>"I'm fine, just a bit of a stomach ache."



>She took a few more bites, then dropped it once more.

>"Anon, would you walk me to my room? I'm not feeling so well."

>"Should I send for a doctor?" Celestia looked concerned, more so than you'd seen in a while.

>"No, I'll be fine. Just an upset stomach... I'll see you tonight sister."

>Celestia didn't seem very convinced, signaling you to get Luna out of the hot zone and fast.

>You escorted her out of the dining hall, and into the hall way.

>"Anon. Your plan isn't going to work much longer."

"You don't say. We need to get away from Canterlot."

>"That may just be the smartest statement to have come out of your mouth in a long time Anonymous."

"Very funny, you have anywhere in mind we could go?"

>You carried a very heavy Luna up the stairs, and placed her on the bed.

"Alright, let's hear your idea."

>"We're going on a vacation, to my lunar castle. It's the only place I know that's isolated from the outside world."

"We've stayed here next to Celestia when there's a perfectly fine castle somewhere else in Equestria?"

>"It's NOT perfectly fine. I haven't been there in over a thousand years. It's mostly in ruins. But it will give us the privacy we need."

"What about food, water and a doctor to deliver the foal?"

>"I'll bring along my royal elite guard and their medic."

>Your jimmies were immediately stirred by the thought of a medic delivering a baby.

"Maybe we should just tell Celes-"

>"NO!"

>Well you tried.

"I'll talk to her tonight... let her know about us taking a vacation to..."

➤ "Gallopfrey, the island of Gallopfrey."

"Right. Here, I grabbed a muffin in case you got hungry tonight and wanted to try and eat."

➤ "Thank you Anon... Will you stay here until you go see Celestia?"

"Sure."

➤ You made yourself comfortable on Luna's bed as she lay down on her side.

➤ Your brain was back, causing trouble like always.

➤ Brain: Dude, you should tell Celestia. You have dirt on her, she can't do anything to you or she'll risk losing you

➤ Dude, I can't betray Luna's trust like that.

➤ So you're going to make her give birth to your kid in an abandoned castle by some medic?

➤ No plan is perfect.

➤ Yeah, and your plan sucks ass.

➤ Thanks brain. Nice to know you have my back.

➤ If you love her you will. Not like you can keep a baby alicorn a secret very long.

➤ Who said it was an Alicorn, maybe it'll be a Pegasus, or a Unicorn. Maybe even an Earth pony.

➤ You were both Alicorns. Be reasonable.

➤ Luna crept over to the balcony and watched as Celestia brought down the sun, and promptly began bringing out the moon.

➤ You stepped out onto the balcony next to Luna running a hand through her mane as you watched the moon rise higher into the sky.

"I'm going to go see Luna, if you're asleep when I get back, I just want to say goodnight. And I love you."

➤ You knelt down beside her and gave her a kiss"

‣"I love you too Anon. Feel free to spend the night here if you don't feel like walking all the way to your room."

"I might just do that."

‣You stepped out of her room, made your way down the stairs, and back up another staircase similar to the ones that lead to Luna's room.

‣You came to a similar looking wooden door, and gave a firm knock.

‣Celestia's voice called out from inside. "Who is it?"

"Anonymous."

‣The door magically swung open, revealing a brightly colored room filled with colorful pillows, white walls and gold trim.

‣Celestia sat on her bed, her crown and necklace laying on the nightstand beside her bed.

‣"This is unusual for you Anonymous. I can't remember the last time you came to my chambers:

"Yes well... I need to talk to you..."

‣Ok brain, time to decide. Are we going on vacation, or are we going to take a gamble?

‣Uh...

‣Damn it brain, this is not the time for shenanigans.

"It's about Luna..."

‣"Mhmm." Celestia didn't seem too concerned now, and that rustled your jimmies ever so slightly.

"Luna and I... we messed up a while back. She turned me into an Alicorn, and we... um."

‣"Yes, Anonymous?"

‣You drew in a deep breath, this was going to be like ripping off a Band-Aid.

‣Quick and painful.

"Luna is pregnant. The foal grew inside her while she was a statue, and if I had to guess... it will be born at the end of next month."

>Celestia stared at you for what seemed the longest time.

>"Do you honestly take me for a fool Anonymous?"

"No! Of course I don't."

>"Yet you tried to keep such an obvious secret from me. You expect me to think my sister just randomly decided to wear her cloak at all times."

>Well this was not going according to plan.

>"You obviously think I'm blind to my sister. Wearing clothes, mood swings, increased appetite, sluggish movements. I'm truly insulted."

"Then... why didn't you say something?"

>"I wanted you to be honest with me."

>Well didn't that just make you feel like the lowest form of shit.

"Sorry Celestia. I just didn't want Luna to get in trouble like she said she would."

>"She was right. If our parents, namely King Eternity find out about this, you would be banished to Tartarus. Permanently. As for Luna, she would lose her crown, and be sent into exile."

"So... You aren't going to tell them?"

>"Under two conditions. First and foremost, once this foal is born, the two of you will marry."

"We were thinking of that anyways. What's the second condition?"

>Celestia stood from her bed, drawing closer, a large smile creeping across her face.

>She placed a single hoof on your chest, placing her mouth next to her ear, her breath sending chills down your spine.

>Her voice was a seductively toned whisper.

➤ "Love me like Luna."

➤ You felt her tongue lick the side of your neck, flicking playfully at your ear.

➤ It took all of your will power to keep your body from convulsing right there.

➤ "I'll give you some time to think it over. Good night Anonymous."

➤ Celestia went back to her bed, flicking her tail aside as if taunting you.

➤ Code black, get us the fuck out of here brain.

➤ Roger Dodger exfil in... about now.

➤ You made your way out of Celestia's room, down the spiral stair case and up the stairs to Luna's room.

➤ You silently crept inside and crawled in bed beside Luna, who seemed to be asleep already.

➤ Gently draping your arm over her, you pulled yourself in close against her warm body.

➤ How in the hell were you supposed to sleep after what just happened?

➤ "Anon...?"

➤ You gave a low shush, leaning in and gently kissing her neck.

"We'll talk tomorrow, good night Luna."

➤ You were awoken by Luna getting out of bed the next morning, and stepping out onto the balcony to lower the moon.

➤ With no plan formulated for your current situation, you quietly snuck out and returned to your room for your workout clothes.

➤ You could remember your drill sergeant's words still.

➤ "Can't sleep? PT. Can't think? PT. Need to think? PT. Bored? PT. Horny and can't whack off? PT."

➤ Changing quickly, you didn't even wait until you were outside of the castle to begin your jog.

›Alright brain, let's review the situation. We can either have sexual relations with Celestia, and ensure our safety along with Luna keeping her crown.

›Right. I guess this is the part where I come up with solutions?

›You got it brain.

›Well, option 1) Have sexual relations with Celestia.

›We both know that's a no go.

›Right, option 2) Tell Luna, and see where that takes us.

›I'd rather not drive a wedge between them again, but I'll consider it.

›Well, that leaves the one last idea. Kill her.

›Whoa. Whoa. Hold the damn phone brain. I'm not killing Celestia, no matter how much of an underhanded molester she is.

›Well, there's your options, take 'em or leave 'em.

›Sometimes I hate you.

›You finished your run a bit later than normal, but continued your morning routine as always.

›Luna was already waiting inside on your bed, watching quietly as you grabbed some clothes and made your way into the shower.

›With the sweat washed from your body, and fresh clothes donned, you stepped out to find Luna still sitting on your bed.

"You seem more patient than usual. Normally your trying to hurry me along to breakfast."

›"I'm waiting to hear how last night went."

"Oh... it went... um..."

›"Did she not believe you?" Luna's tone grew worried.

"She's known this entire time."

›"So... What's going to happen? Is she going to tell our parents?"

"She's thinking it over now. I'm supposed to go talk to her tonight."

›"Should I come?"

"No. Don't worry about it..."

>"Easier said than done..."

"Come on, let's get some breakfast. I'm going to be late to work."

>The day had gone by slowly, but not slow enough to still your still rustling jimmies from last night.

>You stood in front of the door to Celestia's chambers, your heart pounding, palms sweaty, jimmies ablaze.

>Are you sure about this decision brain?

>You got a better idea?

>...

>Thought so. Now get in there.

>You gave a firm knock on the door.

>"Who is it?"

"You know who it is."

>Just like the night before, the door magically swung open, though you found Celestia on the other side.

>She sure looked eager...

>"Come in Anonymous. May I interest you in a drink?"

"No thanks. I'd rather get this over with."

>"Come now, is that any attitude to have in the presence of a Princess?"

>She levitated a glass of wine over to you, which you peered into suspiciously.

>"Come now, you think I would drug you before our big night? I want you in peak condition."

"Quite frankly, I don't care for wine. How about you make yourself comfy?"

>You set the wine down on the nearby table, unbuttoning your collar.

>"I'm glad you decided to be smart. It'd be a shame to turn you into my father."

>Celestia trotted over to her bed, lying down with her tail facing you.

>She looked back with a smile, flicking her tail back and forth.

>"Don't take too long back there."

"I wouldn't dream of it."

>You cast your shirt aside, approaching the white alicorn from behind.

>"Remember, if I don't feel you're giving it your all, the deal's off."

"Then let's start off right."

>You stepped onto the bed, straddling Celestia's body and sitting down gently on her backside.

>You're really going through with this aren't you?

>You began massaging her back, your hands bringing out soft moans from her as you massaged up her back.

>Next came the wings, which went rigid at your touch.

"Here's a new trick I learned not too long ago."

>You reached up, lightly grabbing the base of her horn.

>"Ooh. You are a naughty human."

>Her voice was filled with pleasure, her chest already heaving at her increased breathing.

"You'll find I'm full of surprises Princess."

>"Do you have any more for me tonight?"

>A small smile crept across your face as you looked at the mirrored headboard in front of the two of you.

"I do. And I might just enjoy it after all..."

>Your face serious'd, and you tightened your grip on her horn, making her pupils shrink to the size of pin pricks.

>You drew your knife that you had concealed in the back of your trousers' waist, and brought blade against her neck.

>"What in Eque-"



"Quiet or I will slice you open here and now. At the rate your heart is beating and the size of this knife, I give you a few seconds at most before you black out from loss of blood."

>"And what would that accomplish? You'd still end up in Tartarus."

"Maybe, but Luna would be safe. By the time your father found out, the foal will have been born, and she can hide it from him."

>"You're crazy."

"You just now realized that? I will stop at nothing to protect those I love. Even if that means slicing you open."

>The two of you locked eyes in the mirror, yours full of determination, hers full of fear.

>"And what's to stop me from throwing you across this room like rag doll, or turning you into a pile of ash the moment you let go of me?"

"Who said I was going to let you go?"

>"Well I'm still alive."

"Maybe I just wanted to watch you squirm before you die."

>Celestia shifted uncomfortably, though you kept your body pressed against her back side to avoid being hit in the tenders again.

"So, here's my counter offer Princess. You will maintain your silence about my foal and you will not try something of this nature again."

>"What is to stop me from sending you to Tartarus the moment you let go of me?"

"I've gone through Tartarus three times now. I would only come back again, and again, and again until I finally kill you."

>Celestia was silent a few more minutes, mulling the details of the situation over in her head.

>"Seems you've thought of everything Anonymous. You have all the cards in your favor."

"I have and I do. Quite frankly, I don't care what you decide. I come out ahead either way."

>"I hardly call being sent to Tartarus after killing me coming out ahead."

"It's something humans call mutually assured destruction. I don't lose either way, and you lose everyway. Unless you play along of course."

>"Very well Anonymous. I'll cooperate. On one condition."

"I marry Luna?"

>"Yes."

"Remember what happens if you double cross me."

>"Believe me Anonymous, after tonight, I wouldn't dare."

>Satisfied, you withdrew your knife and placed it in its sheath.

>You grabbed your shirt off of the floor and redressed, keeping an eye on Celestia as she laid her head down on her pillow.

>You fully expected her to turn around at any moment, with some spell ready to blast you to pieces and send you to Tartarus.

>But she didn't, leaving you to leave in peace and head to your own bed.

>You reached the bottom of the stairs, finding Luna sitting down on her haunches waiting for you.

>For the first time in a while, she wasn't wearing her cloak, the candle light of the hallways casting a lovely light over her.

"How long have you been sitting there?"

>"Since you went up there."

>She eyed the sheathed knife in your hand uneasily.

"Don't worry, I took it as... life insurance."

>"Oh... did it go well?"

"It did. After the foal is born, how would you feel about... um..."

>Brain, you just held a knife to the throat of royalty. Grow some balls and ask her.

›"Yes Anon?"

"Getting married?"

›Luna walked/ waddled over to you, then stood on her hind legs, draped her fore hooves over your shoulders and planted a kiss in your lips.

›You can take that as a yes.

›Month 5.5/6

›Fucking fancy suits. You hated them so.

›Fuck this Grand Galloping Gala

›Fuck... well, there was something you were forgetting

›"Anon! Hurry up we're late!"

›Fucking hormones.

›Ok, maybe that last one was somewhat your fault. You were taking your sweet time in getting ready while Luna stood by the door.

"Why do we have to go to this thing?"

›"If I have to go and entertain a bunch of party guests, so do you."

"Well that's hardly fair."

›"Don't even get me started on fair. I've had to carry this thing around for three months."

"Oh boy, this argument again. At least you got to stay in the statue for the first three months and slept through it."

›Luna's horn grew and tightened your tie for you, a bit too tight in your opinion.

›"Just hurry up, the sooner we get this started, the sooner Celestia will let me leave the party."

"Alright, sheesh. You're bossy tonight."

›The two of you stepped into the hallway and slowly made your way to the dance hall, where the party was already in full swing.

›By party of course, you meant a bunch of fancy looking pOnies chatting while a small orchestra played back ground music.

"I can see why you hate these parties so much."

>"Hmph." Luna trotted into the crowd, looking around for anypony she may know.

>Easy Anon, she's just having to deal with a formal dance she doesn't like in the first place. Throw in raging hormones and...

>"Hey Anon, didn't expect to see you here!"

>That voice was familiar, but you hadn't heard it in some time.

>Sure enough, behind you was Rainbow Dash, dressed in a... well, a rainbow colored dress.

"I could say the same for you Rainbow Dash, you don't seem like the fancy party going type."

>"Well normally you'd be right about that. But last year the Wonderbolts were here, so I was hoping to see them again."

"Like Spitfire and Soarin'?"

>Rainbow Dash looked somewhat surprised you knew what she was talking about.

>"Yeah! I'm surprised you know about them, I thought you said you didn't get out of the castle much?"

"Things change Rainbow, Shining Armor and I usually go drinking with them every other weekend."

>"No way!"

>You looked around for Luna, who had already disappeared into the crowd.

>Strange, she seemed taller than most ponies; you thought finding her would be easy.

"Come on, we'll look for them together, I'm sure they're here somewhere."

>The two of you began searching the castle together, coming across Twilight who was standing beside Celestia.

>When she saw you, she looked back at the princess, then trotted over to you and Rainbow.

"Nice to see you Twilight? Is Apple Jack here too?"

>"She's probably in the courtyard. Fluttershy, Rarity, and Pinkie Pie are here too."

"I don't believe I met them..."

>"You didn't. I can introduce you to them if you'd like."

"Well alright Twilight, let's head out to the courtyard and find Apple Jack first. Maybe the Wonderbolts are there too."

>With your little pOny entourage building, the three of you stepped outside of the castle, finding Apple Jack trying to sell a wide array of apples and apple accessories.

>"Well howdy there Anon!"

"Hey Apple Jack, long time no see. Have you seen any of the Wonderbolts by any chance?"

>"Sure have. Soarin' just went off in that direction right there."

>Apple Jack pointed off in one direction where a cluster of pOnies were forming.

"Thanks, how much for some fritters? I'm sure Luna would love some."

>"Awh, I couldn't charge ya sugarcube. Especially if they're for the princess."

"I insist, here."

>You placed ten bits on the cart and took the bag of apple fritters.

>"I'll probably close up shop in a bit Twi, I'll catch up with ya'll soon."

>A bag of fritters in hand, you and the two pOnies made your way through the crowd, looking up as six Pegasi soared over head.

"I think we found them."

>You pushed your way past several more pOnies and up to a red velvet rope just as the team landed.

›No mistake about it, Spitfire's mane was one of the most unique ones in Equestria..

"Spitfire!"

›She turned her head, her features hidden by the blue flight suit and goggles.

›From what you could tell though, she was happy to see you, and she came over to see what you wanted.

"Hey Spitfire, this here's-"

›"Hey Rainbow Dash! I haven't seen you in a while!"

"Ah, so you two know each other."

›"Yeah, Rainbow here saved the day last year at the young fliers competition."

"Think that would earn her a day of practicing with the Wonderbolts?"

›Rainbow's smile must have grown ten times its normal size as she looked up at you in shock.

›"Why not, she seems capable enough. Come on Dash, let's get you fitted for a flight suit."

›"OMIGOSHOMIGOSHOMIGOSH!" Rainbow leapt up and hugged you, then trotted after with Spitfire to the other Wonderbolts.

›You and Twilight went back to the castle, picking up Apple Jack along the way.

›The three of you found yourself back in the ballroom surrounded by the typical party guests.

›"Ah there you are Rarity! I'd like you to meet a friend of ours, this is Anonymous."

›A very elegantly, a bit too elegantly for your tastes, dressed pony approached you, eyeing you curiously.

›"Eh, charmed to meet you Anonymous. You're quite the unique character."

➤How could a pOny from a small town like POnyville talk more proper than pOnies in this very castle?

"Like wise miss Rarity. I can tell you're a pOny of refined tastes."

➤Rarity's white face gave way to a slight red blush, probably caught off guard by how civil you acted and the compliment.

➤"I say, I've never seen your kind before. Where did you come from Anonymous?"

"That's a very long story ma'am."

➤Twilight butted in, "No worries Anon, I'm curious as well. And quite frankly, this Gala is turning out as boring as last year."

"Alright, I suppose I can tell you how I got to Equestria..."

➤"Hey everypony!"

➤A pink pOny trotted up, the air about her seemed to bubbly and full of laughter.

➤You looked down at Twilight, expecting an introduction, then back up at th-HOLY DOG SHIT!

➤You flinched at finding a pair of blue eyes looking at you from only inches away, cotton candy scent wafting over from the pOnies name.

➤"Who are you? What are you? Do you have a name? I'm Pinkie Pie! These are my friends! Have you met them? This is Twilight Sparkle, Apple Jack, Rarity and I'm Pinkie Pie! But I guess you knew that because I told yo-"

➤"PINKIE!" The group fell silent, including Pinkie Pie. "This is Anonymous. He was in POnyville last Nightmare Night. He was about to tell us how he came to Equestria."

➤"Ooh I like story time!"

➤"There you are! Hello everypony, did I miss anything?" Luna came up behind you and nuzzled your side, then looked down at the other pOnies around you.

"I was just about to tell them about how I came to Equestria. Want to join us for a small story?"

>She seemed to be in a much better mood, which you were thankful for.

>"I'd love to." She nuzzled against you again, drawing strange looks all around. PDA was one thing the two of you never really got into, she always seemed more reserved than that.

>Apple Jack was the first to speak up, "You two seem a might friendly Princess..."

>Luna blushed slightly, shifting her eyes so she broke eye contact. "I apologize... I-"

"Luna is my special somepony. With all of her jobs around here and me being Shining Armor's advisor we don't see each other much."

>"You're my brother's advisor? And your dating Princess Luna?"

"I can't tell what you're more excited about Twilight."

>The six of you sat at a nearby table, and you began your tale of dying in a war, being unfairly sent to hell, fighting through Tartarus, and emerging into Equestria.

>"That sounds horrible..."

"It was. You understand why I don't talk about it very often."

>"So how did... you know. The two of you..."

"Another story for another time."

>Rainbow Dash and a yellow Pegasus came up and joined the table, the yellow one hid behind Rainbow, occasionally peeking out at you.

"And what's your name miss...?"

>"Um, I'm Flutter..."

"Come again?"

>"This is Fluttershy." Rainbow stepped aside so Fluttershy couldn't hide behind her, but she only shifted to stay behind Rainbow.

"Nice to meet you Fluttershy."



‣Fluttershy gave a small squeak, shying away even more.

‣Luna suddenly lowered her head, cringing in pain from another stomach pain.

"I should walk Luna back to her room. She hasn't been feeling very well lately. It was nice visiting with you girls."

‣The six mares gave their farewells, with the exception of Fluttershy who only squeaked again.

‣You helped Luna to her hooves and began making your way out when you heard a small gasp from behind you.

‣Fluttershy's timid voice carried just far enough for you two to hear. "Princess Luna are you... I mean, I don't mean to be rude, but are you expecting a foal?"

‣Several gasps followed, the six pOnies looking with an emotion you couldn't place.

‣Brain, we're at code rustled jimmies. What do?

‣Before you could even think of a possible solution, Luna turned to face the six pOnies and spoke for herself.

‣"Yes, but you mustn't tell anypOny! Please, keep this secret. For me."

‣The pOnies were silent for a few minutes, making both of you feel an unrivaled of uneasiness.

‣Twilight finally spoke up, "Of course Luna, you don't have anything to worry about. Your secret is safe with us..."

‣"And if you ever need a babysitter, just let me know." Pinkie gave a small smile, her voice softer than when you first met her.

"Thanks everypOny. It was nice seeing you."

‣You helped Luna down the hall, and she pushed you toward your door. "I don't think I can make it to my room right now, this will do for now."

‣Luna sat on the bed as you helped her out of her elegant black dress, placing it neatly on your table.

"You know, we haven't talked much about baby names. Do you have any you were thinking about?"

>"I was thinking Moona if it's a filly. Mooner if it's a colt. Or maybe Moonshine or Moonbeam."

>Oh god your sides. You couldn't help yourself to slowly sit down on the bed as you continued laughing.

>Luna glared at you and jabbed a hoof in your side, "What is so funny Anonymous?"

"Mooner... On Earth... it's like a prankster. A crude prankster that indecently shows his... bottom. And Moonshine is an alcoholic drink."

>Oh fuck your sides have scattered across Equestria by now.

>"Well ok then, do you have any ideas?" she seemed annoyed again, but too tired to get mean with you.

"Maybe Dawn if it's a filly, or Dusk if it's a colt. Or Stardust, another filly name. Midnight for a colt."

>"Those are nice... We have a while before we have to decide though."

"Not really. A few weeks at most..."

>Luna changed the subject, "How did you like the Gala?"

"It reminded me of when I went to prom without a date. Lots of standing around talking to friends. Where did you even go?"

>"Just around the ballroom. I thought you were behind me."

"Twilight distracted me. I was sort of expecting there to be more dancing, even if it was only slow dancing. Do pOnies even dance?"

>"We do. Slow dancing usually looks something like this."

>Luna slowly came over to you and placed her shoulder against your side, slowly swaying back and forth.

>"It's a bit awkward, since you aren't a pOny. But this is more or less how it works. How do humans do it?"

"Well, human's face each other, and the female puts her hands on the male's shoulders."

➤Luna, lacking hands obviously, stood on her hind legs and draped her forelegs over your shoulders.

"And males would put their hands on their waist. You don't really have a waist, so I'll just get comfortable."

➤You placed your hands on her body, which Luna covered with her wings, and placed her head on your shoulder, nuzzling her snout against your cheek.

➤"I like this more..."

"Me too."

➤The two of you danced silently like a pair of high school students at prom for a few minutes, just enjoying the sensation.

➤"Gah!" Luna pulled away, collapsing to the floor.

"What's wrong?"

➤She placed a hoof on her stomach, wincing in pain as another wave of pain hit her.

➤"I think it's coming..."

"Oh fuck me. Is there a delivery room in the castle or a castle doctor we can see?"

➤Luna wailed in pain. "No, get a chariot, hospital nooOOOOOW."

➤You bolted out of the room, grabbing the first guard you could find by the armor and bringing him to your level.

"I need a chariot to take the Princess to the hospital on my balcony NOW."

➤"Yes sir!"

➤you let go of the Pegasus and watched as he raced down the hallway and out of the castle to grab a chariot.

➤Back in the room, you knelt by Luna, who was suffering through labor pains on the floor where she fell.

‣You scooped her up off the ground and carried her to the balcony.

‣Just in time, a large black chariot fell from the sky and landed with a thud.

‣You stepped onto the chariot and set Luna down on the seat, kneeling down on the floor.

"GO!"

‣The chariot raced through the night air, arriving at the hospital in only minutes, landing with a thud.

"Darn pOnies, I thought I was bad at landing."

‣You carried Luna inside, finding a lone nurse on duty.

"Nurse! Delivery room!"

‣Her eyes widened and she bolted from behind the desk, rushing off down the hall. "Follow me!"

‣Sure, just let me carry a pregnant alicorn all by myself without any-

‣"OW! HURRY UP ANON!"

‣Right, baby coming.

‣You carried Luna to a room down the hall, placing her on a bed as the nurse scrambled for the things she needed.

‣A unicorn wearing white rushed in after a few minutes and began getting ready.

‣The commotion suddenly ceased as the two pOnies looked over at the pOny they had in the room.

‣They stood silent, mouths agape. Their expressions said a thousand words.

"I swear if you don't get that foal out of there, I will personally kick you both to Tartarus!"

‣That got them moving, and the doctor began the process of guiding the foal out of the womb.

›Everything was suddenly deafening. Luna sure had a pair of lungs on her, that was for sure.

›Then a different screaming, higher pitched than Luna's.

›"Thank the moon that's over with..." Luna laid her head back on the pillow.

›"It's a colt. Congratulations... um..."

"Yes, I'm the dad. I'll explain how this happened later if you like."

›The unicorn levitated the colt over to you, and you gently took it in your hands.

›Suddenly, Luna's head raised again and she let out another yell.

›"Looks like we aren't done here."

"You can't be serious... twins?"

›The doctor's horn glowed once more, and a few minutes later another high pitch scream filled the room.

›The doctor did whatever delivering a child consisted of, and levitated the next foal over to you

›"It's a girl, congratulations you two."

›You looked down at the two foals crying in your arms.

›They were complete opposites it seemed.

›The filly had a silver coat, and black mane. While the colt was black with a silver mane.

›Each had light blue eyes, just like Luna's.

›So adorable, both of them. And each had a little part of you inside, even though it wasn't apparent on the outside.

›Perhaps being turned to stone had affected their color, you would never know.

"Look at them Luna."

›Luna looked tired, and rightfully so.

›"They're lovely... I'll let you name them. You had some good ideas earlier."

"Sure thing, get some rest."

➤That's what you said, but in your mind you were swearing more than a sailor. You hated big decisions.

➤"Well sir, do you have names picked out already?"

➤You had to think a moment, looking down at the two foals.

➤Two sides of the same coin it seemed. The same yet opposites.

You knew just what to name them.

"Dawn for the filly, Dusk for the colt."

➤"Lovely choices sir... I'll take them to the nursery until the princess is ready to leave." The doctor's horn glowed once more, taking the two foals from your grasp.

➤She wrapped them both in white towels and took them outside the room and to the nursery.

➤The nurse went with the doctor, leaving you with a sleeping Luna.

➤You couldn't help but smile as you sat back in your chair and closed your eyes.

➤Your life was about to change, for the better.

How could it get worse? Soon you would be married; you had two adorable kids... Life is good.

➤Maybe even perfect.

1 month later...

"Dusk get down from the ceiling!"

➤The tiny black alicorn looked down at you with his adorable innocent face, giggling like a...

➤He was giggling, and as adorable as it was, you were tired of finding this foal everywhere BUT on the ground.

➤Somehow Dusk had cast a spell on himself to let him become Spiderman... Spidercolt? Spidercolt.

➤Either way, he was walking upside down from the ceiling, along the walls... It wasn't even 0900

➤Dusk was still looking down at you from the ceiling, giggling.

"What are you plotting little guy?"

➤ Suddenly, DEATH FROM ABOVE!

➤ Dusk let go of the ceiling and propelled himself downward with his tiny wings, landing on your face and causing you to stumble backwards.

➤ You lost your balance and fell backwards on the ground, your hands grasping the black furball that had latched on to your face.

➤ "The great and mighty soldier from Earth, defeated by a little colt."

➤ You pried Dusk off of your face, holding the squirming foal in both hands to look toward the door Luna had just carried Dawn through.

"Hey, you try catching this little guy without wings or magic."

➤ Dawn decided to join her brother, fluttering over and landing on your chest.

"Great, now it's two on one!"

➤ Luna couldn't help but laugh, which got you laughing, along with Dawn and Dusk.

➤ Luna magiced the two of them in the air and placed them on the bed, allowing you to pick yourself up of the ground.

➤ Before you could warn her not to, Luna's magical aura disappeared around the two.

➤ Dusk leapt into the air and began crawling along the walls and ceilings once more.

➤ Dawn, seeing the fun, tried it as well, but lacked the spell and immediately fell back on the bed.

➤ At least you only had to worry about Dusk cawling- why is his horn glowing?

➤ Dawn was glowing too, and the two foals gave a small squeal at each other.

"Oh please no..."

›Yup, Dawn floated over to the wall and began walking along it as well

›"At least they play well together."

›Spiderfoals, Spiderfoals, does whatever a-

›BRAIN SHUT UP!

"I just don't want them to fall and get hurt."

›"Don't worry Anon, they have wings, they'll be fine."

›Luna pulled each of them down from the ceiling with her magic, placing Dawn in your arms along with a bottle, while she fed Dusk.

›As they both finished their bottles, there was a knock from your door.

›"You get that; I'll put them down for a nap."

›Dawn was whisked up by Luna's magic once more, and you opened the door.

"Hello Princess Celestia. Please come in."

›You let Celestia in, who promptly walked over to the nearby crib and looked down at her niece and nephew.

›"Aren't they precious..."

"They are, especially when they aren't darting all over the place. Now was there something you needed?"

›"I need to talk to you both, about our deal."

"We've been planning the wedding as best we can."

›"Ahem. I've been planning it. You've watched Dawn and Dusk while I done so." Luna nudged you and faced her sister.

›"I am aware you two have been planning it. However, I took the liberty of writing our parents dear sister, to tell them you found a... special somepOny."

›Luna seemed to lighten by about two shades of blue.

›"They said they would both be here by the end of the week to meet you Anonymous. You may want to find yourselves a babysitter."



›Celestia showed herself out of your room, leaving the two of you to think of a babysitter you could trust.

›The answer was obvious, she had offered only a month ago at the Gala.

"I'm going to take them to POnyville, Pinkie Pie already volunteered for the job."

›"Excellent choice Anon, take my chariot. I'll stay here and continue planning the wedding."

›Alright, let's go through the checklists for the mission.

›Bottles, check.

›Diapers, check.

›Baby powder, check.

›Formula, check.

›Blankets, check.

›Babies... GOD DAMNIT.

›Dusk was back at his Spidercolt routine, while Dawn was chewing on an egg.

›Egg? You don't have an egg in here... you just have that-  
GRENADE!

›You snatched the grenade you still had left over from Tartarus and placed in inside the nightstand, then wrapped Dawn up in a blanket.

"I need to child proof this room..."

›You stuck a pacifier in Dawn's mouth, who was beginning to throw a fit at you taking her "chew toy" and placed her next to the diaper bag.

"Dusk, get down from there. We're going on a trip."

›Dusk continues walking along the ceiling, giggling and occasionally looking down at you.

"Alright, if you won't come down here, I'll come up there!"

‣You pulled the desk away from the wall and stood on top of it, and reached toward Dusk.

‣Just out of reach...

‣You shifted your weight in efforts to cover the last foot of distance between you two.

‣The table suddenly tipped over from underneath of you, sending you face first into the ground yet again.

"Dusk, you are going to be the death of me..."

‣You pushed yourself off the ground and sat for a second to recover.

‣Dusk fluttered down from the ceiling and landed on your head, giggling.

‣Little bits of drool dripped down from his mouth and you reached up to wrap said foal in a dark blue blanket.

‣Finally, with two foals and previously mentioned items in diaper bag gathered, you made your way to Luna's chariot and stepped inside.

"To POnyville sirs."

‣The chariot leapt into the air, and raced off to the little town, while you kept a very close eye on your little adventurers.

‣The chariot landed with a thud in the center of POnyville, and you disembarked amidst the crowd of pOnies that were gathering around you.

‣Twilight was among them and was the first to trot up to you.

‣"Good to see you again Anonymous!"

"Likewise Twilight, I need to see Pinkie Pie. Any idea where she is?"

‣"Probably at Sugarcube Corner. Why?"

"Eh, can you get all of these pOnies to leave? This is a sensitive matter."

>"Hmm... gather your things. I have an idea."

>You grabbed the diaper bag, and then the two foals tucking them close to your chest.

>Twilight nudged against you and focused her magic.

>The next thing you knew, you were inside a library, books all around, with a little purple lizard looking up at you in awe.

"Teleportation? Nice trick Twilight."

>"Thank you Anon. It has its uses. Now what was your... "Sensitive matter?"

>You set the two foals on the ground, unwrapping them from their blankets so they could finally stretch their cramped legs and wings.

>They had been fussy most of the trip, but now their new found freedom left them zipping through the library.

>Twilight's eyes went huge. "Are those..."

"Alicorn foals? Yes."

>She d'awwed, looking at the energetic foals as they raced around the library exploring their new surroundings.

"I need a babysitter next week. I don't know for how long though."

>"I'll do it!" Twilight exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"That's nice Twilight, but Pinkie Pie already said she would... what the hay. You sure you can handle this?"

>"Oh come on Anon. They're two little foals, how hard can it be?"

"You'd be surprised"

>You looked up as Dawn fluttered down and landed on your head.

"This little one is Dawn, the other is named Dusk."

>"Could I watch them starting now? I really want to study them. Alicorn foals only come about every couple thousand years after all."

"You aren't going to do any tests are you?"

›"Of course not. I'm just curious how they act, what degree of magic they can use, that sort of thing."

"Ok, but if they get to be too much to handle, get help from Pinkie Pie. And let me know if ANYTHING happens."

›"Don't worry Anon, I have Spike and Owilicious here to help. Nothing could possible go wrong!"

"Good, now here's the sleep and eat cycle I have them on, I wrote everything down for you. And whatever you do, DON'T turn your back on them."

›"Anon, relax. I can handle this. Just tell me one thing before you go. How did you and Luna... I mean, she's an Alicorn and you're a human."

"A while ago, she used a transformation spell on me that turned me into an Alicorn for a day. It was pretty fun actually."

›"I would assume so Anon, seeing as now you're a father."

"That's not what- you know what, forget it. Thanks for this Twilight. Where's Dusk? I want to say good bye to him."

›"He's... he was right there."

Panic.exe has successfully installed, run now?

[Y]/N

›You quickly ensured Dawn was still perched on top of your head, patting the furry mass.

›With her presence confirmed you quickly searched the other rooms of the library while Twilight and Spike searched other rooms.

›The three of you met back in the main area of the library.

"Did you find him?!"

›"No, did you?!"

"Why would I ask you if I did? Quick fan out through the town! Get the others looking for him!"

›You grabbed the diaper bag, and bolted out the door.

›Twilight quickly gathered her five friends into the town square around Apple Jacks apple and apple accessories cart.

"Alright, Dusk has gone missing. He's a black, alicorn foal with silver hair. Keep this quiet! I don't want to many ponies knowing about them yet."

›Twilight stepped forward. "Right, Fluttershy and Rainbow Dash, you search from the sky, the rest of us will split up and search the town."

"Pinkie Pie, will you watch Dawn while the rest of us look for Dusk? I'd rather not carry her around in public."

›"Sure thing Anon!"

"Alright everypony, move out!"

›You followed Pinkie Pie to Sugarcube Corner, where she rented a small apartment above the bakery and dropped Dawn off.

›As you walked out the door, you could hear Dawn already pouting.

›It broke your heart really, but the last thing you needed was rumors of an Alicorn foal when the king and queen came in.

›Back on the streets, dozens of ponies trotted from place to place, young fillies and colts played nearby.

›But no Dusk, or a crowd of ponies that he would most likely attract.

›A lone foal alone in the middle of a city would draw attention.

›An alicorn foal would draw news coverage.

›Still you continued snaking your way through the town, looking in every alley and under every nearby cart you could find.

