

in PLANE SiGHT

STORY AND ILLUSTRATOR BY LOVELESS NOVA

TURN INTO FICTION BY DIRTY LITTLE SECRET (FIMFICTION)

Chapter One : Plane Meet Pony

It started with a routine patrol along the border of the Everfree Forest, as these sorts of stories usually do. I cruised along the outskirts of the trees, gliding on the smooth night winds. Dawn was already a dim glow on the horizon – my shift would be over soon.

And then I spotted her.

I didn't know what it was at first, just some crumpled pinkish object under the eaves of the outermost trees. But this was a patrol mission, and I had orders to investigate anything unusual, especially if it might be some kind of threat preparing to venture out of the forest's borders and into any of the small towns nearby.

So I angled down toward this unusual intruder into Equestria, unaware of how she would soon intrude into my life.

It wasn't moving.

Cautiously, I approached the huddled pink shape. It lay at the base of one of the gnarled Everfree trees, the kind that defies all identification and lives only in this forest. It was some sort of creature, though none like I had ever seen before.

Perhaps I should have gone back and called for backup right at that moment, but something about her told me that she wouldn't harm me, though I wasn't sure why. I'd certainly been on the job long enough to know that creatures from the Everfree wouldn't necessarily be safe just because they were pink ... or cute. And she was cute. As strange as her form was, all sleek and smooth with strangely flat limbs that stuck out to either side, her proportions were not much larger than my own ... and she wore a frilled pink bonnet on her head. It definitely was a 'she', I was sure. I'd seen pink stallions before, but never one wearing something like that. And I'd seen dangerous creatures that were pink, but again, never one that wore a pink bonnet...

That settled it. If she wasn't a dangerous creature, then she must be a friendly creature in need of help – and I knew exactly what to do in such a situation.

I rushed to her side and tried to take a pulse, or check her breathing. No discernible pulse, though I hardly had any idea where to look for one. Not much in the way of breathing ... and she didn't seem to breathe in and out, more of a constant, whistling stream. She was alive, but she hadn't reacted to my prodding ... definitely unconscious. I'd have to take her back to my battalion's outpost for medical treatment.

When I went to scoop her up, I found that she was heavy. Heavier than her size would suggest. She was only a little bigger than me, but she seemed to weigh twice as much.

No matter. Us night guards don't do strength training every evening for nothing. With a grunt, I hefted her up on my back and began lumbering toward our outpost. Flying would be impossible while supporting her, but our outpost wasn't far. If I was lucky, I would get there at least before noon.

* * *

“Ngh ... wha?”

The noise from my back startled me a little. Okay, maybe a lot. When I jumped to the side, she slipped off my back and rolled into the tall grass.

“Ouch! You idiot! You're—” she poked her nose up out of the grass and saw me for the first time “—oh wow, you're...”

I rushed up to her. “Are you okay?”

“Ugh! Do I look okay to you?” She looked away, glanced back at me, then steadfastly away again.

“I, um... I'm sorry. I've never met anyone like you before.” I had no idea how she was supposed to look if she was okay. Approaching her much more cautiously now, getting close but not too close, I tried to look her over for injuries again. “Are you hurt? I can take you to my battalion's medics.”

To my surprise, she lifted right up out of the grass and hovered above it. “Like I would ever need a medic, hmpf!” She flew higher, rotating as she prepared to blast away ... but then she glanced back at me over her tail fins. She seemed to hesitate in midair, as if she wasn't sure where to go...

“Are you alright?”

Suddenly, she swooped back down to the ground, landing with her pale, smooth belly up. “Ach! Oh no! I do need a medic!” She glanced at me. “Um, probably.”

“Okay... Sure.” I came toward her.

“Ew, no I don't! Don't touch me!” She shot up to hover above the ground again before I could try to carry her.

“Oh, so you're okay to fly?”

“Of course I am!”

“But maybe we should keep it to a walk. Or in your case ... hover?” I didn't want to see her crash again, even though I had no idea who or what she was, but she sure didn't have any legs, so she wouldn't be walking anywhere.

She jetted around behind me and hovered there. When I looked back at her, she glanced away dismissively.

“Come on, then, this way,” I told her. Whatever she was, my battalion commander would know what to do with her. And now that I didn't have to carry her, we could probably get there before morning.

She followed close behind me, which made my flanks tingle, out of nervousness or whatever else, I wasn't sure.

Fear, I decided. Fear of the unknown. Ever since the Element of Language accident broke the fourth wall so hard it shattered, new species of creatures had been appearing all over these woods, most of them unfriendly. At least this one seemed friendly, but I knew nothing about her. Now that she was conscious, though, maybe I could find out a little more. “So, um,” I asked, trying to sound casual, “what's your name?”

“Tsunderplane.”

“That's an ... odd name.” And kind of difficult to pronounce. “Um, can I just call you 'Planny'?” I glanced back at her with a smile.

Tsunderplane turned her nose up at me. “Hmpf!”

I resisted the urge to chuckle. “So...?”

“I guess you can call me whatever you want.” She huffed again. “Not like I care or anything.”



I turned back to look where we were going, but my smile didn't go away. “So where are you from, Planny?”

There followed a long moment of silence.

“Planny? Um, I'm sorry, I can call you Tsunderplane if you want.”

“It's not that,” she said. “It's just... You made me realize I don't remember much.”

“Well, what do you remember?” Any information about where she came from would be very valuable, I was sure.

“There was this truck... The last thing I remembered was throwing myself in front of the truck to save a child with a striped shirt. And boom, I'm here. Where am I, anyway?”

What kind of monster was this 'truck'? I'd never heard of such a thing. Did it have the power to send someone to another dimension?

I stopped walking. “Oh, wait, that was really rude of me, wasn't it? Here I am, demanding your name, but I never gave you mine. I'm Knight Guard. Yes, I know it's pretty obvious, given my profession. And believe me, I've heard all of the jokes.”

Tsunderplane looked around. “And where is this?”

“This is Equestria, on the borders of the Everfree Forest.”

She looked at me strangely. “Never heard of it. But I guess I never bothered searching the internet deep enough to know every single place there is.”

The internet, huh? She sure was using a lot of words I'd never heard of before. But I supposed that would be a question for another time. “It's my assigned patrol route, and I'm taking you back to my—”

“To your outpost, for medics, yes yes. I remember. I'm not stupid.”

I looked back at her. “I'm sorry if I...”

“Just go already,” she said, turning tail for a moment. “Geez, you're such a... Ugh!”

And so we went. I figured it would be best to tell her a little about my world, so I tried to give her a brief introduction to it. Tsunderplane didn't reply. She would occasionally make a little sound under her breath as if she was annoyed with me for some reason. But, somehow, I knew she was still listening avidly, curious about this new world she'd fallen into.

The familiar ground passed quickly and relatively easily – even on the borders of the Everfree, this was a fairly tame part of Equestria. But it did end up being a little farther than I thought. Distances always seem so much shorter by air.

Soon enough, I spotted the familiar wooden palisades of our little fort's outer wall. This was a standard Everfree outpost, with a battalion of night guards and a cohort of day guards – one huge barracks building surrounded by an exercise yard and then a low outer wall. It was just one of several built around the borders of the forest now that it had become more dangerous than ever ... but this one was my home, and it felt good to be going back.

Tsunderplane didn't seem to like the looks of it much ... she hovered along closer and closer to me as we approached. Through the strategic buffer of open field.

Two unicorn guards challenged me when I came up to the front gate. Drat! That meant I'd already missed shift change, and it also meant I'd be getting leftovers for dinner.

“Identify yourself!” said Spear Shake, looking down at us from the left gate tower sternly.

“Give it a rest,” the other unicorn guard said. “It's obviously just Knight, coming back from his patrol.” Glory Shine looked down at us. “Who's that you've got with you, Knight?”

“This is Tsunderplane, a ... creature I found in sector sixteen. She seems friendly, but she needs medical attention.”

Glory looked at Tsunderplane with unveiled curiosity. “What ... is she?”

Tsunderplane hid herself behind me as best as she could ... which wasn't very well. I scratched the back of my mane. “I don't really know, I guess...”

“If you're going to bring that monster into the outpost, you have to go straight to the garrison officer for approval.” Spear Shake scowled at my new companion.