›After a few hour, Rainbow Dash swooped down from the sky, landing next to you.

›"Any luck Anon?"

›You only shook your head, and sat on a nearby park bench.

›Rainbow Dash hovered next to you, placing a hoof on your shoulder. "Hey, don't worry. We'll find the little guy."

"Right, no use moping and worrying, we should keep looking. Is there any place nearby that he could have gone."

›"Well, there's the Whitetail woods, the lake, and..."

›Rainbow's voice trailed off, rustling your jimmies.

"Where Rainbow?"

›"The Everfree forest... If he went there Anon..." Rainbow trailed off again.

"Which way?"

›Rainbow pointed with a hoof in one direction. "Anon, that place is dangerous, if you're going, I'm going with you."

"Rainbow Dash, I need you to go find the others, and send a few into the whitetail woods and a few to the lake."

›"But-"

"Don't argue with me, go!"

›you got to your feet and took off down the street and out of town, rivaling the speed of Kenyans.

›It didn't take you long to find the forest Rainbow Dash mentioned.

›The light faded away quickly, save for only a few rays of light coming through the trees.

›Would Dusk really come here?

›This place was giving you the creeps, second only to Tartarus.

›You took your knife out of its sheath, keeping it ready in case any predators lurked in the shadows.

›A few creatures came to your mind that you read about in the castle library.

›Manticorns and timberwolves were your main concern here; this seemed like the kind of terrain they would favor.

‣You studied the path around you, looking for any signs of hoof prints in the soft mud path.

‣You knelt at one point, studying a small indentation in the soft ground.

‣It could only be Dusk, no other pOny made a hoof print this small.

‣And no pOny in their right mind would be out in this forest without damn good reason.

‣You kept along the path muttering to yourself.

"This colt is going to be the death of me. This crazy, adventurous , wall climbing-"

‣There was a faint, high pitched squeal from up ahead, snapping you out of your monologue.

‣As faint as it was, you had no doubts it was Dusk.

‣You raced down the path, the slippery wet mud path shifting under your feet as you raced toward the source of the squeals.

‣Each one became louder than the first, drawing you closer and closer.

‣You crashed through some bushes and slid into a clearing, your feet shooting out from under you as you tried to stop.

‣There was Dusk, his black coat dappled in brown mud, a giant smile on his face.

‣In front of him was a giant lion with a scorpion tail, aka a manticorn.

‣You could only watch in horror as the massive paw of the manticorn swiped at the foal, its claws extended.

‣Just before it made contact, Dusk disappeared into thin air, reappearing behind the manticorn and giving another squeal.

‣The manticorn let out a frustrated roar and pounced at Dusk, who teleported to safety once more.

‣So this is what it was like to watch Discord and you fight.

‣The scorpion tail struck the ground as Dusk teleported away again, both him and the manticorn seemingly unaware of your presence.

‣This time, Dusk teleported onto the manticorn's backside, enraging it further.

‣Your son was a month old, and already had balls that rivaled your own.

‣Scratch that, his were bigger.

‣You had jumped on a dragon's back, and feared every second of it.

‣Dusk was riding the manticorn like a, dare you say it? Like a damn pony, and was squealing with laughter the entire time.

‣You charged the manticorn, knife in hand as it focused on trying to buck Dusk off of its back.

‣Sad to say, Dusk was proving to be a very good distraction, the manticorn failed to notice you until you were only a few feet away.

‣The manticorn swung its paw at you, which you "blocked" by stabbing the paw.

‣It stumbled backwards, putting distance between you and it.

‣You had to keep your momentum though, the second you gave it a break it would no doubt pounce at you and go for the kill.

‣Pushing off with one foot, you sprang at the beast, going for an overhead stab.

‣The manticorn had a similar idea, bringing its massive stinger down at you.

‣You felt a burning sensation as it struck your backside, and let out a yelp of pain as you drove the blade down into the manticorn's skull.

‣It's body went limp almost instantly, while you slumped down on top of it



›Your back was already throbbing with the intensity of a thousand suns from the poison.

›You felt weight on your head, causing you to look up.

›Dusk was perched on your head, looking down with a smile.

"If I die, I'm going to kill you Dusk."

›Dusk, unable to comprehend your words, only squealed.

›Damn his adorableness.

›You rose to your feet, pulling the bloody knife from the manticorn's skull and placing it in your sheath.

›Your movements were sluggish as the poison slowly seeped into your bloodstream, your vision slowly blurring.

›But you kept pushing, it wouldn't be safe for Dusk if you collapsed now, in the middle of the forest.

›Then again, he did just play with a manticorn.

›Your limbs were starting to become numb, causing you to stumble, and eventually collapse.

›Dusk face planted in the mud ahead of you, and you followed suit.

›Doing your best to wipe the mud from your eyes, you looked up to find Dusk looking back at you, his black coat completely covered in mud.

›He still had a smile on his face, and proceeded to climb back onto your head.

›Your limbs refused to cooperate however, shaking violently as you attempted to stand.

›No joy, this was how you died.

›Stung to death by a creature that had been frustrated by a 1 month old alicorn.

›You pulled Dusk down from your head and pulled him into a hug.

"I love you Dusk, you crazy colt you."

›Blackness took over your vision, and you lost consciousness.

>You woke up to blinding light once again.

>Quite honestly, you were getting sick of this.

"Am I dead again?"

>"I hope not. You're too heavy to carry all the way from the Everfree forest to just die on us."

>Your eyes finally adjusted to the bright light revealing Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie standing by the bed.

>On your stomach was Dawn, sleeping soundly.

>Good thing she didn't inherit your adventurous personality like Dusk, or you really would be dead.

>Then again...

"How am I not dead?"

>"Oh that's easy, manticorn venom isn't lethal! It just paralyzes its prey!" Pinkie Pie said in her almost shouting voice that seemed to be her normal tone.

>Dawn stirred from her sleep, and looked around the room, her smile widening when she saw you were awake.

"Heh, I guess I got lucky. Wait... Where's Dusk?!"

>You shot up a little before the wound on your back gave way to a pain, and Rainbow Dash pushed you back in the bed with a hoof.

>She pointed up at the ceiling, where Dusk was doing his spidercolt thing again.

>"Quite the talented colt you have their Anon." Rainbow Dash couldn't help but chuckle.

"How long have I been out?"

>"A few days, the doctor said he'll release you the day after you wake up. Be grateful, the food here is terrible."

"Thanks for saving me Dash. And thanks for watching the kids Pinkie."

>"No problem Anon."

›"Yeah really, I'll go ahead and take them so you don't have to come back."

"Thanks again."

›The two mares left, Dawn sitting on Pinkies back.

›Dusk stayed with you though, floating down from the ceiling and landing on your head.

›He seemed to like high places, whether it be on your head, or the ceiling.

›You pulled him down and cradled him in your arms.

"I love you. Crazy colt."

"Will you please calm down? You're making me more nervous than I already am."

›Luna was pacing furiously inside your room while you were still getting ready, dressing in a suit that had been specially made for the occasion.

›"I haven't seen my parents since before I was banished to the moon. How am I supposed to calm down?!"

"Listen, they're your parents. No matter what they're going to love you. Regardless of how they feel about me."

›You turned to face Luna, who paused long enough to magically fix your tie.

›Before she returned to pacing, you placed a hand on her chest, halting her in her tracks.

"Don't worry. It'll be ok."

›"Right. I suppose we should make way to the courtyard. Do be on your best behavior."

"Hey, it's me."

›"Then you know why I said that. No crazy daredevil stunts. No-"

"I get it Luna. Let's go."

›She led you to the courtyard, where she sat on her haunches and awaited her parents' arrival.

‣The sky above seemed to part, rays of divine light shining down on Equestria.

‣From the opening, a chariot of white fire descended, pulled by two Pegasi.

‣The chariot landed in the courtyard, and a white alicorn stepped out into the yard.

‣She was about Celestia's height, and white, but that's about where the similarities ended.

‣Her wings and mane almost seemed to be on fire, starting out white at their base and turning into a light purple toward the ends.

‣Her eyes were golden, and like the rest of her body, carried a fire about them.

‣As she approached, your mind suddenly kicked into overdrive.

‣Salute, bow, nothing? What would Luna do? Do you do what Luna do?

‣Luna stood beside you, unmoving as her mother approached the two of you.

‣0 fucks given, you stood next to Luna, giving no movements.

‣"H-hello mother. It's good to see you."

‣Queen Galaxia spoke with the voice of an angel. Powerful, yet calm, smooth, tender.

‣"It is good to see you Luna; it has been far too long. Your father should be along shortly. Now, who... or what is this?"

‣She paced around you, eyeing you as if you were a piece of furniture.

‣Brain! That's your cue!

"Anonymous the human your highness!"

‣Catchy title brain.

‣"Anonymous is my special... Umm."

"Her fiancée, provided you grant us your permission to marry, your highness."

>Smooth one brain, nice work!  
 >"What manners! I like him already Luna. Even if his appearance is..."  
 >"Different?"  
 >"I was going to say foreign, yet exotic."  
 "I'll take that to be a compliment, though my Equestrian could use some work still."  
 >"Relax Anonymous. I'd like to think of myself as a kind and gentle soul. He's the one you have to worry about."  
 "Who?"  
 >Once more the sky parted in response, dark storm clouds materializing out nowhere.  
 >Another chariot, this one obsidian like the land scape of Tartarus descended, pulled by two black pegasi.  
 >Thunder crackled, nearly splitting your ears.  
 >Queen Galaxia leaned closer to whisper in your ear as the chariot landed next to her own.  
 >"I'd recommend bowing this time, Anonymous."  
 >King Eternity stepped out of his chariot, and it took every ounce of discipline to keep your jaw up.  
 >He was massive. His eyes were level with your own, and his horn and crown were well over your own head  
 >His coat was dark, almost pitch black with a hint of blue, white specs mimicking the starry night sky perfectly.  
 >Similar to his queen, his mane, tail and wings all seemed to be an enthrall blaze.  
 >As he approached, you bowed at the waist, and held the position for a moment.  
 >As unnatural as it felt, you were ready to do just about anything for these pOnies to approve of you.  
 >"Rise Anonymous."

>That voice.

>You'd be lying if you said it didn't scare you.

>Commanding, powerful, deep.

"You know my name King Eternity?"

>"I know about everything that happens in Tartarus, I am it's warden. Of course I know when a human crosses over."

>"Come, this is no place for such discussions. Let us make way to the dining hall, and talk over lunch."

>Galaxia seemed to have a carefree attitude about her, while Eternity carried the presence of a drill sergeant.

>You and the four alicorns sat at a long table, Celestia and Galaxia sat across from you, Luna to your right, and Eternity at the head to the left.

>Sitting so close to him made you nervous, but you did your best to maintain your composure.

>"I must congratulate you Anonymous. Being the first human to make it through Tartarus without "dying" is quite the feat."

"It was quite challenging sir."

>Luna seemed to be glaring over at Eternity between bites of her salad.

>"Luna, is there something bothering you?" Galaxia asked, her angelic voice laced with concern

>An uneasy silence settled over the table, as all eyes shifted to Luna, who's eyes went back to her bowl of salad.

>"Alight-"

>"How could your guards lock me up?!"

>Oh fuck, family drama incoming.

>"Luna, I was not informed of your capture until after your rescue. My guards thought you were Nightmare-"

>"I LOOK NOTHING LIKE THAT ABOMINATION!"

>"Luna please calm-"

>Luna flipped the table over, throwing food all over the other alicorns and you, then stormed out.

"I should go talk to-"

>"Nay, I will. I should have realized this would have come up."

>Eternity wiped off the bits of food from his body, and trotted out after his daughter

>That left you with Galaxia and Celestia, the former setting the table back on its feet and removing the bits of food from herself.

>"Well then... So Anonymous, how long have you known Luna?"

"She was my very first friend when I arrived in Equestria. She taught me everything from how to speak proper Equestrian, to history, and other things ma'am"

>"Yes, but how long have you KNOWN her?"

>You paused a moment, to count the months in your head since you first arrived in Equestria.

"It's been about... 16 months I believe. Which means we've been an official couple for about ten months ma'am"

>"My, that's quite a while. Most courtships only last a few months."

"Indeed? Some of human relationships go on for years before committing to each other ma'am."

>"Please, drop the ma'am. After all you are about to become my son in law."

"Yes ma- err... I'll do my best."

>As you finished your sentence, Luna and Eternity came back in the dining hall.

>"I apologize for my outburst... I don't know what came over me."

"It's ok Luna. We should avoid the subject of Tartarus. Neither of us seem to be fond of the subject."

>"Anonymous, would you walk with me? I'd like to talk to you stallion to stallion."

›Oh man your poor jimmies just went supersonic.

›Regardless, you stood without hesitation, wiping any pieces of food you missed away from your suit.

›The two of you walked in silence to the courtyard, where the king sat at the top of the steps as formations of guards lined up before going off to duty.

›"Things seem so different now. Tell me, what have you done to contribute to Equestrian society?"

"I reformed these guards, into a more efficient fighting force. I contently help the captain of the guard in decisions, somewhat of an advisor."

›"So you have returned to a militaristic life style?"

"You know about my old life?"

›"As I said, I know about everything in Tartarus. Once you escaped, I was intrigued."

"Well then, yes, I have taken on a militaristic life style. But only in defense of Equestria."

›"I see. I have to admit, I do not approve of my daughter marrying a non-pOny. Especially one with such a violent history."

"I assure you, any violence-"

›"No need to explain. You did everything for a reason. I know you are not a murderer."

"May I ask what you wanted to talk to me about?"

›"What makes you think you deserve to marry my little Luna?"

"Sir?"

›"Did I stutter?"

›You paused a moment, pondering what you should answer this question with.



"I don't. I'm just an average human asking to marry royalty. Luna and I have been through a lot in my short time here, and I've grown to love her more and more each day."

➤"Alright, don't get too sappy on me boy. I just wanted to ensure you were the humble sorts. You passed."

➤Nice work brain!

➤King Eternity stepped down the stairs toward his chariot, and you followed without question.

➤"I have a gift for you Anonymous. Something you left in Tartarus. Consider it a wedding gift."

➤His horn glowed brightly with a dark blue aura, pulling out a footlocker and placing it on the ground.

"So you're allowing me to marry Luna?"

➤"I am. Luna loves you, who am I to try and stop that? Go ahead, open it."

➤You popped open the footlocker, revealing the gear you had in your rescue mission.

➤The rifle, sidearm, ammunition for both, a pair of grenades, fresh fatigues and boots, a patrol cap, gloves, and a tactical vest.

➤The only new addition was an ebony breast plate that looked thin enough to wear beneath your vest.

➤"I know you have more of an advising role in the guard now, but you should still have access to weapons and armor in case you should ever need to go into battle."

"While I appreciate this, ammunitions for these will be impossible to find."

➤"I took the liberty of enchanting the box. Simply place whatever you need inside the box and close it. By the next day you will have a box full of that item. But only place one thing at a time inside."

"Does it work with broken items?"

›"It does not, you will only duplicate said broken item. I'd recommend duplicating everything at least once to ensure you have extras."

"Thank you very much King Eternity. I take it this means you aren't mad about Cerberus..."

›"Ah, yes. I was quite upset over Cerberus' injury. But given the circumstances... I believe I can overlook your assault on my pet."

›You closed the foot locker and placed it on your shoulder.

"Shall we return to the mares inside?"

›King eternity looked up at the sky, examining the fading light.

›"I think the mares have gone about their day, I will return to my quarters. I suggest you do the same. I expect the wedding will be soon?"

"We were planning for it to be a month from now."

›"I suppose I can afford to be away for that amount of time. I shall see you around."

"Farewell King Eternity."

›You carried your new found locker to your room and began setting all of the contents in various locations, ensuring to keep the ammunition separate from the weapons and the grenades locked away in the nightstand.

›Had to be careful with an adventurous colt like Dusk after all.

›Not long after you were done placing everything away, leaving the rifle in the chest to duplicate, Luna made her way inside quietly and nuzzled your side.

›"How did it go dear?"

"Great. We have your father's permission."

›"I see he gave you some new toys..."

›You nodded, locking the slide back on your 45 and inspecting the chamber.

>"Please, keep the heroics to a minimum. I don't want to lose you..."

"Of course Luna. I'll only use these if I really need them."

>"Thank you. I'll see you in the morning." Luna stood on her hind legs and kissed you, before turning and making her way out the door.

>"Come on Anon, you can't get married without having a bachelor party!"

>Shining Armor had been doing his best to convince you to come to the bachelor party he and the Wonderbolts had planned.

>If it wasn't obvious already, he was losing his patience

"Luna seems to think otherwise."

>"She already has you wrapped around her hoof doesn't she? You need to enjoy your freedom while it lasts!"

"You make marriage sound so terrible."

>Shining Armor didn't have a response for that.

>At least, not one that sounded like it would convince you.

"Fine, I'll come. But we're just going out for a few drinks like always."

>"Sure Anon, now come on! We're going to be late!"

>Before stepping out you ensured your pistol and knife were both tucked away, concealed by your shirt tail.

>If Discord decided to show his ugly head again, you'd be damned if he showed up while you were unarmed.

>You stepped out into the courtyard alongside Shining Armor, where Luna immediately stopped the both of you.

>"Where are you two off to?"

"Just going out for a drink with the wonderbolts."

>"Ah, your so called bachelor party..."

"Relax Luna. We're just going out for some drinks. We should be back before sunrise."

➤ "Very well... Have fun."

➤ What was she so worried about? As far as you could tell, Equestria had no prostitutes, strippers, or anything.

➤ Just booze, which often tasted like apples.

➤ You met with Spitfire, Soarin, and a few other of the members of the Wonderbolts at the normal club you drank at.

➤ "About time you showed up Anonymous! I was worried we'd have to start the party without the bachelor."

"Yeah yeah, exactly what are we doing that's different than a normal weekend of drinking?"

➤ Spitfire smirked. "You'll just have to see Anon. Barcolt! I'm buying the first round!"

➤ A shot of apple whiskey slid in front of each one of you, and you all slammed it back in unison.

➤ Soarin followed Spitfire's example, buying the next round of drinks.

➤ You could see what was going on, no doubt you were getting hammered tonight.

➤ Seven shots later the ponies around you had collapsed, save for SA, Spitfire and Soarin.

➤ The other four Wonderbolts didn't seem to hold their liquor as well.

"Should we take them somewhere to sleep it off?"

➤ "Might be a good idea. My apartment isn't too far from here." Soarin said, throwing a pony over his back.

➤ The other's followed suit, including yourself, and followed Soarin to his apartment a few blocks over.

➤ You were feeling pretty fancy, it was a miracle these ponies hadn't passed out as well, let alone remember where Soarin lived.

›Each of you tossed the passed out Wonderbolts on the couch, and Soarin brought out more drinks.

›"Hey Soarin, where's your flight suit? I got an idea!"

›The two disappeared up the stairs leaving you with a wasted Shining Armor.

"You alright Shiny?"

›"YYeaaa. I'm -hic- good."

›you decided to make yourself comfortable, sitting back on a pillow and resting against a wall.

›Damn you would kill for a lazyboy recliner right about now.

›Soarin and Spitfire came down the stairs together, Spitfire in Soarin's flight suit.

"Spits, I think your too drunk to go flying."

›"Who said anything about flying?"

›Spitfire floated over to you as Soarin turned up some fast paced music,

›Spitfire didn't miss a beat, and began "dancing" around you, doing her best to act seductive.

›Between her terrible dancing and drunkenness, she wasn't doing to well, and you couldn't help but laugh.

›Seeing your laughter, she decided it was time to take things up a notch, and began slipping out of her flight suit.

›"You like what you see Anon?"

›God damn this was destroying your sides.

"Spits, 80% of the time I see you aren't wearing clothes anyway."

›Shining Armor and Soarin were laughing their flanks off as well, leaving Spitfire to blush in the middle of the room.

›You threw back another shot of whiskey, and the room around you became blurry.

›Not a bad bachelor party so far, plenty of free booze, a stripper that made you laugh your ass off...

‣You set your head back against the wall, allowing the alcohol in your system to lul you to sleep.

‣If you wake up with dicks marked all over your face, there will be blood.

‣Reboot underway.

‣Systems check.

‣Hangover? Check.

‣Neck ache from sleeping against a wall? Check.

‣Pants? Check.

‣POny sleeping on top of you? Check

‣Weapons? Check.

‣Hold the damn phone, what was that last one?

‣Weapons?

‣No before that.

‣POny sleeping on top of you?

‣Yeah, that right there.

‣Now that you mention that, something is a hoof.

‣Brain, you've been in Equestria too long.

‣You slowly cracked open your eyes, allowing the bright light of the new day to burn your eyes in their sockets.

‣Sprawled out on your chest was Spitfire, who in her sleep nuzzled against your cheek.

‣What the fuck happened after you passed out?

‣You checked your watch, noting the time.

‣1015 hours, Luna would probably be worried you got in a fight again or ran into some other form of trouble.

"Spits, wake up."

‣Spitfire gave a soft moan, shifting her body a little, and snored a little.

‣Man her breath smelled like apple whiskey.

‣You picked her up in your arms and set her aside, gently placing her head on the pillow you had been sitting on.

‣Your pants were still on, so the chances of you doing anything with her were slim.

‣You stumbled sleepily around the house for a few minutes before finally finding the bathroom.

‣After a few minutes of discharging all of the whiskey from last night, you made your way back to the living room and looked around.

‣A few of the Wonderbolts had already left, along with Shining Armor.

‣You may as well get a move on as well.

‣Just as you stepped outside, Spitfire stumbled past you, tripping down the stairs.

“For a stunt flyer, you aren’t very graceful”

‣“Oh bite me Anon.” She didn’t seem very happy, must be the hangover.

“Think you can make it back home ok?”

‣“What do you care?”

‣Ok, maybe something’s up. Is she still drunk?

“What’s your problem?”

‣Spitfire opened her mouth to say something, and ended up puking her guts out all over the sidewalk.

‣You snatched her up just before she face planted in her own vomit.

‣You slung Spitfire over your shoulder and began the walk to her own apartment across town.

‣You’d walked her home before many a nights, when she had been too drunk for her own good.

‣Must be hard, having a drinking buddy twice her size that can hold twice the liquor.

>Snatching the spare key from under the doormat, you let yourself in and placed Spitfire on the couch.

>No need to stay, Spitfire could take care of herself.

>Just as you opened the door however, she spoke up.

>"Wait... don't go..."

"What's bothering you Spitfire? You never acted like this."

>"It's just... I've known you so long..."

>Spitfire trailed off, looking down at the carpet from her couch.

"Talk. You've never acted this way before."

>"And now you're getting married. To the princess."

>You only nodded, allowing her to continue.

>"I'm not sure whose luckier, you or her."

"Where are you going with this Spitfire?"

>Spitfire sighed, looking over into your eyes and then off again.

>"I like you Anon. But not just as a friend, more like..."

>Was she really about to say what you think she's going to say?

>"I love you Anon. There I said it. It's out there, now you know."

>The two of you sat in silence for a few minutes, the awkwardness was so thick you could probably cut it with your knife.

"Sorry Spitfire. I like you, but not romantically. Maybe if I hadn't met Luna, things would have been different"

>"I understand..."

"Will you still show up at the wedding?"

>"Sure Anon, I wouldn't miss it."

>Spitfire grinned a little, and you reached over to tussle her mane a bit.

>"Hey, cut it out. I'm not a filly."

"Alright, no need to get feisty. I'll see you around Spitfire."

>"Take care Anon, thanks for bringing me home again."

"No problem."

>You stepped back outside, and made your way back to the castle.



➤The walk back was fairly uneventful, as was going through the castle.

➤You stopped by Luna's room, and walked in to find her on her bed looking at a book.

"What are you looking at?"

➤"Dresses."

"Find any you like?"

➤"A few."

➤Silence.

"Something wrong?"

➤"No not at all."

"...Is it because I said I would be back by sunrise?"

➤Luna looked up from her book momentarily to glare at you, then looked back down to her magazine.

"Sorry, I passed out at Soarin's place."

➤"Anon, I'm already stressed enough as it is. Please quit adding to it..."

"Want to talk about it?"

➤"No... Thank you for letting me know your home though..."

"Anything for you."

➤You paused to reach over and hug Luna, drawing her close.

"Are you sure you don't have anything you want to talk about? It might help you relax."

➤"I'm sure Anon. Could I have some time alone?"

➤You could have argued she had time alone already, but you didn't feel like striking up an argument.

"Sure thing love. I'll be in my room if you need me..."

➤You stood back up and showed yourself out.

➤Probably pre-wedding jitters, you had them too to be honest.

Luna's POV

➤How long had Anon been gone?

‣It felt like days, when in reality, it couldn't have been more than a few hours.

‣You normally weren't so clingy, but something had been bothering you lately.

‣And these dresses in the magazine were all just too... white and flowery for your tastes.

‣You were about to marry this creature, the only one ever to set hoof-er... foot, in Equestria.

‣By now, you knew a lot about him, and the bits of his culture he shared with you.

‣A knocking at your door stirred you from your thoughts.

"Come in..."

‣The door swung open, and in walked Eternity.

"Hello father..."

‣"Why so sad little one? I thought you would be excited with the wedding growing so close."

"Nothing. Did you want something?"

‣"I was thinking we could go on a midnight stroll, just like old times."

‣That did sound nice; you hadn't gone out for a midnight walk in ages it seemed.

‣You rose and stepped down from your bed, following your father down the stairs and through the castle.

‣The two of you stepped out into the courtyard, walking by the small ponds where toads croaked and crickets chirped.

‣"You've done great maintaining the night Luna. I'm proud of you."

‣That made you feel good. Eternity had always been the strong silent type.

‣Maybe he was softening up after all this time, seeing you grown up.

"Thanks..."

>"So are you going to tell me what's bothering you?"

"I said I'm fine."

>"Didn't I raise you better? I know when your lying."

>His horn glowed brightly as he moved the stars around, a bit clumsily at first, given his time away from this job.

>You took over, placing each star methodically in its place; the night sky becoming a black canvas to you

"Just some pre-wedding nerves. Didn't you have them when you married mom?"

>"Somewhat."

"And you married her anyway?"

>"Obviously. Let me ask you something. Do you love Anonymous?"

"Of course!"

>"Then what's the issue? Is it because he's..."

"Human? No. Well. Sort of."

>You sighed, no point in hiding anything from him, he found out everything eventually.

>Just like when you were a filly, and you would prank Celestia.

>Dad always would give you a good flank chewing, at least until Celestia and Mom would get out of ear shot.

>You missed those carefree days.

>"Are you going to explain?"

"I just never asked how long human's life spans are. From what I can tell, Anonymous is already matured, and he claims to be less than a hundred years old."

>"Perhaps he has the life span of a normal pOny. Is that what you're worried about? Outliving him by thousands of years?"

"That sums it up pretty nicely..."

>"That I can't give you advice for Luna. You have to make up your own mind about that."

"I just wish I thought of this sooner... Much sooner."

>"It's not too late to back out."  
 >Yeah, it was actually. But he couldn't know that...  
 "I know Dad. I just need some time alone. Thanks for everything."  
 >You nuzzled against your dad, who placed his wing around you.  
 >Just like when you were little.  
 "Good night dad. See you tomorrow."  
 >You trotted away, feeling a little bit better.

>Wedding day.  
 >You had the seamstress modify your suit to mimic the ASU's back home.  
 >Blue trousers, white shirt, black coat, gold trim all around, and freshly polished boots.  
 >POnies still couldn't into making proper shoes.  
 >You wore a maroon beret on your head, symbolizing your airborne status.  
 >Though to the pOnies, it meant nothing.  
 >Still, it was nice to wear something that resembled a uniform, hopefully Luna would like it.  
 >You couldn't help but wonder what Luna's dress would be like.  
 >Shining Armor stood next to you, using his magic to pick off any lint that fell on your uniform.  
 >What a bro, he deserved the spot of best man.  
 >Best stallion, whatever.  
 >"You ready for this?"  
 "Ready as I'll ever be."  
 >"Nervous?"  
 "You should know, you were doing the exact same thing a few months ago."  
 >Nervous didn't even begin to describe you right now.

›Your jimmies had gone from supersonic to warp 9 in the last few days.

›The sunlight outside faded, replaced by the softer moonlight.

›A wedding at night had been Luna's idea of course, but you liked the idea.

›Come to think of it, you hadn't planned much of your own wedding.

›Hopefully Luna didn't mind, she had cast the role off on Twilight Sparkle anyways.

"Didn't Twilight plan your wedding too?"

›"Yeah, she did a great job too."

"Well, the ceremony is going to start soon. We better get going..."

›You and SA walked to the courtyard, many pOnies had already gathered.

›Despite the late hour, the courtyard was already filled ponies.

›Candles were all around, lighting the area in a warm glow.

›You took your place by Celestia, who agreed to wed you two just like Shining Armor and Cadence.

›Shining Armor stood at your side, and a purple dragon, this one a bit bigger than Dusk or Dawn.

›You nudged Shining Armor, leaning in close to whisper.

"What's with the tiny dragon?"

›"That's Spike, Twilight's little assistant."

›Twilight had a dragon for an assistant? That's bad ass.

›Celestia leaned in close to you, a bit too close in your opinion, "Ready Anonymous? It's time."

›If one more pOny asks if you're ready... oh hey the music is starting.

›You watched as the crowd looked toward the end of the isle, waiting to catch a glimpse of the princess.

›And waited...

›and waited...

›Your jimmies just made the jump to lightspeed.

Luna's POV

›Everything was perfect.

›You could see it all from your tower.

›The candle light was visible even all the way up here.

›Anon was already standing between Celestia and Shining Armor, eagerly watching down the aisle for you.

›You looked over at the mirror looking at your elegant dress.

›It was lovely, Rarity had designed it to be simple like you asked.

›No gems, or fancy colors, just a white wedding dress.

›You didn't care for its bright white fabric. But it was a ceremonial dress, you could wear it once.

›Except, part of you didn't want to go down there.

›There was the music, playing softly at your ears.

›Music meant for you.

›Sure you loved Anonymous.

›But did you really want to go through the heart break down the road, when he would pass on?

›Then there was Dusk and Dawn.

›You couldn't hide them forever, nor did you want to.

›Part of you wanted to tell your parents right now, and just take the punishment.

›Maybe common life wouldn't be so bad...

›Start up a theatre, direct plays...

›Just then, Cadence burst through your door in a panic, "Luna, what are you doing up here still?"

"I'm..."

›You couldn't even finish your sentence.

›"Don't tell me your having second thoughts."

>You looked into Cadence's eyes, then shied away.

>"It's because he's human isn't it."

>This conversation sounded familiar.

"How can I go down there and vow to love him the rest of my life, when he will only be around for..."

>"Just stop right there Luna. How many male alicorns do you know?"

"...There's Dusk... and my father..."

>"And I don't see you marrying one of them anytime soon."

>Wow, you'd never seen this side of Cadence before.

>"I know I'll out live Shining Armor, but that doesn't stop me from loving him. Do you plan on going through life alone until you pass on?"

"Well no..."

>"Then get out there, poor Anon looks like he's going to... well I'm not sure. What does Anon do when he's upset?"

"Drink."

>"Well it looks like he's about to crack open a barrel of whiskey."

"I suppose your right. Thank you Cadence. I needed that."

Anon's POV

>Your jimmies were rustled.

>Your critters had been jittered.

>Damn it, words were not enough to express what in the actual fuck you were feeling.

>Music?

>At my wedding?

>It's more likely than you think.

>You looked back down the aisle and found Luna in her white wedding dress, a sheepish grin on her face.

‣She walked down the aisle behind a trio of fillies, who swung baskets from their mouths, spreading flower petals all over the ground.

‣Luna stopped next to you, sheepishly smiling over at you.

‣Celestia began spewing on with her rehearsed lines at once, and you leaned over to Luna slightly and whispered.

"If you ever pull a stunt like that again I will kick your flank all the way to Tartarus."

‣"Sorry dear."

‣Two golden rings suddenly levitated in front of you, which you took in your hand and slid onto Luna's horn, and your respective finger.

‣"I now pronounce you mare and... human?"

‣Seems Celestia forgot her line, oh well.

‣You and Luna faced each other and shared a kiss, then faced the crowd of ponies that were cheering.

‣Eternity and Galaxia seemed pleased as well.

‣The reception was soon underway, and said alicorns approached you and Luna.

‣Galaxia spoke first. "We'd love to stay, but we both should get back to Elysium and Tartarus respectively.

‣"Welcome to the family Anonymous." Eternity almost smiled at you before looking at Luna "Take care sweet heart."

‣You watched as the three alicorns embraced.

‣"Take care you two. Anon, stay in Equestria, I'm still repairing the tower after your last visit."

"I hope to never see Tartarus again, no offense sir."

‣"None taken. Enjoy yourselves."

‣The two alicorns left, leaving you and your new wife in the midst of several pOnies.



‣Some slow music played, and Luna leapt up, placing her forelegs over your shoulders.

‣So she remembered how humans danced, might as well have some fun.

‣The two of you danced the night away, before finally steeping inside a carriage together, and Luna tossing out a bouquet of flowers, landing on Celestia's back.

‣"You shall be next sister!" Luna yelled as the carriage took off down the road, horse shoes trailing it.

"I suppose we should go pick up our kids?"

‣"I suppose... but it's an awfully long carriage ride..." Luna gave you a wink, nuzzling close.

‣Well, you knew where this was going.

‣The carriage gently came to a halt, but enough to jostle you from your sleep.

‣Luna remained asleep in your arms, her tiara askew, and her white dress in the floor of the carriage.

‣You pulled away, careful to not wake your wife, and quickly donned your trousers and shirt.

‣Perfect timing, as one of your drivers knocked on the door, ever so gently.

‣You cracked the door just enough to slip out, handing several bits to each of the ponies.

"There is an inn on the edge of town, take the carriage there and get a room for the night."

‣The pOny... bowed? "Thank you your highness"

‣Dafuq.

"If you wish to give me a title, Sergeant will do fine."

‣The pOny gave no response, only taking the bits in his mouth and hooking back up to the carriage.

‣The light was on inside Sugarcube Corner, the sound of crying foals clear in your ears.

‣Part of you missed that noise.

‣You knocked on the door, bringing tall blue pony out from the back of the store where their house was.

‣"Do you have any idea what time it is? We are clos- oh.

Anonymous I take it?"

"Yes ma'am. I 'm here for Dawn and Dusk. This is the right place?"

‣She gave a tired smile, and allowed you inside.

‣"Mrs. Cake will do fine. And yes, we took the children for the night so Pinkie Pie could go to the wedding."

‣She led you to the back of the restaurant, where four cribs sat.

"You have children of your own?"

‣"A colt and filly, just a little older than your own."

"Thank you for watching them. I can't imagine four foals under one roof for so long."

‣You took out several hundred bits and placed them on the counter.

"Divide this however you see fit with Pinkie Pie."

‣"This is so much..."

"I left them here for over a month, much longer than I expected. You all deserve it."

‣"Thank you Anonymous, this is still a generous amount."

"Thank you for watching them. I should get going to the inn. Have a good night Mrs. Cake."

‣You scooped up the two little foals in your arms, and began the walk to the edge of town.

‣The night sky was lovely as always, the cool night air stirring the two foals from their sleep.

›Soft whines escaped from their mouths, upset from being woken.

"Shhh, Daddy's here. Go back to sleep."

›You cradled them tightly, pressing them against your chest.

›You stepped inside the inn, finding the innkeeper behind a desk snoozing.

›Luna came behind you, nuzzling against you and looking at the foals, "This way dear."

›She led you up a staircase and to wooden double doors, opening them to reveal what you guessed to be the pOny equivalent to the presidential suite.

›The atmosphere was homely, like a bed and breakfast back home.

›You keep using that word; I do not think you understand what it means.

›Right, this was your home now.

›The room lacked a crib, forcing you to improvise.

›Luna lay on one side of the bed, you on the other, Dawn and Dusk in between the two of you, covered by her wing.

›It wasn't the most ideal sleeping situation, but it would keep the two little ones from rolling out of bed.

"Now that you're married... does that make you Queen?"

›"No Anon, not until my parents step down from their position."

"And when will that be?"

›"When these two are capable of ruling Equestria, Celestia and I will depart to Elysium and Tartarus to govern them as my parents did."