I smiled, despite his slur. That requirement would be no problem. Lieutenant Colonel Moon Breeze was the commander of the night guards here, and she and I were on great terms. I was sure she'd have no problem in seeing that Tsunderplane was harmless.

“And wipe that grin off your face!” Spear Shake nearly shouted. “It's after shift change, so you won't be going to your undisciplined bat buddies – Colonel Longshield is the officer on duty now, so you'll be reporting to him!”

Guano! Colonel Longshield was as strict of a commander as they came. It was no wonder that stiff day guards like Spear Shake looked up to him so much. And of course, he didn't really trust us bat ponies these days ... not since the Fluffentuft incident, and especially not after the second Fluffentuft incident.

“Don't worry about that,” Glory said. “I'm sure the Colonel will be fair and firm as always.” She pulled the rope to open the gate. “Come on in! He should be up on the parapet, just like every morning.”

Nodding, I stepped through the gate. It would be a breach of security protocols to simply fly over the wall. This should be normal, routine ... but for some reason I felt nervous about it. I suppose it was on Tsunderplane's behalf. Even though I'd just gotten to know her and we'd barely talked, I was already beginning to feel a little bit protective ... especially when heading toward introducing her to Colonel Longshield. I found myself inordinately worried about how he would treat Tsunderplane, when really it should be none of my concern.

Once we were inside the gate, I looked up at the roof of the barracks. In the morning glare, I could already see the Colonel pacing back and forth up there as he watched his troops exercise on the field below. I glanced back at Tsunderplane. “Do you think you can fly up to the roof with me? It would save us a lot of stairs.”

She huffed. “Just to the roof? Of course I can fly to the roof! What do you think I am, a cement truck?”

“I, um... I'm sorry.” I had no idea what she was, or what a cement truck was, for that matter. “I just wanted to make sure you weren't too injured to fly that far...”

The sunglasses-esque tinted glass that served as her eyes narrowed a bit. Suddenly, she zoomed right up toward the roof, making me struggle to keep up with her. But she never got too far ahead, even though I got the impression that she was flying much slower than she could have.

I raised an eyebrow. “So are you injured at all...?” But there would be no point in calling her out on it, so I merely followed her to the barracks roof.

We landed on the roof, a respectful distance from the Colonel. Well, I landed. Tsunderplane chose to hover along just above the rooftop.

A couple of pegasus day guards accompanied him, of course, but they knew me by sight. After a glance at the Colonel for confirmation, one of them gestured us forward. “Colonel Longshield will see you now.”

The Colonel was by far the oldest guardspony I'd ever known. He kept his mane buzzed down to almost nothing, and his wrinkles only made him look tougher. He carried his namesake full-body shield strapped to his back.

I approached him and gave him my best salute – which, if his scowl was anything to go by, still wasn't quite snappy enough for his tastes. But he did return the salute and order me to report.

“Sir, Guardspony First Class Knight Guard reporting. Identified one unknown creature in sector sixteen at approximately zero-five-hundred hours. This creature was—”

“Say it plainly, Guardspony! No pony has time for all that.”

I nodded to acknowledge that, then spoke much more easily, “I found this creature unconscious on the outer edge of the Everfree Forest. She appeared to be alive, but injured, so I decided to bring her in for medical attention and identification. Midway through the trip, she woke up, and I learned that her name is Tsunderplane, that she came from another world where she appears to have sacrificed herself to save someone else, and that she remembers little else of that world. Requesting permission to take her to the medics for examination.”

Colonel Longshield flicked his hoof to motion me aside, and when I stepped out of his way, he stepped forward and studied Tsunderplane closely.

“Hey!” she cried out when he got a bit too close. “A little personal space, please!”

He harrumphed, but he did step back. “What are you, and what are you doing in Equestria?”

She crossed her wings in front of her and looked away, but after a long moment's pause, it became clear that everypony – even me – expected her to answer. Finally, she cracked. “I'm Tsunderplane, that's what I am! And I'm not doing anything. I'm just here, okay? Geez.”

“Hm.” The Colonel glanced at one of his bodyguards for a moment, then back at her. “Rude, and no respect for proper authority, but it doesn't seem anything like the other evil monsters we've been getting.”

“So she can stay?” I asked all too eagerly. Even I cringed at the tone in my own voice.

Colonel Longshield raised an eyebrow at me and chuckled darkly. “Oh, so it's like that, is it?” He snorted. “Well, I will allow it to stay at the garrison, at least until the point where it's received medical attention and the Princess of Magic has come to identify it and send it back where it came from.” Before I could so much as smile, he dropped the next part of his order: “And so long as it remains in this garrison, you will personally accompany and monitor its activities, filing daily reports. You will be personally responsible for all of its actions. Is that clear?”

“But, Sir, the next two days are scheduled to be my weekend. I'm supposed to be off tomorrow and the next day.”

“Is that clear?”

“I understand, Sir, but would it be possible to assign someone else to---”

“You are dismissed, Guardspony.” Colonel Longshield promptly turned and marched back to the edge of the roof. He immediately began yelling something about how lazy the guardsponies down below him were.

I sighed. “Thank you, Sir.” Giving him an un-retuned salute, I looked back at Tsunderplane. “Well, Planny, it looks like we're going to be stuck together for a while.”

“Duh. I can hear.” She gave me a condescending barrel roll.

“So, should we take you to the medics now?”

“No – I feel fine now.”

I shook my head. “Of course you do.”

“I was probably just hungry. You people must have some kind of refueling station around here, right?”

“Well, there's the chow hall, if that's what you mean...”

She jetted over to the stairs that went down into the barracks building. “Fine. Come on, let's go.”

I caught up with her easily ... mostly because she had no idea where to go once she got to the first landing and was presented with two doors and a stairway downward. But I stopped for a moment, not giving her any hint which way to go. “If you didn't really need medical help, then why did you come with me?”

“I thought I was hurt. It's not like I like you or anything. Ugh, why would I like you?” She made a gagging motion.

“But you weren't really hurt, you were just hungry?”

“Um, yeah. Duh.” She looked away. “Idiot.”

I sighed and shook my head. “Right. Well, the chow hall is down this way, come on.”

* * *

Thankfully, when we got to the chow hall, it was nearly empty. All the night guards had already come and gone, and only a few of the off-duty day guards were still here, picking over the remains of their breakfasts.

The cooks and the guards with kitchen duties still bustled and clanked around in the kitchen, but when I brought Tsunderplane up to the counter, only one bored-looking unicorn guard was there. “Too late for breakfast,” he said. Then he waved his hoof over the grungy food left on the counter. “But you're free to have some leftovers.”

I looked over the cold pancakes and greasy scrambled eggs with a cringe. But there were still some fruits left, and they wouldn't go bad that fast, so I grabbed an apple and a couple oranges, and also a carton of milk that was hopefully still a little bit cold.

Tsunderplane, though... She looked over the leftover food and frowned, sniffing at it fitfully.

“Come on,” I told her, “It's not that bad.”

But she just kept sniffing around, gradually drawing farther and farther away from the actual food. She ended up drawing toward one of the flickering lights near the corner of the ceiling. After a long, hard sniff as she hovered right up next to it, she shot back to the counter and stared down the unicorn there. “Those lights! What are they burning?”

The Guardspony looked up at the nearest light. “Well, this is a pretty remote outpost, and they haven't routed any magic power lines here yet,

so our lights burn, um...?" He seemed at a loss for the word, but then dug around underneath the counter for a moment. "Oh, right. Kerosene," he said, holding up a small bottle.

Tsunderplane swiped the bottle from his hooves before he could even blink. And before I could do anything about it, she jetted off to one of the empty tables.

I looked over at the guardspony and shrugged. "She's, um ... different. Is it going to be a problem that she...?"

"No, no." He waved his hoof at me. "Don't worry about it. We've got lots of those bottles, and it's not my job to keep track of 'em."

"Okay, thanks." With a nod, I took my food and followed to the table where Tsunderplane waited for me.

"Ugh, what took you so long?" she asked. "It's not like I have to wait for you or anything, but then I try to be nice and you make me wait so long!"

It wasn't really that long, and I had been covering up for her stealing ... but that wasn't my biggest concern at the moment. I set my tray down and pointed at the bottle of kerosene she clutched with the tip of her wing. "Planny... Are you really sure you can drink that?"

"I'm a machine monster, you idiot. What do you expect me to drink? Apple juice?"

I watched in trepidation as she lifted it to her mouth and began greedily gulping down kerosene. The smell of the lamp fuel was overpowering.

A moment later, a strange look came over Tsunderplane's face. She grew pale as she stopped drinking. Just as I was about to ask her if she was

okay, the kerosene came spewing back up. Tsunderplane trembled and sweated as she threw it up all over the table ... and all over my food.

With a sick, droning whine, she went down face-first on the floor, the kerosene bottle tumbling away.

I leapt up from the table and screamed for a medic – keeping Tsunderplane save was going to be even harder than I thought!



Chapter Two : Plane Meet Food

After too long a time waiting, I finally heard Tsunderplane come to with a groan. I was the first thing she saw when she cracked her eyes open again.

A strange look came over her face. “You... Wow. You really do care about me.”

“What? I was just doing what I was ordered to – monitor you at all times. It's not like I like you or anything.” I slipped in a sly wink.

“Hey!” She shot up in bed. “Don't you dare do that! Don't you dare!”

“Dare to do what?” I asked, with all the innocent sincerity I could muster. It was only thanks to guard training that I managed to keep a straight face for as long as I did.

She laughed first, breaking out into a contagious giggle. It broke through to me in no time, and I couldn't help but laugh alongside her.

When the laughter died down, though, she held her wings to her belly. “Ugh... Why do I feel so bad, though?”

The on-duty medic walked back into the little room. “Ah, good, you're awake. And I'm glad you asked that.” He was a unicorn, grey like most of the day guard unicorns, but he wore a doctor's smock instead of their usual golden armor.

Tsunderplane regarded him with blatant suspicion.

He patently ignored the look she was giving him, and he continued, “I shouldn't need to explain such things, one would think, but your body is clearly incompatible with kerosene fuel.”

Tsunderplane scoffed. “I've always eaten that kind of thing. You, um, ponies don't know anything about me. I'm a machine, after all.”

“No, no you aren't.” He used his magic to pick a clipboard off the nearby countertop and float it over to her. “While you were out, we took the liberty of running a few tests. And it's clear that your body is quite biological – even though it's nothing like any other we've ever seen. Almost dolphin-like, actually, though there are obvious differences. We still don't know how you manage to fly without moving your wings ... some kind of magic, probably.”

“I, I'm not...” Tsunderplane looked at me for confirmation, but what did I know about that kind of thing?

Since she wasn't looking at the chart he showed her, the medic took it away again. “The important part is that you seem to have vomited up most of the kerosene, and what's left doesn't look to be a life-threatening dose. If your body works the way these tests suggest, you should probably be able to process the remaining toxins within a few hours and make a full recovery.” He looked up at her again. “Do you need anything?”

She held a wing against her stomach and grimaced. “Ugh... No, I don't need anything. Nothing at all.”

“I can't do anything about the stomach pain yet, unfortunately. We don't know if our medicines would work properly on your biology. As I said, it should start feeling better within a few hours – call for me if it gets significantly worse. Oh, and in the meantime, perhaps it wouldn't hurt to eat some real food, something high in fiber to help absorb the toxins and flush them out of your system.” He turned to leave. “Now, if you'll excuse me, I do have other patients to tend. One of the day guard sergeants challenged the others to a 'loyalty contest' – a barbarically stupid and inexplicably popular competition of who can stare directly

into the sun the longest. I have quite a few retinal reconstruction potions to administer.”

As the medic left us together, I looked back at Tsunderplane. “I hope you don't feel too bad. Maybe you'd like to try some real food, like the doctor said?”

“Ugh, like I'd ever want any of your gross biological pony food.” Another stomach spasm hit her, and she writhed back and forth on the bed a little. She looked over and stared at me. “How can you even live in a weak biological body like this? What good is it? It's utterly worthless.”

I took out the apple I'd saved from my own meal – which I'd managed to clean most of the kerosene vomit off of – and began slicing it with the knife that comes standard-issue with night guard armor.

Tsunderplane obliquely watched me slice it, carefully hiding her interest. She frowned again as her stomach panged. “These biological bodies are just completely pointless! They're—”



I stuffed an apple slice into her mouth.

At first, she protested, struggling away from me and making exaggerated gagging motions. But then her glassy eyes opened wide as she actually began to chew it. She sat up in her hospital bed – the medics had clothed her in a sterile green hospital smock, which draped over her frame and wings in an almost comically misfitting way, but she didn't seem to take much notice of that. Instead, she stared at the remaining apple slices in my hooves.

“Did you like it?” I asked.

She glanced away. “It was ... acceptable.” But no matter what she said, I just had to look. Her tail section was much more honest: wagging under the hospital sheets almost like a dog's. It was... It was actually pretty adorable.

“Feel like having another slice?”

“Pfft, no!” She crossed her wings in front of her.

Deliberately, I looked away, as if checking to see if the medic was coming back or not. And sure enough, the moment I wasn't looking, her wing swiped all of the apple slices out of my hooves. By the time I looked at her, the only evidence remaining of them was her stuffed cheeks.

She chewed quietly, with happiness in her eyes ... and I politely declined to notice what had happened to my apple slices.

* * *

We talked for a long time, about her world and mine. And we both learned quite a lot as Tsunderplane began to feel better and better.

Eventually – based on some arcane metrics – the medic on duty said that she was 'fit for duty', even though she didn't have any duties. The pertinent thing, though, was that she was discharged from the infirmary and sent on her way along with me.

Which left us quite without any direction.

I asked Tsunderplane if she'd like to take a tour of the garrison, if she'd like to go for a short flying exercise, if she'd like to go to my quarters and rest, and even if she felt like eating again. Of course, she refused each and every one of them ... and it was beyond me to tell which refusals were sincere and which were not.

So, after we drifted through the halls a little, we ended up at my quarters anyway.

Since I'd been on the force for more than three years, I had my own private room with a bed and a desk. It wasn't much – it was tiny, honestly – but it was mine, and even my commander was supposed to ask permission before entering. Though ... honestly, that bit of privacy was only a technicality – she could always just order me to give her permission to enter.

But, humble as it was, I invited Tsunderplane inside.

She glanced around, obviously unimpressed. “This is your hangar?”

“My, uh...?”

“Where you sleep.”

I nodded. “Such as it is.”

She looked around it again. “It's so ... small.”

“Yeah, um... Sorry about that. It's probably going to get even smaller when we get a second bed in here for you.” I looked around, wondering where we could even put it. And then wondering about other things. “That is ... if you even sleep in a bed. Or something else...? Do you even sleep?”

Tsunderplane didn't seem keen to answer, though. She was distracted, glancing around, her eyes pinched at the corners. Her tail fins pivoted from side to side anxiously.

“Um, Planny... Is something wrong? Is your stomach hurting again?”

She pointedly looked away from me – which meant she ended up staring straight at a wall. “Pfft. No. I'm fine!”

“There is something wrong. Tell me! If you'd just talk to me, maybe we can avoid another trip down to the infirmary.”

She glanced back at me, then looked resolutely away. But after a few moments of her tail squirming, she turned back toward me. “It's... It's... Oh, you wouldn't know.”

“Come on!”

Was she actually blushing a little? She wouldn't meet my eyes, instead staring down at my feet as she continued to fidget in midair. “There's, um, something wrong with my rear landing gear bay. It kind of hurts and it doesn't feel good.”

“Your what?”

She reached a winglet down and pointed at a tightly closed crevice on her belly, just a little above her tail fins.

Now it was my turn to blush. “Um, Planny...”

Tsunderplane watched me intently, a growing urgency in her eyes.

“Well, um, I saw the medic while he was running his tests and, um...” I glanced down at her problem area, then pointedly looked away. Why was my armor feeling so hot all of the sudden? “Well, that's not a 'landing gear bay', whatever that is. It's a... It's, um...” I gulped, unable to say the word.

She tilted her body upward and looked down at me scornfully. “Of course it's a landing gear bay. Look, I'll extend my wheels!” A momentary look of effort passed over her face, and then the little hatch on her underbelly split open and slid apart to either side ... revealing what was obviously a tender pink pussy underneath.