"Does that make me...?"

›Luna chuckled. "A prince? Yes. You are technically royalty by marriage."

"Great, I've become what I've hated most."

›"A prince?"

"No, a politician."

›"I'm not sure I understand..."

›English served you better for this next part, hopefully Luna remembered it still.

"On Earth, us soldiers hated politics. Always trying to cut our pay, while increasing their own."

›"Seems hardly fair."

"Exactly. Politics always annoyed me. I was always a fighter, not a talker."

›"I'm sure you will be a fine politician. Much better than the ones on Earth."

›Luna laid her head down on her pillow, tightening her wing around Dusk and Dawn.

›That was your signal to kill the lights, it was time for bed.

›You were awoken the next day by the sun's rays of light in your eyes.

›You crawled out of the bed, looking over at your family.

›Each of them were still asleep, all cuddled together in a massive ball of adorableness.

›With no predetermined route you could take for a proper run, you stuck to some calisthenics.

›Midway through pushups, you felt two weights at your back.

›You pushed up quickly, launching your upper body into the air, and sending the two foals into the air.

›Just as you rolled on your back, the two foals landed on your chest, giggling.

›"You three seem to be having fun."

"Did we wake you Woona?"

›Luna glared down at you, reaching down to nuzzle the two foals.

›"How are my little ones?"

>The foals nuzzled back, their furry bodies tickling your chest.

"How about I go get us some breakfast, and bring it back here for us?"

>"Sounds lovely Anonymous."

>Luna magically grabbed the two foals off your chest, allowing you to get up and put a shirt on.

>You patted Dusk and Dawn on the head, and grabbed your things.

"You two be good for mommy."

>The walk back to Sugarcube Corner was short, just like last night.

>The town was still fairly empty, most likely all the ponies were still in Canterlot or on their way home.

>There were a few you recognized from Nightmare Night.

>Derpy, the grey Pegasus with crossed eyes was making her rounds.

>Big Mac was hauling a massive cart of hay, and a few other ponies you didn't recognize were walking around as well.

>You stepped into Sugarcube Corner, greeted this time by a yellow pony.

>"Welcome to Sugarcube Corner Anonymous! What can I get you?"

"Some fritters and blueberry muffins in a bag. Do you have applesauce?"

>"Need some baby food? I got some you can have."

"Thank you sir."

>"Mr. Cake is fine. Here you go Anonymous! Congratulations on the wedding."

>Mr. Cake, should have guessed.

>You shelled out the appropriate amount of bits and grabbed your bag, heading back to the Inn.

‣With spirits this high, it felt only natural to begin whistling a little tune.

‣Nothing in particular really, most of the tunes various cadences you remembered from Earth.

‣Nothing could damper your spirits.

‣"Hello Anon old pal."

‣Spoke too soon.

‣You knew that smug, sly, deceitful voice anywhere, even if you hadn't hear it in so long.

"Discord, what an unpleasant surprise."

‣"I heard you got married! I just wanted to drop by and congratulate you. Say, where's the bride?"

"Not here."

‣"Well I can see that, silly."

"I was not commenting on your powers of observation, merely remarking the paradox of asking your sworn enemy where his loved ones are."

‣"That hurts Anon, that really hurts."

"What do you really want Discord. I'm hungry, and I'd like to get this over with so I can go eat with my family."

‣"So they are here? Hmm... That gives me an idea. A very... chaotic... idea."

‣You sighed, placing your bag of baked goods on the ground, reaching back and drawing your knife.

"Come Discord, let us fight."

‣"While you tote that giant knife? That hardly seems fair."

‣A blue flame appeared in Discord's lion paw, flickering brightly.

"Fair? You have that fireball spell all ready for me."

‣Discord chuckled.

"This isn't for you Anonymous. I'm about to spread chaos to the entire town, for all the good fillies and colts. Maybe you're little ones will catch a bit of it as well."

>Before you could respond, the blue flame shot into the sky, exploding.

"Congratulations, you had the entire town to aim at, and you missed. You are officially the worst shot I know."

>"But wait! Here comes the crescendo!"

>A familiar tune of Tchaikovsky's Overture 1812 suddenly played all around you, throwing your mind into total fuck.

>Dark clouds billowed out of nowhere, and fire suddenly rained down on the small town, causing a mass panic.

>Discord floated in the air on the outskirts of the town in front of you, laughing hysterically.

>"Isn't it marvelous Anon?"

"You're crazy! You're mad! You're..."

>"Brilliant, a genius, a mastermind of chaos?"

>Discord closed his eyes; his grin was getting impossibly big.

>A fatal mistake, as he failed to notice you draw your pistol and take aim.

"No, you're dead."

>"Please An-"

>You cut Discord off with two shots, driving center mass into his chest.

>He collapsed, gasping for breath, clutching the two bloody holes in his chest.

>You fired off another pair of bullets just as he snapped his talons, escaping to safety, and the two .45 caliber slugs threw up dirt behind where his body had been.

>Discord's disembodied voice rang out loudly. "Curse you Anonymous! You and your entire family shall pay for this!"

‣You searched around, ensuring Discord wasn't just hiding on a nearby roof top.

‣Satisfied he had fled, you were now faced with two options.

‣Go into the town, and do your best to take control of this chaos, and save as many lives as possible.

‣Or run to the inn, and ensure the safety of your family.

‣The father and husband in you was telling you to head to the inn, and your family.

‣The soldier in you, ordered you toward the chaos in the town

‣Fuck it, you would never forgive yourself if something happened to your family the day after it became complete.

‣You took off toward the inn as fast as your two legs could carry you.

‣Seems all the PT had served you well, as you arrived at a blazing inn in just a few minutes.

‣Luna had already brought Dawn and Dusk out, soot covering her dark blue coat.

"You're safe!"

‣You never felt so relieved in your life.

‣"Yes, I'll watch the children, go to the town!"

"Way ahead of you."

‣You took back off down the town, again as fast as your legs could carry you.

‣Discord had succeeded in his first objective, that was apparent.

‣POnies were running every which way, some carrying buckets of water to quell the fires.

‣You snatched the first Pegasus you could find, bringing it eyelevel.

"Get all the Pegasi you can find, bring as many rainclouds as you can over the town and bring the rain!"

‣The pOny nodded, dashing off into the sky.



‣You kicked in the door of the nearest house that was on fire and began searching the interior.

"Anybody in here?"

‣You searched through the house, finding a pOny already passed out in bed.

‣You snatched the soot covered purple pOny from its resting place, just as pieces of wood crashed onto a dresser by the door.

‣Several alcohol bottles smashed open, their contents fueling the flames even more.

‣Fuck, trapped.

‣After everything you've lived through, you were not about to be killed in a house fire.

‣The front door was blocked by a thick wooden beam set ablaze.

‣The window, not so much. But it was tiny.

‣You drew your pistol and fired a pair of bullets, shattering the glass.

‣Whether this pOny was passed out from liquor or smoke, you had no idea, but damn if the 45 going off didn't wake her, nothing would.

‣After clearing the window with your knife of any remaining shards of glass. You tossed the pOny through.

‣Now it was your turn, and you dove head first through the window, landing on top of the pOny

‣With the two of you safe, you through the pOny over your shoulder and carried it into the street, laying it down for somepOny with medical training to get to.

‣Above dark rain clouds formed and began a downpour, quelling the fires.

‣Tired as you were, you kept directing the pOnies, examining the hurt pOnies for any type of wound you could treat.

‣On the other side of the courtyard, a tarp was placed over a small purple unicorn with blonde hair.

›Just a little filly.

›You knew you couldn't save everypony, but this wasn't right.

›Derpy stood over the fillies tarp covered body, sobbing in the rain.

›Not Derpy, you only met her briefly, but she had seemed the most loving and carefree pony ever.

›You walked across the town center and knelt by Derpy, placing a hand on her back.

"I'm so... so... sorry Derpy. Discord will pay for this. I swear it."

›You hugged her tight as she buried her face in your shoulder, sobbing.

›This must have been what your mom went through when the Army sent home that letter.

›Brain, focus, now's not the time to be thinking of Earth, and what you left behind.

›The young are supposed to bury their parents.

›But in war, the parents are forced to bury their young.

"You want war Discord, well you've got one"

›"Anon, are you ok? You didn't talk the entire trip to Canterlot."

"Yeah, I'm ok... Hand me a diaper, think Dusk made some fudge for us."

›You unpinned the diaper and held it away from you with two fingers.

›Like a rat that smelled and you were afraid it was going to bite you if it got too close.

›Luna traded you diapers, taking the spent one out of your hands with magic.

›Lucky her, she didn't have to touch the biohazard.

›"Want to talk about it?"

›Yeah, she knew you all too well. But that's why you married her was it not?

"I just saw some things in POnyville, best left unseen."

➤Baby wipes, baby powder, place diaper here, fold, fold, fold, and pin.

"There, good as new."

➤Dusk squealed, his tiny body wriggling in your hands.

➤"I think another child of yours needs a change too."

"How come they're my children when they need a diaper changed, but when they want to play they're our children?"

➤"Oh hush and take care of Dawn."

"Go do your Spidercolt thing Dusk."

➤Dusk squealed again and floated up to the ceiling and began crawling around up there while you changed Dawn's diaper as well.

➤"Great, now I have to get Dusk down from the ceiling."

"Let him have his fun. He'll tire out after an hour or so."

➤Dawn floated up as well, and you assumed she was going off to play with her brother.

➤You took your gear and homemade cleaning kit from its non-magical chest, and began ensuring everything was in perfect condition.

➤You felt a soft weight on your head as you broke down the rifle and began inspecting the parts.

"Now who could that be, laying on my head?"

➤The foal on your head giggled and bit at your hair that you had grown out some just for this reason.

➤It wasn't as comfortable as a buzzcut, but you liked it when the kids did this.

➤It was your own fuzzy hat.

➤You checked in the nearby mirror, careful not to throw the foal off with any sudden movements.

"Filly confirmed, welcome aboard Dawn."

➤Another squeal.

›Setting back down, you inspected each and every part of gear, ensuring it was cleaned and recleaned.

›You'd kill for some proper gun oil, instead of whatever the hell you were using

›For all you knew, it was KY jelly for pOnies, and you were giving all the internals of your weapons a thin coat.

›The knife was sharpened and placed in its sheath.

›Everything had to be perfect.

›"Are you ok Anon? I've never seen you like this."

"Discord will pay for what he did in POnyville."

›"Perhaps you're taking this a bit too hard on yourself."

"I'm not taking this out on myself. I'm going to take it out on him. He'll be sorry he ever messed with Equestria."

›"How can you hope to defeat a demi-god of chaos? For centuries we've only been able to capture him temporarily."

"Easy. Discord killed innocent pOnies yesterday. Stallions, mares, colts and fillies."

›"That's horrid but... how does it help us?"

"Because now Discord's started a war. And as far as I'm concerned, I'm the demi-god of war."

›"You're silly Anon."

›Luna leaned in and kissed your cheek, continuing to keep an eye on the two foals, occasionally looking over to watch you work.

›Yeah, maybe you were being overly dramatic and somewhat silly.

›Still, nopony knew combat like you. Nothing outside the human race knew war like you did.

›That was your advantage, and you would exploit it.

›You reassembled your weapons and donned your fatigues, armor, and gear.

›With your rifle slung over your shoulder, sidearm holstered, and blade sheathed, you kissed the two foals and Luna.

"I'm going out on patrol; I'll see you all later."

➤ "Be careful..."

➤ Outside, the Equestrian summer reminded you much of Iraq.

➤ That or it was the heavy breastplate that seemed to roast your chest like an easy bake oven.

➤ You placed your patrol cap on your head, bringing the bill low over your eyes, blocking out the more direct rays of sunshine.

➤ "Afternoon your highness." A pair of guards greeted, beginning to bow.

"I swear if you bow to me I'll kick both of your flanks to the gates of Tartarus."

➤ The guards froze in confusion, mid bow.

"I'm a guard, and will be addressed as such. Sir will suffice, as will a salute."

➤ The guards straightened up, giving a salute which you returned quickly.

"Make sure the other guards know what to do. Carry on."

➤ You walked along the castle walls, passing by the other guards who continually tried to bow.

➤ This was becoming frustrating.

➤ Biting your lip to avoid going off on them, you made your way back the way you came.

➤ No worries, you'll just check the areas of the castle that were patrolled less.

➤ You walked around all day, sweat building up all over your body from the heavy gear mixed with the heat.

➤ As the moon rose into the sky, a cold wind chilled you to the bone.

➤ "Anon, there you are."

➤ You turned to confirm the source of the voice.

"Good evening Celestia. Something I can help you with?"

‣You liked to keep meetings with her as brief as possible, best to get to the point.

‣"Luna seems worried about you, perhaps you should retire for the night. It's late."

‣At least she shared the interest of getting to the point.

"Very well then..."

‣You had been out here for a while, Discord was probably still licking his wounds anyways.

‣Celestia trotted away, the sound of her hooves fading into the night as you looked up at the full moon.

‣Right now you were in the garden, where the two sisters often did their ritual of changing out the moon for the sun and vice versa.

‣Guards never patrolled here, it was one of the deepest sections of the castle grounds.

‣"Expecting someone?"

‣In one fluid motion you unslung your rifle, charged the first round, and flicked it off safe.

"Show yourself you filthy animal."

‣"Ah ah ah, sticks and stones may break my bones but words will never hurt me."

"I got something that'll hurt you. And it isn't sticks and stones. Although I'm surprised you're even walking after yesterday."

‣You continued sweeping the area around you, the darkness doing well at concealing Discord.

‣"You'd be surprised what some healing spells can do given enough time. Now, you somehow acquired some new toys from Tartarus itself. A wedding present perhaps?"

"Smarter than you look Discord. That's saying something too."

‣Fuck his disembodied voice was impossible to track. Was he playing with your brain again?

‣"Now Anon, must we continue with these petty insults?"

"Wait, one more. Why are you made up of so many animal parts? Was your mom the star of some... interspecies porn flick?"

‣That struck a nerve, and sending Discord into a rage.

"RRAAGGHHH! Not another word!"

‣He materialized behind you, gripping your throat tightly with his eagle talons, tearing small cuts into your neck.

‣Your rifle fell at your feet as you struggled to free yourself from his grasp, not that it was any use at this range.

‣"Look up! Look up! At the tower where your family will be going to sleep soon."

‣His lion paw pressed against your forehead, tilting it back to show you Luna's tower silhouetted against the night sky.

‣Not good, your jugular was completely exposed now.

‣Not that it had much better of a chance any other way with the size of these talons.

‣"Yesterday's fireworks were but a prequel. HERE is the grand finale."

‣He leaned in, his hot breath stinking of chocolate milk.

‣"You should keep your toys away from your children. Especially the ones that go... Boom."

‣Discord snapped his lion paw as he said boom, putting emphasis on the sudden explosion that erupted from the tower.

"NO!"

‣You tried to break free, but met Discord's razor sharp talons digging into your neck.

‣You had three hand grenades stored up there in your chest, the rest stayed in the makeshift arms room.

‣but only one would have been needed to clear a room that size.

"You bastard! You fucking bastard! I'm going to fucking kill you!"

‣"How does it feel, knowing that the ones you loved just got wiped out by your own carelessness?"

‣Tears streamed from your eyes. Luna... Dawn... Dusk... all gone.

‣"So that's how you break a human, not through pain, or psychological attacks. But to physically hurt the ones they love."

"Welcome to Humans 101..."

‣Your voice quivered, but you forced through it all.

"I'm your instructor, Sgt. Anonymous. First question... What happens when you take away everything a human has?"

‣"Uncontrollable crying, depression, am I missing any-oh. Oh my."

‣You pulled the pin on a grenade, clutching it in your hand

"Wrong. He realizes the only thing he has left to loose, is his life. And I already died once."

‣You dropped the grenade on the ground, causing Discord to gasp and take his talons away from your throat to snap.

‣You gripped him just as he snapped, turning you both into dust as the grenade detonated.

‣His unexpected passenger threw his spell off, causing the two of you to reappear in the air just a few meters away after the grenade detonated.

‣The extra weight sent him falling to the ground, and into the shallow creek, with you on top of him.

‣Discord was stunned a moment by the impact, giving you time to draw your knife.

‣His lion paw swatted at you, claws out.

‣Just like the manticore, you speared through his paw with your knife, jamming the blade into the creek bed until the hilt touched his paw.

‣You brought your empty hand across Discord's face, and gripped his eagle arm mid swing.

‣His talons were only a foot away from your face, and inching closer.



➤ Suddenly a lance of pain shot through your arm as he brought his teeth down on your bicep, his one sharp tooth tearing your arm.

"You wanna fight dirty? Take this!"

➤ You drew your sidearm, a bit awkwardly with it set to draw for a right handed shooter, and brought it to bear on his face.

➤ No, too easy. You wanted to see him suffer.

➤ You aimed at his arm, just above where you held, and fired six shots, each one ripping the flesh.

➤ Discord let his grip on your arm go as he howled in pain, and his arm was blown in two.

➤ You drove an elbow into his throat then stood over him as he gasped for air.

➤ "M-mercy! Mercy!" Discord raised his bloody stump of an arm in defense, and you lined up the next shot.

➤ You fired one shot, into his knee.

"Mercy? Did you hear the cries of the pOnies from POnyville as you set their homes ablaze?"

➤ Another shot, in his other knee.

"You ask me for mercy, after all this time of you hounding me and my love?"

➤ Third shot, into his stomach, causing him to cough as he plead again.

"Only minutes after you held your talons to my throat and blew my family up in front of me."

➤ Your fourth shot landed center mass, making his cries louder and his coughing heavier.

"You will get no mercy from me. All you get is a one way ticket to Tartarus!"

➤ You lined up a headshot, and pulled the trigger, only to be met with a click.

"Seems I'm out of ammo."

‣"So, I'm free to go?" Discord choked out, blood trickling from almost every part of his body.

"Not a chance. Just means I get to have some more fun."

‣You pressed down on the slide catch of your pistol, allowing the slide to come forward.

‣Dropping a knee to his chest, you raised the gun above your head and struck him across the face with it.

‣And again.

‣And again.

‣Until his face was covered in his own blood, and even then you only tossed your weapon aside, pulling the knife from its place in his paw.

‣You continued your assault, driving the massive knife into his skull several times, until his face wasn't even recognizable and his brain was mush.

‣Slowly, you rose to your feet, the creek water already turning red with blood.

‣The sound of hooves thundered behind you, and Celestia stood next to probably 50 guards.

"It's done. Nice timing."

‣"Anon, you're bleeding." Celestia gently placed a hoof on your chest, only to be met with a firm shove.

"It's not mine. Leave me be."

‣You made your way to what remained of Luna's tower, only to be knocked out of the way by a pair of unicorn guards carrying Luna off.

‣Shining Armor came down, a crying Dawn and Dusk levitating in front of him.

"Is she...?"

‣"She's hurt bad Anonymous... I don't know if she'll make it."

‣You looked over the two crying foals in his levitation field.

‣Both looked fairly untouched, their manes ruffled a little from the massive shockwave.

‣"She took most of the blast to her back side, lost a lot of blood... You don't look very good either to be honest."

"It's not my blood."

‣"Holy..."

"I need a room to stay in, a few cribs, preferably one close to Luna's bed.

‣Shining Armor was obviously thinking, diplomats often came and went, and you had moved out of your old room and into Luna's.

"I... I need to be close to her."

‣"We're treating Luna here, we have a few doctors that know what they're doing when it comes to wounds. All I can do tonight is put you in the medical bay with her, until I know for sure if we have an empty guest room."

"That'll do fine, thanks Captain... Can I hold my kids?"

‣"You should wash up first Anon. You look like Tartarus."

‣That night, you lay next to Luna in the adjacent hospital bed, with Dusk and Dawn forced to share a crib on your other side.

‣They seemed to fall asleep quickly, after you hummed a little lullaby to your little ones.

‣As for yourself, you didn't sleep.

‣You just lay there, covered by an itchy wool blanket as your only set of clothes was being washed.

‣There was a fluttering noise, and a weight on your chest.

"Hey Dusk. Can't sleep?"

‣He shook his head.

‣Guess he could understand what you were saying.

‣You sat up and cradled him in your arms.

"Me either buddy... Me either..."

‣You fell into a new routine fairly quickly as you stayed inside the medical bay.

‣Other rooms were available, but you declined, remaining in the medical bay next to Luna.

‣Cadence had brought a few toys for Dawn and Dusk to play with, and various pOnies would bring you food throughout the day.

‣The steady beep of the EKG seemed to be slowly chipping away at your sanity, and you fully expected t to flat line at any moment.

‣No, keep positive brain, Luna survived the initial explosion, she'll pull through...

‣On the other side of your bed, the two foals began to whine.

‣You just fed them, maybe they made a mess in their diapers

‣Or they were complaining of being stuck in the crib all day.

‣You checked their diapers to ensure they were clean, replacing them both.

‣The whining persisted, and you scooped them both up, placing Dusk on your head and cradling Dawn in your arms.

"Let's go for a walk you two."

‣You took the foals to the courtyard, where guards were going about their patrols, and gardeners were maintaining the plant life all around.

‣Dusk leapt into the air and fluttered around, catching a gust of wind and shooting up higher than he had ever gone.

‣He panicked, causing his wings to stop and plummeted down back at you.

‣You jumped into the air, catching him with your injured arm and pulling him to your chest as you fell on your back.

‣Lucky for you Discord had only one sharp tooth, or else his bite would have done much more damage.

‣Still, you were supposed to go easy on it with the stitches in place.

>Catching a falling colt probably didn't qualify as "going easy"  
 >You winced on impact, looking down at the two foals who looked at you with giant blue eyes.  
 >They tilted their head's in unison, landing a direct hit to the d'aw factory.  
 "Dusk, you are going to be the death of daddy."  
 >"Ma?"  
 >Did he just...? It was a single syllable, does it count?  
 >"Ma?"  
 "No Dusk, you aren't the reason mommy's hurt. Daddy is..."  
 >"Da?"  
 >So cute... Dawn and Dusk's first "words" were opposites.  
 >They weren't words really, just baby talk really. Still, it was the first thing you could understand that came out of their mouths.  
 >"Da?" Dawn repeated, some question implied but you couldn't tell what.  
 >You did what you thought best, and put on your pokeface, tussling each of their mane's.  
 >"You look like you're having fun Anon."  
 >Cadence stood over you, looking down with a smile.  
 "Oh, hello Princess."  
 >Her horn glowed, picking you up and placing you on your feet.  
 >"Didn't the doctor tell you to take it easy?"  
 "He did, but you know I don't always listen."  
 >"Fair enough."  
 >Cadence took Dawn out of your hands with her magic, nuzzling her gently before placing her back in your arms.  
 >Dusk fluttered back to his perch on your head, bringing laughter to you and Cadence.  
 >It felt good to laugh in a time like this.  
 >"How's Luna?"

>And their went you smile.  
 "She hasn't changed at all..."  
 >"She'll be ok Anon."  
 >Silence took over for a minute.  
 "Celestia would like to see you when you get the chance. I can watch the little ones if you'd like."  
 "Thank you Cadence. Where is Celestia?"  
 >"She should be in the throne room."  
 >She took Dusk and Dawn in her magical field, placing them on her back.  
 >You made your way to the throne room, meeting Celestia as she exited through the large doors.  
 "You wanted to see me Celestia?"  
 >"Yes... I have a problem and I don't know who else to turn to. Join me for dinner?"  
 >Your stomach growled in response.  
 "Yes... dinner would be nice about now."  
 >You walked beside the Princess, keeping your distance.  
 >Trust was not one thing you had in Molest- er, Celestia.  
 >Celestia waited until you had your food before beginning.  
 >"Do you remember the changelings Anon?"  
 "Black creepy looking things? Yes."  
 >"They are threatening Equestria once more, with yet another army."  
 "How big?"  
 >"I don't know... So far all we have received is threats of invasion and war."  
 "I guess this is where I come in?"  
 >"Yes. I need you to go to the Changeling land, and-"  
 "Assassinate the Queen? Gather intelligence on their forces? Start a coup? Sabotage their forces?"

‣"Negotiate a peace treaty. Equestria is ill equipped for war. Normally I would go myself, but I need to look over things here. And with Luna in her current state, I believe you to be the best choice for the job."

"I don't think you've read my resume Celestia. I'm not a diplomat."

‣"I know Anon, but... I don't have another pOny I can turn to."

"This is crazy."

‣"I'm desperate Anon."

"What about Luna? I have to stay here in case she wakes-"

‣Celestia brought a hoof across your face, bringing the attention of everyPony in the room.

‣"Luna is my sister, I love her more than you ever will! And if you don't do this, then there may not be an Equestria for her to recover in!"

‣Well now you just felt like an ass.

"I'm sorry Celestia. I'll leave for the Changeling kingdom at once."

‣"No. I'm sorry. That was... unlike me. I will have a chariot ready with escorts within the hour. You should prepare yourself."

‣You didn't bother to finish your meal.

‣You made your way to the "armory" you had made near the barracks, grabbing as much ammo and grenades as you could stuff in your vest.

‣Diplomatic trip or not, these creatures were vicious. If things went bad while you tried to negotiate peace, you wanted to be able to defend yourself properly.

‣You had two stops left on your list.

‣First, you stopped by Cadence's room, to let her know of your "mission"

‣She agreed of course, to watch Dusk and Dawn while you were away.

‣Second of course, was Luna's bedside.

‣You knelt, silent at first, your eyes wandering over the bandages the covered her body.

"I have to go for a while... but I promise I'll be back. Cadence is going to watch the kids..."

‣Could she even hear you?

"Anyways, stay strong ok? You better not die on me while I'm gone. I'll kick your flank if you do."

‣You leaned forward, kissing Luna's cheek.

‣Lastly, you made your way to the courtyard, where three golden chariots sat.

‣Each one was pulled by two Pegasus, while one Pegasus remained unyoked.

‣Five Unicorns stood by, saluting you as you approached.

"I trust you stallions know our mission?"

‣"Yes sir!"

"You, Pegasus. Why are you here?"

‣"I'm Hermes sir, fastest Pegasus in the guard. I'll be your forward scout once we get into Changeling territory and a messenger to Celestia if need be."

"Hermes, a fitting name. Mount up stallions. Hermes, lead the way."

‣You looked through your sight, surveying the desert canyon before you.

‣This place looked desolate.

‣Scratch that, desolate looked like this place.

‣You couldn't see any sign of life for miles.

‣"Sir, the path ahead looks clear. We believe the large spire ahead is the Queen's palace."

"I can see why the changelings want to come to Equestria. This place reminds me of Tartarus."

‣"I'll take your word on that sir."



"Mount up, we're not making another stop between now and the spire."

‣The Pegasus got back into positions, locking into the chariots, and signaled it was time for the rest of you to step in.

‣Back in the air, you got a good look at the barren landscape below you.

‣A rock filled desert separated by vast canyons, devoid of life.

‣Yep, almost exactly like Tartarus, just with less lava.

‣"Behind us!"

‣You unslung your rifle and charged the first round, but kept it low as you looked back at the changelings tailing you.

‣The unicorns readied spells as well, but you held up a hand to dismiss them.

"There are only two of them, hold fire. They're just making sure we don't try anything stupid."

‣Slinging your rifle, you looked at the spire as it grew closer and closer.

‣As you came closer and closer, several holes came into view all over the spire.

‣Just like their legs it seemed.

‣The chariots landed, instantly surrounded by several changeling guards.

‣A lone changeling, standing nearly to your neck, came forward and looked over the escorts, examining the the small force in front of him.

‣Oddly enough, his eyes rest on you lastly, but studied you the longest.

‣Seconds passed like minutes, but finally the lead changeling spoke, its voice like nails on a chalkboard.

‣"Who are you and what is your business? Why are you with these pOny scum?"

"These "pOny scum" are under my command, and my..."

➤You chose your next words carefully.

"They are my escorts. I am an ambassador fom Equestria. I wish to speak to your Queen."

➤You could feel the changeling scrutinize every detail of your being, looking over your curious form.

➤"Follow me creature."

➤The smaller changelings backed down, sinking back into the rocky surroundings and shadows that complimented them.

➤You looked back at the escorts, who fearlessly stood in a circle around the chariots you rode in on.

➤You pointed at the nearest Unicorn and Hermes, singling them out from the others.

"You two, come with me. The rest of you pOnies stay here and guard our exit."

➤The stallions nodded, forming a tighter formation around the chariots.

➤They wouldn't show it, but the surrounding terrain and the creepy look of the few changelings that lurked nearby unnerved them.

➤The two pOnies and yourself followed the massive changeling into the rocky spire that reminded you so much of Tartarus.

➤The interior was much cooler than the arid desert outside, giving some relief to your senses.

➤A damp feeling enveloped you and the ground at your feet seemed to squish beneath the soles of your boots.

➤A soft glow emanated from blue patches on the walls, revealing an organic looking substance that made the hallways and chambers.

➤The light was dim, making the silhouette of the changeling in front of you your only guide through many parts of the walk.

➤As you stepped into the next chamber, your eyes were forced to readjust once more to the slightly more illuminated throne room.

➤Several more glowing patches of the strange, luminous pieces of organic material gave the room a soft glow, the light reflected off two large pools that lay on each side of a walkway that led to a throne.

➤"What a curious creature... and with more curious company. Speak creature, before I toss you in a dungeon. What do you want of your Queen?"

"You are not my queen. I am an ambassador from Equestria and a personal friend of the princesses."

➤"Indeed? You are brave to cross my domain, with your kingdom and my hive on the brink of war."

"That is the purpose of my visit Queen...?"

➤"Chrysalis. I believe I missed your name creature."

"Anonymous. I would appreciate if you addressed me by my title, if we are to keep this... formal."

➤The queen smirked, standing up from her throne and approaching you, her narrow green eyes studying you much like the larger changeling.

➤She was truly hideous, her charcoal black body had spots of gray, similar in size to the holes in her legs.

➤What appeared to be wings were slightly torn in appearance, her mane had similar holes to her hooves.

➤The horn on her head serpentine violently, with several sharp points that could possibly mimic the effects of a serrated blade.

➤Her eyes were green, and narrowed similarly to a snake's.

➤For a queen, she looked far from regal.

➤"Your feelings betray you Anonymous, ambassador of Equestria. You are repulsed by my form."

›Impossible. You had on your finest pokerface for this meeting, crafted by hand thousands of years ago by monks.

"Whatever do you mean Queen Chrysalis?"

›"Do not lie Anonymous. Tell me what form pleases you?"

›Chrysalis' horn glowed with a green aura, and you were trucked by a sudden headache.

›"Hmm, perhaps Celestia?" Chrysalis' ugly, dark body was suddenly white, and her form resembled, no, imitated, Celestia's.

›You remembered this trick from the invasion, still, you couldn't help but feel your simmering anger well up as you recalled all the times she had pissed you off.

›"Hmm, no... to much anger. Perhaps the other princess?"

›You blinked your eyes and found yourself looking at the Luna you had fallen in love with after all this time.

›Another pain shot like lightening through your head, and you suddenly found Luna standing in front of you, her wounds healed.

›"Yes... friendship... compassion. Oh, is that... it couldn't be... love?"

›The words were an echo in your ears, a soothing lullaby to your mind.

›You reached over, touching the soft warm body across from you, Luna smiling back at you.

›But it wasn't right.

›This wasn't your Luna

›This was an imposter.

›You brought your right hand around and across this phoney Luna's face, catching the Queen off guard.

›She stumbled back, bringing a hoof to her face as half a dozen changelings in similar size to the one that led you here.

›Not missing a beat, you drew your side arm and your rifle, holding them in opposite directions at the changelings that surrounded you.

"I was hoping we could keep this act of diplomacy civil, free of violence, and mind games."

›"You do realize you are hopelessly outnumbered?"

"I've had worse odds."

›"I admire your courage. Guards, stand down."

›On both sides, both your escorts and the Queens royal guards, looks of shock and confusion seemed to be the popular fashion choice.

›You holstered your weapons, and faced the Queen once more.

›"The hour grows late Anonymous. Please, I will give you and your pOnies rooms to sleep in. We shall begin negotiations in the morning. Captain! Lead these individuals to some guest chambers. And be sure Anonymous is given the VIP guest bed. After all, a lover of Princess Luna must be important to her."

›That last statement unnerved you to no end.

›How would she know something like that after such a brief encounter?

›Did she read minds?

›Perhaps emotions?

›Another pain bounced inside your head, no doubt the leftover side effects of whatever magic the Queen had used.

›You discarded your armor, setting it at your bed side and laid down.

›Sleep took over in an instant, preventing you from hearing the squish of the hooves at your "doorway"

›A pair of slender, black legs treaded over your floor, stopping beside your bed.

›"Now Anonymous. Let's take a look inside that mind of yours."

‣The queen's horn glowed green once more, and she shut her eyes, as if to see your past in her dreams.

‣"Hmm... a seemingly comfortable childhood... happiness, but... curiosity, a thirst for something more..."

‣She sifted through your memories, casting aside the ones with what seemed like useless bits of information.

‣"And there is fear, mixed with anticipation. I don't see why you are afraid of these men in their silly hats. All they do is shout at you."

‣She moved on, skipping much of the training, and began sifting through the countless hours of combat, deployments, and traumatic moments of your life that had numbed most of your mind.

‣From there, she looked at your time in Tartarus, and how you had settled down somewhat upon coming to Equestria.

‣She knew everything there was to know about you in the matter of an hour, and you were none the wiser.

‣Your eyes bolted open, as if from a bad dream, but you couldn't recall having one.

‣Holding your aching head, which had only gotten worse, you gave a low moan.

‣Chrysalis, lucky enough to have approached you from behind began slowly backing away, hoping to remain undetected.

‣Her first hoof step was cut short, as the ground beneath her squished, allowing her presence to be known.

‣You froze as well.

‣Something was behind you, and you had no idea what its intentions was, or what it even was.

‣Still, it was the middle of the night, and it had approached you in your sleep.

‣Safe to assume, it was hostile.

➤As swiftly as you could, you spun and leapt off the bed toward the dark figure standing in your room.

➤You wrapped your hands around its neck, and brought it to the ground with you in a tangle of flesh and blood.

➤Raising your hand, you prepared the first of many strikes, clenching it tightly into a fist.

➤But there was a sensation that stopped you.

➤It wasn't magic, but one you had not felt in a very long time.

➤Skin.

➤Pinned to the ground underneath you was a girl, about your age, maybe a little younger.

➤She was naked, much like you when you first showed up to Equestria, her body skinny from hunger.

➤Her hair was a lighter color, possibly blonde, it was impossible to tell with this lighting.

➤You lowered your hand, bringing her arm down from her face, taking in her features in the dim light.

➤She was really pretty, her skin a bit pale, but her complexion almost flawless.

"Who are you? How did you get here, and why are you in my room?"

➤"I heard there was another human... I had to see for myself. I'm... Crystal."

➤You slowly stood, holding out your hand to help up Crystal.

➤She took it, and unsteadily rose to her feet.

➤Could she be a changeling?

➤No, changelings took the form of a creature they had seen, you were the only human in Equestria, ever.

➤And you definitely did not look like this.

"Are you ok Carol?"

➤"My names Crystal, and yes, I'm fine. I'm just a bit... shaken."

›Well, she was either a good liar, or she was legit.

"My apologies, I was making sure you were really human, and not one of the changelings. Please, have a seat. You look hungry."

›You helped her over to your "bed" and helped her sit down, then turned to your rucksack for your rations.

›Grabbing a bag of various nuts and dried berries, and your canteen so Crystal would have something to drink, you sat next to her, and handed her the food.

"How did you get here, in Changeling territory?"

›Crystal bit hungrily into a mouthful of the trail mix, swallowing her food before continuing.

›At least she had good manners.

›"A magic spell went wrong, I've been here about... a year I think. It's hard to tell without a calendar, or a sun."

›A bright idea came on inside your head, and you changed languages, to English.

"I know how that is."

›"Please, my English is bad..."

›She had the slightest hint of an accent, maybe she was a foreigner. French, perhaps?

›Regardless, she was used to Equestrian by now, and she knew a little English.

›That was proof enough for you.

"I'm sorry, that was fairly ignorant to assume everyone spoke the same language that appeared in this world."

›"It's fine Anonymous."

›RED ALERT

"I never told you my name."