I blanched and covered my eyes. “Aah! I shouldn't be seeing that!” Why did it look so ... so real?

Her responding groan was utterly dismissive. “What? It's just my landing g—” She looked down, and she shrieked. “What is that? What is it! Ugh! It's all fleshy and gross! What the heck did you ponies do with my landing gear?”

Breathing deeply and trying to stay cool, I spoke slowly and clearly, “It's part of being a biological creature. A ... female one, specifically. That's your, um...” I had to steel myself and force the word out. “That's your vaginal opening.”

“Ew...” She reached down and touched it. “What's it for?”

I sputtered. “Just... Just put it away already!”

“Huh? Does it bother you?”

“I am not supposed to be seeing that. Just put it away, okay?”

After an eloquent shrug of her wings, Tsunderplane acquiesced. She closed the little hatch on her belly with a little mechanical whir, hiding her unmentionable parts away. “There. Better? Now tell me what that thing is for, right now! And what am I supposed to do without wheels, huh?”

“It's um, for...”

“Spit it out already!”

“Well, um, it's for a few different things.” I scratched the back of my neck and looked away, wishing there was somepony – anypony – else here who could explain this to her instead of me having to do it. Shouldn't a mare be the one to tell her these things?

“Stop being so vague! What things is it for?”

Deep breath. Okay, I knew I could do this, I just had to come out and say it. “It's mostly for two things: peeing and sex.” Okay, there it was. Done. Perfect.

Her pink unibrow quirked up at me on one side. “For what and what?”

Because of course she didn't know what those words meant. Why did this have to be so awkward? “It's for the, um ... the elimination of liquid waste and well, um...”

“And what?”

“And...” I struggled for a moment to find a word I could dare use in front of her. “And for reproduction.”

“Ugh, all these weird biological words. How am I ever supposed to...”
She cringed, curling her tail fins inward toward each other.

“And if my guess is right, then your problem is probably that, well, you need to pee.”

She frowned, but her eyes looked up at me hopefully. “If I do, will it feel better?”

“Oh, definitely. Way better.”

She nodded resolutely. “Okay, so how do I do it?”

“Huh?”

“How do I pee?”

I raised my hoof to make a point, but then drew a blank. For a few moments, my lips moved without any words coming out. But eventually, there was only one thing I could think of. And I was supposed to monitor her at all times... I sighed. “Come on, let's go to the bathrooms.” On the way out of my room's door, I looked back at her. “Just promise me you won't tell anypony about this, okay?”

Tsunderplane nodded urgently. Her 'problem' must have been getting pretty bad by now.

We hurried down the hall to the shared restrooms, and I herded her into one of the private stalls with me.

And then it was just me, Tsunderplane, and a toilet, all crammed into one tiny room. Breathing space was at a premium.

“Okay,” I told her, “now sit on the toilet and, um ... open that, uh, thing again.”

She glared at me. “Does it look like sitting is a thing I do?”

“Oh, well, um ... maybe hover over it, I guess?”

Huffing at me, she did as I said, gliding over the toilet bowl and opening that ... hatch of hers.

I looked away, planting my face against the door. “Okay, now just go. That's all there is to it.”

“Go ... where? I am not going down that nasty little hole! I won't even fit!”

“No, no, I mean just pee into it.” I cringed, running my hoof through my mane. This would all be over soon, and then I'd just never talk about it again. Why was it my job to teach her this stuff?

She grunted, and I hoped to hear the tell-tale trickle ... but nothing came. “I'm trying,” she said. “I'm squeezing as hard as I can, and it's not working! Come on! You're supposed to tell me how to do it.”

Could I have possibly been blushing any harder? Studiously trying to ignore the situation I was in, I forced myself to breathe and try to relax ... which, come to mention it... “Don't squeeze. Just relax and let it flow. If you need to pee this bad, it should be pretty easy.”

“Mmnh!” Tsunderplane struggled for a few more minutes. “It's not working. Come over here and make it work!”

“I ... I can't do that!”

“What are you doing hiding in the corner, anyway? Come over here and help me!” There was an edge of anger in her voice, as if she was the victim of some great injustice.

I didn't leave my corner. “No pony can help you pee ... you just have to do it. Just relax and let it go.”

“Relax? Easy for you to say – you don't know what this feels like! My undercarriage feels like it's going to explode!”

I glared back at her, then immediately regretted looking and went back to my corner. But I did answer her. “Every pony knows how this feels. Every biological creature I know of goes through this sometimes. Don't be such a big baby about it.”

“What did you just say to me?”

Oh, why couldn't this be over already? “Just relax and let it go. Trust me.”

“No no no! You don't get to call me a big baby and then just say 'Trust me'! I am going to drop so many bombs on your—” A few drops tinkled into the toilet bowl. “Eep!” And then came the waterworks. From the sound of the stream spraying mostly in the toilet bowl, it was actually kind of impressive in a way. “Oh wow,” she mumbled, “that does feel better...”

It kept on going for a while ... uncomfortably long. Maybe I should have just left her alone in the room with a toilet and let her figure it out on her own. I wished that I had.

I could feel her shudder behind me as the last few drips plinked into the water. “Okay, are you done?”

Her little hatch whirred closed. “Mmm, yes... Much better. I almost wish I could do it again.”

I turned back to look at her. “Really?”

“Wha... No! I mean... Ugh, stupid biological body. Why should I even have to do this in the first place?” There she was ... my question must have brought her back to herself. “It stinks in here. Let's go.”

“Hold on!” I grabbed her tail fin as she tried to jet out through the door.

“Huh? Why?”

“You're supposed to flush it before you leave.”

She just stared at me skeptically, hovering there in the doorway.

I sighed. “Okay, I'm going to demonstrate for you just this once, but from now on, you need to do this yourself after every time you use the bathroom.” I stepped over to the toilet and flicked the flush handle. The mess on the side of the toilet and on the floor could wait – somehow, I was sure that Tsunderplane wouldn't be amenable to cleaning up her own mess right now. Whichever guard had messed up bad enough to get privy duty could take care of it. And Tsunderplane's aim would probably improve in time. I certainly made my share of such messes when I was first learning as a young colt.

As soon as the toilet finished flushing, Tsunderplane wagged her wings. “Is that it?”

“Yes, that's it.”

“Finally! Let's go!”

Before we got even halfway down the hall, a day guard messenger stopped us. “Oh, there you are, Knight Guard.” He smiled. “I couldn't find you anywhere, not in your quarters, or in—”

“What did you need me for? Have my orders been changed?”

He craned his neck to the side to look past us. “What were you doing in the bathroom with that thing, anyway?”

“Don't ask.” I averted my gaze, hoping that he wouldn't be able to see the heat I felt in my cheeks. “Just tell me, do you have a message for me?”

“Oh, yes. Right.” The messenger blinked at me for a moment, then carefully recited, “The Office of Peculiar Event Management is pleased to inform you that the Princess of Friendship has personally reclassified your case as a top priority, and that she will be expecting you at the Friendship Castle no later than tomorrow evening to investigate this creature and, if possible, return it to where it came from.”

I nodded. “Thank you.” Good. So it looked like my time with Tsunderplane wouldn't be too long after all.

But why didn't I feel happy about that?

Chapter Three : Plane Meet Princess

We stayed in my own quarters for the rest of that day. It would be a long flight to the Friendship Castle, and I was already more than exhausted. I had no desire to try and make the flight with the sun burning my eyes the whole way.

Tsunderplane had been kind of weird about the sleeping arrangements, of course. At first, she had insisted that she didn't need a bed, that she wasn't tired. Her inability to hide her own yawns was proof enough against that. Then I offered her my bed, to which she somehow took a startling amount of offense. In the end, I'd managed to wrangle a cot from the field supply room, and she ended up sleeping on that, since I couldn't convince her to take my nicer bed by any means.

The rest of the day had passed mercifully without incident, and now we were both comfortably cruising along, high in the cool night air.

The countryside below looked gorgeous in the silver moonlight. Unfortunately, my traveling companion wasn't quite as serene as the landscape below us. She kept pointing out every farmer's cottage and every grain mill below us, asking, "Is that it?" "Is that it?" "What about that one?"

"No," I told her for the thousandth time. "It's far, far taller than those, and it's all made of purple crystal. You'll know it when you see it."

"Ooh, ooh! That one has to be it!"

Purple was an odd choice of color for a grain silo, but... "No, that's not it, either. Just stop. I'll tell you when we're there."

Finally, we were able to cover a few more leagues in blissful silence. It helped that we were now passing over the Whitetail Wood, and there weren't any more buildings for her to point at and ask about.

Eventually, that wasn't enough to keep her quiet anymore, though. “Knight,” she asked, “when we get there, is she ... going to dissect me?”

My eyes shot over to her. “Dissect you? No! Of course not!”

“But what if she wants to?”

“She won't.”

A few more moments of silence, nothing but the sound of the wind passing by.

“Yeah ... but what if she does?”

I let myself glide a little closer to her. “I won't let her. I'll break you out of there before she can ever do anything like that. Do you trust me?”

Tsunderplane looked at me for a moment, then angled her wings to veer away from me a little and keep her distance the same.

I would have been disheartened ... if I hadn't caught her looking over at me and secretly smiling a few moments later.

I said nothing about it. I knew she wouldn't want me to.

* * *

And then there it was, the famed Friendship Castle. I'd never seen it myself – my unit had always been based in Canterlot, and I'd never made any kind of trip even as far as Ponyville.

“Oooh,” Tsunderplane said. “That's it, isn't it?”

I nodded. “Yes, yes it is.”

Together, we angled down and approached the front gate. It was closed tight, and there was no one around to receive us, not even any guards. Weird. I thought all the princesses had guards, day and night.

After a little while of waiting for some response and watching Tsunderplane grow increasingly impatient, I figured it would be necessary to actually go up and knock, as if it was some ordinary pony's house.

I stepped up to the intimidatingly huge door and raised my hoof. Still a little fearful, I waited just a moment longer. When the act was unavoidable, I knocked – firmly and professionally.

The three knocks I gave it rang and echoed through the castle's crystal walls, breaking the nighttime quiet of the little town of Ponyville.

For a long time, nothing happened. Then, for an even longer time, more nothing happened. I was just about to consider knocking again when my sensitive bat ears picked up the faint sound of footsteps coming from within.

I stepped back from the door just in time to get out of the way as a little purple and green dragon opened it. He rubbed at his eyes. “What is it? You know that it's like two in the morning, right?”

Giving him a little bow, I nodded. What royal guard could possibly have lived through the events of recent times and not heard of Spike the Dragon? Everypony knew of Princess Twilight's 'assistant'. He was a lot smaller than I'd expected, though. Weren't dragons supposed to be huge?

“Uh, can I help you?” He said, glancing between me and Tsunderplane.

That's when I realized I'd been staring silently for much too long.

“Guardspany First Class Knight Guard reporting. I have been ordered to deliver this unidentified creature, Tsunderplane, to the Princess of Friendship, for examination and to be ruled whether or not she is a threat to the safety of Equestria.”

He yawned. “Yeah, um... But you know it's like two in the morning, right?”

“Yes, I apologize for the schedule differences. But you see, as a bat pony, it's much more comfortable for us to travel at night.”

Shaking his head, he waved us in. “Come on, I guess I'll get you a couple of beds for the night. You can talk to Twilight in the morning.”

“We don't need beds yet,” I clarified. “We don't normally sleep at night, anyway.”

“Oh, right...” He looked around. “Then I guess you can, um ... just wait? I need to get back to bed, anyway.”

“That's perfectly fine.”

And with that, the little dragon went off, up the stairs and presumably back up to his bed.

Which left Tsunderplane and I completely alone and unguarded in the middle of an unguarded princess's castle. While the Princess slept. How could they possibly trust us so much already? I was a royal guard, so there was that, but Tsunderplane? No pony even knew what she really was. It was irresponsible, at least ... not to mention rude for not leaving us anything to entertain ourselves, not even offering any refreshment after our long travel.

I decided that I didn't like dragons very much.

* * *

Letting out an enormous yawn, I looked around the castle's entry room yet again. Still nothing.

Come on... Sunlight had been filtering in through the crystal walls for at least an hour now. Shouldn't the Princess and her dragon be awake already?

Tsunderplane and I had already been through sharing all the jokes we knew from each of our worlds – most of which, the other of us didn't understand the punchline. And we'd been through all the riddles we knew, too – most of which the other one had no chance of ever guessing correctly. Our worlds were just too different.

And still we waited. Maybe we should have come during the day. The sun wouldn't be that bad if I had some good sunglasses. Which made me realize: I should buy some sunglasses.

A sound came from upstairs, a door closing.

I jumped up off the uncomfortable couch I'd been lying on and stood at attention next to where Tsunderplane was hovering. It would be crucial to make a good first impression on the Princess. Tsunderplane's chances would be significantly better if I could present a professional, well-prepared demeanor.

The Princess of Friendship came staggering down the stairs, yawning widely and levitating a purple coffee cup. Her wings were ruffled and her mane was an absolute mess. She looked down from the top of the stairs for a long moment, her groggy eyes half-focused.

Then her eyes went wide. She yelped, jumping back and sloshing some of the coffee from her cup. “W-what are you doing here?”

I was prepared for this. “Guardspany First Class Knight Guard reporting. I have been ordered to deliver this unidentified creature, Tsunderplane, to the Princess of Friendship, for examination and to be ruled whether or not she is a threat to the safety of Equestria.”

“Oh, right.” The Princess blinked at us, then rubbed the sleep out of her eyes.

I patiently awaited the Princess's response. Tsunderplane also waited, but not quite as patiently.

“I'm sorry,” she said. “Let me start over...” She stepped squarely up to the top of the stairs, hid her coffee cup behind her, and smoothed down her mane a little with her hoof. “Welcome to Ponyville. I am Princess Twilight Sparkle, and it will be my duty to use my magical expertise to determine the nature and possible intentions of your, um... captive?”

“Friend,” I corrected without a second thought. Tsunderplane gasped.

The Princess smiled at that. “Of your friend. If it—”

“She.”

The Princess's eyebrow rose at my second interruption, and that's when I decided that it was probably a good idea to keep my mouth shut. After a slight pause, she continued, “If she appears to be a benign creature, I will present her with a certification of Equestrian residency ... if she turns out to be evil...”

“She won't,” I mumbled, under my breath.

“... she will be contained and dealt with in the most ethical manner possible.”

I nodded. “Thank you, Your Highness. I apologize for the surprise of seeing us here. I would have thought your dragon assistant would have informed you of our arrival.”

“He's, uh... Well, he's a heavy sleeper.” She looked back toward where she'd come from and shook her head. “Now... I have a few errands to run early in the day, so perhaps we could schedule her initial examination for sometime this afternoon?”

“Um, about that...”

“Yes?”

I hesitated to counter the word of a princess, but it was an important consideration. “Well, you see, we're both on a nocturnal schedule, so it would be somewhat inconvenient for us to do, um, that in the middle of the day. If you don't mind, could we do it in the morning, before we go to bed?”

Princess Twilight grimaced, but she nodded. “Just, um, give me a few minutes to finish my coffee, okay?”

“Of course, Your Highness.”

She nodded and went back the way she came.

* * *

It ended up not taking nearly as long as I expected it to for the Princess to freshen herself up. There was no clock in this terrible waiting chamber, but it was probably less than half an hour.

When she came down again, she was all business. “Okay, thank you for waiting.” She descended the steps and came down to us, accepting my salute as if it was routine for her. “Now, if you'd please follow me, we can get started on the examination.”

She led us back up the stairs, around a couple corners, and then through a small doorway that looked just like all the others in this castle.

Inside, I found the room's walls lined with arcane instruments I couldn't begin to guess the purpose of. On one side, all kinds of strange glass containers connected to each other with a maze of twisting tubes, each one filled with a different color. Another area was full of machines with blinking lights, buttons, and dials. Then there was a section full of glittering crystals in strange arrangements, with occasional fragments of bone, fur, or feathers mixed in. The wall behind me was filled to the brim with identical books – some of them had titles hoof-written on the spines, but most of them were blank. And in the middle of the room, there was a single flat crystal table ... it reminded me of an altar more than anything else. It made me feel like I was leading Tsunderplane in to be sacrificed to some kind of scientifically-minded god.