›"Oh, I heard the drones say it. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you."

›She was either a very good liar, or she was telling the truth.



>Either way, you were convinced.

>"I just had to see if the rumors were true. I'm sorry to have bothered you."

"Not a problem ma'am. It's nice to see a human after so long."

>"Tell me, what are you doing here? Where did you come from?"

"Equestria, a land full of colorful pOnies, unicorns, and Pegasus. The changelings are threatening to attack, and princess Celestia sent me to try and keep the peace."

>"She must trust you quite a bit."

"I was simply the best choice for the job, given the circumstances."

>"I see... I should go, I feel I have overstayed my welcome. Thank you for the food Anonymous."

"You're welcome Crystal. I'm sorry for attacking you."

>"It's fine. May I come visit tomorrow, perhaps after you are done with talking with the Queen?"

"I would be ok with that. I'll see you tomorrow. Good night ma'am."

>"Please, Crystal is fine. Good night Anonymous."

>Crystal stood, and walked on out of the room, the darkness causing her to walk with uncertainty.

>"Damn she fine!"

>Brain, penis, shut up. It's time to sleep.

>"Sir, the Queen has asked to begin negotiations now."

>You rolled onto your back, rubbing your eyes and waited for them to adjust to the dim light

>"Sir-?"

"I'm awake guard. Wait outside in the corridor."

>The Unicorn bowed his head, and made way out into the hall as you got dressed.

>If you weren't so tired, you would have grabbed his horn and thrown him out the window.

>But like you said, you were tired.

>That, and you lacked a window to throw him out.

>With your gear on, you strolled into the corridor, and followed the unicorn back to the throne room, his horn lighting the way.

>"Good morning Anonymous, I trust you slept well?"

"Not really, but I have slept worse. Now, shall we get straight to the point? What will it take for you to call off the invasion of Equestria?"

>"No formalities Anon? No small talk?"

"No."

>Chrysalis strolled to the side of the throne room, sitting beside one of the pools.

>"Come, sit with me Anonymous. Let me tell you why I wish to invade Equestria."

"If I had to guess, it's because you live in this shit hole, while the ponies roam around in big cities and beautiful plains."

>"Now Anonymous, do you always insult your host's home?"

>You leaned up against a rock protruding from the ground, keeping your front to Chrysalis.

>"No, I love our hive, even its location in this arid desert does not bother me. It is the lack of food that drives us to war."

"Again, the first rule of buying a home. Location, location, location."

>"Are you always this ignorant?"

"Usually, yes. I'm sure you've noticed I'm not a politician. I'm more of a-"

>"If I had to guess, a drone or worker. No, wait. Your size and stature make you more of a soldier."

"Good assumption. That's exactly what I am."

>"Tell me Anon, why would Celestia send a soldier to do a politicians job? Especially a heavily armed one at that."

"I was the only one available for the job. The weapons are what we humans call, 'life insurance.'"

>"Indeed. Though you misunderstand what my original point was. Changelings do not 'eat', instead, we feed off of pOnies."

"That is disgusting. How can you call yourself civil?"

>Chrysalis shook her head.

>"You misunderstand me, we do not eat the pOnies. We get energy from their emotions, mainly love, compassion, happiness."

"Why Equestria?"

>"Two reasons. One, the pOnies are the most loving and carefree society in the world. Two, they are much weaker than changelings. Should we invade Gryphonnia, my army would be shred to pieces."

"I see..."

>"We are a famished society. Living off the scraps of emotion that radiate all the way from Canterlot."

"Why don't you just, move? There's a lot of cities in Equestria. Canterlot, Stalliongrad, Manehattan, Mareami, just to name the biggest."

>"Would Celestia do that? Allow us to integrate with pOny society?"

"I will ask, though I can't guarantee anything."

>"Such an agreement would be... acceptable..."

"Then I'll write a letter to the Princess and send a messenger at once. Excuse me."

>You straightened your body and made your way out of the throne room, leaving the queen to sit by the pool side.

>"My Queen, what do you wish to do now?" A lone guard bowed, awaiting her new plans for the day.

>"Leave me. I think Crystal shall go visit Anonymous. If Celestia refuses, and we attack Canterlot, he may prove to be a very large obstacle."

>"He is just one being."

>"One trained for war. Do not underestimate him. Now leave."

>Chrysalis stood, and totted out after you, keeping a slower pace so she did not alert you to her presence.

"Take this letter to Celestia, as fast as you can. I want to leave this place as soon as possible."

>"Yes sir!"

>The Pegasus darted out of the room, oblivious to the naked human girl just outside.

>"Crystal's" eye glowed green, and another headache lanced through your skull.

"Mother fucker... I swear this place is giving me a brain tumor."

>"Are you alright Anonymous?"

>You looked up at your doorway, finding Crystal leaned against the door, her arms folded over her breasts.

"I'm fine, this place gives me a head ache."

>You removed your fatigue jacket, and handed it to Crystal.

"I'd give you a full set of clothes, but I didn't bring any extras. And I don't think they would fit you that well."

>Crystal slipped the jacket on, and fumbled with the zipper.

"Here. Let me help."

>You reached over, zipping the jacket so it covered her body, from her chest to just above her lady parts.

>Luna would freak if she saw you like this.

>"Is something wrong? You seem... distracted."

"Distracted is one word for it."

>"I'm sorry if I'm not pretty, I do my best."

"No! It's not that."

>"So you think I'm pretty?"

"No, I mean yes, but... god damn it..."

>"What?"

>You face palmed, and sat back on your bed, taking out some food.

"Yes, you are pretty. Just don't take it the wrong way."

>"I don't follow."

>Man this lady was dense.

"I'm married Crystal, I just want you to know this isn't going to be a relationship."

>"Oh. I understand. I just like visiting a human for once. No worries."

>You placed a piece of dried fruit in your mouth, chewing slowly.

>Another pain shot through your head as you did, and your face twisted with pain.

>You felt a hand on the back of your head, and the headache began to fade away.

>At the same time, your vision distorted, a green haze covering everything.

>"Relax Anonymous."

>That voice was soothing.

>"Anonymous, may I ask you something?"

"Yeah sure. Whatever you want."

>"Will you stay here, keep me company? These changelings are..."

"Ugly, disgusting, look like bugs?"

>"That's mean... but yes, we'll go with that."

"I can't, I belong in Canterlot. With Luna."

>"Luna is dead Anon. Even we know about that all the way out here. I'm sorry."

>You snapped out of the trance and broke away from Crystal, putting a few feet between you two.

"Don't you dare say that again."

>"I'm sorry Anon. If you need someone to talk to, let me know. I'll drop by later..."

>Chrystal removed your jacket, laying it aside on the bed and walked out.

>At the same time, you drew a bottle of apple whiskey from your pack.

>You brought it as a pain killer/ disinfectant in case shit hit the fan.

>Now, it was a pain killer for your mind.

>The changelings must be giving her false information, knowing she would bring it up.

>Some kind of psychological warfare, or something.

>You took a large swig of whiskey, propping yourself against the wall.

>Would it kill the universe to let things be good for a little while?

>A few hours later, Crystal returned, as she said she would.

>Only to find you passed out in your bed, an empty bottle of whiskey dangling from your hand over the side to the bed.

>"Too easy."

>She placed a hand on your forehead and her eyes glowed green for a moment, as she sifted through your thoughts once more.

>This time, instead of figuring out what made you tick, she went through each and every memory she could find of Luna, and erased it.

>"Hmm... I may as well have some fun..."

>Crystal smiled, crawling under the blanket with you and cuddling close to you.

>It was a bit unpleasant, seeing as you fell asleep in full battle rattle, but she wasn't after the pleasure.

‣If Celestia refused this offer, she might be able to persuade you to stay with her, and fight for the changelings.

‣After all, your single biggest tie to Equestria had just been erased, leaving a lot of bad memories of you and Celestia.

‣Again, this would almost seem too easy for Crystal.

‣The next morning, or what you assumed to be morning, was met with an ear splitting headache.

‣You raised an arm to cradle your head, finding it trapped by a weight.

‣Crystal was draped over the left side of your body, her head resting on your shoulder.

‣Brain, system check. ASAP.

‣"Fuck you asshole, do you realize what kind of pain I'm in?"

‣Yes, I do. Now do a system check.

‣Nope. All you need to know is you have 0 fucks to give, and we aren't expecting a shipment for at least a week.

‣You extended your right arm, gently shaking Crystal from her slumber.

"Crystal, wake up."

‣She stretched her body, and looked up at you with the prettiest eyes you ever did see.

‣NO! BAD!

‣Wait what? Brain what's the big deal?

‣...I dunno, something feels off.

‣Told you to do a system check, get back with me when you're done.

‣"Good morning Anon, sleep well?"

"Yeah, I guess. What are you doing here?"

‣You rubbed your head with your free hand, the pain from this hangover was unlike any you had ever felt before.

>"I came to talk to you last night, but you were gone. I helped myself to a few drinks. I'm sorry..."

"It's fine... I'm just a little confused right now."

>"As long as you aren't mad..."

>Crystal smiled, leaning up and kissed you.

>Why did this feel so wrong?

>"Well, I should get going... May I come back tonight?"

"Of course. I have business with the Queen, I'm sure it won't be too long though. You could probably stay here if you wanted."

>"No, I would feel too awkward. I'll see you tonight."

>Crystal leaned up again, planting yet another kiss on your lips.

>You missed the sensation of human lips, much better than a pOnies.

>Wait, have you kissed a pOny?

>That's kinda weird... you don't remember kissing one.

>But you felt as though you had at some point.

>Maybe one of your drunken moments with Spitfire?

>That was about the only pOny you could imagine kissing, and even then, you had to be drunk.

>Sure, they were cute and cuddly, but they were still a pOny.

>Crystal stood from your bed and stretched, allowing you to take in her beauty.

>"Ta ta Anon!"

>She disappeared out your door way, and rose from your bed.

>Your tac-vest was unzipped, most likely by Crystal so she could lay on you somewhat comfortably.

>You rezipped it and waited for the messenger to come with Celestia's answer.

>Sure enough, the Pegasus came within the hour, dark bags under his eyes from flying all night.

>"Here sir, I came as quickly as I could."



"Excellent, get some food and rest, make yourself comfortable here if need be."

➤The Pegasus nodded, and promptly collapsed where he stood, snoozing.

➤You chuckled him on to the bed, and opened the letter.

"Dear Anonymous, Under no circumstance will I allow changelings to reside in my kingdom- GOD DAMNIT!"

➤Ok, needless to say you were pissed.

➤Chances are, so would the queen.

➤You just wanted to leave this place.

➤Regardless, you should tell the Queen, so you two could talk over a new plan.

➤You made your way to the throne room, finding the queen by one of the pools like she was yesterday.

➤"Have you received word from your Princess?"

"Unfortunately I have. She does not want you or your hive in her land. I was hoping we could come up with a different compromise."

➤"This compromise was more than fair!"

"Celestia is not the most trusting pony in Equestria. Having a hive of changelings hiding in plain sight unnerves me even."

➤"You think we would go back on our word to remain peaceful with Equestria? We do not wish to kill the greatest source of emotion in the world!"

"Regardless, Celestia doesn't trust you, and she has a final say in the matter."

➤Chrysalis stood, in an attempt to look you in the eyes.

➤"Tell your princess, that if we are not allowed into your Equestria, we will come in by force."

➤You stared down at the queen, but she was clearly committed to taking Equestria.

"I will send a letter to Celestia, explaining the situation."

‣You spun on your heel, and made your way past a pair of guards that were ready to pounce on you the moment you laid a hand on you, brushing them aside.

‣The small amount of contact was met with a hoof to the back, sending you sprawling into the nearby pool.

‣You rolled on your back in the shallow water, rifle ready, and fired a controlled pair at the two guards.

‣They each crumpled to the ground, but only to be replaced by four more soldier changelings.

‣"STOP!"

‣You were grabbed by a green aura, and lifted out of the pool.

‣"I have no wish for violence, return to your chambers, and send your letter. I do not want any more delays."

‣She turned to the guards, her voiced hissing with anger.

‣"Take these failures, and dispose of their bodies."

"I apologi-"

‣"Silence! Return to your room, and do not speak to me until you have the princess' reply."

‣You nodded, and left the throne room, just behind the other changelings as they hauled their dead companions away.

‣Discarding your wet fatigues, you wrapped yourself in a blanket, and quickly wrote a letter to Celestia

‣"Dear Princess Celestia, the changelings refuse to agree to any sort of compromise other than the aforementioned one in my previous letter. I ask you to reconsider, or gather allies for war. If I may suggest, the changelings appear to fear the griffons, they may prove to be a great ally."

"Pegasus!"

‣The guard woke with a start, looking around the room.

‣"Did I pass out?"

"Yes, and as much as I hate to send you out again, I have another letter."

>"I'll leave at once sir."

"Then go, come back as quickly as you can, and prepare to leave as soon as you are ready to get back."

>"Sir?"

"I suspect Celestia will stand by her agreement. I don't wish to be captured as a prisoner of war."

>"Right away sir."

>The Pegasus raced off down the hallway, and out of the spire once more, taking flight toward Equestria.

>"How did the meeting go, Anonymous?"

>Crystal came behind you, wrapping her arms around you.

"Not well. You have good timing though, you always seem to show up just as I'm getting in from our meetings."

>"Heh, I think the whole hive heard those gunshots. I assumed the meeting was over."

>Another pain lanced through your head, and you reflexively held your head in your hand.

>"Lay down dear, let me help."

>You started to protest, but your limbs seemed to take over with a mind of their own.

>Laying on the bed, you felt Crystal climb on you, sitting down over your rear end.

>Her hands danced across your shoulders and neck, massaging them gently.

>"It's so good to feel another human after so long."

"It is."

>Brain, did I authorize that sentence for departure?

>I dunno.

>"Do you feel better?"

"Much"

➤ "Good... good..."

➤ You felt a sharp pain on the side of your neck as bit down, and your entire body seemed to go numb.

➤ She rolled over on your back, repositioning over your crotch.

➤ "Let me make you feel better, love."

➤ Something felt wrong, what it was you weren't sure.

➤ But you had been here a year, surrounded by pOnies.

➤ It was time to cut lose.

➤ You pulled Crystal down close to you, locking lips once more.

➤ Crystal lay next to you in bed, a warm glow emanated from her pale face, even in the dim light.

➤ You needed that, so much tension built up, released all at once.

➤ Still you had a mission to do.

➤ Like your everyday James Bond, you slipped from your lovers arms and grabbed your assault pack, donning fatigues silently as you could.

➤ They were still damp, but you weren't about to run around this hive naked while you planted C4 all around the interior.

➤ The place was a dark maze in itself, leaving you to wander about the hive in search of a good place to put the charges.

➤ You paused in the middle of a hallway, drawing your knife.

➤ You had a theory, may as well test it.

➤ Driving the blade into the wall, you found you could cut into it fairly easily.

➤ Removing a chunk of the organic material, you took a five pound charge from your backpack, armed it, and set it inside the cavity.

➤ You had ten charges, each five pounds.

➤ You didn't expect to cause too much damage to the hive, but enough explosives should cause quite the shitstorm if you need to get away.

‣You took a few more turns, cutting holes into the walls, and then filling each hole with a charge.

‣You made your way outside and into the desert, discovering it was night time.

‣Guess that meant it was time for bed.

‣You armed the last charge, placing it under a bit of dirt a few meters in front of main entrance.

"Just for an explosive exit. Heh, reminds me of burrito night back on Earth."

‣Ok, that joke was bad.

‣Regardless of your lack of comedic genius, you made your way inside and back to your room.

‣Crystal had woken up, and had done her best to get in a sexy pose for you.

‣"Do you always make love and run away?"

"I merely went out for a stroll."

‣You dropped your gear, tossed aside your damp clothes, and rejoined Crystal in bed, cuddling up to recover what body heat the cold desert air had stolen from you.

‣"Do you think Celestia will agree to the conditions?"

"No. I honestly don't."

‣"What will you do? Will you try for peace again?"

"I'll return to Equestria and get ready for war."

‣"No!"

‣You looked over at crystal, and into her eyes.

‣"Stay here... with me. I don't want to be alone again."

"I have to. It's my duty."

‣"Did you swear an oath?"

"Well no-"

‣"Did you enlist in her guard?"

"No but-"

- ›"Then you have no duty other than to yourself. Stay with me."
- ›Crystal shifted away, then climbed over top of you.
- ›"Stay with me forever."
- ›Roundtwo.exe
- ›Morning after.
- ›Crystal had latched on to you in her sleep, her warm body pressed against your own.
- ›She dropped a bomb on you last night, that was for sure.
- ›Going to fight with Celestia would certainly mean death.
- ›Chrysalis had an army.
- ›Celestia had a thousand poorly trained guards.
- ›If you were lucky, the griffons would send some aid, but that leveled the playing field at best.
- ›You could stay here, with the changelings, and live with Crystal.
- ›Get married, have a normal human family.
- ›Coward.
- ›Fuck you brain.
- ›You attempted to move out of bed, only to find Crystal latched on so well that you drug her along with you.
- ›Eventually, after some twisting and turning, you freed yourself from her grasp and donned your uniform.
- ›It was mostly dry now.
- ›Good for you, because if this goes how you plan, you'll need to make a quick exit.
- ›You shoved the detonator to the C4 in your utility pouch on your vest, and left the room.
- ›No point in going anywhere but to the main entrance and waiting for your message.
- ›"What are you doing out her love?"
- ›Crystal wrapped her arms around you, though the movement gave you little pleasure with all of this gear,

"Waiting on a message. Should this come out like I expect, I plan to make a quick exit."

>"I thought you were going to stay..."

"No, I'm going to Equestria, you are welcome to tag along."

>"But Equestria will be destroyed!"

"No it won't. Chrysalis will invade, but she will only eliminate the ponies that oppose her. She can't wipe out them all.

>"Won't she kill you?"

"Not if I have a final say in the matter."

>"A pony descended from the sky, but it wasn't the guard you had sent earlier.

>"Blue uniform, yellow lines, and a mane of fire.

"Spitfire? What in Tartarus are you doing here."

>"Oh you know me Anon, always volunteering for the princess."

>"You couldn't see it, but behind her goggles, she was burning a hole through crystal.

>"Who's this?"

"Crystal, my girlfriend."

>"Ah, thought so. Nice to see you settling down Anon. Anyways, here's the message."

>"Spitfire withdrew a letter from her satchel, handing it over to you.

>"Just as you thought, Celestia outright refused any changelings to come into Equestria, even a small amount for a test.

"I shall go tell the queen that negotiations have failed. War is upon us."

>"I will tell her love. I should tell her I am leaving anyways..."

>"Crystal disappeared into the spire, and Spitfire withdrew a flask from her satchel.

>"Drink?"

"Spitfire, you need to lay off the booze, it's not healthy."

➤ "Its water Anon, chill."

➤ You shrugged, taking the flask from her and popped the cap off.

➤ Throwing your head back, you let a swig of water hit- oh god this isn't water.

➤ You spat it out; holding the flask away from you like it was poison.

"What in Tartarus is that Spitfire!?"

➤ "Just drink it you bucking idiot!"

➤ Spitfire leapt up, grabbing the flask in her teeth and pushed you to the ground, forcing it in your mouth.

➤ Again, you spat out the metal flask, spilling its contents on the ground.

➤ Spitfire snatched the bottle up, checking its contents.

➤ there was barely enough for one swig.

➤ "Man this is going to suck..."

➤ With a flick of her head she flipped the bottle around, emptying the contents in her mouth.

➤ With her hooves pinning your arms down, she leaned down and locked lips, forcing the nasty, hot liquid into your mouth.

➤ Her lips remained pressed against your own, forcing the liquid down your throat.

➤ Satisfied, she pulled away, and began spitting out the fluid that lingered in her own mouth.

"What in Equestria was that?"

➤ "Anon dear, what is going on?"

➤ Spitfire didn't miss a beat, and shot off toward Crystal with the speed of Kenyans.

➤ At the last second, Spitfire twisted in the air, bringing her rear hooves across Crystal's face, and proceeded to shoot back towards you.



‣Her forelegs curled under your arms, and you were jerked onto a chariot.

‣Crystal slowly rose to her... hooves?

‣What just happened, your beautiful Crystal just turned into that ugly ass queen.

‣Oh god, kill it with fire!

‣Or better yet, C4.

‣The chariots shot off, Spitfire leading the way.

‣You pulled the detonator from its pouch, and pressed the little red button

‣A wave of changelings, led by the queen herself, gave pursuit

‣Several explosions tore through the hive, and one explosion decimated the stream of changelings pouring out of the entrance.

‣As the spire collapsed, falling toward the earth, several changelings raced out of the rising dust cloud, their creepy looking eyes fixed on the trio of chariots.

‣You didn't bother to stand up; rather you unslung your rifle, and began popping off shots at the closing changelings.

‣The unicorns joined in, casting energy blasts at the changelings, but to little effect.

‣Their spells were slower, and less accurate than your bullets, causing them to slow down to evade.

‣But they were getting closer still, and no matter how fast you emptied rounds, or how precisely you made each shot, they were already in range for their own spells.

‣The chariot was violently rocked by a nearby explosion, casting your rifle from your grip.

"Shit shit shit shit shit."

‣Another thud brought your attention, this one less violent.

‣The queen herself had landed on your chariot, casting an energy bolt aside at one of the chariots, killing its Pegasus pilots.

>The other chariot was swarmed by changelings, and fell from the sky as well, leaving your chariot and Spitfire all alone.

>You reached for your sidearm, seeing as your rifle was pinned to the ground by a holy foot, and Chrysalis began to make her horn glow.

>"If you touch that, I will end you where you lay."

"Fair enough."

>You looked behind you at Spitfire, who was expertly dodging around the swarm of changelings.

>She would be ok.

"Most pOnies don't know what my gear does. It seems you do though."

>"Your memories proved a valuable source of information. Now-"

"Let me guess. You're going to offer me a chance to surrender, possibly fight for you in the battle of Canterlot, and if I don't you're going to kill me."

>"You're smarter than you look Anon. You would make a fine husband indeed."

>Chrysalis grinned, looking down at you as something in your head clicked.

"Awh mother fucker. I had sex with you. Oh god I need to bathe."

>"Is it really so bad? Being with a creature that can turn into anything you want?"

>As she spoke, her form went back to the one you knew as Crystal.

>She was even more beautiful in the light, light blue hair and green eyes.

>Her body was still pale- where'd she go?

>You looked down from the back of the chariot in time to see Spitfire and Crystal tumbling to the Earth.

➤Crystal had her arms locked around Spitfire's wings, preventing her from escaping.

➤Dude, I know what you're thinking, don't do it.

➤Too late brain.

"AIRBORNE!"

➤Your stupidity bought you another 20 seconds of life, as the chariot above you exploded, taking out the pOnies along with it.

➤You made your body as aerodynamic as possible, diving straight for the human and pOny that were struggling against each other

➤using all of your momentum, you brought a fist across Crystal's face, breaking the two apart.

➤Before anything else could happen, you felt two hooves scoop under your arms, and pull you away from Crystal/ Chrysalis.

➤Spitfire was an excellent flyer, but stopping 200 pounds of human and gear wasn't easy.

➤Throw in a pack of changelings that were diving after the two of you, and she had her work cut out for her.

➤Her flight path arced, sweeping down into one of canyons below.

➤"Damn it Anon, lay off all the fritters!"

➤You looked back, finding the changelings maybe... three seconds behind you

➤Ahead of you, in the side of the cliff wall, was a small cave that you might be able to squeeze through.

"Head for the cave!"

➤"Don't have much of a choice with your heavy flank!"

➤You pulled a hand down from Spitfire, readying a grenade.

➤This could only end bad or worse, but you didn't have much of a choice.

➤You spiked the grenade down at the earth, and tumbled into the small dark cave.

>You and Spitfire crash landed in the cave, your bodies twisted around together in almost impossible ways

>At the cave entrance, several changelings landed, and exploded along with the grenade.

>As expected, the mouth of the cave collapsed, leaving you and Spitfire in a dark, dry cave, alone.

>Are you blind? Passed out?

>No, at least not now, but maybe you did.

>It was hard to tell, but what mattered was what you could sense around you.

>Your gear was still on, though you had lost your rifle in the fall.

>A weight had situated itself on your body.

>Crystal?

>No, Crystal was a bug. An ugly, nasty bug/ pOny/ thing.

>This was Spitfire.

>She must have lost consciousness as well after you two landed.

"Spitfire... Spitfire! Hey Spits! Wake up!"

>"Hhh... Are we dead?"

"Too easy Spits. Are you ok?"

>"My wing hurts... And I think I'm bleeding..."

"Where? I have some bandages."

>"Left..."

>You quickly began patting down the left side of Spitfire, searching for blood.

>"That's my right side dummy..."

"Right, your left, my right. Sorry."

>Come to think of it, you had no gloves, and you knew damn well your hands weren't sterile.

>Moving Spitfire off of you, you rummaged around in your bag, grabbing a med-kit and some matches.

›Just as you thought, there was some rubbing alcohol in the bag, just enough to wash off your hands and sterilize the wound.

›You lit the first match, holding it close to Spitfire's body, finding the wound much quicker than by feeling around.

"This is going to sting."

›You poured the remaining contents of the small bottle on the gash, and lit another match to find an appropriate bandage for it.

›With one selected, you realized the flight suit might get in the way, and you drew your knife.

›With as much precision and care as you could manage with the combat knife, you cut away the flight suit, being extra careful not to hurt her wing any more.

›Finally, you placed a bandage on the gash, and helped her to her hooves.

"How do you feel?"

›"Dizzy..."

›Alright, no worries. I'll get you out of here. Crazy mare..."

›With no rifle, it was pointless to keep the extra ammo you had brought in your ruck, and you tossed it aside to make room.

›Room for Spitfire that is.

"Here, just put your legs over my shoulders, and sit in my bag."

›"Heh... this was supposed to be a rescue mission to save you."

"You got me out of the changeling hive, and whatever that drink was seemed to snap me out of whatever spell that bitch had me under."

›"Good thing she changed back to her ugly self eh? That helped the process along."

"What in Tartarus was in that flask anyway?"

›"You don't want to know."

"Tell me or I drop the backpack."

›"Eh... some tree bark, a root, cactus flower, piss..."

"What was that last one?"

>"...Cactus flower?"

>You sighed, almost regretting this next question already.

"Dare I ask who's piss? Not that it matters..."

>"Mine... The shaman said it had to be a pOny that loved you... I was the only one available..."

"I'm flattered Spits..."

>"Don't mention it..."

"No really... I... I love you too."

>"Side effects of the potion Anon..."

"...Right. Anyways, we should try and explore this cave, maybe find another way out. There's some food in the bag if you need it."

>"Thanks Ann...Anon."

"Take it easy Spitfire. You've done enough for one day. I'm proud of you."

>You felt Spitfire nuzzle against your head, resting her own head against the spot she nuzzled.

>You took her hoof in your hand, and began feeling around the cave, hoping to find a wall you could guide yourself along.

>It wasn't hard, as you found out that as you went deeper into the cave, the passage ways got smaller, barely big enough for you to move through.

"Hey Spits?"

>"Hmm?"

"How did you know I was in trouble?"

>"The messenger you sent had his suspicions. I knew you better than anyone else."

"I'm glad you came Spits. I wouldn't want anypOny else here with me."

>"I'd rather not be here at all, but ok Anon."

"Fair enough."

‣Spitfire was shivering, the cave air chilling her to the bone.

‣She didn't say anything though, she was too proud.

‣Then again, that shivering could be from blood loss.

‣You paused and let the back pack down gently to avoid hurting her.

‣Unbuttoning your top, you took it off and placed it around Spitfire, who attempted to push it away.

"Quit struggling, your core temp is dropping from blood loss. I can't have you going into shock."

‣You stepped through a doorway, and immediately taken back by the sight.

‣Several rays of sunshine illuminated the room around you, revealing a massive underground lake below you.

‣You stood on the edge of the cliff, judging the distance to the water below.

‣60 feet, maybe more.

‣You could jump it, but there was no telling if there was any rocks below the surface.

‣That, and you weren't the best swimmer, all of your gear may cause you to drown, not to mention Spits.

"We'll set up camp here. How you feel?"

‣"Cold, tired."

"I'll try to find some firewood, or something to burn. Then we'll take a look at that wing."

‣You set down the ruck, you helped Spitfire out, and onto a pile of dirt where there appeared to be the fewest rocks.

"Stay here, don't move. I'll be back."

‣You tussled her fiery mane, and began your search for some dry wood, or anything to burn.

‣Where's a magical forest when you need one?

>"OW! BE GENTLE WILL YA!"  
 "Sorry! I'm doing my best!"  
 >"Is this your first time?"  
 "No, I'm just used to bigger wings."  
 >"Oh well let me just shape shift into something a bit bigger for you! Oh wait, I'm not a changeling!"  
 "Buck you Spitfire. I was trying to be gentle."  
 >"OWWWWWWWWWW!"  
 "How's that?"  
 >"You mother fucker... That actually feels a little better."  
 >You grabbed your jacket from around Spitfire and cut off the sleeves, then cut them long ways, forming two strips of fabric.  
 >Next you tied them together, and wrapped it around Spitfire's body, ensuring the wing was tied against her body.  
 "Too tight?"  
 >"Nah I think it's good... Thanks for this."  
 "Anything for you Spitfire."  
 >You set your gear aside and sat near the fire you had built.  
 >Trees had managed to grow in this peculiar place, down near the bank of the lake.  
 >It had been a challenge, but you think you had gathered enough to keep you warm for the night.  
 >Spitfire sat down on her haunches next to you, and you wrapped your coat back around her.  
 >It was more like a blanket to her, although a small blanket.  
 >The light from the holes in the high faulted ceilings soon faded, leaving only the flickering firelight to illuminate the area around you.  
 >It was kind of funny.  
 >Spitfire looked really lovely in the fire light.  
 >Especially those pretty amber eyes, they just seemed to glow.  
 "Come here you."



>"Wha-"

>You pulled Spitfire close to you, holding the still shivering mare close to you.

>"No, Anon."

"I thought you said you loved me."

>"I did. I mean I do. But-mmm"

>Spitfire protested, her words only turning into soft moans that escaped into your own mouth as you two kissed.

>You reached over, caressing her good wing.

>Spitfire managed to break away finally, her broken wing twitching, the other rigid and pulsing.

>"No, that's enough Anon... We should sleep. Tomorrow's going to be a big day."

>The next morning was pretty slow.

>You awoke to light streaming down from the holes in the ceiling, sending shimmers of light bouncing off the walls.

>Spitfire laid on top of you, underneath your jacket, breathing steadily in her sleep.

>So adorable.

>With nowhere to really go, you stayed put, gently tussling her short orange mane while she slept.

>You laid there for a good hour, listening to her breathing,

>"Mmm."

"Morning sleepy head."

>She looked up at you, resting her chin on your chest, her amber eyes slowly cracking open.

>"Morning Anon. I didn't bother you too much last night did i?"

"Course not. I kind of like having a furry yellow blanket."

>"Uh huh. You just like having me sleep with you."

"Prove it."

>"Nope."

›Spitfire slowly rose, stepping lightly onto the ground beside you and sitting on her haunches.

›"So what's the plan's for the day?"

›You pushed yourself up so you sat up, just about eye level with Spitfire.

"I figured I'd look around this place, try to find another way out. Collect fire wood, maybe find myself some dinner."

›"We still have some nuts and berries. You can have them if you want."

"Nonsense. I found some food of my own."

›"An apple tree?"

"Even better."

›You reached into the backpack you had sealed the night before, pulling out a snake, still hissing.

›"What the buck Anon!? NOT COOL GET RID OF THAT!"

›Swinging the snake like a flail, you smacked its head against the side of the cave wall, killing it instantly.

"Eat the nuts and berries; I'll live off what I can find."

›"You really weren't lying that day you said you ate meat?"

"Not at all, but I also didn't lie about being able to refrain from it. This is just a survival scenario."

›Relighting the fire, you began to skin the snake, removing the guts, and turning the snake into a shishkabob.

›Spitfire turned to her nuts and berries, munching away silently as you roasted the bits of snake on an open fire, turning the bits so they cooked evenly.

›When you were satisfied with how an individual piece was cooked, you withdrew the stick, and cut off the meat so it fell in your mouth.

›"How do you eat that garbage?"

"The same way you eat dandelions."

➤ "Dandelions are good though."

"So is snake."

➤ Spitfire stood there a moment, eyeing the bits of flesh skewered on the stick.

➤ She drew closer, sniffing a chunk, then drawing away.

➤ You cut off another piece of meat, this time pinching it with your fingers.

"Try it."

➤ "Are you crazy?!"

"I have ate nothing but vegetables, fruits, and baked goods for over a year now. I ate all the weird shit you pOnies eat. Now I dare you, try this."

➤ Spitfire shrank away a little more, building up the courage.

"Look, I'll blow on it for you, so it doesn't burn you."

➤ You blew on it, holding it out once more, and Spitfire went for it, placing the meat in her mouth, and froze.

"Chew... swallow."

➤ Spitfire's eyes shrank with every chewing motion she made and she turned toward the cliff, spitting out the piece of meat.

"Yeah I expected that."

➤ "You knew I would hate it?!"

"I thought so. You could have surprised me."

➤ "I hate you Anon."

"Hey, calm down... I'm surprised you even tried it."

➤ "I know..." she sighed, "I'm just stressed. I'm not the type of pOny that does this kind of survival stuff, or goes adventuring."

"You mean the captain of the Wonderbolts and aerial acrobat doesn't ever go out and just try something dangerous?"

➤ "I guess you could say there's a first time for everything, and this would be my first time."

"...Maybe you should stay in Canterlot."

›"And do what? Drink? Canterlot is boring!"

"Well, maybe we can figure something we can do once we get back."

›"It better be something within walking distance. I am NOT carrying you again."

"I carry you all the time!"

›Spitfire socked you in the arm, grinning a little bit.

"Alright alright, fair enough. Do you want to come with me or stay at camp?"

›"I'll stick with you if it's ok. I... I got bored here, you know? Sitting around with nothing to do."

›Kicking some dirt over the fire, you extinguished it and stood.

"Alright then. Do you want to walk or ride?"

›"I'll walk Anonymous, you don't have to baby me."

"Can't a guy just be concerned about his friend?"

›"He could... Are you?"

"Of course Spits, you broke your wing saving my life. Although I expected a better landing."

›She jabbed your side with another hoof, and the two of you began walking along the cliff edge, looking over the lake.

›Spitfire halted after an hour, putting a hoof on her forehead.

"Are you ok love?"

›"Don't... I may have ingested some of that potion..."

"So?"

›"So I may end up feeling some effects too... Just... don't worry ok?"

"Hey, relax, it's me."

›You knelt down beside her, running your fingers through her mane a few times.

›Her cheeks blushed a shade of red that complimented her mane and coat.

➤So adorable.

"Love ya Spits."

➤"I love you too Anon... Mind if I get a ride with you?"

"Sure, get on."

➤Spitfire draped her forelegs over your shoulders, and you placed your hands on her flank, lifting her up.

"Comfy?"

➤"Very."

➤The two of you set back off along the path in front of you, which gently sloped down around the lake until the path vanished under water.

➤"I don't think we're going this way."

"There's no other way either, unless we try to dig our way out."

➤"Is that an option?"

"We could swim to the bottom of this lake and search for a tunnel, but that's not a practical option."

➤"Sooo... what do we do?"

"Go back to camp, I'll probably drop you off there and get to work moving rocks."

➤"Can't I help?"

"Well, I guess you can try. If not the company would be welcome."

➤You continued Spitfires piggy back ride, walking back around the lake and toward the camp,

➤Grabbing a few branches off one of the trees that defied nature by sticking up from the few patches of soil, you lit them in the campfire

➤Spitfire climbed down, and walked behind you all the way to the collapsed entrance, and sat down toward the side, holding the torch in her mouth.

‣Tossing your gear, and shirt aside, you squatted down, grabbing the first of many rocks, and lifted with your legs.

‣This was going to be a long, difficult process, but at least Spitfire could hold the makeshift torch.

‣Spitfire watched you work, keeping an eye on this lingering flame that slowly inched closer her face.

‣By Celestia, this was hard.

‣Squat, grab, flex, lift, walk, drop.

‣Repeat.

‣Anon was so powerful, his muscles flexing each and every time he picked up a rock.

‣Sweat was steadily building up along his body, glistening in the torch light.

‣She gave a sigh, shifting uncomfortably on her haunches as her good wing unfurled, and the other twitched.

‣"I'm not going to be a home wrecker... I'm better than that... Have some class Spits."

‣Her words were less than a mumble, muffled further by the torch even further.

"What was that Spits?"

‣Spitfire mumbled, the torch preventing proper syllables from coming out.

"That was well constructed sentence Spitfire. Try not to talk with your mouth full."

‣Spitfire glared at you with her flickering brown eyes, and you took the torch out of her mouth.

‣"It was nothing Anon. Just thinking out loud."

‣You set a few stones together, making a holder for the torch, allowing you and Spitfire to converse freely.

"Anything on your mind?"

‣"Food. A proper shower would be nice."

"Ah quit your whining."

>Spitfire stuck her tongue out at you.

"You plan on using that?"

>You gave a wink to Spits as she drew her tongue back in, clearly frustrated at your friendly verbal jabs.

>"What was it like when you turned into a pOny?"

"What in Tartarus are you talking about?"

>"Right, you still don't have all of your memory back..."

>Spitfire laid down, watching you work, pushing your muscles to the max to move some of the heavier rocks.

"What even brought a question like that up?"

>"Nothing..."

"You lie."

>Spitfire sighed again, she knew better that to lie to you. Or anypOny. She was a terrible liar.

>"I had a weird dream last night, the potion must be getting to me slowly."

"What was that potion for exactly?"

>"To break the changeling mind control spell. I swear, the whole... I love Spitfire thing is just a side effect. You don't really."

"You're so silly Spits."

>"Stubborn and borderline stupid as always..." she mumbled, breaking her gaze away from you.

"So are you going to tell me about you dream sweetie?"

>"If you promise to quit being so mushy."

"Anything for you."

>Spitfire facehoofed, but began her recollection of the dream.

>"Long story short, somehow I turned into a human... and... Nevermind. It's just a really weird dream."

"Hey, you started, now you have to finish."

>You were genuinely curious, mostly if she had any problems walking.

>"We... well we bought a house together. Out near the country side... had a small farm for food... a few kids."

"That sounds nice Spitfire. We should do that."

>"Yeah... NO! I mean, we have to go to Canterlot. Cause Princess Luna-"

"Who?"

>"...Are you serious? You don't know your own wife?"

"Spitfire you're so silly. I think I would remember getting married to a princess. Or getting married at all."

>"You're memories haven't come back yet, that's why."

"I remember you, Shining Armor, Celestia. Buck, I remember when we met at Joe's Donut Shop. I think my memories have come back."

>"That doesn't make sense..."

"I think the lack of food is getting to you Spits. That or sleep, or the cave itself could be getting to you."

>"That... I mean... I guess..."

>You sat next to Spitfire, waving the smoke from the air around you.

"Come on, the smokes getting too thick, we should go back to our camp."

>You and your fiery companion walked back through the narrow passageway, occasionally having Spitfire blindly walk into your ass, literally.

"You just pushed my-"

>"Shut it, I know."

"Here, just get on my back."



‣You knelt down in front of Spitfire, and she threw her forelegs over your shoulders once more, and you picked her up, holding her flanks in your hands.

‣You couldn't feel around as well now, but at least Spits wouldn't be pushing you ass cheeks constantly.

‣You entered the... what was this place called?

‣Fuck it, Spitfire commented how Wonderbolt Stadium could fit in this place, this place was now deemed the stadium.

‣You let Spitfire down, allowing her to walk along side you as you walked along the stadium's cliff, and down to the water's edge.

‣"What are we doing here?"

"I'm taking a bath. You can do whatever you want."

‣You stripped down naked, and waded into the blue water.

‣It seemed clear, free of any mud or things that would cause it to be murky, perhaps you could fish if need be.

‣Still, it was dark in the stadium, about like it was in the hive.

‣The only source of light was your campfire and the rays of sunshine that came down from the high vaulted ceiling.

‣Spitfire sat on the shore, watching you rub the cold lake water over yourself in an attempt to get the sweat off your skin.

‣You'd kill for some soap, but that was a luxury right now.

‣As you splashed water over your head, Spitfire called out behind you.

‣"Anon! Something's in the water!"

‣Before you could turn, you felt something brush against your leg, causing you to freeze.

‣You didn't have many fears, but natural bodies of water, and what they contained was one of them.

‣There was a splash as something leapt up from the water, tackling you and bringing you down into the shallow water.

>You reached up and wrapped your hands around the attackers neck, pulling yourself out of the water with it and right into its face.

>Ok, that wasn't the smartest thing to do, you couldn't see, and this thing was about to bite your face off.

>You felt a wet set of... lips... against your own.

>"Gotcha."

"Oh you little..."

>"Sorry... I don't know what came over me..."

"That was clever Spits. I'm impressed."

>"No, I mean... I shouldn't have kissed you. It feels wrong, after all this time of thinking about actually doing it I-"

>With a firm jerk you brought Spitfire down against your body, pressing your lips against her own.

>Your tongue invaded her mouth, much as it did last night.

>Although unlike last night, this time her tongue fought back, invading you own mouth.

>The two of you broke the kiss, each of you momentarily pulling away and looking into each other's eyes.

"Still feel wrong to you?"

>"Yes."

>A wave of disappointment washed over you, and you broke eye contact with Spitfire.

>As you did, she leaned in and pressed her lips against your own once more, forcing your disappointment out with confusion.

"I thought..."

>"Don't think. I might change my mind."

>The two of you resumed your kissing, every moment growing more and more intense.

>Her good wing was fully extended, stiff as wood and throbbing, the other throbbing as well in its sling.

>Water splashed all around as Spitfire pressed her body against your own, one of her hind legs tracing your body in search for your genitals.

>You gently pulled her so that she could feel the tip press against her body, and she moved accordingly, struggling to get it just right.

"Is this your first time?"

>"Buck you."

"I'm waiting for it."

>Just as you finished your sentence, Spitfire found the spot, with a little guidance, and gave you a smile with her lusty brown eyes.

"Take it away Captain."

>That night you two laid together, sharing your body heat.

>As normal, you slept like a rock, occasionally giving a small snore.

>Spitfire tugged at the remainder of your jacket, shivering.

>She wasn't a pony of many regrets, but this was already going to be one of them.

>Still, if even for a moment, she was happy.

>Perhaps... Maybe, just maybe something good would come out of this for her.

>Still, she felt bad for doing this to Luna.

>After all she had been through, when she found out, no if she found out, it would devastate her.

>Spitfire felt ashamed, after pledging to not be like the changeling queen, she did the exact same thing.

>The EXACT BUCKING THING!

>Spitfire got up from her resting place, walking over to the cliff edge and looking down at the dark, silent waters.

"You ok?"

>Spitfire jumped up, "Damn it Anon, do you always have to be so quiet?"

"Sorry, old habits die hard. What's on your mind?"

>You sat next to Spitfire, your legs dangling off the edge while she sat on her haunches.

>"About earlier..."

"You regret it happening?"

>"Yes. Well no, but yes also. I... I love you. But now's not the time for that kind of thing. I don't think we should do-"

>You placed a hand on her mane, and a single finger over her mouth, silencing her.

"May I?"

>You took Spitfire's silence as yes.

"We won't do that again. I promise. If really am married, then I'll find out when I meet this... Luna."

>"And when you find out you are?"

"Well then, I'll try to continue on living with a wife I don't even know. But if this is some sort of shenanigans placed on us by your pOny piss potion, well... I'd like to take you out to dinner."

>"Sounds fair. Promise you won't tell her about what happened?"

"Course not, now come on. As far as I can tell, the suns not up."

>You stood up and felt your stomach float up into your throat as the ground underneath you crumbled and you plummeted toward the lake.

>"Anon! Are you ok!?"

>Spitfire helplessly looked down into the darkness hoping for the faint amount of moonlight coming through to show the splash

>"ANON!"

"I'm ok! I'm going to swim to the shore line"

>Spitfire sat back on her haunches, breathing a sigh of relief and began trotting along the path as you began swimming along the edge of the lake.

>Hey dude...

>Oh hi brain, I haven't heard from you in a while.

>Big lake huh?  
 >Yep.  
 >Might have some big fish.  
 >I don't have a way to go fishing.  
 >No, but you remember that movie with the big weird fish in the cave that ate people?  
 >Oh fuck you.  
 >You swam as close as you could to the cliffs, hoping to avoid any fish or water born predator that was big enough to call you dinner.  
 >Speaking of dinner, you grabbed small snake as it slid through the water, placing it in your teeth and biting down to kill it as you continued swimming  
 >After a long, tiring swim, which in reality lasted all of 5 minutes, you crawled on the shore of the stadium instantly chilled through and through.  
 >"Are you ok Anon?"  
 "I think so, I need to get dry before hypothermia comes."  
 >"Equestrian please?"  
 "Fire. Now"  
 >"I understood that."  
 >Spitfire helped over to the fire as best as her small pOny body could, setting aside your wet clothes as you disrobed.  
 >"Do we have any food left?"  
 "Just this snake..."  
 >"Blegh."  
 >Spitfire placed her head on your lap, nuzzling your leg.  
 >"I'm hungry, I haven't eaten since... I don't even know. How long have we been in here?"  
 "Three days I think. It's hard to keep track."  
 >You placed the last of your wood in the fire, and got to work prepping the snake.

>"We're going to die aren't we?"

"No, we aren't. Don't think like that."

>"Anon, be honest... I'm not going to make it. You, maybe. You've done so much shit in your life, going into Tartarus... I'm just a Pegasus that can fly and do tricks."

"Now listen here Spitfire, I don't like the way you're talking. We're going to get out of this cave together."

>"Thanks, Anon. I trust you..."

>Spitfire drifted off, her breath gently brushing your leg.

>You tussled her fiery mane, letting your thoughts drift to what it would be like, moving into the Equestrian countryside.

>Buying a house you and Spits could live comfortably in, though you couldn't really have kids, that was a bit of a downer.

>As for the task at hand, you had quite a few obstacles in front of you.

>First and foremost was Spitfire's health. This cave had water, and protection from the sun's heat, but little else.

>In fact, the sun's heat would be welcome right now, you were shivering pretty violently from being dunked in the lake.

>Spitfire rose up from her resting place, kissing your cheek.

"I thought you said-"

>"Look... I don't know if we're going to make it. I want to spend my last days happy."

"I'm not going to let you die. I'll do anything for you."

>"Quit being so sappy."

>As you cooked the few pieces of snake meat over the fire, Spitfire laid her head on your shoulder, watching the meat cook.

>You sliced it up into small pieces, and held one in front of her.

>"I don't like that stuff."

"You're eating it regardless, you need some nutrients."

>"How do you expect me to eat that, it's disgusting!"

"Just swallow it whole Spits."

›"Ugh, throw it in there."

›Spitfire opened her mouth, and you tossed bits of snake meat it, each piece small enough for her to swallow whole.

›She made her disgust apparent after each piece with a noisy "bleh" then opened her mouth for the next piece, until she finally ate all of it

›"Never again. And we never speak of this."

"What happens in the cave stays in the cave."

›"Like Las Pegasus?"

›...Really?

"Yes, just like Las Pegasus."

›The fire began to fade, light becoming less scarce every passing second

"You aren't scared of the dark are you?"

›"I don't really have much to worry about with you around."

"Who's sappy now?"

›The light faded, and the two of you shared one last kiss, your tongues moving back and forth in a slow romantic motion.

›You broke the kiss, pulling the mare down to the ground and cradling her in your arms, her mane sticking to your skin.

›The next day, seemed to start like any other.

›You didn't move from beside Spitfire, pulling her closer for extra warmth.

›She was starting to smell pretty bad, but then again so were you.

›This was the beginning of your forth day in the cave, and you weren't even close to digging a way out of the cave.

›Worse yet, you were out of fire wood, food, and you lacked the tools to get more of either.

›Pretty soon, you or Spitfire pass out from exhaustion, hypothermia, or hunger.

›Honestly, your bits were on Spitfire going first, which rustled you further than any jimmy had gone before.

›A steady humming filled the air, unlike any you had ever heard before.

›You sat up and looked at its source, a single ball of blue energy floating directly above the lake.

›The ball of energy began expanding, forming into a disc that shot lighting out, arcing through the air and into the walls.

›You picked Spitfire up, who was just waking up due to the noise and pulled her inside the passageway that led to the entrance.

›Placing her behind you, you drew your pistol and kept it ready to fight off any danger that would come out of this thing.

›With a flash of light, a long, familiar figure floated before you.

›"Hello Anon old friend!"

"Didn't I kill you? I vaguely remember killing you."

›"Now Anon there's no time for such shenanigans. You see, I have a problem that requires your expertise."

"What's in it for me?"

›"I can get you and your mare friend out of this cave. How does that sound?"

"Throw in some food and you have a deal."

›"Not that you're n much of a position to bargain, but sure, you have a deal."

"Now what's this...problem?"

›On cue, the portal fluxed once more, spitting out a massive black angler fish with red eyes, razor sharp teeth, and red lines that ran across its body.

›Instead of diving into the water however, it simply levitated in the air, looking at you two.



"You're being chased around by a magical demon fish. Discord, I am disappoint."

>"You really need to work on your Equestrian friend. Watch and take note."

>Discord hurled a blue fire ball at the fish, only to have it seemingly dissipate around its body.

"Magical resistance. Stand back and let the professional handle this."

>You drew your side arm, leveling it at the demon fish and fired a trio of bullets.

>Each one was on target, impacting the forehead of the fish and bouncing off.

>"Is the professional having problems?"

"Hey, do you want me to help or not?"

>You holstered your side arm and drew one of your two remaining grenades, and pulled the pin, holding the spoon down.

"Fish face! Catch!"

>You hurled the grenade at the fish, watching as it arced though the air.

>The fish, as dumb as it was, caught the grenade in its mouth, and simply looked at you.

>There was a sound, similar to distant thunder, and a puff of smoke escaped from between its teeth.

>"That wasn't supposed to happen, was it?"

"Discord, that was the strongest weapon I own. And fish face here literally ate it for breakfast."

>"May I suggest another strategy?"

"Run for our lives?"

>"Excellent, I was worried I'd have to explain it."

➤The two of you turned to run down the small tunnel, only to find another fish had spawned behind you, and was doing its best to get Spitfire who had taken refuge in the small passageway.

➤Without a second thought, you rushed to the fish's side, placing your pistol against its crystal looking eye and fired.

➤The eye shattered, leaving the fish to flail about, knocking you aside.

➤It turned to face you, letting out an ear splitting screech.

➤You took careful aim, firing another shot and destroyed its other eye, and it dissipated into a cloud of black smoke.

➤"I do believe you killed it."

"You don't sa- DUCK!"

➤Discord teleported just in time, as the massive demon fish plowed through the empty air and into the stadium's rock wall.

➤Discord launched several fireballs at it, drawing its attention to him and allowing you to shoot out its right eye.

➤It chased after Discord, who proceeded to fly around the stadium leading the fish on a wild goose chase.

➤He threw up an energy barrier, and teleported next to you as the fish zipped around above the lake, looking for its prey.

➤"What did you say you were back on your planet?"

"An Airborne Ranger?"

➤"Perfect! Yoohoo! Fishy! I have a snack for you!"

➤You didn't like the sound of that.

➤As the fish whirled around in the middle of the lake, Discord picked you up telekinetically, and hurled you toward fish face number 2.

➤You did your best to line up a shot as you hurdled towards the fish, each round you fired a miss, or bounced off its thick scaly skin.

➤The demon fish opened its mouth, swallowing you whole.

➤"Anon! What did you do that for you jerk!"

‣Spitfire leapt from her hiding spot, hitting Discord repeatedly with her forelegs, until Discord magically pushed her away so she flailed about at the air.

‣With his free hand, he spawned an icicle spike and hurled it at the fish's eye."

‣The fish in turn, shot a beam of dark energy, melting the icicle mid-air.

‣"I was hoping Anon would have distracted him enough for that to work."

‣On the inside, you didn't dare open your eyes as stomach fluid washed over you, already causing your skin to burn.

‣Loading a fresh magazine into your pistol, you shot off at the interior, hoping to strike something vital.

‣At the same time, you began stabbing around with the knife, using it to anchor you in place as you attempted to crawl out of this thing.

‣The fish suddenly dove into the lake, filling its stomach full of water and nearly drowning you instantly inside its stomach.

‣The water current changed, and you pulled your knife free from its place in the stomach, and shot out of the fish's mouth like a bullet, arcing into the air.

"SHIT SHIT SHIT TOO HIGH!"

‣You almost reached the high vaulted ceiling, meaning you were at least a hundred feet in the air.

‣You plummeted down to the water, only to have a magical barrier form underneath you and turn into a slide, allowing you to slow enough to enter the water without injury.

‣It also brought you close to the shore line, where you could get your footing and continue to fight.

‣Good thing too, because your shenanigans inside the fish apparently pissed it off, and it was diving straight at you.

➤You scrambled ashore, rolled to your back and emptied the remaining magazine, one lucky shot hitting the fish's final eye and defeating it.

➤"Are you ok!?"

➤Spitfire ran to your side quicker than you ever seen her run before, and nuzzled against you.

"I'm ok Spitfire. Discord, get us out of this damn cave before I reload and kill you again."

➤With a snap of his talons, you found yourself out of the cave, still dripping wet, and Spitfire still nuzzling you.

➤"And with that I'll see you two around! Good luck escaping the desert."

➤Another snap of his talons, he disappeared into the air, leaving you and Spitfire at the bottom of the desert canyon.

➤Spitfire hadn't moved in minutes, only laid on top of you in what seemed to be a hug while she cried.

"Spitfire, please. I'm ok"

➤"I thought I lost you..."

"It's ok."

➤You reached up and patted her mane as she nuzzled against your chest.

"Come on Spits. Let's get moving, we have a long walk ahead of us."

➤Your situation hadn't really improved with your escape of the cave.

➤In fact, in some ways it had worsened.

➤Your lack of food hadn't really changed; you still would have to hunt or eat the plant life, provided you saw any.

➤Cactus would most likely be your only source of water, provided you could make it out of this canyon, you didn't have a lake you could drink from anymore.

➤With that mentioned, you had only one good canteen now, your camelback in your backpack busted during the landing, as well as your second canteen.

➤That meant you could only carry one liter of water at a time, which between the two of you wasn't going to last long.

➤The scuffle with the demon fish left you down to 1 grenade, 10 shots for your pistol, and a knife.

➤Not much in the event you found a patrol of changelings.

➤Or worse, a predator such as a wolf.

➤You could handle a few changelings in hand to hand combat, but if something with claws and sharp teeth came at you, you preferred to kill it from afar.

➤Spitfire finally let you up, rubbing her eyes with a hoof.

➤"Sorry, I'm not usually like this."

"You're not usually in this kind of situation Spitfire. Don't worry about it."

➤You dusted yourself off, and got your gear situated.

➤If you remembered correctly, the cave had been on the left side of the canyon when you and Spitfire crashed, meaning if you put it on your left, you had your direction of travel.

➤You really should have brought a map of the area, but hindsight is 20/20

➤You and Spitfire began walking, the canyon shade doing little to keep you two cool.

➤"How long do you think we have to walk?"

"Well, it takes half a day to fly from the castle to the hive. We were in the air less than an hour."

➤"So...quite a ways..."

"We'll make it though. I promise."

➤Spitfire moved closer to you, nuzzling your side as you two walked along the rocky canyon.

➤You two walked along, the only chat between you two was the occasional warning of a rock, or helping her down a long drop.

➤After a few hours, you both at underneath a small overhang, desperate to find some relief from the heat.

➤You took a small swig from your canteen, then handed it over to Spitfire so she could drink.

➤She in turn, took a drink, and handed the canteen over to you so you could place it back in its pouch.

➤"I don't think we're going to-"

"If you finish that sentence I will punt you to the top of this cliff."

➤"Sorry..."

➤"We'll rest for a bit, then keep going till dark. Once we get out of the canyon, we'll move at night to avoid heat exhaustion."

➤"You're the boss."

➤She laid down next to you, stretching her forelegs and her good wing.

➤Her bandage had turned completely red with blood, probably from having moved around so much.

➤Unfortunately, you didn't have any more bandages.

➤Hopefully it would be ok until you two got out of the desert.

➤You reached over and scratched her backside, causing her tail to flick around happily.

➤"That feels good."

"I can tell"

➤Content with a short break, you stood and put on your back pack again.

"Get in Spitfire."

➤"Why?"

"Your bandage is soaked through, and I don't have any more."

➤"So I'm going to ride around in a bag."

"Yes."

>"Anon, I can take care of myself, I don't need you to treat me like a filly."

"I'm not treating you like a filly. You're hurt, and you need to take it easy."

>"I'll be fine. Let's just go."

>Spitfire stood and began trotting down the path, forcing you to jog to catch up with her once you had your gear.

"What's your deal Spits?"

>"I don't have a "deal". I just don't like being treated like a filly. I'm pretty sure I'm older than you."

"I don't know about that. Besides, I'm not treating you like a filly. You're hurt and I care about you."

>"I know, but you've been taking care of me for four days straight, I feel like I'm just another problem for you to deal with."

"You're not another problem. You're my Spitfire. Buddy, lover, whatever title you want to give yourself. Just don't call yourself my problem."

>"Sorry... I guess I'll take that ride now."

>You sat down without another word, allowing the mare to step inside the bag and get as comfortable as she could.

>Once she was situated, you stood up and continued along the floor of the canyon.

>While you walked, Spitfire hummed various tunes in your ear, occasionally nuzzling against your ear.

"Having fun back there?"

>"Mhmm."

"You know your adorable when you're happy?"

>"Shut it."

"I'm just saying, I know there's a... marey mare under that tough chick routine."

>"If you weren't carrying me, I'd bite your ear off."

"Kinky."

>A sharp pain went through your ear, and Spitfire pulled away as you caressed it gently.

"Jerk. That hurt."

>"Aw is the little human going to cry?"

"Buck you."

>Spitfire kissed your throbbing ear, resting her head on your shoulder.

>You walked several hours, making occasional idle chat about your surroundings.

>As the sun began to set on the first day, you were lucky to come across a tiny waterfall spouting from the rocks.

>"Wow, water in a desert, we must be lucky."

"Might be from the lake, I can't imagine another one of those things around."

>You helped Spitfire down onto the ground, and she crawled out of your back pack, stretching her legs out.

>She trotted over to the tiny stream, putting herself under it and washing away the dust, dirt and sweat from her body.

>Midway through her little shower, you placed your canteen under the water spot, cutting off her shower.

>"Hey! Turn the water back on!"

>You shrugged, turning the canteen upside down and pouring its contents on her head.

>She gave an amused grin, and stepped out from under the waterfall, allowing you to fill up the canteen.

>Spitfire got comfortable underneath another overhang, looking up at the sky in the distance.

>"Looks like it's going to rain."

"Does that mean there's Pegasus over there?"



‣"No, Equestria controls the weather, other places just let it happen."

"I see. Should cool things off a bit, might make traveling tomorrow a bit easier."

‣You sat next to Spitfire, who in turn moved onto your lap.

‣"It'll probably get cold tonight."

"We'll manage, get some sleep."

‣The two of you lay down on the sandy ground, curled up in a ball as the sunlight faded and distant thunder tickled your ears.

‣You fell fast asleep; carrying Spitfire had tired you out.

‣But it was better that you be tired, than her wound open back up and she continue bleeding out.

‣It seems just as you closed your eyes, Spitfire was jabbing your sides, trying to get you up.

"What Spits?"

‣"What's that sound?"

‣You listened closely, hearing a distant rumbling sound.

"It's just thunder Spits, go back to sleep..."

‣"That's NOT thunder."

‣You sat up, careful not to hit your head on the low overhang.

‣She was right, that didn't sound like thunder.

‣More like, rushing water, possibly rapids.

‣Rapids?

‣In your canyon?

‣Mid thought, the unmistakable sound of rapids, coupled with white water that seemed to glow with moon light came down through the canyon, and around the nearby bend.

‣It's more likely than you think.

‣Not the time brain, double time!

‣You scooped your pony companion and made a mad dash the opposite direction from the incoming water.

›"Anon, this is probably a bad time to tell you I can't swim that well."

›You could probably formulate a witty remark under normal circumstances, but this wasn't normal circumstances.

›The incoming water rushed by your feet, sweeping you up and causing water to wash over you.

›You clutched Spitfire as close as you could, kicking your legs in a desperate attempt to stay afloat.

›It wasn't easy, it was downright impossible.

›You did your best to keep your feet pointed downstream to keep your head from bouncing off one of the sharp rocks that jutted out of the ground.

›Spitfire let out an ear splitting scream as you careened through the canyon, completely at the mercy of mother nature.

›Her screams became coughs as water entered her lungs, the two of you being submerged again.

›Clutching Spitfire in your left arm, your right extended, in search for something, ANYTHING, that you could grab to stop the madness.

›You resurfaced momentarily, allowing both of you to draw in a breath of air, and take in the situation.

›Dead ahead was rock that jutted out of the ground, beyond that, what looked to be a water fall.

›Well this was about to suck shit.

›You grabbed the rock with your outstretched arm, nearly losing Spitfire in the process.

›You grabbed onto her hoof just before she was whisked away by the current, holding onto the rock as best you could.

›But you were slipping already, and she knew it.

›"Let me go!"

"How about no?"

>"If you don't let me go, we both die!"  
 >She was right, you needed your left hand to pull yourself close to the rock, but that would mean letting go of her.  
 >"Save yourself. I love you..."  
 "I love you too."  
 >You let go.  
 >Of the rock.  
 >The current whisked you away once more, and you pulled Spitfire toward your chest as the two of you plummeted toward the oasis below.  
 >We're you dead?  
 >No, that would be too easy.  
 >You felt a steady, rhythmic pounding at your chest, followed by air being blown down your throat and the distinct feeling of pOny lips against your own.  
 >"LIVE DAMN IT!"  
 >You felt a sharp pain in your stomach as Spitfire slammed a hoof down on it, possibly cracking a crib or two.  
 >Regardless of the collateral damage, it did the trick, and you spat out a fountain of water.  
 "Ugh... This is why I didn't join the navy..."  
 >Spitfire tackled you once more, locking lips with you.  
 >She pulled away and brought a hoof across your face.  
 >"That was bucking stupid Anon! If you scare me like that ONE MORE TIME! I SWEAR I'LL BUCKNG-mmphmphpmm..."  
 >You pulled Spitfire down, kissing her again.  
 "Does that make up for it?"  
 >Spitfire looked down at you, her mane plastered to her neck and face in the most adorable way possible.  
 >"I guess so... you're still a bucking idiot."

➤You pulled the sopping wet mare close to you in a hug, only to have her flinch away with a yelp of pain.

"What's wrong?"

➤"My wing..."

"Let me take a look at it- OH SNAP."

➤"Is it that bad?"

"Spits... wings don't bend like that."

➤In addition to the previous fracture unsettling, it now appeared to have another bend in it, giving the wing somewhat of a z shape.

"I'm going to try and set this again. Do you have the old splint we made?"

➤Spitfire shook her head.

➤"It must have fallen off in the fall."

➤You walked over to a nearby tree that was growing next to the oasis, using your knife to pry off a chunk of wood.

"Bite down on this, this is going to hurt a lot."

➤"That's reassuring."

➤Spitfire took the wood in her mouth and closed her eyes, bracing herself for the pain.

➤As lightly as you could, you gingerly touched the wing, which flinched anyways.

➤It was swollen, and very tender, she needed to get to a hospital soon.

➤This was going to be like ripping off a Band-Aid, the faster you did it the better.

➤You pulled and pushed on different parts of the wing, snapping the farthest fracture back in to place.

➤Spitfire gave a whimper, her jaw quivering from the pressure she was exerting on the piece of wood in her mouth.

"Half way done Spitfire, stay strong."

➤You moved your hands down to the second fracture, placing your hands as gently as you could around it once more.

➤It was throbbing, literally pulsing with pain.

➤With a firm a quick motion you set it in place, causing Spitfire to cry out once more despite the wood.

➤A single tear rolled down her face as you cut your shirt apart, fashioning a new sling for the wing.

"I'm sorry, I should have pulled you in."

➤"You couldn't Anon. The water was too strong. I'm just glad you're ok."

"I could say the same thing about you."

➤You reached around her body and tightened the sling, careful not to make it too tight.

"Thanks for saving me."

➤"It was nothing... 'Sides, without you I'd end up dead anyways."

➤You pulled her close to you, watching the sunrise over the mountains in the distance.

➤You got more sleep than you thought; then again you weren't sure how long it had been since you went over the falls.

"Don't be so negative. You're the toughest Pegasus I know."

➤"Why didn't you save yourself? You could have died. I thought you did die..."

"I'm not leaving you behind Spitfire. No matter what."

➤"That attitude's going kill you and you know it."

➤You sighed and changed the subject.

"Will you shut up? We're both alive, and we have a beautiful sunrise to watch. We need to enjoy the little things at this point."

➤You reached over and wiped Spitfire's tear from her face.

➤Poor girl was tough, but she had passed her breaking point a long time ago. What was holding her together was beyond you.

"Come on, we should get going before it's too late."

‣You took a big swig from your canteen, allowed Spitfire to take a drink as well, and filled it up from the oasis.

‣In some ways the flash flood had really helped you out. In a matter of minutes it had shoved you probably half a day's walk, and dumped you along an enormous cliff that stretched for miles.

‣Not only did it offer a bit of shade, it served as a useful guide, pointing toward the Equestrian Mountains in the distant horizon.

‣The desert was a tricky one; those mountains were probably a hundred miles away.

‣Then again, you and Spitfire had nothing else to do.

‣So with determination of a bull, you began the long walk along the cliff side, keeping a specific mountain peak in sight as your destination.

‣The last thing you needed was to get turned around and backtrack toward the hive's remains.

‣Spitfire walked along side of you, your backpack had been lost in the flash floods along with any supplies it had.

‣Well, it didn't hold very many supplies now, save for a small med-kit that had a tourniquet, but you didn't want to use that anyway.

‣Neither of you had injuries to your limbs, save for her broken wing.

‣Was that considered a limb?

‣It doesn't matter, you had a canteen, pistol, a knife, and boots tied to your feet.

‣You could make it out of here without too much of a problem.

‣Brain, for an asshole, you're pretty optimistic.

‣"You know, if this desert wasn't trying to kill us, I might say it's kind of beautiful."

"I've seen quite a few deserts, and this is one of the "prettier" ones."

‣"Did those deserts try to kill you too?"

"No, the people that lived in them did."

>Your words carried a slight edge, causing Spitfire to fall silent for a minute.

"Sorry, I didn't-"

>"Nah, its fine. I know some things are hard to talk about."

>You reached down and ruffled her mane.

>"Hey! I just washed that!"

>You couldn't help but laugh a little bit; it was nice to hear Spitfire cracking jokes again.

>Your stomach rumbled from not being fed in a few days, interrupting the happy moment.

>The last meal had been... two, three days ago?

>The snake you caught in the cave had been small, barely a meal, and you had forced Spitfire to eat it.

>Something she would probably hate you for next time you went out for drinks, and told the rest of the Wonderbolts.

>This was day two in the desert, day six of trying to survive.

>Or was it three and seven?

>It was official, you had lost track of the days since you crashed.

>Your grip on reality was slipping, and given a few more days in the desert you would end up bat shit crazy.

>At least the shade would keep you from being sunburnt, and reduce your chances of heat stroke by a little.

>"What's on your mind Anon?"

"To be honest, I'm wondering if you broke your wing just to get me to take off my shirt."

>"Funny."

"I thought so too."

>Spitfire rolled her eyes, and the two of you walked along in silence.

➤Not an awkward silence, just one where you both had nothing to say, focused on the task at hand.

➤Your stomach was the most talkative of either of all it seemed, growling every so often.

➤"Shouldn't we go hunting or something?"

"I'm fine, humans can last a while without food."

➤"Exactly how long is a while?"

"I'd say in our current condition, I have a few more days before I should get worried."

➤"Well then tell your stomach to shut up. It's annoying."

➤You looked down at Spitfire, who had a small grin on her face.

➤That joker, hiding her concern for you with jokes. She was always afraid of seeming too girly around the guys, or mushy around a stallion she liked.

➤It didn't make sense to you now, given you two were alone.

➤Then again, she had liked you for a while, always putting on a tough girl attitude to hide it from you.

➤Why would she hide that though?

➤Maybe she was afraid you would reject her, and things would get awkward between the two of you.

➤The sun set after a long day of walking, the scenery changing very little, other than the oasis having disappeared behind you.

➤Spitfire collapsed tiredly beside a large rock, sighing.

➤You allowed her a drink, and took off across the desert to the nearest cactus, driving your knife in its body and collecting the precious water from inside.

➤What didn't fit in the canteen, you pressed your lips against the body of the cactus and drank, the sensation of fresh water soothing your throat.

➤You pulled away, and made your way back to Spitfire's side, resting next to her.



>The two of you sat there, your back against a warm rock, your hand resting on Spitfire's mane, scratching it to help her sleep.

>"The stars are lovely, aren't they?"

"Mhmm."

>Something seemed familiar about them, but you couldn't put your finger on it.

>Your skin felt chilled as the sun disappeared once more, ending who knows what day you were on.

>The temperature out here seemed to swing from one extreme to the other, and you laid down in the sand, pulling Spitfire over you like a blanket.

>"Cold?"

"Yeah, a bit actually."

>You fared better than her in terms of cold temperature when you had clothes on.

>But with your shirt made into a temporary sling, you felt exposed, and your body temp was falling pretty quick.

>"I know something we can do..."

"Only?"

>"Mhmm"

>Spitfire is a naughty mare

>You awoke to the familiar feeling of Spitfire sleeping on top of you, curled up on your chest.

>Honestly, you were growing used to this, waking up to a gentle, soft, fuzzy blanket that had its own heartbeat, which seemed to sync with your own.

>Scratching her head, you woke the mare from her slumber, her eyes squinting from the sunlight shining from by the horizon.

>She buried her head in your chest as if it were a pillow, her snout tickling you as she did.

"Damn it Spitfire, quit being so damn adorable."

>"5 more minutes..."

"No, your lazy flank is getting up. Don't make me pee on you."

>"Alright alright..."

>Spitfire sleepily stood up, trotting aside as you stood and drained your bodily fluids against the cliff side.

>"After last night, you're still going to hide that from me?"

"If you use that logic, I might as well not wear clothes around you."

>"I'd be ok with that."

"Oh you!"

>With your bladder empty, you took a swig of your canteen and handed it to Spitfire.

"Ready to get going?"

>"Mhmm, I bet we can get all the way to those mountains!"

>Well she seems in a good mood, guess you did alright last night.

>The two of you set off, using the cliff edge to shelter you from the sunlight, and the tallest mountain on the horizon to keep your bearing.

>"So..."

"So what?"

>"What are you thinking about?"

"Getting out of this damn desert."

>"Fair enough."

>Spitfire began humming a little tune, content with herself for the time being.

>Quite honestly, you enjoyed it when she was in this kind of mood, if nothing else you could listen to some music as she hummed along.

>It only lasted so long, and the two of you were left silent, making casual conversation after periods of silence.

‣You would point out the occasional critter that scurried by in the sand, much too agile for you to even consider chasing.

‣Your journey was stopped short as you came to the end of this cliff face, finding it gently sloping down until it blended with the dried earth at your feet.

‣Dried earth, not sand, there was a difference.

‣Sand was loose and shifty, and slowed you down quite a bit, which is what you had been walking in since you left the canyon.

‣This was hard, cracked earth, showing more signs of vegetation than the sandy dunes behind you.

"We should make good time on this, come on."

‣You stepped from the shade of the cliff and into the blistering sun, instantly feeling the effects.

‣"Buck, this is hot..."

"It's a desert Spitfire, what did you expect?"

‣"Fancy umbrella drinks, shade, maybe a carriage ride."

"Is your wing still broken? Cause your heads up in the clouds."

‣"Buck you."

"Language!"

‣"Buck you."

‣The two of you laughed, and you took another drink from your canteen, sharing with Spitfire of course.