“Impressive, isn't it?” the Princess said.

“Um, yeah...” I looked around, thankful at least that I didn't see any surgical implements or dissection tools. Tsunderplane might have run away screaming if she saw that ... I might have run, too. “Very impressive.”

Smiling, Princess Twilight gestured toward the crystal table. “Now, if your friend could just come and sit on the table, we can get started.”

Tsunderplane huffed and crossed her wings in front of her.

Feeling surprisingly knowledgeable on the subject of interpreting Tsunderplane's expressions, I translated for the Princess: "Um, Your Highness... Sitting isn't really a thing that she does."

"Oh." After looking Tsunderplane up and down, the Princess nodded. "Of course. Could she come lie on the table, or at least hover over it perhaps?"

I turned to Tsunderplane. "Planny?"

With an elaborate sigh, she glided over to the table. At first I thought she really was just going to hover over it, but then she gently set her belly down. "Hey!" she yelped. "That's cold!"

"Oh, sorry!" Princess Twilight's horn glowed for a moment, and then the table did as well.

Then Tsunderplane settled down much more comfortably. "Ooh, that's better."

Once Tsunderplane was settled in, Princess Twilight went over to the wall full of crystals and baubles. She levitated up what looked like a junk collector's chandelier. It spread wide, with shiny brass wires extending outward from the center and holding a dazzling array of multicolored gemstones, as well as a few feathers, a couple bones or teeth, and even a few pieces of candy. Humming to herself absently, she brought the strange contraption over to hover above Tsunderplane, and to my surprise, she pulled a cable over and plugged it into the other wall where all the machines were.

Some of those machines came to life, beginning to make noise and flash their lights. A reel of paper began printing out with strange marks on it.

Tsunderplane looked up at the bizarre thing with a healthy level of suspicion. "What the heck is that?"

“Uh...” I wasn't sure what to tell her, so I was glad when Princess Twilight did instead.

“This is a multidimensional harmonic resonance indicator,” she said as if that was supposed to make perfect sense.

Tsunderplane wasn't satisfied. “And what's it going to do?” Her windshield narrowed.

“Oh, don't worry. All I need to do is pass this back and forth over your body while running magical energy through it at various wavelengths. Each item in the configuration is derived from or harmonically sympathetic with one of the different universes we're aware of. That way, we can tell which universes you're most attuned to, so we'll know where you came from and where you've been.”

Lifting off the table a bit, Tsunderplane looked straight at the Princess. “You'll be able to tell where I came from? You'll be able to send me back there!”

She shook her head. “Not so fast... First of all, we're just collecting data for now. It will take a day or two for me to analyze that data and come to any conclusions. And then—” she used gentle pressure from her hooves to lower Tsunderplane back down onto the table “—interdimensional travel is always a tricky business. The Element of Language incident opened up a lot more possibilities, but it also caused a lot of vortex turbulence. Therefore, while I can now operate the portal mirror with far less energy usage, tuning it to reach its destination portal with an acceptable level of accuracy has become extremely difficult. As far as getting you home goes ... we'll see.”

My mind spun with all that technical garble, but it seemed to satisfy Tsunderplane for now. She waited quietly while Princess Twilight slowly passed the humming amalgamation of crystals and wires back

and forth over her. It took a surprisingly long time. I was used to magic spells always working pretty much instantly, but whatever kind of magic Princess Twilight used was much less dramatic. It took dozens of passes before she seemed satisfied and put the contraption away.

“Good, good,” the Princess said as she tore off the pile of printed-out paper and stuffed it into a box. “I’ll begin working on the resonance equations later today, while you sleep. For now, since we’re already here, how about we get the physical examination out of the way?”

“Physical examination?” Tsunderplane asked, skepticism creeping into her tone again.

“Yes, yes. Since we’ve never seen anything like you before, it’s essential that I collect as much information as I can, especially if you’re only going to be with us for a short time.”

Tsunderplane looked toward me.

I nodded encouragingly.

When Tsunderplane turned back to Princess Twilight, she also nodded. “Okay... I guess.”

“Excellent!” The Princess clapped her hooves together. “Let’s begin by taking some basic measurements.”

As Princess Twilight busied herself stretching a tape measure along Tsunderplane’s body, up her tail fin, across her wings, around her fuselage, and many other places, I grew increasingly distracted. There was a lot of interesting stuff on the walls to look at, after all. The kind of stuff I’d never seen before. Page after page of the Princess’s detailed notes floated by me on their way to join the other big roll of paper in the box, but I didn’t pay them much mind.

What yanked my attention back, though, was a loud yelp, followed by Tsunderplane shouting, “Hey! Just what do you think you're doing down there?”

When I looked, I found that Princess Twilight had rolled Tsunderplane over, and that she was industriously trying to pry open Tsunderplane's ventral hatch by prying at it with her pen.

“Um, Princess,” I said. “What are you doing to—?”

“Make her stop!” Tsunderplane squirmed, but she was held down by magic. “It tickles when she touches me there ... in a really weird way!”

Princess Twilight kept prying at it. “Hold still, this is for science!”

“Princess...” I took a step closer. “There are laws about consent, and as Princess Luna often reminds us night guards, not even royal ponies are above the law.”

That at least got her to stop prying for a moment. “Consent? She obviously already consented to a physical examination.”

“But she may not have known that it would be quite so invasive. I have to ask you to stop until you can get a clear sign of consent from Planny.”

Princess Twilight looked at me. “Planny? That's what you call her?” When I didn't respond with anything more than a slight nod, she rolled her eyes and looked down at Tsunderplane. “Please consent to this essential part of a thorough physical examination. I need to gather as much information as possible about how your body works.”

Tsunderplane shook her head. “No.”

With a grunt of frustration, Princess Twilight lifted up her pen again and pointed it at Tsunderplane's head. “I order you to consent to this

procedure. As a temporary subject of Equestria, you must comply with Equestrian law, which includes royal decrees such as the one I just gave you.”

Tsunderplane shook her head again.

Whirling around to face me, Princess Twilight stared me down. “Get her to consent. Or else.”

I didn't think it would be wise to ask what the 'or else' meant. And she technically was in my official command structure. All four princesses could give me lawful orders... So, taking a deep breath, I came up to Tsunderplane's side. She didn't seem happy to have me there, but she didn't glare at me the way she glared at the Princess ... yet.

With as much calm confidence as I could muster, I asked Tsunderplane, “Is there anything we can do for you in order to get you to agree to this?”

“Well, she could at least ask me out on a date first before she tries to stick things inside me!”

I had to stop myself from laughing. This was supposed to be serious. One look in Princess Twilight's direction told me that she wouldn't be taking Tsunderplane out to any fancy dinners any time soon, so I improvised: “How about me? Will you please go out with me tonight?”

Tsunderplane huffed. “You're not the one trying to crack me open with a pen!”

“Well, um... There must be something we can do...”

With a mischievous grin, Tsunderplane looked up at me. “If you want to see mine, you have to show me yours!”

A ... strange request, but it was something I could actually do. At least it would be a way for me to execute my orders as the Princess commanded. “Oh, well... Okay, I guess.” It was fair, I supposed.

But Tsunderplane looked over to Princess Twilight as well. “Both of you.”

Aw, crap. Now it was back in 'this will never work' territory.

When I looked back over at Princess Twilight, though, she was grinning as if she'd won. “Very well. It's a deal.”

“What?” Tsunderplane flipped up into the air, hovering near the ceiling. “You ... you're not supposed to say yes. I'm, um, I'm not going to do it!”

Princess Twilight took out a fresh page of notes. Unlike all her previous notes, she spoke this one aloud as she wrote it: “Subject shows tendencies toward dishonesty and an inability to keep her word. Subject's status as a benign creature is called into question...” At that, she looked up over the rim of her clipboard at Tsunderplane, waiting for a response.

Tsunderplane groaned. “Ugh, fine. But both of you have to do it first.” She slowly lowered herself down to the table again, but lay there belly side down, watching the Princess.

Seemingly without any compunction, Princess Twilight spun around and lifted her tail.

Standing right next to Tsunderplane, I got just as good a view as she did. My jaw dropped at seeing a royal pussy on blatant display right in front of me.



The Princess levitated her pen and used it to point things out. “This is my anus, and this is my vulva. These are the outer labia, and when they are pulled apart”—her magic grabbed the lips on either side and spread them —“you can see inside and find the vaginal opening here, the urethra here, and finally the clitoris.” She held it open for a moment longer.

That moment seemed to last forever and not nearly long enough. There — right there — was a princess's glossy pink inner flesh, spread out for me to gawk at. I tried to stop myself, but I knew my cock was slipping out of my sheath whether I wanted it to or not.

Princess Twilight spun back around and then looked at me. “Private Knight Guard, proceed to display your privates.”

I gulped. If I showed them now, they would see how turned-on I'd just gotten.

“Immediately, Private.”

Falling into the familiar comfort of simply following orders, I jumped into action, nudging Tsunderplane out of the way so that I could sit in front of her on the table, my legs splayed and my half-mast cock out for everyone to see. My heart beat faster when I saw the way Tsunderplane stared at it.

Princess Twilight's pen came floating toward my crotch. "Now that you've seen a female pony's anatomy, here's a typical male."

I didn't know whether to be flattered or offended that the Princess thought of my anatomy as 'typical'. At least she didn't make any comments about its semi-aroused state.



"This is the glans of the penis, and here in the center of it is the urethra. The penis continues down into the shaft, the medial ring, and up inside the sheath, where it will retreat when not needed." I flinched a little as the Princess poked each part she mentioned with the tip of her pen. "Just below is the scrotum, which houses the two testes, here"—poke—"and

here”— poke —“where the male gametes and sex hormones are produced. You can't see the anus from this position, but it's practically identical in form and location to a female's.”

Tsunderplane was watching closely ... very closely. My breath caught in my throat when she drifted even nearer, to the point where her nose was in danger of being booped if my increasingly excited cock stiffened and rose any higher. Why? Why was the sight of her pinkish-white face down there turning me on?

“And now you've had the opportunity to examine our anatomy, both male and female. It's time for you to hold up your side of the bargain.” Princess Twilight swept me off the table with her magic before the potential nose-booping situation could progress any further.

Reluctantly, Tsunderplane lifted up a little and rolled over, settling back down on her back.

Princess Twilight walked along the side of the table as I picked myself off the floor. She looked down at Tsunderplane's belly and raised an eyebrow. “Now open it...”

I came up on her other side. “Don't worry Planny. I'm sure she won't hurt you ... she's, um, just eager to learn about you.”

With a quiet sigh, Tsunderplane opened her ventral hatch.

Princess Twilight's eyes opened wide and even seemed to glow a bit as she saw it. “Oh my ... I didn't expect it to look so ... normal.” Her pen flew up and she began gently prodding. “Subject's labia are remarkably pony-like, with similar texture and pliability.” She slipped the pen slightly inside and spread Tsunderplane's slit open. “Clitoris, urethra, and vaginal opening are all present, but there is no sign of any anus. Clearly not a cloaca-like structure, there is neither an interior nor

exterior anal opening.” She looked up at Tsunderplane's face. “But... How do you...?”



“How do I what?”

“You know, how do you, um ... defecate?”

Tsunderplane shrugged. “I don't...*know*”

“Fascinating!” The princess began scribbling more notes down, at a furious pace.

Grimacing, I'd decided that I'd heard and seen enough for today, even if my cock still seemed to think it wanted to see more.

“Is that enough for now?” I asked the Princess. “I’m sure Planny must be tired after our long trip.”

“Sure, sure,” Princess Twilight said, without looking up from her notes. “Ask Spike to set up a room for you when he wakes up.”

Tsunderplane's opening whirred closed, and we both made a hasty exit with matching sighs of relief.

As soon as we closed the door behind us, Tsunderplane looked at me and smiled. “So, where are you taking me on our date tonight?”

“What? You actually wanted to do that?”

She looked down under my belly, and I realized that my cock hadn't entirely calmed down yet. I shuffled my legs around to hide it, even though she'd already seen everything.

Drifting even closer, she whispered, “I know you want that.”

“I... I, um...” I could feel a strong blush coming on. My cheeks must have been glowing red.

She darted away. “I don't want it, of course. Why would I want to go out with a pony?”

“B-but why, then?”

“It's part of the deal we made, remember?” She jetted off again, giggling as she zoomed through the hallway.

I just stared after her, wondering what I'd gotten myself into. And wondering how I'd ever manage to get a decent date set up when I didn't know the town at all, and it was scheduled for right after we woke up...

Chapter Four : Plane And Date

Tsunderplane was at my door, banging it with something, before I even woke up. The sun wasn't even all the way down yet. It wasn't a pleasant wake-up call.

And it hadn't been a pleasant day's sleep, either. The Princess's little dragon had indeed set them up with rooms – separate rooms, thankfully ... as soon as they'd managed to wake him up and convince him that they weren't strange vagrants trying to freeload on Princess Twilight's hospitality. But even though this crystalline castle was grand and beautiful, it was cold and largely empty. The rooms they'd been shown to were just as sparkling as any others ... but they were also bare, inhospitable places. Each contained a single bed with insufficient blankets, an armoire, and nothing else but high, intimidating ceilings and chilly, crystal-glinting walls. It looked impressive, but the Princess could stand to do more to make her guest rooms actually hospitable.

Tsunderplane banged on the door again.

"I'm coming, I'm coming!" I shouted at the door. She banged on it again anyway, and I shook my head at her impertinence as I drug myself out of bed and blinked at the late-afternoon sunshine coming in through the window ... and also through the wall.

When I finally opened the door – after taking my time getting myself awake and brushing my mane down to something presentable and after a lot more banging from Tsunderplane – I found her outside in the hall, her wings crossed in front of her fuselage, and looking at something far down the curving hallway. She pointedly refused to look at me.

"Hi, Tsunderplane," I said.

She yawned theatrically.

“So... Um, what was all that banging about?”

She huffed and rolled her eyes.

I took a deep breath, and I tried to force myself not to get upset. She was a strange creature from another world. It was ... okay if she acted strangely from time to time. Closing my door behind me, I went over to her. “Were you trying to wake me up so I could take you out on that date?”

“Like I’d really want to go on a date with a pony. Pfft.”

“But...” I cocked my head to the side as I tried to figure out what she was up to. “But you seemed really interested in it yesterday. And why else would you be here, banging on my door when it’s way too early in the evening?”

“Fine!” She stormed down the hallway in a huff. “If you want a date so bad, I’ll go with you, sheesh!”

I hurried after her. “But... But why would you...?” By the time I caught up with her, though, I was already to the point where I could shrug that off. Tsunderplane was just being Tsunderplane. Why should I bother questioning it?

She hadn’t been storming off that quickly, anyway ... it was almost like she wanted me to catch up to her. And once I could see her face again, I saw that she wasn’t storming, not really. She had a huge smile on her face, and she was humming to herself happily and tunelessly.

Before long, we were going through the exit of the castle. I used my wing to shade my sensitive eyes from the orange, lowering sun.

Here, Tsunderplane finally stopped. She pivoted back and forth in mid-air, looking around the town. “So, where are you going to take me? It had better be good.”

I had no idea where to take anyone on a date in Ponyville, much less someone with needs as ... particular and unique as Tsunderplane’s. How was I supposed to know? I’d never been here before, and I certainly didn’t know if they had any good restaurants or anything. Maybe I should have asked that little dragon about it before I went to sleep...

Too late now. Without knowing anything at all about it, I guessed a direction at random, where the town seemed the thickest. “Let’s go that way.” I could only hope that we’d find something in that direction that I could claim to have been leading us toward the entire time.

All around us as we walked – well, as I walked and Tsunderplane flew – ponies turned and stared. I was kind of used to that already. Bat ponies are rare in towns like this, and ponies tended to stare... But not this much! It was Tsunderplane drawing all of the extra attention, of course. The ponies here had probably never seen, or even heard of, anything like her before. Almost everypony we passed would stop and stare. Some of the foals pointed, and they would either squeal or scream, depending on their individual temperaments.

Tsunderplane ignored all this attention, and I decided that if she could ignore it, so could I.