‣"What do you think happened to Canterlot?"

"You mean with the changelings?"

‣"Yeah, those freaks of nature."

"I'm going to bet that with the flank kicking we gave them, the royal guard had an easy time fighting off whatever forces were left. 'Sides, I'm pretty sure you killed the Queen."

‣"I don't know..."

‣Spitfire looked away from you, down at the ground as you walked.

>Telling her she might have killed something, no matter how ugly or how vile, might have some unforeseen consequences on her mood.

"Hey, we're going to get back to Canterlot, you're going to get that wing looked at, and then I'm buying the first round."

>"Actually, I've been thinking about cutting back on drinking."

"Where did this come from?"

>"I don't know, it just doesn't seem healthy to be drinking every night till I pass out."

"It probably isn't. So new plan. We get that wing checked out and put into a cast, and we go do something together. Concert, play, dinner, whatever you want."

>"Sounds good Anon. Thanks for being there for me."

"No problem Spitfire."

>"No, I mean for everything. Carrying me home all those nights when I was too drunk to know which way was up, just being a good friend I could talk to when I felt down..."

"Come on Spits, you're being all sappy."

>"I know I know. I just appreciate you, and I love you."

"I love you too. Where's all this coming from?"

>"The heart..."

"Aw cut it out."

>"Sorry, I'll keep the mushy love stuff. I'm not usually this emotional."

"I know Spits, are you feeling ok? Not dizzy or anything are you?"

>"I... I think so."

>She stumbled once, catching herself before she face planted in the ground

>Kneeling down beside her, you placed the canteen at her lips, pouring small amounts down her throat.

‣She grabbed the canteen in her mouth and tilted her head back, gulping down a good amount of water before you pulled it away from her.

"Not so fast, you'll get sick."

‣Just as you said that, she spewed vomit into the ground, the heat instantly baking it and making the smell waft up into your nostrils.

"Bleh, come on Spits, small sips."

‣You pulled her away from the puddle of vomit, helping her drink a few small sips of water again.

‣The last of the canteen was emptied, leaving you both in a bad spot, and you weren't sure who was worse off.

‣Spitfire took a few more steps, swaying wildly.

‣Definitely her.

‣Throwing the pony over your shoulder, you began a light jog, knowing that every second you delayed getting her more water meant a greater chance of heat stroke, and death.

‣Her heart was beating with the speed of Kenyans, another sign confirming her condition.

‣"Look at the clams gurgle in the bucket Anon."

‣Great, now she was hallucinating as well.

"Spitfire, if you throw up on me, I'm going to drop you. Just hold on, we're almost there."

‣If you pushed yourself, maybe you could make a 3 day walk in two.

‣And if you were lucky, you'd find some form of shelter and fresh water before then.

‣You pushed yourself for what seemed like hours, every stride burning more than the last.

‣Your throat burned for water, your body running low on its reserves.

‣Actually, by now it was probably well beyond dehydration.

‣The vegetation was becoming more and more dense, but none of them appeared to bear fruit, or hold any amount of water.

"How you doing back there Spitfire?"

‣No response.

"SPITFIRE!"

‣Nothing.

‣With a new found energy, you pushed yourself harder than you ever had before.

‣You were never a big runner back on Earth, your PT score always reflected your pushups and situps better.

‣But if there was one time you needed to haul ass, it was now.

‣Luckily for you, the sun was going down, which would cool off the earth and give you an easier time with moving.

‣Shouldn't you rest? Regain your energy for the next leg of the journey?

‣I'll rest when I'm dead.

‣Are you always this headstrong?

‣You know I am brain.

‣You continued a walk/ jog routine, walking for maybe 30 minutes, then jogging for 15.

‣With it being dark, you didn't notice your vision had blurred, and your path had become a bit wobbly.

‣Sweat had long stopped pouring from your body, but the little that remained added to the chill factor.

"Spitfire? Please respond..."

‣Despite being dehydrated as MRE crackers, your body found the few precious drops of liquid to spare for tears.

‣Worst yet, you could be passing a field of water bearing cactus, and you had no idea.

➤It was too dark to see beyond 10 feet in front you, and what you could see only appeared as black silhouettes of various desert plants.

➤Inside your brain, something snapped.

"Fuck this desert, fuck these changelings, fuck this cold, fuck this heat, fuck not having water, FUCK!"

➤You drove a foot down into the ground, except there was no ground for your foot to land on.

➤You just ran off the edge of a cliff, you dumb fuck, because you were too caught up to really look at where you were going

➤This was how you died.

➤Your dramatic thought process was interrupted as you face planted into a stream about a foot deep.

➤Spitfire fell from your back, splashing down to your right.

➤"WHA-!?"

➤Good, she was up, surely she could concentrate enough to drink from a river.

➤Lacking better judgment at this point, you thirstily gulped down mouth full after mouthful of the streaming water, hearing Spitfire do the same thing upstream.

➤Cool, clean, running water.

➤Least you hoped it was clean, but it was running so you had a decent chance at surviving.

➤In fact, you couldn't recall getting even a slight cough in this world; maybe pOny diseases didn't affect humans.

➤Bad water might be why Spitfire was having such a hard time

➤But then again the two of you had been out in the wild for over a week, it was a miracle you two were still alive.

"How you feel Spits?"

➤"Like I just woke up from a bad dream... where are we?"

➤"I don't know. I've just been doing my best to keep going in a straight line."

›"Thanks for not leaving me behind... I thought I was about to die."

"You were."

›Silence.

›Ok, maybe that wasn't the most inspirational remark you could have made.

"Hey, we're ok though. We found water again, we've made good progress, I bet we'll make it to those mountains by tomorrow."

›You paused, making sure you filled the canteen to the brim before taking a few more drinks from the stream.

›"Are we going to rest now? I don't want you to push yourself too hard."

"No, we're going to press on. The more we move now the less time we'll spend in that bucking sun."

›You crawled out of the stream, pulling Spitfire out and helping her onto your back.

›"I can walk Anon."

"I know, but I don't want to risk getting separated. Once the sun starts to come up I'll put you down."

›"Good thinking."

›You began walking along the desert floor again, your pants sopping wet, but that might come in handy if they stayed that way until the sun rose.

›You didn't run this time, you learned that lesson the hard way.

›Last time you fell in a shallow stream only a few feet deep.

›Next time, you might fall off into the Grand Canyon.

›Best to take it slow and watch where you were walking.

›Somehow, Spitfire made herself cozy, resting her head on your shoulder and falling back asleep.

›It was kind of cute, the way she snored in your ear.

›Her breath kissing the base of your neck...



›Focus brain.

›Soon enough the sun was beginning to peak over the horizon behind you, casting an orange glow around the landscape around you.

"Wake up back there."

›"Mmmpgh..."

"Don't give me that. I've been up for a whole day now. Wake your lazy flank up."

›Spitfire unhooked her forelegs from your shoulders and slid down to the ground, then trotted along beside you.

›"Thanks Anon. I know I say it a lot, but it never seems like enough."

"You're welcome Spitfire."

›You reached over and ruffled her messy flaming head, her hair going every which way by now.

›"I tell you what Anon. First thing I'm doing when we get to Canterlot is getting a proper shower, THEN I'm going to the hospital."

"I can respect that Spitfire, I need one myself. I'm sure we both stink up to Elysium."

›"Probably."

›You had made better ground than you anticipated, the mountains looming over you after only an hours walk.

›Your wet pants served as a decent A/C system, no doubt Spitfire's improvised sling doing the same thing.

›The first mountain was only a thousand or so feet, an easy climb for you and Spitfire.

›As you reached the summit, you found yourself looking down at a familiar looking lake, in the distance a small cliff nestled in the middle of three mountains.

›It looked like a good place for a romantic picnic, provided you could reach it.

>Maybe another day.

>For now, you focused on the smoke cloud to the right of said mountain formation.

>That was definitely Canterlot, and if you had to guess it was still a day away.

>"We could save a lot of time if we stick to the tops of mountains, they look pretty close together."

"True, but then there's no chance of us finding food."

>"I think we can make it there by sunset, after that we can get something to eat in the city, maybe from the guard."

"Works for me."

>You set off along the ridge line, with Spitfire leading the way for a change.

>She seemed upbeat about making it so far after being through so much, you liked seeing her happy.

>Seeing the black smoke was at least a sign of civilization, the battle must have been intense.

>Still, you made sure you hadn't lost your weapon, however few bullets you had.

>If changelings were still around, your first objective would be to get to the castle for weapons and ammo.

"Hey Spitfire?"

>"Hmm?"

"Just remember those changelings are deceitful, we may be walking into an ambush."

>"Good point..."

"Which is why I want to tell you as soon as we get to Canterlot, we should part ways. I don't want you to get hurt more than you already are."

>"Not a chance Anon. I promised to bring you to Celestia."

"No i-"

>"Don't argue with me Anon. If you know one thing about me, it's that I don't break promises."

"Fine. But stay beside me. And if something happens, stay behind me."

>"Deal, now come on slowpoke."

>Spitfire started a light jog pulling away before you could chase after her as well.

>But your longer legs carried you faster than her four little ones, and in no time at all you were jogging alongside her.

"You're not as slow as you look."

>"Oh now it's on!"

>Spitfire kicked in the nitrous and shot ahead of you as fast as her legs could carry her.

>You sprinted after her as well, keeping pace with her, slowly reeling her in.

>She was a flyer, not a runner, after all.

>But that didn't make her any less fast.

>Eventually, you tired out, exhausted from pulling an all-nighter and running for who knows how far.

>Spitfire raced ahead to the next peak, sitting on her haunches as you slowly made your way back up next to her.

>"I WIN!"

"Oh buck you. That wasn't fair. I was running all night."

>"Excuses excuses. Guess you just can keep up with the fire."

>She walked next to you the rest of the way, the mountains steadily climbing higher and higher into the air.

>In turn, you progressively got colder and colder, until the two of you reached the summit, which overlooked the city.

"We made it Spitfire. We're home..."

>She nuzzled your side and into your hand, which you ran through her mane, scratching her head.

‣The city had taken its fair share of damage, but from what you could tell, there were no changelings.

‣Then again, by now they may have taken on disguises.

‣With such a steep slope down to the city, you had Spitfire climb on your back once more as you descended the rocky slope.

‣It was one of the more patrolled routes of the castle grounds, and the two of you were instantly surrounded by squad of guards with spears leveled.

‣"HALT, WHO GOES THERE?!"

"Get your eyes checked guard, it's me. Anonymous."

‣"How do we know you aren't a changeling?"

"I don't know, do you have a way to tell changelings and humans apart?"

‣"...Well."

"You can either attack me, and I'll kick every one of your flanks, or we can go see Celestia."

‣Another guard spoke up. "That definitely sounds like Anonymous."

‣"Alright, we'll take you to Celestia, but if you so much as make one wrong move I'll spear you."

"I would expect nothing less."

‣You and Spitfire walked through the castle grounds, leading the guards around to the main entrance.

‣The whole place seemed to echo with memories, but what memories you couldn't recall.

‣You knew you spent a lot of your time here.

‣You paused, looking over to the shed where you held your weapons and extra gear.

"Would you stallions mind if I grabbed a fresh set of clothes?"

‣"Later. Celestia will determine if you're an imposter, or the real Anonymous."

›Leading the way to the throne room, the two Unicorn guards posted gave you a double take, before opening the doors.

›Inside, Celestia sat on her throne, regal looking as ever despite debris from a fallen column and a blown open wall.

"Sorry Princess, it seems I missed the party. I trust you kept our guests entertained?"

›Celestia grinned.

›"I thought you were dead Anonymous."

"Now Celestia, you know me better than that."

›"Guards, you may leave. We are in the company of Anonymous, not an imposter."

"Are you sure?"

›Spitfire looked at you. "Anon! Do you want them to kill us?!"

›"He's just reinforcing his point dear Spitfire. Only Anonymous would be so bold."

›"Heh, guess you're right Princess."

›"I am. Come you two, you look terrible. What can I offer you?"

"Food!"

›"Shower!"

"Show me where my room is."

›"And I could use a doctor."

›Celestia stood from her throne walking past the both of you.

›"Come, I'll have somepony bring you two some food. Let's get those wounds looked at."

›Celestia led you to the small medical bay in the castle where a doctor was looking over the charts of a dark blue alicorn.

"What happened to her?"

›Celestia looked over at you, not believing her ears.

›"You don't remember?"

"Nope. Are you sure I was around?"

›"Oh dear... Spitfire did you give him the potion?"

>Spitfire looked down at the floor as the doctor inspected her wing.

>"I did, it just... didn't exactly work how we expected. Instead of Queen Chrysalis, he's bonded to me."

>"That didn't go according to plan..."

>"Worse yet, he doesn't remember a thing about Luna.

ANYTHING!"

"Calm down Spitfire! Look, are you both in on this? Honestly I remember everything that happened so far while I've been here."

>"Except getting married to a princess."

"I think I would remember that!"

>"Anon, I promise you. This is no ruse. Luna there is your wife, you both have two lovely little foals."

>You looked over at Spitfire who hadn't made eye contact with anyone in the room for at least 5 minutes now.

>She knew.

>She tried to tell you, but you didn't listen to it.

>Was it possible the queen fried your brain so much that you would forget something like that?

>Actually, you never really forgot about a lot of the stuff here in Equestria, was it possible she went into your mind and deleted specific memories?

>All involving this one blue alicorn?

>Oh look food.

>You hungrily scarfed down the assortment of muffins, nuts, fruits, cheeses and bread.

>"My, you two must have gone days without eating. You poor things..."

"There is a small problem Princess."

>"Other than your apparent memory loss?"

"Discord has returned."

>"I feared as such... That would be my fault."

"How? And how did you fight off all of the changelings?"

>"I recruited help like you said. The griffons offered their aid, and my father sent troops as well."

"Father... King Eternity?"

>"You remember him?"

"Vaguely... I remember he gave me the stuff from Tartarus."

>Celestia sighed, rubbing her forehead with a hoof.

>"When he sent troops, it left much of Tartarus unguarded. Some demons escaped, I guess Discord was one of them."

"Figures, some things just don't stay dead. "

>"I will see about getting you a room Anonymous. Spitfire, if something happened to your home, you too are welcome to stay. If you'll excuse me."

>Celestia withdrew from the medical bay, returning to sitting on her throne or whatever it was she did.

>Spitfire didn't make a peep, avoiding your gaze as best she could.

"Spits?"

>"I'm sorry..."

"...I was going to ask if you wanted me to walk you back home. We can walk and talk if you want."

>"Yeah... I guess that would be best."

>"Miss Spitfire, I'd recommend staying off that wing for a good month at least. Be glad it didn't get infected."

>"I'll keep it in mind Doc."

>Once more, you and Spitfire walked alongside each other, in silence until you got out into the castle courtyard that led to the front gates.

>"I'm sorry Anonymous."

"I am too."

>"You are? But... Why? I'm the... low life... dirty..."

"We were both under the influence of some weird potion. Not to mention we've both had feelings for each other since forever ago."

>"You did?"

"Well yeah I just... I don't know why I never told you."

>"Because of Luna."

"Luna... right... I guess that would make sense, one doesn't simply dump a princess."

>"Yeah..."

>More awkward silence, and you took the moment to look around at the surrounding city.

>Craters, some buildings smoldering husks of what they used to be.

>Apparently the whole "stealthy infiltration and integrate with pOny society" didn't go according to plan.

>You wished you could have been here, fighting the buggers, instead of cooped up in a cave, or wandering across a desert.

>"So you aren't mad I took advantage of you?"

"It's not your fault. It's mine too. I can't be mad at you because I didn't believe you when you first told me about being married."

>"Believe me; I wouldn't lie to you about you being married. I really wish you weren't sometimes."

"Sounds like there's a 'but' implied in there."

>"But you two were happy together, and I'm a terrible pOny for coming between you two out there."

"Quit being so hard on yourself."

>"I-"

"Look, what happened, happened. It's in the past and now, I guess I need to try and be the best husband I can. Despite knowing nothing more than her name."



➤ "Heh... good luck with that Anon. You know where I live if you need a friend."

"I'm glad we agree on that. You're my best friend in Equestria. Promise me you won't fall back into drinking?"

➤ "Promise me I'll see you again, and you aren't just going to vanish from my life after this?"

"I'll see you Friday, dinner's on me."

➤ "I'll hold you to that Anon."

"I expect you to."

➤ You knelt down, hugging your friend Spitfire in a warm embrace.

"Now as your friend, I'm telling you now. You stink, go take a bath."

➤ "Don't have to tell me twice Anon, you could use one yourself. You... want to use mine."

➤ You gave a small smile, and pet her mane.

"No, I can't..."

➤ "I understand. It was fun while it lasted, right?"

"Staying in a cave for four days, and wandering across a desert for another three is fun to you?"

➤ Spitfire looked down at the ground below her, her smile fading.

"Next time we have a crash landing, try to crash in a spa or something. But really... It was fun while it lasted. I'll always remember it."

➤ "Until a changeling bucks your mind up again."

"Get out of here you. I'll see you Friday."

➤ "Bye Anon, see you around."

➤ Spitfire walked inside of her house, and you walked back to the castle, still looking like hammered shit amidst several ponies that were doing their best to return life to normal.

➤ Before you even got to the castle doors, a guard rushed to meet you, rushing to your side.

>"Anon! Luna just woke up, you should come with me to the medical room

"Uh, I guess I should go meet my wife then. Lead on."

>The guard took off down the hallway, leaving you in the dust.

>You were too tired to run. And to be honest, you weren't really sure how you felt about meeting a pOny princess you were supposedly married to.

>With the speed that would piss off your everyday grandma, you made your way to the entrance of the medical bay, and stood there, uncertain how to approach this.

>Celestia, Shining Armor, and the doctor crowded around the dark blue alicorn, babbling about.

>She was pretty, her cyan blue eyes met yours and went wide, as if she recognized you.

>"What in Equestria is that?"

>Or not.

>Celestia looked down at her sister in shock.

>"Sister, surely you remember your husband Anonymous..."

>"We married THIS creature? Is this one of thy ruses? We do not recall ever meeting it."

>Great, a prim and proper kind of mare, the kind you didn't like.

"Believe me Princess, I don't think this is a joke."

>"Thy words are crude and improper. Surely thy jest sister."

"Did she just blow in from the dark ages?"

>"THY WILL ADDRESS ME PROPERLY YOU INSOLENT  
WHELP!"

>R.I.P. eardrums.

"Well excuse me Princess. I figured if I was your husband I would get a little more leniency."

>"This creature is so deformed, and he does not even care to bathe himself. I smell his stench from over here!"

"Well for your information Princess I've been stuck in a desert the past week."

➤Luna opened her mouth to speak, but was cut off by Celestia.

➤"Enough! Both of you!"

➤You both looked to a bewildered Celestia, who looked at both of you.

➤"You two have sworn an oath of marriage whether you remember it or not, and you will act accordingly."

➤"Hmph!"

"At this rate, I'd rather be back in the desert."

➤"Will you two please control yourselves!"

➤You felt a small tug at your pants leg, and looked down at two little pOnies, one black and one silver.

"Well aren't you two just the most adorable things."

➤"Those would be your children Anon."

"...But I'm human."

➤"It's a very long story Anon, please, we will discuss it in the morning. For now, you two should retire, try to get to know each other again, and in Anonymous' case, bathe."

➤"Very well sister... We will attempt to make nice with this creature, no matter how revolting it may look."

➤Celestia led you both to Luna's old tower that had been rebuilt and refurbished since you left.

➤"It feels as though I have not stepped foot in here for a very long time."

➤You placed the kids in their cribs, and made way to the bathroom for a long hot shower.

➤It felt glorious.

➤Hot steaming water washing away all this grime, real soap cleansing your body.

>A fresh shave, and fresh clothes, you stepped back into the room where Luna was getting comfortable.

>She laid in her bed, reading a book, but momentarily looked up to see you standing in the center of the room, unsure about your next move.

>"You may lay with me creature, but do not touch me."

"Would it kill you to call me Anonymous? Or Anon?"

>"Perhaps."

"Whatever, if you want to actually talk, wait until morning. I'm bucking tired."

>You crawled under the blankets of the king size bed, and fell fast asleep, your body finally able to relax.

>That morning, you were woken up via hoof to the gut, knocking the wind out of you and you out of the bed.

"What was that for!?"

>"Thou were touching me in thy sleep."

"Well excuuuuse me. I can't control what I do in my sleep."

>"Hmph. We must go about our duties. Make thyself useful and watch thy kids."

>You mumbled incoherent sentences as Princess Bitch walked out of her room, and walked over to the two cribs.

>The silver one... Dawn was it? She was sound asleep.

>Dusk, the colt, was moving around restlessly under his blanket, like a miniature ghost.

>You lifted the blanket, and Dusk looked up at you, giving a squeal.

>Oh man that's adorable.

>You reached down and pet him on his head, then watched as he beat his wings and floated up and out of his crib, and onto the floor.

‣In the blink of an eye, he disappeared and reappeared at the top of the ceiling, hanging upside down, just hanging there like Spiderman.

"THAT'S AWESOME!"

‣Dusk squealed once more, clapping his forehooves together and began walking around.

‣You began looking around for some baby food, finding some in what looked to be a black diaper bag.

‣Did everything this mare owned have to be black or have to deal with the night?

‣Sure the night sky was beautiful, but damn, some variety would be nice.

‣You picked Dawn up from her crib and sat on the bed, then wondered the best way to wake her up.

‣Shake? No, you never shake babies, you knew that much.

"Um... wake up Dawn... time for breakfast..."

‣Dusk floated down onto your head, squealing as he landed.

‣That seemed to work, and Dawn whimpered as her tiny legs stretched in various directions.

"You two are adorable. Ready for breakfast Dawn?"

‣She squealed, taking eagerly opening her mouth for the incoming bottle, and holding it with her legs.

‣The other bottle levitated upwards from the bed, and into Dusk's mouth.

‣You picked him off your head and set him next to you so he wouldn't fall, and watched the two hungrily suck on the bottles of milk.

‣Come to think of it though, you had no idea how much to give them, was one bottle enough?

‣Too much?

‣Dawn cast aside her bottle suddenly, hiccupping and started to cry.

‣Hey you knew this one!

‣Just had to get a towel or something...

‣You searched the diaper bag, finding a small white towel.

‣Perfect.

‣You placed it on your shoulder, and picked up the tiny silver filly, patting her on the back.

‣A few minutes later you were rewarded with a resounding burp, nearly shattering your eardrums.

‣If you had to guess, she had her mother's lungs for sure.

‣You picked up Dusk next, who complained about having his bottle taken.

"Come on big guy, you ate just as much as your sister. We can't have Prince Dusk getting all tubby now can we?"

‣Dusk stuck his tongue out, making a "pfbt" sounds.

"You're silly."

‣You repeated the burping process on Dusk, and after a few minutes he burped, much quieter than his sister to your relief.

‣Checking their diapers, you found neither of them had pooped, and as far as you could tell, neither was wet.

‣So you let them go, and they immediately began zooming around the room in a curious craze, with Dusk walking on the ceiling and Dawn attempting to fly around like a Wonderbolt.

‣Maybe she would like to meet Spitfire, once her wing was healed at least.

‣One day you would take both of these to see the Wonderbolts, surely they would like that.

‣Just as you finished your thoughts, Dusk fell down and latched onto your face again, blinding you with a ball of fur.

"Mmmph!"

‣You pried Dusk off of your face, who giggled and squirmed in your hands.

‣This must be a game you two played back before you lost your memory.

‣From now on, you were going to refer to it as "D'aw from Above."

"Hey Dusk, when mommy comes back, you should do that to her."

‣Surely even a sour mare like Luna would smile at that.

‣Dusk didn't miss a beat, and poofed over to the ceiling above the door, waiting patiently for Luna to walk through the door.

‣He really was your kid, lying in wait, ready to spring the ambush on his own mom.

‣Meanwhile, Dawn was doing her best to fly around, despite only being a few months old at best.

‣Shame, didn't even know their birthday...

‣You began looking through a black dresser, finding several clothes you could wear, mostly the subdued ACU fatigues.

‣At this point, you didn't care what you wore, as long as it was clean.

‣As you put on the fatigues and laced up your boots, the door opened, followed by a screech.

‣Fuck you missed it.

‣You rushed over to see Luna shaking her head in an attempt to dislodge Dusk.

"What are you doing?! You'll hurt him!"

‣You snatched the colt off her head, finding a wild eyed Luna underneath.

‣"Control thy child beast!"

"He's OUR child, whether you like it or not."

‣Luna clenched her jaw, unable to argue against facts, no matter how ugly they were to her.

‣"Thou should show thy wife some respect brute."

"Flawless logic, demand respect, give none. You sound like a typical officer."

➤ "Watch thy tongue..."

➤ You sarcastically stuck out your tongue, looking down at it.

➤ "Thou are an insolent, immature, brutish whelp! What mare in their right mind would even imagine marrying you?!"

"You."

➤ Luna was flustered and assmad beyond comprehension, storming over to Dawn and picking her up in a magical field.

➤ "At least Dawn has not been influenced by thy brutish and uncouth ways. She will be taught how to properly act as a member of royalty."

"I guess that means Dusk will learn how to have fun, be a normal kid, and not act like he has a stick in his flank like somepony I know."

➤ "Thou dare-"

➤ You didn't let her finish, tucking Dusk to your chest, and slamming the door on your way out.

➤ Dusk was already whimpering, looking up at you with large blue eyes.

"Calm down buddy, I'm sure once mommy calms down her and daddy will get along fine..."

➤ Seriously, was she anything like this when you two got married?

➤ What were you thinking brain?

➤ Did you really just ask me that? I don't know any more than you do.

➤ You took Dusk out to the courtyard, letting him ride on top of your head the whole ways.

➤ It was like your own furry hat.

➤ That moved, and occasionally slobbered on you, and squealed.

➤ Still adorable though, if nothing else you would stay around for him.



>You just might need a room away from Luna.  
 >Dusk proceeded to leap from your head and chase a butterfly, doing his best to catch it in his hooves.  
 >He wasn't even coming close, but it was adorable to watch.  
 >Dusk perused the butterfly relentlessly for hours, leaping from place to place, occasionally teleporting if it got too far away.  
 >"Anon!"  
 >You looked behind you to find Celestia trotting up, a look of worry apparent.  
 "Yes Celestia, something I can help you with?"  
 >"Luna seemed less than happy this morning, is everything ok?"  
 >You paused a moment, thinking how to best explain the situation.  
 >You decided to put it bluntly.  
 "No, things are not ok. Your sister is the most-"  
 >"Please, stop. I know how she is. Her mind has gone back to a time long past. She has become more jealous, more hateful."  
 "I had a feeling she wasn't herself."  
 >"You remember how she used to be?"  
 "No, I just know I wouldn't have married her had she acted like this before."  
 >"Fair enough..."  
 "I suppose you have some kind of advice you can give me, maybe something that can jog her memory?"  
 >"I don't know. I was hoping you two would at least be on speaking terms..."  
 "You two aren't?"  
 >"She has been very quiet towards me. We aren't sure exactly how much of her memory is lost, and I worry she..."  
 >Celestia trailed off, letting her thoughts take over.  
 "I'm going to give her some time alone, perhaps tonight we'll talk, and maybe then we'll be more civil."

›"She does seem more content at night... Anyways, is there anything I can do?"

"Perhaps you could give me a guest room? Everything is going so fast, maybe if we didn't sleep together we wouldn't get on each other's nerves so fast."

›"I'm sure we have one open. The diplomats did not stay for the battle. Shall I have cribs brought in?"

"Couldn't hurt. Thank you Celestia."

›Typical Celestia, as far as you could remember.

›Always worried about others.

›Why did you hold a knife to her throat that one time then?

›Those damn changelings must have scrambled your brain more than you thought, seems they did their best to eradicate Luna from your brain.

›Hell, it gave you a headache just thinking about it

›No wait, that was Dusk shifting around again, you almost forgot about him.

›You pulled him down and tucked him into your chest, tickling his belly.

"Think we should go talk to mommy?"

›Dusk nodded.

›Amazing how he couldn't speak, but he seemed to understand every word you said.

›Was that normal? Hell you don't know. You were new to this baby thing.

›You made you way back to the castle and up to Luna's room, finding her changing Dawn's diaper.

›"Back so soon?"

"Yes..."

›"Hmph."

"I came for my things Princess. I'll be moving to one of the guest rooms, and I'll be taking Dusk with me."

>"Good riddance beast."

"Princess, really. At least call me by my name."

>"Pack thy things and leave. Be happy we are allowing thee to leave with our son."

"I can't tell if you finally accepted I'm the father or if you're doing that "we" thing still."

>"Whatever creature thou are, it is not pOny. You are no father to my children as far as I'm concerned."

"Yet I'm taking Dusk. Where is the logic in that?"

>"Thou have tainted my child with thy image. Besides, I do not wish to care for two foals alone."

"Whatever you say Princess."

>You set Dusk next to Dawn as she crawled around on the ground, letting the two play as you packed your bags.

>You didn't have that much.

>A few sets of fatigues, what looked to be a recreated Army Dress Blues, some grey and black PT clothes.

>Then again, they did build that little room for you to keep all of your combat gear, a miniature armory if you will.

>Throwing the bag over your shoulder, you walked over and scooped up Dusk, placing him on your head.

"I suppose there's no reason to come back?"

>"No, begone."

"I'll see you around Princess. Have a good night."

>Luna didn't respond, only stepped out onto the balcony and watched the setting sun as you stepped out into the stairwell.

>Dusk looked down at you, slightly confused.

>He may not know everything that went on around him, but he knew something was up.

➤As you stepped into the main corridor of the castle, you bumped into Shining Armor and Cadence, returning to their room for the night.

➤"Evening Anonymous, good to see you're ok." Cadence smiled.

➤The two of you hadn't talked much in the past from what you remembered, but she was nice.

➤She had to be, married to your buddy.

➤Then again, you were married to Princess Luna, perhaps that wasn't a good sign.

➤"Yeah, I was worried when they didn't find your body at the crash site. Shame you couldn't be here for the fight, would have made things more one sided."

"Believe me, I would rather have been here fighting alongside you pOnies."

➤"In any case, WE were worried. How are things with Luna? You look like you're moving out." Cadence looked concerned.

"Things aren't well, and I am moving out in an attempt to give her some space. Maybe her memory will come back."

➤"I guess you two aren't feeling the love like you used to. You two used to be so happy..."

"Unfortunately, neither of us remembers that time."

➤"Love will find a way, give it time."

➤"Anyways, it's been a long day, take care buddy."

"Good night you two."

➤You made your way to your new room, a pair of cribs already against the wall.

➤You placed you little colt in one, who looked over at the other curiously waiting for his sister to appear.

"Dawn is staying with mommy little guy."

➤He looked up at you, perplexed.

➤Brain, are we really about to explain our situation to a baby?

›Do it faggot.

"Mommy and Daddy aren't getting along. Don't worry though, everything will be ok."

›He seemed to understand, at least he laid down and made himself comfortable as you put a blanket over top of him.

›He looked back up at you, and gave a soft whine.

›Great, brain? What do?

›Diaper? Nah it's clean. Food? That must be it.

›Just have to get the bottle from the diaper bag... That you left in Luna's room.

›You went to investigate a knock at your door, finding satan herself standing there, a diaper bag levitating beside her.

›With the force of Thor's hammer, she threw the bag into your chest, knocking you back a few feet.

›"Too focused on thy own things to remember what you need for thy own son? Typical."

›Without another word, Luna turned and began trotting down the hallway, returning to her room.

"Princess!"

›"WHAT?"

›Luna half turns, looking at you with one eye, her teeth clenched.

"Thanks."

›"Hmph."

›You returned inside, taking a bottle of formula from the bag and sticking the nipple in Dusk's mouth.

›He latched onto it with his four tiny legs, hungrily gulping down the milk inside.

›After a few minutes, he lazily tossed the bottle aside, belching loudly.

"Nice one Dusk."

‣He giggled as you reached down and ruffled the little tuft of hair that was his mane.

"Good night little guy. See you tomorrow."

‣You gave him a kiss, shut the lights off and crawled into your own bed, falling asleep in no time.

‣You were rudely awoken in the middle of the night by Dusk crying, throwing a fit due to the fact he crapped his diaper.

‣In all honesty, you saw this coming, but whatever.

‣This was one of the many joys of being a parent.

‣Removing soiled diaper, wiping foal's ass, a dash of baby powder, and replace with clean diaper.

‣Dispose of biohazard in trash can, and kiss said foal good night once more.

‣Dusk pointed toward the balcony, a clear glass door showing the night sky outside.

"You want to go outside for a bit?"

‣Nod.

‣Well, you can't really argue with adorableness.

‣You picked him up and wrapped him in a blanket, and carried him out to the balcony.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VXgiwnYxleQ>

‣The air was cool, but not too cool. You could stay out for a while despite only wearing shorts.

‣Dusk looked up at the stars and the moon silently, just like you did.

‣It seemed familiar to you, perhaps you and Luna did this before whatever happened between the two of you

‣You remembered an explosion, and Discord, maybe Luna was in that explosion?

‣If so, you helped the guy who nearly killed your wife.

‣Then again, the wife you had was dead to you, and you weren't sure what you would do if things didn't change.

‣She was an alicorn, you couldn't just wait for her to die off.

‣Chances are, she would wait for you to die off, and then remarry a stallion of her choice.

‣After all, what was 60, 70 years when you lived for thousands?

‣Merely a bat of an eyelash most likely.

‣That brought you to Dusk.

‣He would live way beyond your life span as well, would he remember you?

‣Would you be that "strange creature from when I was younger?"

‣Or would you be Dad?

‣It's 0200, and you're getting emotional, it's time to go back to bed.

‣With a sigh, you walked back inside, setting Dusk back in his crib.

"Night buddy."

‣You went back to your own bed, laying back down and stared up at the ceiling.

‣There was a faint poof sound from across the room, and you felt a weight on your chest.

‣You looked down at the silhouette of Dusk, who looked back up at you.

‣Fucking kid knew you already, and he was there for you in his own little way.

"Alright, you can sleep with daddy."

‣You pet his head once more, laying your head back in bed as Dusk got comfortable.

"Good Night Dusk."

‣The next morning felt... familiar.

‣Yet nothing in this castle felt familiar.

>It was as if you were a foreigner in Equestria all over again.  
 >Give Dusk a bottle for breakfast, burp him, check diaper for  
 shit, it's good.  
 >Sling diaper bag over shoulder, set Dusk on your head because it  
 makes him happy, and out the door for your own food.  
 >A short walk down the hallway and you found yourself at the  
 vaguely familiar looking dining hall,  
 >Several members of the royal family sat at the various tables,  
 chatting quietly amongst themselves.  
 >Luna was sitting by herself, a stern expression on her face.  
 >Do we engage brain?  
 >Green light, go go go!  
 >You sat down in the seat across from her, being careful not to  
 move your head too much.  
 "Good morning Princess."  
 >"Did we say you could dine with us creature?"  
 "Well-"  
 >"No. And get Dusk off of thy head. Thou look ridiculous."  
 >You set Dusk down in the chair next to you, and waiter came  
 over to take your order.  
 "Eggs and toast please."  
 >"As you wish your majesty."  
 >Your brow furrowed as the pOny bowed, and trotted off."  
 "What in Tartarus..."  
 >Luna sighed, putting a hoof to her forehead.  
 >"If we are married, then thou would be considered royalty thy  
 dunce."  
 "No need for name calling Princess."  
 >"Why are thou even here?"  
 >A fresh plate of eggs and toast was brought out in front of you,  
 orange juice on the side.



‣Your third meal since coming back to Canterlot? Something like that.

‣It was delicious nonetheless.

"I'm trying to be nice Princess. *Get to know you... again.*"

‣"We do not wish to know thou. Finish thy meal in silence and be gone."

"What about me repulses you so much?"

‣"Everything."

‣Well that had to be the most informal sentence that ever came out of her mouth.

"As much as I appreciate your briefness, be specific."

‣"For one, thy manners. They are the equivalent to common pOnies. Nay, even common pOnies are more well-mannered. Second, thou are easily the most repulsive looking creature we have ever seen. Thirdly, we have defied our family by marrying not only a commoner, but a completely different SPECIES!"

‣Luna drove her hoof down onto the table, throwing food into the air and spilling it over the two of you.

‣Well, you four, seeing as Dusk and Dawn were sitting in seats next to you.

‣The kids laughed, being covered in food was apparently fun to them.

‣Luna's eyes looked like they were about to pop out of their sockets in a rage.

‣You as usual, kept your composure, grabbing a bit of egg off your collar and throwing it on the floor.

"Seems I'm done with breakfast. Have a nice day Princess."

‣You scooped up Dusk and placed him on your head and walked out of the dining hall, almost every eye in the room fixated on you or Luna.

>As you exited, you passed Celestia, who was making her way inside for her own breakfast.

>"Anon, there's egg on your shoulder."

"Thank your sister. And she calls me barbaric."

>Celestia looked across the dining hall at her sister, who lowered her head, ashamed the scene she just made.

>You made your way back to your room, immediately disrobing and getting the bits of food off of your clothes, and then Dusk.

>The door swung open in the middle of all of this, and in walked Celestia.

"HEY! I'm naked here!"

>Her white face turned slightly red at the sight of your exposed body.

>"M-my apologies Anon, excuse me."

>God damn it. Full win g boner, wide pupils, this wasn't going to end well was it?

>You quickly grabbed your dress pants out from the closet and put them on, followed by your white button up shirt.

>"Going somewhere Anon?"

"Yes, I'm going out to dinner with a friend."

>"I see... I wanted to make sure you were ok."

"I'm as fine any guy who is trying to repair a relationship with a pOny that hates him."

>"I'm sorry..."

"It's not your fault. Will you do me a favor?"

>"Of course! Anything I can do I will Anonymous..."

>Something about that sounded sultrier than it should have.

"Would you mind watching Dusk while I go out? No offense but your sister is driving me to drink."

>"None taken... Do be careful though."

"I've gone into the city many times, when has anything ever happened to me?"

‣"There have been a few occasions."

‣Celestia smiled, seeming to be happy that she had you back. At least you hadn't changed.

‣"Would you like me to take Dusk now?"

"I'll drop him by your room when I leave, around 5."

‣"Very well Anon. I'll see you, and your energetic son, later."

‣She walked out of your room, and you watched as her white flank swayed back and for-GOD DAMNIT BRAIN.

‣You went back to your wardrobe, getting every speck of dust off of your uniform, then paused.

‣This was a dinner between two friends. Were you really about to wear your full service uniform to a dinner between friends?

‣Maybe you could just wear the long sleeve shirt, and go with Class B's.

‣Then again, you didn't know where you were even going yet.

‣You could go to Joe's donut shop, or you could go to the Gilded Lily.

‣The former, you would look just silly in Class A's, even Class B's. The later, you might look slightly out of place in class B's.

‣Best bet would be to wear the whole thing, perhaps leaving the jacket at her place if you decide to go somewhere less fancy.

‣Mid thought, you looked up at the ceiling, instinctually tracking the squeal above you.

‣Dusk initiated a game of D'aw from above, landing squarely on your face and causing you to fall backwards onto the ground.

‣You pried him off with your hands, holding the squirming colt in the air.

"Oh you!"

‣You watched him disappear out of your hands, reappearing on the ceiling.

‣This little ball of fury energy... You knew him for all of 2 days and you loved him already.

‣Maybe it was that invisible father son bond you heard about on Earth.

‣However this happened, you were glad.

‣As you watched Dusk crawl around on the ceiling, you felt peace.

‣Somehow, your problems would go away and fix themselves.

‣Everything had its own plan, and... when the hell did you start acting all "there's a plan for the universe man, don't fight it."

‣Was it something you ate?

‣Lingering changeling mindfuckery?

‣No, you were just being emotional.

‣You picked yourself up off the ground, and continued getting ready.

Luna's POV:

"Guards!"

‣In a heartbeat two of your trusted guards burst into the room, ready for danger.

‣"Yes Princess? What is it you wish?"

"Follow the creature, tell us what it does."

‣She looked down from her tower at the lone, tall figure that walked along the courtyard.

‣"You want us to spy on Anonymous?"

‣The two guards looked at each other.

‣This wasn't in the job description.

"He is royalty, is he not? He should have an escort in public. And I expect a full report when he returns."

‣"Yes your highness."

>The guards rushed out, and Celestia landed next to Luna on the balcony.

>"Sister, how are you feeling?"

"We are fine Celestia."

>"Dear sister, you must realize we are not in the times you think. This is a different age."

>Luna remained silent for a moment, staring off at the horizon.

"Where is Anonymous going?"

>"He said he had dinner plans with friends. If there is drinking he will most likely be back tomorrow."

"Hmph. Typical common trash."

>"Dear sister, I believe you should give him a shot. You two were a lovely couple..."

"Sister, if we were such a happy couple, surely ONE of us would remember the tiniest bit."

>"The changelings have twisted his brain, contorting it to fit their will. He may never remember the time you two spent together. You however have a chance. The amnesia from the blast will pass in due time."

"We- I am not sure I wish to remember the events involving the hairless ape."

>"You say that now, but if... when you do... I think you will be happy."

"Leave me sister. I do not wish to dwell on such things..."

>"Very well, take care sister."

>Celestia flapped her wings and took to the sky, landing in the opposing tower where her chambers were.

>Anonymous' POV:

>You knocked on the door of the small house in front of you, waiting eagerly for it to open.

>A minute later, a faint voice called out from inside.

>"It's open! Come on in!"

>You casually opened the door, walking inside.

>The place was cleaned up much nicer than you remembered, a few candles sat on the table in front of the couch.

>There was some grunts coming from the next room, along with some choice words typical for Spitfire.

"You alright in there bud?"

>You slowly opened the door.

>"Hey don't open that! I'm getting dressed!"

>You paused, then thought a moment.

"Spitfire, you're naked half the time anyway."

>"I know! I just... I wanted to surprise you with this."

"Do you want some help or not?"

>Silence.

>"Fine..."

>You went through the door into Spitfire's bedroom, finding her in front of mirror, trying to fit into a simple black dress.

>Her orange hair, rather than blown back like normal, was down and flattened, almost as if it was wet.

"Wow."

>"Like it..?"

"Yeah! You look... beautiful."

>"Heh. Most stallions say hot."

"Pun intended?"

>"Funny Anon... You look pretty handsome yourself. For a hairless monkey."

>Spitfire stuck her tongue out, driving he tease home.

"Alright alright. You need help?"

>"Yeah, can't really feel what I'm doing with these bandages on my wing. I hate being grounded."

>You gently reached into the slot that her wing was supposed to pop through, grabbing said wing and gently guiding it out.

"There! How's that?"

>"Perfect. So where we going?"

"I was thinking we could go to the Gilded Lily. I remember going there a long time ago, it was nice."

>"Ooh. I never been there, it's kind of expensive isn't it?"

"Anything for my airborne buddy."

>You reached down to ruffle her mane, but stopped.

>You didn't want to mess it up after all the trouble she went to getting ready.

>"Yeah, two well dressed friends, going to the fanciest restaurant in Equestria..."

"You going to be ok?"

>"Yeah... ready to go?"

"Yes ma'am."

>With Spitfire at your side, the two of you walked outside and into the streets, and you placed your beret on your head.

>As you walked, Spitfire would occasionally rub against you, "accidentally" bumping into you, etc.

>It was kind of cute really, and it wasn't hurting anything to let it continue.

>The one thing about being royalty that you did enjoy, was the fact that you never had to wait for a table.

>The instant you stepped foot in the restaurant, the pOny at the podium recognized you, and led you both to a booth on the edge of a resteraunt.

>"Man this place is fancy. I feel underdressed."

"Nonsense. You look beautiful. I can't stand mares getting dressed up in overly elegant dresses and such."

>Spitfire smiled again, looking over at the musicians playing on the stage in the center of the room.

"How's the wing?"

>"Doc said I need to wear the cast for a month, then I'll know if I can go back to being a Wonderbolt."

"Aw man... I hope you can. I know you love your job. I feel bad for causing your wing to break."

>"I'd rather lose my job than a friend."

>The waiter came by and collected your orders.

>Two plates of spaghetti.

>Seems you two had a lot in common.

>How pOnies used forks was still beyond you, even as Spitfire used one right in front of you.

>"So, how's things with Luna? I know being with someone you don't know must be hard..."

"It's impossible. The concussion she suffered has caused amnesia. So neither of us know each other."

>"Seriously? I mean, all you two need to do is start over and do everything you did before."

"That's the problem. We don't know how we made this work. We can't even be in the same room without something happening."

>"That's rough buddy..."

"Yeah. We got back on Wednesday, and I moved out of her room by Thursday night."

>"What about the kids?"

"I'm taking care of Dusk, Luna takes care of Dawn."

>"That doesn't sound too bad. Given the circumstances I mean."

>The waiter brought out a bottle of wine, setting it in a bucket of ice and setting aside two glasses.

>"On the house sir."

"Thank you."



>The waiter gave a bow, and disappeared as quickly as he appeared.

>"Must be nice having people bow to you and all."

"I hate it actually. I don't want to be seen as higher than everypony. I'm still technically a foreigner here."

>"You're just as much of an Equestrian as anypony."

>Spitfire eyed the wine bottle between the two of you, and you reached over, picking it up.

>"I promised you I would quit drinking... remember?"

"Tell you what. From now on, you can't drink without me, and I can't drink without you."

>"Deal."

>You poured two glasses of the red wine, setting the bottle aside and holding up the glass.

"A toast."

>"To friendship?"

"Good enough for me."

>The glasses clinked together, and the two of you sipped on your drinks.

"We're going to need a few bottles to get drunk off of this stuff."

>"Eh, I'm not too worried."

"You're just awesome like that Spits. You aren't afraid of anything, and nothing worries you."

>"That's not true. I was terrified in that desert. And worried, and-"

"Hey, but for the most part, you didn't show it. I like a mare that can handle herself."

>Spitfire broke eye contact, her yellow face beginning to match her mane in color.

"You want to get out of here?"

‣She nodded, hopping down from her seat and waited for you so she could walk beside you.

‣At the last second, you grabbed the wine bottle, dropped few bits for a tip, and paid the bill.

‣The walk back was quiet.

‣Just the two of you lazily strolling through the dark streets of Canterlot, Spitfire occasionally nuzzling you hand as you walked.

‣For some reason, you couldn't shake the feeling you were being watched.

‣You hated that feeling, because 8 times out of 10 you were right.

‣"Anon! Aren't you going to say good night at least?"

‣You looked around, and realized you had been walking longer than you thought.

‣You walked back to Spitfire, kneeling down run your fingers through her hair.

"I had fun Spits..."

‣"Me too... It's not too late... you know... if you want to stay a bit and... hang out..."

‣There was a thunder strike over head, and rain gently began to fall around you.

"I suppose I can stay a bit, and wait out the rain."

‣You walked inside with Spitfire, taking your jacket off and draping it over the couch along with your tie.

‣Spitfire walked into her room as you did, and a series of grunts and choice words soon tailed out.

‣You walked in after a minute and found her struggling with her dress, her broken wing refusing to cooperate.

"You could have asked for help silly."

‣Kneeling down, you helped her out of the dress, taking it over to her closet and hanging it up for her.

‣Behind you, Spitfire drew a few glasses, and poured the wine for the two of you.

‣The two of you sat in her bed, sipping the wine, casually shooting the breeze.

‣Still, you couldn't shake that feeling that you were being watched...

‣You reached behind your back, drawing your pistol and setting it aside on the nightstand.

‣"Do you always carry that thing?"

"It's a habit. One I think saved my life once or twice."

‣"You're paranoid Anon."

"Blame my past life."

‣"I didn't say it bothered me."

‣You reached over and ruffled her mane.

‣You could do that now, the two of you weren't going anywhere.

‣Hell, if it wasn't for Princess Bitch at the castle, and you kids of course, you'd be ok with staying here.

‣"Thinking about her?"

"Who?"

‣"Luna. Duh."

"Oh, right. I guess. It's not easy being married to a mare you don't love. Buck, I don't even know her."

‣Spitfire just laid at your side, looking up expecting you to continue.

"And then... there's you."

‣"Me?"

"Don't act surprised. You know I love you."

‣"I love you too..."

‣you could feel the wine start to tug at your eyelids, drawing you to sleep.

‣Just then a hoof pressed against your chest, and a pair of lips met your own.

‣After dealing with Luna for two days, you welcomed any affection you could get, especially if it was the mare you loved.

‣But a faint "Ooh" from the window to your left drew your attention in the middle of the kiss.

‣Lacking better judgment, you grabbed your pistol from the nightstand and fired a single shot at the silhouette that miraculously danced out of the bullets path in time.

‣"What the buck Anon?!"

‣There was a crash coming from the front door, as if something broke it down.

‣Training kicked in, and you took a position by the door that led to the living room.

‣Sure enough, it was kicked in as well, and before you even recognized what was coming though, you delivered a kick to its chin, flipping it over onto its back.

‣Placing your foot squarely on its armored chest, you turned the corner and leveled your pistol at the second intruder.

‣It was one of those freaky bat guards, and his snake eyes were about as wide as they possibly could be without becoming normal eyes.

‣The figure below you was exactly the same, down to the wide eyes of fear.

"Why are you two here?"

‣"Escort! We were tasked by Luna to protect you."

"Were you looking through that window?"

‣They both shook their heads no, and you removed your foot from the guards chest, lowering your pistol from the other.

"Secure the perimeter, and then get out of here. I do not need 'escorts'."

‣The two guards nodded and quickly started to leave before you stopped them once more.

"Two more things. What happened here, will not be spoken of. And fix the darn door before you leave."

‣The two guards left quickly, leaving the two of you alone once more.

‣"Well that killed the mood..."

"It's for the best Spits... Sorry about the damage."

‣"It's fine. Not your fault."

‣You sat back down next to her, reaching over and petting her mane again.

‣"You leaving?"

"I suppose I could stay... if you don't mind that is. I mean, with that window it might get cold in here. I don't want my buddy freezing."

‣"I like the way you think."

‣You and Spitfire crawled under the blankets and pressed against each other, falling asleep together.

‣When you woke up, you found you and Spitfire hadn't moved the slightest bit.

‣You felt like you got ran over by a truck, and after it ran over you, it tossed out a 40lb box of guilt right onto your chest.

"Ughh..."

‣You pulled away from her, dragging yourself out of bed and slowly getting dressed.

‣"Trying to sneak away again?"

"No..."

‣"What's wrong Anon?"

‣You stayed silent for a few moments, buttoning your shirt.

‣"Anon, talk to me."

"This is wrong Spitfire."

‣"We didn't do anything aside from a little kissing. And I doubt Luna would even care if she knew. Not like she loves you..."

"I think the real Luna is still there. Just... blocked by something."

‣"It could be years before she regains her memories."

"Then I should try every day until I get through to her!"

‣You placed a hand on your head as a lance of pain shot through it.

‣"Calm down Anon. You can't stress yourself out over this kind of thing. It's beyond your control."

‣Spitfire nuzzled against the back of your head, trying her best to make you relax.

‣"I know, you aren't used to things beyond your control. You like straight forward problems with a simple solution, no matter how hard that solution is."

"Yeah, I guess that hits the nail on the head."

‣"Relax, try to enjoy the little things."

"I hate when you use my own advice against me."

‣"I love it, because then you can't argue against it."

"I still think we need to stop this."

‣"You'll come see me next weekend right?"

"Sure..."

‣"Alright then. Get out of here. I'm sure somebody at the castle is looking for you."

"Probably Celestia. I bet Dusk has drove her crazy by now. See you next week Spitfire."

‣Spitfire kissed your cheek and sat on the bed as you made your way outside, and back into the streets of Canterlot.

‣Spitfire laid back down on her bed for a while, her mind stating to slip into depression.

‣No, she wouldn't let this get her down.

>She leapt down from her bed and onto the ground, making her way to the kitchen.

>She didn't have much in terms of food, but after 5 minutes of rummaging around in her refrigerator and pantry, she had enough to make up a meal.

>"I really need to go to the store..."

>Just as she took a bite into an apple, there was a knock on her door.

>"Ugh... They always show up right when I decide to chow down."

>She opened the door, still agitated about her breakfast being interrupted.

>"Wha-Anon? Did you forget something?"

"No. I just wanted to tell you I love you. And to Tartarus with the castle, and everyone in it."

>"Anon, did you hit your head on the way out? This is a complete 180 of you 30 minutes ago."

"Is it? Or is this what I've been telling myself I shouldn't feel the entire time?"

>"I-"

"You were right. I should enjoy the little things. But you aren't little. You're the best thing in my life right now.

>Spitfire was lifted off the ground and carried into her bedroom.

>"Are you sure Anon?"

"More sure than anything in my life right now. I love you."

>"I love you too... Wanna-"

"You know I do. Give me everything."

>Back at the castle, you stood in front of Celestia's door, and knocked.

>There was a light clapping of hooves on the other side, and the door magically swung open.

>"Hello creature. Here to pick up thy child at last?"

"... I thought, but you live... Wait what?"

>"Are thou really so dense? Celestia has taken ill. I have been watching both children while thou went to dinner."

"So you were spying on me."

>"Call it what thou wish."

"So you do care about me, Princess?"

>"Thou wishes."

>Luna's horn glowed brightly, bringing a sleeping Dusk over to you through the air

"I do wish."

>Her eyes widened and her magic dissipated, causing Dusk to drop.

>At the last second you snatched him out of the air, keeping him from landing on the ground.

>You could have gotten her with a good insult or two for that, but it was time to set aside your differences.

>"You dare try to court ME, creature?"

"Why not? You are the fairest in the land Princess."

>Direct hit!

>Luna's face flushed, contrasting her dark blue face.

>"Thou should reconsider thy words. Another statement like that and I will personally blow you in half."

>Luna slammed the door shut in your face, waking Dusk in the process.

>He whined for a moment before looking up at you then gave a squeal of happiness.

"Miss me Dusk?"

>Dusk gave a little giggle, wiggling his little legs in the air.

"Well, Daddy put the moves on Mommy, and he got a death threat and a door slammed in his face. Mission successful?"



>Another giggle.

"I thought so too. Come on, I'm hungry."

>You made your way to the dining hall, passing Shining Armor along the way.

>"Anon, come with me, we have a situation."

"Can I get some food first?"

>"No time."

>You sighed.

>The life of a soldier never was a peaceful one.

>You gathered around a table in a room with several maps, surrounded by several officers.

"What in Equestria is the meaning of this?"

>"Anon, we think changelings have infiltrated Canterlot."

"I thought you said you defeated them."

>"We did, until we found this."

>Shining Armor levitated a picture over to you, which you took in your hand and examined.

>It was a grey pOny, lying on the ground.

>Its face was twisted and contorted, frozen in a look of shock.

>Actually, the pOny wasn't just grey. It's eyes, mane, everything was grey.

"Is this pOny... stone?"

>"You got it."

"And what about this leads you to believe changelings are involved?"

>"Given the time frame, it would make sense. Only a week after the failed invasion and something like this comes across my desk."

"Failed invasion. Key word. This is probably some spell that back fired or got out of control."

>One of the officers piped up. "How can you be so sure, you weren't even here!"

"Are you trying to imply something Lieutenant?"

>"Possibly."

>"Lieutenant! Stand down."

>"No! If Anonymous had been here, instead of where ever he was, we might have saved a few more civilians. Do you know how many died Anon?"

"Watch your tone Lieutenant."

>"Who promoted you and put you in charge of us anyway? How do we know he has Equestria's best interest in his heart?"

>You reached over and pulled the guard up by the breast plate, bringing him eye level with you.

"I bucking live here guard. I have two children and a wife here. I am as Equestrian as you. And if I wasn't, I would have thrown you through that window already."

>"Anon... put him down." Shining Armor spoke as if his words would break glass.

>You dropped the pony, causing him to land on his flank, and watched him frantically scramble away.

"Why am I even here Captain?"

>"You always have been my trusted advisor Anon."

>For some reason, that drew a smile out from you.

"Fine, do what you think is necessary Shining Armor. If you think these are changelings are somehow infiltrated into Canterlot, do your best to find and destroy them."

>Shining Armor nodded, and began to speak.

"One more thing. Do not let the public get wind of this, or there will be panic."

>"Agreed. Would you like to draw up the patrol patterns?"

"You know the situation better than I Captain. I'll trust your judgment."

>You walked out of the room, leaving the officering to the officers, reaching up and patting dusk on his head.  
 >You forgot he was up there during the whole meeting.  
 >Hopefully that little act of violence wouldn't impress on him.  
 >He was already a handful as it was.  
 >Finally, around noon you found yourself at the dining hall, where you at and enjoyed the first meal of the day for you.  
 >It wasn't glorious.  
 >In fact, you were tempted to go out into the desert again just to find some snake meat.  
 >Eh, that wasn't happening though.  
 >As you finished your meal, you stood up, gathering Dusk, and walked off, right into Luna.  
 "Forgive me Princess."  
 >"Are thou clumsy as well?"  
 >You bit your lip in an attempt to avoid retaliating with an insult of your own.  
 "Yes, I apologize."  
 >"At least thou have learned some manners."  
 >Luna brushed past you, walking over to her normal table and sitting down.  
 >Was all of this really worth it?  
 >You lost track of how many times you asked yourself that, best to go back to your room and call it a day.  
 >That night, you sat on your balcony, looking up at the stars with Dusk.  
 >This was probably going to become a nightly thing for the two of you.  
 >It was the least you could do, if you failed to get Luna back.  
 >The night sky was the closest thing he would have to a mother.  
 >Ok, that was depressing, even for you brain.

‣"Creature!"

‣Luna swooped down from the sky, landing on the other end balcony.

"Good evening Princess."

‣"What is thou doing up so late? The rest of the city is sleeping."

"I come out here every night with Dusk. It helps him sleep."

‣Dawn leapt down from Luna's back, landing on the ground.

‣Dusk in turn, leapt from your arms and scurried over to his sister, tackling her in a ball of adorableness.

"We should let them see each other more. Just because we can't put our differences aside doesn't mean they should be separated as well."

‣"You dare tell me how to raise my own child?"

"They are both our children, whether you accept them or not. I am merely suggesting they be allowed to play together occasionally."

‣"...That is acceptable."

‣Holy dog shit, the princess finally gave a little ground.

‣"But do not get any ideas. I still want nothing to do with you."

"Fair enough."

‣You both watched the two foals play from opposing ends of the balcony, occasionally looking up at the sky, while a small game of tag ensued.

‣Dawn leapt into the air, her tiny wings carrying her over the edge of the balcony.

‣You scrambled to your feet, hurrying over to grab Dawn.

‣Doing so, you startled her, and watched as she plummeted.

‣You grabbed her, tripping over the railing and falling about 5 feet before a magical aura suspended you mid-air.

‣Slowly you were hoisted up to the balcony, Dawn leaping from your arms and setting back down on the balcony.

"Uh, thanks."

>"My intentions were to only grab Dawn. I could care less about you."

"Well since you have me, would you please let me down?"

>Luna gave the equivalent to a shrug, and dropped you head first onto the balcony.

"Ow!"

>"Are you alright?"

>You sat up, clutching your head in one hand, but you had a smile.

"You do care!"

>Luna looked away, her expression stern.

>"Quiet before I throw you off of this balcony."

>You sat back down against the wall, and Dawn came over to you, nuzzling against your hand.

"Hey you! It feels like I haven't seen you in forever!"

>You picked up the little filly, holding her in the air above your head and laughed as she squirmed and giggled.

>You looked over at Luna, who in turn was staring you down as if she expected you to hurt the little filly.

>There was a giggle, and suddenly Dusk leapt off the wall high above you two, flaring his tiny wings, and landed on Luna's face.

>Luna's eyes narrowed, but let out a sigh.

>"Why does he insist on doing this?"

"It's a game Luna, he's just trying to have some fun with his mom."

>Luna quietly lowered her head, allowing Dusk to slide off and gently land on the ground.

>"Dawn! Come hither. We have been away from my sister long enough."

>Dawn gave a soft whine, and curled into a ball, pressing herself into your chest.

"What's wrong with Celestia?"

›"We aren't sure, but I have taken her biggest responsibilities until she is capable."

"I don't mind watching Dawn as well. It sounds like you have a lot to do Princess."

›"Nonsense, I am capable of taking care of my own children. Be thankful I am letting Dusk stay in thy company."

›Dawn was levitated away from your body, and placed on Luna's backside.

"Same time tomorrow Princess?"

›"Thou should not hold thy breath ape."

›Luna beat her wings and launched into the air, off to her sister's tower.

"Hear that Dusk? I got promoted from beast, to creature, and then to ape!"

›Dusk vanished and reappeared on your head, making himself comfortable.

"Ready for bed?"

›A tiny yawn confirmed your thoughts, and you took him inside.

›Today was a good day.

›The next morning you were rudely awoken by a hard knocking at your door.

›wearing only shorts, you groggily answered the door, meeting Luna's eyes.

›"I see why thou wear clothes now. For that I am grateful."

"Did you wake me just so you could insult my figure Princess? I must brighten up your day when you see me."

›Luna glared at you; perhaps making jokes wasn't the best thing to do first thing in the morning.

›"There will be a meeting in an hour in the throne room. I expect you to be there."

"What type of meeting?"

›"I do not know, Shining Armor has called it so I would imagine it to be relating to the guard."

›Luna trotted off, her words were saturated with annoyance.

›It didn't bother you, not even a week ago they had been full of anger and hate.

›If she was only annoyed now, that was an improvement, right?

›First thing first, Dusk needs his bottle.

›Thankfully he could feed himself, which allowed you to get ready while he ate.

›You quickly dressed in your fatigues and donned your battle rattle, slinging your rifle over one shoulder and a diaper bag over the other.

›Bad ass dad reporting for duty.

›Oh, don't forget your cover.

›You took the bottle from Dusk after a few minutes and set him on your head, making haste to the dining hall to grab a muffin before heading to the throne room.

›You couldn't think as well on an empty stomach.

›As you entered the throne room, several sets of eye fell on you.

›A lieutenant, Shining Armor, Luna, and pair of guards, and a prisoner pOny.

›"Thou brought Dusk to a meeting?"

"Well I can't exactly leave him by himself can I?"

›"Princess Cadence is more than happy to look after them."

"Noted. Can we get on to business? Why is this pOny in chains?"

›"It's no pOny Anon. We believe it to be a changeling. It just won't give in."

"Well I just happen to know how to change them back to their creepy, bug looking selves."

›You drew your pistol, making sure the magazine inside was loaded, and slapped it inside.

➤ "Whoa Anon what are you-"

➤ Without a second thought, you pistol whipped the pOny in the side of the head, knocking it out cold.

➤ It crumpled to the ground, completely still.

➤ Shining Armor flipped.

➤ "What in Tartarus are you thinking Anon you could have killed him!"

"Relax Shiny. He's just unconscious. When he comes too, let him go. This one is no changeling."

➤ "How crude."

"But effective, Princess. Now, is this the reason you called a meeting?"

➤ The guards shifted uneasily, avoiding eye contact as best they could.

"Before calling another meeting like this, I suggest you figure out if something is a changeling or not. I do not like striking innocent pOnies."

➤ You holstered your pistol and proceeded out of the throne room, nearly tripping over a yellow pOny.

➤ Wait, yellow... orange... wings...

"Spitfire? What are you doing here?"

➤ "Heh, hi Anon! Funny story. Remember when Princess Celestia said if something happened to my home I could crash here?"

"More or less, what happened?"

➤ "I think I left the stove on, because it caught fire when I was at the store."

"Well, I'm pretty sure there's a room available. Follow me."

➤ "Is that Dusk?"

"Sure is, want to hold him?"

➤ "Oh no, I couldn't."

"Sure you can, just let him ride on your head."



➤You set Dusk on Spitfire's head, and watched as the black colt was nearly engulfed in orange hair.

"Now that's adorable."

➤You showed Spitfire around the castle, where the dining hall was, and finally to her room.

"This one should be free. Make yourself comfortable."

➤"You should swing by sometime, I bet it gets lonely in the castle."

"I'll see if I have some free time Spitfire. Come on Dusk!"

➤Dusk teleported over to your head, happily squealing as the two of you walked out and back to your room.

➤"Friend of yours Anonymous?"

"Yes, that was Spitfire. She helped me through the desert and helped me escape the changelings. I owe her a great deal."

➤"I see."

"Hey! You said my name!"

➤"Wha-?"

"Normally you call me 'beast' 'brute' 'creature' or some other degrading name. You just called me Anonymous."

➤"A slip of the tongue brute."

"It was nice while it lasted."

➤You began to walk away, but were immediately halted by a hood to the chest, pinning you against the wall.

➤"I will warn you one last time. Stop. I have no interest in associating myself with a brute such as yourself you hairless ape."

➤Luna bared her teeth, but the lack of canine teeth made it ineffective. In fact...

"You're really pretty when you're angry."

➤"UGH!"

➤Luna brought a hoof across your face, dazing you as she trotted off.

"Well Dusk, Daddy's still got swag."

➤Dusk cooed, slobbering on your head as you began to walk away.

➤"Wow Anon, you weren't kidding. She is... unpleasant."

➤You looked behind you at Spitfire, who nosily had poked her head out the door during the argument.

➤"Why don't you... you know. Just leave."

"No chance. I told you I was going to repair this marriage."

➤"She just made it clear for you to quit trying. Why can't WE be happy together, I don't even care if we move. POonyville, Manehattan, Las Pegasus, I don't care."

"I said no. If Luna dissolves our marriage, then we can go off to where ever and build a house, start a new life together. But until that happens..."

➤"Fine..."

"See you later Spits, I have some stuff I need to do."

➤You walked down the hallway, wondering to yourself why you said that.

➤You didn't have anything to do; life in the castle was boring for that very reason.

➤Part of the reason why you were so tempted to take Spitfire up on her offer.

➤You could leave this castle behind, get some thrill back in your life.

➤But you took an oath, at least, so you were told.

➤"Till death do you part."

➤You would do your best to see that through.

➤When you got to your room, you sat Dusk in his little play pin, even though you knew he would wander out of it in a few minutes.

➤What to do...

‣You had a few books that you had already read, none of which were worth reading...

‣Why not write your own?

‣That's a brilliant idea brain! What about?

‣How about a weird creature dumped into a foreign land and he works to turn it into his home?

‣That's a terrible idea brain, what kind of story is that?

‣You asked for ideas, that's all I have in stock.

‣You sat down at your desk and began to scribble down some basic ideas, basic plot lines, etc.

‣Before you knew it, you were writing by candle light, with Dusk sitting on your head watching you write the strange letters.

‣Strange to both of you that was, seeing as he couldn't read, and you had not written anything in Equestrian in so long.

‣You were on a roll until there was a knock at your door.

‣You let your guest in, or guests you should say.

‣Dawn zipped through the opening door quickly, tackling her brother in a ball of furry.

‣Luna remained in the door way, staring you down.

"Um, come in Princess?"

‣She sighed, walking in slowly.

"You didn't feel like flying?"

‣"It's raining you dunce."

‣Huh, so it was. You had been so enveloped in writing you failed to notice.

"Well, make yourself comfortable I guess."

‣"Thy manners still need some work."

‣You ignored her as she moved past you and laid on your bed, while you sat in the chair across the room, watching the two foals play.

›"Dare I ask the reason thou have so many ink wells and papers at thy desk?"

"I'm writing a book."

›"Pfffffft-" Luna began snickering uncontrollably for a good few minutes before looking back up at you.

›"Thy must be jesting. Surely a brute such as thyself cannot hope to write a book."

"I'm not saying it will be good. It's only meant to help pass time."

›The princess chuckled at the thought of you writing once more before turning her attention back to the foals.

›After a few minutes of silence, you walked over to the night stand beside your bed and placed your pistol inside, then sat beside Luna.

›She shifted away uncomfortably, putting a few feet between your bodies.

›A lingering tension seemed to fill the air, so heavy you could cut it with your knife.

"You look lovely in this light Luna. Well, you look lovely in every light, but-"

›"Quiet creature."

›Cautiously, you reached over to her and stoked her mane.

›Her pupils narrowed to pin pricks, and her jaw clenched at your touch.

"I like how your mane looks like the night sky. I can't decide which I like more."

›It was impossible to tell for certain in the dim candle light, but she seemed to blush at that comment.

›Outside, Private Starshine, a Unicorn guard patrolled the halls of the castle.

›It was a thankless job, one of long dull hours filled with uneventful patrols.

>As he passed by your room however, things changed.  
 >You were sent flying through the door, knocking it off its hinges and landing against the wall on the far side of the hall.  
 >Luna trotted through, her horn glowing as she pulled Dawn from the room and sat her on her back.  
 >"Have a good evening guard. Anonymous, I trust we understand each other."  
 >The guard looked down at you, waiting until Luna was away to speak.  
 >"You ok Anonymous?"  
 "Yeah, just give me a few minutes..."  
 >He helped you off the ground and into your room, setting you on the bed.  
 "Thanks..."  
 >"Take care sir."  
 >"Morning Anon!"  
 "Gah what the-"  
 >You rolled out of bed, landing with a thud on your floor.  
 "Spitfire, how the..."  
 >"Your door was open, well, in the hallway, and I'm bored. You want to hang out?"  
 >She stood over you, happily looking down at you with a grin.  
 >You must have hit your head in the fall, because it felt as if you just fired off a 100 round belt of .50 caliber without hearing protection.  
 >Save for the fact that you could still hear.  
 "I don't know, I'm not in a very 'hang out' kind of-"  
 >Spitfire leaned, placing a hoof on your chest and kissed you.  
 >Damn it, you've told this mare how many times?  
 >You placed a hand on her chest, but froze.

>Why, you didn't know, every part of your brain said to shove her off, but you felt weak.

>The kiss parted, and you pushed her away as you got up.

"I've said no how many times Spitfire?"

>"You've said yes more times than you've said no if I remember correctly."

"That doesn't mean anything. Excuse me."

>You pulled a fresh set of fatigues out of the closet and disappeared into the bathroom for a shower.

>You half expected Spitfire to come in after you, but you managed to shower in peace.

>When you came out, she was nowhere to be found, leaving only a note reading "see you tonight."

>Damn that lusty mare...

>After a morning routine of breakfast, diaper change, a quick game of d'aw from above, you were called for yet another meeting.

>This time however, you were sure to drop Dusk off with Cadence, to avoid giving Luna more wood to burn you with.

>You walked into the throne room, only to be shoved back out by Shining Armor.

>"About time you got here, come on!"

"I swear Shiny, if this turns out to be a waste of my time..."

>"It won't, I've personally seen it change."

>Shining Armor led you down into the dungeon you had been imprisoned in so long ago.

>Amazing how you had risen from the cell to the throne in only a few years.

>Shining Armor cast a light spell, shining it into one of the cells at a pOny.

"Alright, now make it change."

‣Shining Armor formed a small purple barrier, and shoved it into the pOny at light speed, dazing the pOny and causing it to change.

‣You kneeled, getting eye level with the creature.

"Well mister, or miss, changeling. I can't tell the difference with you freaks. How many of you are there in the city?"

‣It gave a screech, lunging at the cell bars, extending a hoof through the bars in an attempt to hit you.

‣Before it could, Shining Armor shoved it back with another spell.

‣"What should we do Anon? The guards still at 60% strength."

"I don't know. Spread your men out as best you can. Keep doing what you're doing."

‣"The Queen is out there somewhere... She should be our most important target."

"Can't you do that one spell you did at the wedding?"

‣"It would only be a temporary fix, and I can't maintain that barrier very long."

"Then we should tell the public."

‣"Wont that cause a panic?"

"Maybe at first. But we need all of the eyes we can get. Have them report any suspicious activity DISCREETLY to the guards."

‣You and shining Armor left the dungeon behind, silently walking through the castle as you both took in the gravity of the situation.

"I'll go inform the princess, she should know after all."

‣"Don't get thrown through another door. That could get expensive."

"Buck you Shiny."

‣You made your way to the throne room where Luna was looking over a scroll, focusing her attention on it until you stood at the steps leading up to the throne.

‣She peered over it, and sighed

›"Does thou ever give up?"

"I'm not here for pleasure Princess..."

›Luna lowered the scroll momentarily.

›"Excellent-"

"Though it always is a pleasure to see such a lovely lady like yourself."

›She rubbed a hoof against her forehead, the guards doing their best to stifle their snickers.

"We have confirmed there are changelings mixed in with the general population. The guard is working on a solution now."

›"Thank you for the report."

›Before you could say anything else Luna brought the scroll back in front of her face, signaling you to leave.

›Probably best you did anyway, you complimented her and didn't even get threatened.

›That was progress in your book.

›With nothing else to do for the day, you started towards Cadence's room to pick Dusk up.

›Out of nowhere, a hand was placed over your mouth and you were drug into a nearby room.

›As you disappeared inside the room, you grabbed the assailant's hand from your mouth, twisting it and spinning around to place it in an arm bar.

›"Anon! It's ME!"

›You'd recognize that voice, and the short flaming hair anywhere.

›Except this time, it wasn't attached to a cute yellow pony.

›It was attached to a human... with wings... wearing a set of fatigues.

"Spitfire?"

›"Yep! Still going to stab me with that big knife?"



>You slowly sheathed the knife you had instinctually drawn, letting this human Spitfire out of the arm bar.

>Wait... changelings...

>You drew your pistol, placing it squarely against "Spitfire's" forehead once she stood up.

"You have about ten seconds to make me believe you aren't a changeling before I paint the walls with your brain."

>She quickly grabbed a book from the nearby table and held it up for you to read.

"All you need to know about transformation potions and how to make them."

>You looked up at Spitfire, who squeed and nervously looked at the gun.

"Why would you do this Spitfire?"

>"I want you to be happy..."

>Spitfire gently laid her hand on the pistol, pushing it down toward its holster as she drew closer.

"I am happy."

>"No you aren't Anon. You can't lie to me."

>Her arms wrapped around you in an embrace, and she nipped your ear with her teeth.

"Spitfire. Stop it."

>"No. You can't hide your love from me."

>She kissed along your neck, gently pushing you toward the bed.

>Spitfire quit teasing your neck and ears, locking lips with you and pushed you back on the bed.

>You did your best to shove her off, but your muscles wouldn't cooperate.

>You felt yourself being drained almost... almost...

>"Shhh. Relax. Let me love you the way you deserve..."

›Spitfire bit softly at your neck, giving a similar sensation to a bee sting.

›Your vision blurred so much you couldn't even distinguish her face.

›Hell, you felt drunk off your ass, had you been drinking?

›No, you had some orange juice this morning... that was it.

›Your clothes seemed to melt away as the two of you continued, and you felt a sensation inside your stomach.

›Pleasure, love, but with a mingled guilt.

›And as the two of you copulated once more, Spitfire's larger wings flaring throughout the entire time, you felt hollow inside.

›And when the two of you finished, you passed out without a sound.

›You woke with a start, fully dressed, and in your own room, your forehead plastered to the table.

›Was it all a dream?

›It felt too real to be a dream.

›You rubbed your aching head and looked over at Dusk who sat on the floor, playing with a rattle.

›It was dark outside, Luna would no doubt bring Dawn by to play with Dusk soon.

›Speak of the devil, there was a knock at your door.

›You slowly made your way to the door, welcoming Luna and Dawn inside.

›As she stepped in, her magnificent blue eyes paused to look you over.

›"You look terrible."

"I feel terrible."

›"Don't touch me and I'll be nice."

‣She trotted inside and out to the balcony where she looked up at the stars, as you put aside anything you didn't want the kids to get a hold of.

‣Nothing was really safe from them, but if they couldn't see it, they probably wouldn't find it.

‣You stepped out on the balcony, the fresh air doing wonders for your body.

‣"Shouldn't you be watching the children?"

"I'll keep an eye on them from here."

‣Luna shifted her attention towards you, while you peered inside the room where Dusk and Dawn were playing.

‣"Why do you insist on being near me, and continually trying to court me, when it always comes to the same end?"

"Well... That's a good question."

‣"I'm waiting for a good answer."

‣You leaned against the wall quietly, staring up at the stars while you thought.

"I guess I'm curious about the mare I fell in love with. I mean, on Earth I don't even remember dating that much. And in less than two years here I have a family with a pOny."

‣"You say pOny like it's bad thing."

"Not a bad thing, just different. Here, there's griffons, cows, pOnies, changelings. Where I came from, humans were the only intelligent species. You would probably be seen as an unusual looking horse if you showed up there."

‣Luna looked a bit offended at the word horse, but curious.

‣"You have pOnies on your planet?"

"Not like you. Most of them are taller than Celestia, and none of them have horns or wings. We used to use them on farms to pull heavy equipment."

‣"You enslaved them."

"They weren't like you pOnies. They were just simple animals. I know it probably seems barbaric, unrealistic to you, but that's where I come from."

>"You sound proud of it."

"I'm proud of my heritage, like anyone should be. That doesn't mean I don't have regrets."

>Something clicked inside your brain, a small part of Equestrian history the changelings hadn't erased.

>"I'm sure you would understand regret. After all, you did become Nightmare Moon."

>The next thing you knew, you were on the ground, clutching the side of your head.

>Too far brain, we went too far.

>Damn, we were doing so well too.

>"Do not speak of that name again..."

"I've made my point. I apologize for bringing it up."

>Damn these ponies for hitting so hard.

>You stumbled to your feet, bracing yourself against the wall.

>"Please Anonymous, I didn't hit you that hard..."

>In the distance, a light spell shot up from one of the city limits, signaling the QRF.

>Then another, and another.

>It was as if every Unicorn on duty was trying to signal for back up.

>"What is going on? Why are there so many lights?"

"Take the kids to Cadence, if I had to guess, the changelings have returned with another army."

>"The throne room is the safest, I'll take them there."

"Whatever, just go!"

>Luna rushed out the door as you quickly stumbled over to your gear, putting it on as quickly as you could.

›Your vision blurred a moment as you made your way out the door, forcing you to pause and prop yourself up against the door frame

›That sucker punch Luna gave you might have given you a concussion.

›You'd see a doctor later if you lived through this.

›First thing first, you went to each barracks and loudly kicked the door in, firing a shot in the air to wake all the guards up at once.

"Get up! These changelings want another fight! I say we give them one! One they can't forget! Get your armor, get your spears, and get set to defend your home once more!"

›You made your way out of the final breakfast, watching as each guard filed out and awaited their respective companies to form up.

›Good, they knew better than to rush off into battle without the rest of their company.

›Shining Armor rushed down from the castle and took control of the situation, launching each company to a specific location of the city.

›You grabbed a handful of Unicorns from the companies that remained, forming a squad of your own

›"Whoa, Anon hold up. You don't look so good. I think you should stay at the castle."

"No can do Shiney. Squad! Move out!"

›You began jogging into the city as changelings swarmed around in the skies above.

›Bolts of magic crisscrossed through the air, triggering a flashback of a scene all too similar.

›You were in charge of a squad, raiding the small town near Kandahar, Afghanistan.

›Tracer fire had lit up the night sky as Blackhawks provided close air support, the occasional HMG retorting between the buzzing of the miniguns.

‣You took cover behind a cart and leveled your rifle down the street as several changelings landed down the road.

‣In your head, you envisioned that old battlefield, taking cover by a burned out truck, setting a knee on an Afghani corpse.

‣You lined up, and delivered a single headshot to the biggest changeling, the unicorns at your side firing off several volleys of magical attacks.

‣Firing off a few more rounds yourself, you quickly took out the enemy and moved on, being sure to step on each changeling you passed.

‣You didn't care for the dead, you missed the first battle and innocents died.

‣This was payback.

‣Your squad burned through city block after city block, taking out changelings from afar, some before they even knew you were there.

‣The ground underneath you shook, and as you looked down the main road, several silhouettes became visible, charging straight at you.

"Hold the line, wait for my signal to fire."

‣You peered down your sight at the approaching stampede, your finger gently resting on the trigger.

‣A glint caught your eye, a shimmer of light reflecting off a guard's armor.

"Hold fire! Friendlies coming through!"

‣"Retreat!"

‣Oh hell no.

‣You grabbed the collar of the Lieutenant leading the retreat, hoisting him up to your eye level.

"We do not retreat! Fight for every inch of ground!"

‣You dropped the Lieutenant and waded through the cluster of pOnies, shouldering your rifle as another cluster came into view, much larger than the pOnies.

‣Sure enough, this one was of changelings, and you wasted no time lining up the first of many headshots.

‣It wasn't particularly difficult, their heads accounted for most of their mass.

‣Each shot, a kill shot.

‣Each one with a potential for a collateral kill, the .308 bullets piercing the soft flesh of the changelings and powering through unchallenged.

‣It was like shooting fish in a barrel, almost too easy.

‣A slaughter.

‣And when the unicorns stood beside you, it was as if there was a wall between the two forces.

‣But just as things seemed to go in your favor, the changelings took to the air, tangling with the pegasi above.

‣Too quick for you to engage with your clunky, semi-auto rifle.

‣You would focus on the changelings that stuck to the ground, while the faster firing unicorns focused on the skies.

‣Just as things seemed to go smoothly for you once again, the changelings above dove in to the midst of the company, tearing apart the formation from the inside.

‣The fire shifted, allowing the changelings at your front to charge in as well, overwhelming the front line.

‣You drove your rifle's buttstock into the first changeling, then drew your knife in your right hand, your pistol in your left, for a last stand.

‣"Stallions, prepare to defend yourselves!"

‣Downward stab, sever spinal cord: KIA.

‣Cross arms, headshot on leaping changeling: KIA.

›Changeling attacking from your left, mid-air pistol whip to side of face: KO

›Front kick at charging changeling, follow up with curb stomp: KO

›A changeling managed to get close enough to sink its fangs into your leg, chances are pumping a venom inside you.

›Uppercut with knife to changeling's chin, lifting its fangs out of your leg: KIA.

›You slowly began walking backwards, careful not to trip over any bodies that lay behind you.

›A unicorn took your place, firing off magical lasers at the approaching enemies as you turned your attention to the changelings in the midst of the pOnies.

›They didn't even notice you turn your attention to them until you gunned down five of them in quick succession.

›That little nudge swayed the battle in the pOnies favor, and the remaining changelings were soon taken care of.

›Another changeling leapt onto your back, sinking its teeth into your shoulder.

›Quickly you placed your pistol against its head and fired, throwing it off of you, but also temporarily deafening you in one ear.

›You looked behind you at the sound of approaching clopping as another wave of changelings rushed towards your scattered forces.

›You armed a grenade and hurled it at the changeling advance, counting the seconds until it would explode.

›The changelings passed right over it, the olive drab object nothing more than a ball to them.

›It detonated in their midst, throwing changelings everywhere, dead and alive.

›The ones that weren't injured severely slid to a halt and went into a retreat as you unslung your rifle and continued picking them off even as they retreated.



>A few chariots landed in the street, a sergeant leaped out, and rushed to you.

>"Several changelings have made it to the castle, the princess sent me to get you sir."

"Lieutenant! I better not hear you retreating again! Let's ride sergeant."

>You stepped onto the chariot next to the sergeant, and held on as it took off into the sky, soaring over the city.

>A few buildings burned, their fires lighting up parts of the city.

>The castle was protected by one of Shining Armor's barrier spells, but it was already weakening.

>You took the opportunity to pick off a few changelings as you approached the massive pink sphere, ensuring that when it opened for you they wouldn't be given access.

>Just before the pegasi up front were about to hit it, it opened, allowed you passage and sealed before a lone changeling could make it through.

>As soon as the chariot landed you were off, and you rushed into the castle and to the throne room.

>"Good to see you made it Anon. I don't know how much longer I can keep this barrier up."

"Don't worry, when they come, I'll be ready."

>Several Unicorns took positions on the edges of the room near the white pillars, while earth pOny guards formed a barrier with their heavier armor.

>Pegasi filled in any spots they could, and you took a firing position behind the Earth pOnies.

"This is going to get loud stallions."

>You looked back at the royal family, who had gathered around the throne.

›Celestia looked weak, no doubt from something the changelings did.

›Luna stood in front of them all, most of her bandages gone, no doubt preparing a huge spell in her mind.

›Shining Armor looked tired as well, even with Cadence doing her best to comfort him.

›Dawn and Dusk were tucked under Celestia's wing.

›Spitfire had made it in here as well, her wings extended, ready to take off to kick some changeling flank.

"I thought your wing was broke."

›"Healing magic. Enough said."

›"BUCK! I LOST IT! The barrier's down, get ready!"

›You raised your rifle, aiming at the massive door.

›Of course now would be the time for your vision to blur, and mild dizziness to set in, causing your reticule to sway.

›Your shoulder squished from the rifle stock pressing against the bloody fabric, your leg no doubt in worse shape.

›But you didn't have time to bleed, because already the horde was at the main door, pounding away at it.

›How long did it take them to get there? An hour? Less?

›No matter, this was where they were stopped.

›The door swung open, and the changelings charged in, immediately halted by Unicorn fire.

›You fired three shots before being hit from the side and pinned to the ground.

"Spitfire! Get off!"

›Spitfire looked down at you with a grin and struck you in the side of the head, and leaning down while you were stunned, whispering.

›"Thanks for that power boost last night."

>Before your very eyes, "Spitfire" changed into the Queen herself, looking over towards Luna.  
 >Brain, damage report.  
 >Nujmnlafuah...  
 >That's what I was afraid of.  
 >There was a flash of light as Luna and the Queen exchanged spells, meeting half way like a Dragon Ball fight scene.  
 >Luna's was no match, and was easily pushed back and defeated in flash of light.  
 >"This was easier than last time..."  
 >She turned just in time as you fired a shot from your pistol, stopping the bullet mid-air with a glow from her horn.  
 >"Don't insult me by even trying. It's time for Equestria to come under new rule."  
 >Slowly, you stood up, and for some reason, you looked up to the ceiling.  
 >Heh, Dusk was doing his Spidercolt routine in the middle of a battle.  
 >What a badass little colt.  
 >You took a step towards the queen, almost immediately collapsing to a knee.  
 >"Give up Anonymous, and I may let you live to be my dinner. After all, why settle for a pony? When I can be anything you want."  
 "Only a mad man would refuse that offer Queen Chrysalis. But there is one thing you failed to consider in this invasion."  
 >She laughed, stepping closer as the guards were overwhelmed, and took control of the room, the royal family surrounded.  
 >"And what could possibly be more dangerous than you?"  
 >You looked up at the queen, a smirk coming across your face as you confirmed your thoughts.  
 "D'aw from above."

›She looked up just in time to get a face full of baby pOny, stunning her just long enough for you to reach up with your knife, and jam it into her throat.

›You twisted the knife, causing her blood to squirt over your body and face, and her body collapsed.

"Dusk! Go to mommy!"

›He happily squealed and poofed away as several larger changelings rushed over to you, rearing up to finish you off.

›Drawing your pistol you shot each one as they raised up their hooves, just before they came down on your head for the kill.

›Once the magazine was empty, you resorted to deflecting the incoming hooves with your hands, moving just enough for the attacks to miss, if only by an inch or two.

›A pair of hooves impacted your armor, knocking the wind out of you long enough for a smaller channeling to score a hit.

›Just as you began to black out, the sound of thunder filled your ears, and you felt a weight across your chest as a changeling fell across you.

›The smell of barbequed flesh filled your nostrils, and your vision faded.

›Your vision temporarily came back, though every sound seemed to echo around you.

›"Get those bodies off of him! Get him to the infirmary!"

›Was that Luna?

›Fade out, and back in as you were being carried to down the hallways.

›"Hang on buddy, you'll make it."

›Shining Armor, definitely.

›You faded out again, and faded back once more, this time on a bed, a light shining in your eyes

›"Severe concussions I need a-

>You faded out before the doctor finished, and the pOnies around you quickly got to work, doing their best to keep you alive.

>When you woke up, there was no one around you, just a white light staring down at you, blinding you.

>The ever annoying beep of the nearby EKG was already chipping away at your sanity.

>You pulled the wires from your chest and head, causing the EKG to flat line and the doctor to look up from his desk.

>"Whoa easy now Anonymous, you've been through a lot."

>He gently put a hoof against your chest, pushing you back down.

"Get me out of this damn hospital doc."

>"I have some tests to run. First, how do you feel?"

"Like I want to get something to eat, how long have I been out?"

>"Over a month. We've done our best to keep you fed but, nopOny really knows what to feed you."

"Next time, feed me more. I'm starving..."

>"Uh... right... Do you remember what happened?"

"I'm pretty sure I got my ass kicked."

>"Do you remember getting your um... ass... kicked?"

"No not really."

>"Do you remember the battle?"

"Bits and pieces of it."

>"Does the name Luna mean anything to you?"

"No."

>"I see... Minor amnesia, your memories will return over time, they did with Luna. You should go see the Princess, provided you can get out of the infirmary on your own two feet."

"Glad you know not to keep me in here."

>You slowly got out of bed and rubbed your face, trying to fully wake up before attempting to walk.

➤Apparently shaving hadn't been a priority to the pOnies taking care of you, because it felt as if the Amazon rainforest was on your face and neck.

➤You walked out of the infirmary, and looked at the empty hallways, save for a lone guard that patrolled nearby.

➤When he saw you however, he rushed off in another direction.

➤Probably reporting that you were up.

➤You remembered you had a room of your own, and you had a good idea where

➤You started walking along the halls, looking around at the elegant gold pottery and tapestries that hung from the walls.

➤Stained glass windows occasionally decorated the walls, each portraying a different story.

➤Hey, there was one depicting you, a knife in hand about to drive it into a changeling's skull.

➤Guess you kicked ass before getting your own kicked into a coma.

➤You finally found a familiar looking door, the wall around the hinges had a fresh coat of paint.

➤A sign of recent construction, and you did recall being thrown through a door, so this must be it.

➤The door was unlocked, as was most of the doors in the castle, save for a restricted area that only Celestia could open.

➤Weird how you remembered the most random things.

➤It was definitely your room alright.

➤Fatigues in the closet, a pistol on the night stand and a shaving kit in the bathroom.

➤It was still a mystery how pOnies grew facial hair, but you were glad they did.

➤You carefully shaved the jungle from your face, as to not make any nicks or cuts.

>While you were at it, might as well take care of that shaggy mop on your head, you couldn't stand long hair.

>"Always with the short mane. I never understood why."

>You looked over at a dark blue alicorn with two little foals on her back.

"Princess?"

>"Does thou- Do you... remember me?"

"I think I recall you throwing me through a door, but not much after that. Sorry Princess."

>"I see... I was unpleasant back then, wasn't I?"

"Unpleasant is a word, yes. I don't really recall the nature of those arguments, but everything is a bit fuzzy right now."

>"Perhaps you will gain those memories back in time. Do you recall what happened?"

"Something about changelings, I got my... Well, I needed a trip to the infirmary."

>"What you did was heroic."

>As you finished putting your razor away, you felt a fluffy, warm mass sit on your head, and another on your shoulder.

>Looking in the mirror, you saw Dusk sitting on your head, and Dawn on your shoulder, each squealing happily.

>"They missed you..."

>You tussled their manes, a big smile spreading across your face.

>Adorable little foals.

"So, could the hero of Equestria get a date with the lovely princess of the night?"

>Luna gently pressed a hoof against her forehead and sighed.

"So that's why you threw me through the door..."

>"It was part of the reason, your attempts at courting were... bad at times."

"I apologize."

‣"No, it's ok... We- I would love to have dinner with you tonight, dearest husband."

‣Wat.

‣You forgot to process the h in that one.

‣You we're married to a p0ny?

‣You were married to a princess?

‣Which one was honestly surprised you more?

"Husband?"

‣"We'll discuss it all tonight. Would you like to watch your children for a while?"

"Children?"

‣You looked up at the black one on your head, who giggled and made a "pbpbpbpbffft" noise, spitting over you.

"Come on little guy, that's gross."

‣You wiped the spit off your forehead and looked over at the princess.

"Luna... right?"

‣Luna nuzzled against your cheek, placing a soft kiss on it before pulling away and meeting your eyes.

‣"Don't stress too much. The silver one is Dawn, the black one is Dusk."

‣She leaned in close to whisper in your ear.

‣"Keep an eye on Dusk, he's an adventurous little guy."

"I'll keep that in mind. So... Dinner at 5?"

‣"Make it six. And drop these two off with Cadence."

‣Luna walked out of your room, and you looked up at Dusk.

"So you two came from my balls?"

‣"Ah!"

"Well I didn't pass biology, who am I to ask questions?"

‣You walked into your living/bedroom and sat down on the bed, watching the two foals leap down toward a pile of toys.



>So, what did you do as a dad?  
 >Play with them?  
 >Watch them play and do your own thing?  
 >Did you have anything to do?  
 >The answer was a clear and resounding "no" as you looked around the room, finding only books and paper lying around.  
 >So you were left to watch the two foals play with an assortment of blocks, balls, and a train.  
 >Dusk took it to the next level, casting a spell on himself and driving his train up the walls and onto the ceiling.  
 "Well that's impressive. I guess I have spider balls."  
 >"Anon! You're up!"  
 >You looked down from the ceiling at Shining Armor, who walked in with a bit of a limp.  
 "You look terrible Shiney."  
 >"So do you, but I didn't get a month long nap."  
 >You extended a fist, and the brohoof was completed quickly.  
 >"How you feeling?"  
 "Tired, believe it or not."  
 >"I do believe it, those changelings were tough."  
 >You turned your attention back the Dawn and Dusk on the ground/ ceiling.  
 "Did we have a lot of casualties?"  
 >Shining Armor was quiet for a bit before answering that.  
 >"Not too many, but there were some. The Changelings prefer to knock out their enemies so they can feed, so they have to hold back a bit. Especially against civilians. Still, combat is chaos..."  
 "We did our best, and we won. Honestly, you can't ask for a better outcome."  
 >"If you say so."

>You rubbed your head as pain lanced through it, a small chunk of the battle surfacing in your memory.

>"You alright Anon? You look like you need to go back to the doctor."

"I'm fine. I think parts of my memory are coming back... Was Spitfire at that final stand? That doesn't seem right."

>"That was the changeling queen trying to get close to you. She almost succeeded in taking over Canterlot, but you and Dusk stopped her."

>You looked up at the black colt playing with a train on your ceiling, wondering how this little colt had played a hand in such a tough battle.

"How..."

>"Ah... What was that thing you called out... D'aw from above?"

>Dusk looked down at the two of you and dropped his train, then detaching himself and plummeted towards the two of you, latching onto your face.

>"Yep. I think it's a game you two play."

>You pulled a squealing and writhing Dusk off of your face, and spat out the bits of hair that found their way in your mouth.

"I just got attacked by adorableness."

>"Any ways, I need to get back to work Anon. Good to see you out of bed."

"Before you go Shiny. What day is it?"

>"Friday. But I don't think you should go out drinking the day you wake up from a coma."

"I have dinner plans, but I'd like to go let everyone know I'm ok."

>"That sounds like a good idea. Just don't stand up Luna. Doors are expensive."

"Buck you Shiny, get out of here. I have to get ready."

‣Shining Armor left you alone with your kids, and you began putting on your dress uniform for dinner.

‣Although come to think of it, you probably shouldn't say buck around the kids.

‣Ah Equestrian, the language where buck can mean a fighting move, to have intercourse...

‣You know what it was just the equestrian equivalent to fuck, so yeah, you shouldn't use that around them.

‣You placed the finishing touches on your uniform and checked the clock.

‣1730, time sure did fly in Equestria.

‣Of course, you couldn't really recall when you woke up either, but the point was you had 30 minutes to drop these two off and get to the dining hall with Luna.

‣Somepony knocked at your door just as you were about to walk out, Dawn in your arms and Dusk perched on your head.

‣The door swung open, and Cadence's eyes wandered up to Dusk, at the ever present smile on her face.

‣"That never gets old Anonymous. Luna aid you needed a foal sitter?"

"Yeah, thanks. I'm sure you do this a lot."

‣"No worries! I can't wait to have foals of my own. Though with as much as I take care of these two, its almost like I already do!"

"Well, you're welcome to stay here, just don't touch anything that doesn't look like it was made here, though I do my best to keep the dangerous stuff locked away.

‣"Thanks Anon, have fun."

‣You stepped aside to let her inside, then made your way out into the hall and toward the dining hall.

‣Pausing at the entrance, you surveyed the tables, looking for Luna.

>"Early as always Anonymous?"

>You almost looked behind you, but Luna nudged past your arm, nuzzling against you.

"I always had a saying. If I'm early, I'm on time. If I'm on time, I'm late."

>"And if you late?"

"Then I'm in trouble. Shall we?"

>The two of you walked to her favorite table towards the corner, away from most of the chatter of the other patrons.

>"I trust the foals haven't given you too much trouble?"

"Not at all. I could get used to this."

>"You welcome news like this much better than I did. Again, I'm sorry..."

"Already forgotten."

>"Good- Clever Anon. Clever."

>This was nice, life finally winding down after all you've been through, even if you couldn't remember half of it.

>Hell, your brain was more scrambled than the eggs you were eating.

>But if you could remember anything, let it be this moment after you and Luna shared a small laugh.

>The distant sound of chatter from the other tables, the soft violin playing just loud enough to be heard.

>The dark blue alicorn sitting across from you, her eyes flickering from the candles that sat between you two.

>The warm smile that her lips formed as the two of you gazed at each other.

>Luna's eyes shifted aside towards the wall, and she shifted in her seat.

>"Would thou join us tonight in our bedroom? These last few months have been lonely indeed."

›Brain here, you need to tell you friends your alive.

›Brain, tomorrow the Wonderbolts will wake up, and go out drinking just like they are tonight. One more day will not hurt.

"I would love to Princess."

›Leaving your empty plates behind, you walked along side Luna in the long white hallway toward her room, passing your own.

›As you did, you made your way toward your door, only to be pulled back by a magical field.

›"Cadence can handle them for the night, don't you think?"

›She tugged your sleeve gently in her mouth, drawing you back along the path to her tower.

›In her room, you silently undressed, neatly placing your uniform on the nearby dresser.

›Luna stepped onto her balcony, looking up at the sky as she placed the moon in the sky, setting it just right above the distant mountains.

›She brushed against your side, her body soft and warm to the touch.

›You ran your fingers through her magical hair, the wisps tickling your hand gently.

›"We didn't talk much over dinner... is there anything you wanted to know?"

"No. If it's important, you would have told me already. I have Dusk, Dawn, and you. That's all I need to know."

›"Are thou always so romantic after a coma?"

›You gave a shrug, walking over to Luna's bed and moving the covers aside.

›"Boop."

›Two hooves pressed against your back, pushing you onto the bed.

›You rolled just as she leapt into the air, landing over top of you.

›Grabbing her around the neck, you pulled her down beside you.

‣One of her large wings draped across you, embracing you gently.

‣In turn, you brushed a hand along her cheek, tracing her jaw line gently before gripping behind her head and pulling it toward your own, meeting in a kiss.

‣After only a moment she was back on top of you, eagerly pressing herself against you, her tongue driving deeper into your mouth.

‣She pulled away a moment, a single strand of saliva bridging your lips.

"You seem eager Princess."

‣"A month is a long time to think and wait... Not to mention its... well. That time."

"Seems I'm always on time."

‣You met with another soft kiss as the two of you made love, with only the stars that peeked through the window.

‣The next morning, you woke up first due to the sun in your eyes.

‣Luna remained beside you, her light blue mane had returned as the sun rose.

‣Her starry mane was beautiful, but you preferred this version.

‣It was cuter, despite being rustled and tussled from the night before.

‣You quietly slipped out of bed, and closed the nearby curtains to help Luna stay asleep a bit longer.

‣Actually, you could afford being lazy today.

‣With the light in the room dimmed to a reasonable level, you crawled back in bed and snuggled up to the princess.

‣"I don't normally say this but.... good morning."

"Good morning Princess."

‣"Call me Luna."

‣The two of you shared a small kiss and stared in each other's eyes for a moment.

>"Plans for today?"  
 "Yes actually. I wanted to go into town, tell my friends I'm ok."  
 >"That sounds like a good idea, I'm sure they have been worried."  
 >You slipped out of bed once more and dressed back in your uniform, ensuring it was proper even for the short walk to your room,  
 "I'll see you later Luna."  
 >"Take care love."  
 >You left Luna's room behind and made your way to your room, finding it empty.  
 >Cadence must have taken the kids to her room so she could be with Shiny.  
 >Switching to your fatigues, you left the castle and made your way through Canterlot, heading to Spitfire's house.  
 >You seemed to remember Canterlot better than the castle, your memory must be getting better.  
 >Yeah, this was it. Her house always seemed unique, though you didn't know why.  
 >You knocked on the door and sat back against the railing as you waited for Spitfire to answer the door.  
 >The door swung open, but it wasn't Spitfire that stood there.  
 >"Hey Anon! I haven't seen you since the gala!"  
 "...Rainbow Dash? What are you doing in Spitfire's house?"  
 >"I'm her replacement-"  
 "Replacement? Did her wing not heal?"  
 >"Right... I guess you just woke up. She's... gone."  
 "Where did she go?"  
 >"Come inside Anon, you may want to sit down..."  
 >You followed Dash inside, sitting down on the couch.  
 >Dash poured some cider in a glass, then held up a mug.  
 >"Want some?"  
 "No thanks."

›Dash sat on the far end of the couch, taking a drink from her mug.

›"You know how changelings feed off love?"

"I guess so... why?"

›"Well, they got to Spitfire. Some say the changeling took your form. Spitfire got fed on too much, and... died."

›So that's why the queen chose Spitfire.

›Exhaust Spitfire as a resource, then work on you to weaken you and get an extra bit of power just as the invasion took place.

›"You ok Anon?"

"Can you take me to where she was buried? I'd like to pay my respects."

›Rainbow Dash nodded, hopping off the couch and waiting by the door.

›You slowly followed, still taking in the new information in.

›Seems just yesterday you two went out to dinner, and you promised to see her next weekend for drinks.

›Pausing by a small store, you looked inside, looking at the liquor cabinet.

›Dash, who had walked a few paces ahead of you, turned and looked back, wondering a moment why you stopped.

›You held up a finger, signaling her to wait a moment and stepped inside, grabbing a bottle of apple whiskey and two shot glasses.

›30 bits was a kind of steep, but it was worth it.

›You walked back out to Dash, who looked at the bottle curiously.

"I'll explain when we get there."

›The cemetery wasn't much farther, though it took a few minutes to find the right tombstone.

›But there it was.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UCmUhYSr-e4>



➤SPITFIRE. SECOND ERA. 1816-1839. WONDERBOLT AND FRIEND.

"Sorry I'm late buddy. Drinks are on me."

➤You unscrewed the top of the bottle, pouring the contents in the shot glasses and drank one.

➤For the other, you dumped it out onto the ground in front of the tombstone.

"We did some stupid shit together, had some good times. You take care of yourself up there in Elysium. Maybe I'll meet up with you there."

➤"You ok Anon?"

"Yeah, I just need a moment. This is a lot to wake up to..."

➤"I'm here if you need me Anon."

➤Dash set a hoof on your shoulder as you sat there a minute in silence, paying your respects.

"I think I'm going back to the castle, tell the other Wonderbolts I'm alright will you?"

➤"Sure thing Anon. Maybe you can come out with us Friday for some drinks?"

"Sure Dashie. Congrats on the Wonderbolt position. First drink is on me to celebrate."

➤You tussled her colorful mane and began the walk back to castle, parting with Rainbow half way at her house

➤Back in the castle, you began packing your bags once more, slinging them over your shoulder and looking around at the room, ensuring you didn't leave anything behind.

➤Satisfied, you made your way into the hallway, and up to Luna's room once more.

➤Inside, she was lazily lying on her bed in the dark room, while Dusk and Dawn slept under her wing.

➤You closed the door, and she raised her head, looking at you.

➤ "Shhh... they're sleeping. Back so soon?"

"The reunion didn't go as planned. Spitfire's... gone."

➤ "As in...?"

➤ You nodded, sitting on the bed next to your family.

➤ "Are you ok?"

"I'm just tired... tired of fighting, tired of death... tired of losing the ones closest to many."

➤ Luna remained silent, nuzzling your shoulder to comfort you.

"I'm done. I just want to live a happy life. With you. The kids. And my friends."

➤ "Then make it so. There are no more threats to Equestria, thou should enjoy the peace while it lasts."

"I guess you're right."

➤ "I am right. Now come dear, lay with me. I've missed your touch..."

➤ You obliged your lady, laying behind her, pulling her close and sighing.

➤ Peace at last.

## EPILOUGE

➤ You lay in bed, thinking back on your life up to this point, surrounded by your family.

➤ Dusk was all grown up by regular pOny, his adventurous attitude never fading.

➤ Seems every other week he was off in the forests or the deserts, exploring.

➤ When you were younger, you often went with him, strengthening the father son bond you two had shared since he was born.

➤ Damn you were proud of him.

‣Dawn turned out just like her mother, probably from all the time they spent together while you and Dusk were camping.

‣Smart, intellectual, and a proper young lady, you'd be lying if you said you weren't proud of her too.

‣And you couldn't forget the moment they earned their cutie marks.

‣Dusk's was a half moon, while Dawn's was a rising sun.

‣Discord, despite escaping Tartarus, didn't mess with Equestria again, mostly in fear of another battle like your last.

‣Instead, he lived his life far away in a distant land, knowing what would happen should he come back.

‣You were ok with that, as long as he didn't threaten your home, or your family.

‣Luna hadn't really changed over the years, she turned out to be a great mother.

‣Rainbow Dash had grown old with you. She was one hell of a Wonderbolt, and every bit of a friend as Spitfire had been

‣Hell, the two were almost identical in personality.

‣Speaking of Spitfire, you visited her grave almost every weekend, drinking a shot of her favorite whiskey, and pouring a shot on her grave.

‣Cadence and Shining Armor had a kid not too long after the invasion, and named the little unicorn colt Cupid, your suggestion.

‣The little unicorn had become fast friends with Dawn and Dusk, given they were the only ones in the palace around the same age.

‣Enough about the past though, it's time to take in the present.

‣Your friends had already paid their pre-death respects to you while you laid here on your death bed, leaving only Luna, Dusk, and Dawn at your bedside.

‣"Dad... why do you have to die so soon?"

"It's just the way humans are buddy."

‣Poor guy looked like he was about to cry, but he was too tough to actually do it.

"It's ok to cry Dusk. The strongest of stallions do."

‣There were the tears, as if he was waiting for permission.

‣You extended a wrinkled old hand out at rustled his silver mane one more time.

"Never change, either of you. You both have grown up so much in my short life. I'm so proud of both of you, and I love you both."

‣You turned to Luna, looking up at your love one last time.

"And I will always love you Luna."

‣There were tears all around as you extended a hand and brushed her mane once more, allowing he to nuzzle it.

‣"I love you too Anon, always."

‣Your vision faded for the final time in your life, and you closed your eyes.

‣It was really just like falling asleep.

‣No pain, nothing.

‣The blackness was soon replaced by a light, and you found yourself on a cloud, just like you did all those years ago right before you made your first venture into Tartarus.

‣"Anonymous? What are you doing here?"

‣You slowly picked yourself up off the ground taking in your surroundings.

‣Queen Galaxia stood in front of you, her smile pleasant, but her eyes filled with questions.

"I'm dead your majesty. Humans don't live as long as Alicorns."

‣"Indeed... this will not do. I'm not really supposed to do this, are you familiar with the phoenix?"

"Of course, the fiery bird that dies, only to reborn from the ashes."

>"And so you shall be, take care of my daughter Anonymous, and my grandchildren."

>There was a flash of light, forcing you to shut your eyes once more.

>When you opened them, you found yourself back on your death bed, your family still crying beside you.

"Your mother says hi Luna."

>The three alicorns raised their heads and looked with teary eyes at the reborn you, your body returning to its prime in a flash of light.

>"DAD!" both kids yelled, tackling you back onto the bed.

>Luna rushed over, kissing you passionately.

>"EWWWWW!"

"Get used to it."

>"I don't understand..."

"Like the phoenix I will die, but each time I will rise from my ashes. In short, you guys aren't getting rid of me any time soon."

And so you lived out your years alongside Luna and kids, until the day came for Luna and Celestia to move on to governing Tartarus and Elysium, leaving Dawn and Dusk in charge. Even then you stuck beside Luna, helping her watch over Tartarus and its scum until the day you both left for Elysium together, to live out Eternity together.