Unfortunately, we were already nearing the other edge of Ponyville – it wasn’t a very big town. And I hadn’t seen any sign of a restaurant or theater, or any other kind of place where I might plausibly have been planning to take someone on a date ... much less someone as difficult-to-please as Tsunderplane. Each step became more and more tense as I saw the end of the street we were following approach closer and closer. At the end of it was clearly a hospital, and then just open fields beyond. I couldn’t tell Tsunderplane I was taking her on a date to a hospital!

I couldn't stop and ask anypony, either. How could I stop and talk to ponies who were staring and pointing like they were? How would that conversation even go? I'd probably break their brains when I mentioned that I was taking Tsunderplane out on a date.

The last intersection came up, and the hospital loomed even closer ahead. I looked desperately left and right down the side-street, hoping against hope that there would be something.

There! Despite the glare of the sun, when I looked down the street that led west, I saw a bunch of mushroom-shaped tables outside. That had to be some kind of cafe!

Smugly, I glanced over at Tsunderplane. "Come on, we're almost there. This way."

She quirked her unibrow at me, but followed easily enough.

Once I got to the cafe, I realized that this was more of a fast food place, a place for a quick and cheap meal for ponies on the go. It was almost deserted at this time of day – evening was a time for long, elegant dinners, not a hayburger and fries.

Still, I didn't see any other options around, and as weird as it might be, it was still sort of the kind of place where a pony might go out for a date.

I waved my hoof at the place. "Here, let's grab a table."

Tsunderplane glanced critically all around, giving the place, the tables, the other patrons, and even me what almost amounted to a stink-eye.

I cringed, thinking to myself how offended I'd be if somepony took me to a date at a place like this...

But then Tsunderplane's expression softened, and I remembered that she knew nothing about this world. She didn't know what this place was like. She didn't even really know how dates were supposed to go. Heck, it might have even been possible to convince her that a hospital was an appropriate place to take a date.

Things improved even more when the waiter came out to our table. Not only was there a real waiter – not just a counter where you gave your order – but he looked fancy! He was a yellowish earth pony stallion with an elegantly slicked-down midnight blue mane and a matching mustache that he obviously kept immaculately trimmed. Diffidently, he laid menus down in front of Tsunderplane and me. He didn't even stare at such a strange customer!

But when I looked at the menu, I knew this was no place for a fancy date, certainly not a first date. The most expensive thing offered was only six bits, and everything had an optional side of hay fries, as well as a 'super-size meal' option.

"Why did that strange pony hand us papers?" Tsunderplane asked. "I thought we were here to eat." She tried nibbling on the corner of the menu, but then made a face and spitted it out. "This isn't as good as apples. Why would we come here? It's terrible."

I lean close and whisper gruffly, "This isn't the food!" After glancing around, I'm at least pretty sure that nopony saw her trying to eat the menu. There aren't many other patrons here at this time in the evening, and the ones who are here are studiously looking at anything other than Tsunderplane. Hopefully we won't be ruining anypony's evening just by being here.

Well, other than my own, of course.

"Well, then where's the food? The dragon said that dates have food."

So that's what Tsunderplane and Spike had been talking about while I was trying to sleep. Figures. I wondered what else the little dragon had told her about dates... It would probably end up becoming clear all too soon. For now, though, I needed to keep things under control. "This paper lists the different kinds of food we can order."

She looked at it. "It's just a bunch of weird squiggles."

"You..." The thought of it gave me pause. "Wait, you can't read?"

"Of course I can read! But why would I be able to read your weird little pony squiggles? Look at this junk – half of it is just little stars and heart shapes!"

"But you can speak Equish just fine..."

"Sure, because you ponies are really just speaking the common language. Everyone knows it. But these squiggles – that's just ridiculous."

I shook my head. What writing system could possibly make sense without stars and hearts in it? But, anyway, I had bigger problems to worry about if she couldn't read it. "Do you need me to read it to you?"

"No." She stuck her nose up. "I'll just teach myself to read these squiggles and hearts. I'm sure it will be fine."

By now, I knew her well enough to know what that meant. I scooted my haystack-chair around the table and over right next to hers. This was just so I could point things out on the menu as I read them to her... But it had another effect. Being so close to her was interesting, given what happened last morning before we went to bed. I wasn't touching her, not exactly, but there was something about being so close, kind of an aura of being around her that made my fur stand up and my wings tingle.

I tried to ignore it and focus on the menu. “So, it looks like they have hayburgers, with and without cheese. Daisy and daffodil sandwiches, with a side of carrots. Deep-fried apple fritters. Blueberry muffins and bran muffins...”

As I pointed things out on the menu, jabbing my hoof at each one, Tsunderplane grew increasingly distant. Not physically – if anything, she actually got a little closer – but she seemed to care less and less about anything I was saying.

Before I even got to the end of the menu, she slapped it out of my hoof and crossed her wings in front of her chest. “I don’t even know what any of these things are! And I’m not hungry anyway.”

The waiter came out again, passing right by our table to deliver a steaming plate of apple fritters to another table – an elderly mare and her stallion, plus two bouncing foals who seemed utterly delighted with the incoming tray.

And they weren’t the only ones interested in it. Although she tried to hide it by turning her head aloofly away, I saw Tsunderplane’s eyes tracking the tray intently, and I saw her nose making sniffing motions.

When the waiter came by to take our order, I asked for a hayburger for myself, and I didn’t hesitate to order apple fritters for Tsunderplane. After all, I already knew she liked apples – whether she’d admit it or not – so that was probably a pretty safe bet, even without the way she’d been watching that tray full of them.

I didn’t move back to the other side of the table as we waited for the cafe to fry us up our own batch of fritters. It felt nice, somehow, to be here next to Tsunderplane. And this was supposed to be a date, right? Even though it was technically our first date, I felt like what we’d been through yesterday justified being a little closer and more comfortable with each other than on any other first date I’d ever been on. After all,

she'd seen my— And, well, I'd seen hers, too ... not to mention Princess Twilight in the mix. I shook my head, trying to clear out the uncomfortable images. This evening was starting to feel a bit too warm.

Tsunderplane looked over at me, at how close I was sitting. She quirked her eyebrow at me, but she didn't say anything or tell me to back off. It seemed like the key to getting through to her was to get close, but not too close.

Before the awkward silence could stretch on any longer, I decided to break it. "So, um... What do you think of Ponyville? I've never been here before, either."

"It's really different than what I'm used to." There was a strange quiver in her voice when she said that.

I looked more closely at her. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing! Nothing! I'm completely fine! I don't miss my home at all!"

Not sure if I should do it or not, but still determined to comfort her somehow, I draped one wing across her back. She was startled at first, but then drew even closer, letting me cover her ... her, well, shoulder-type area. I took a deep breath. "Don't worry. Tomorrow, Princess Twilight will find a way to get you back home, I'm sure of it."

"Even she wasn't sure about that."

"Maybe not... But I'm sure about the princesses. Equestria's princesses can do anything! You wouldn't believe some of the amazing things I've seen Princess Luna do. Did you know she can come in and visit your dreams?"

But instead of getting interested in Luna's dream walking like I'd hoped, Tsunderplane just stared off into the distance, into the fading sunset.

I didn't say anything else. What else was there to say?

We just waited together, with her snuggling against my wing, as we watched the sunset and waited for our apple fritters.

* * *

Tsunderplane held her stomach and groaned. "Gaah! Why didn't you tell me that apple fritters were so delicious?"

I'd thought them being delicious was supposed to be a good thing.

But, of course, there was always the possibility of having too much of a good thing. The cafe's apple fritters weren't the best I'd ever had, but they weren't the worst, either, and they were dirt cheap. When she'd devoured one plate of them, we'd ordered another ... and then another ... and then another.

I probably should have known to warn her about overeating... But I didn't know what her limits would be, how much food she actually needed, anyway. And I'd thought she would be able to know her own body well enough to stop eating when she was getting overstuffed. I'd let her have as many as she wanted, and that turned out to be a terrible idea.

She wallowed back and forth in the air on our way back to Princess Twilight's castle, and she looked a little green around the nose cone.

Of course, she never once admitted to feeling sick, even though she blamed me for making her that way.

I guided her and helped her along, all the way to the castle, all the way up the stairs, and all the way to the entrance of her room.

We both stopped there, for some reason. I was sure that a little rest and time for digestion was just what she needed, but she kept looking at me like she expected something else. As the moment stretched on, it only grew more and more awkward. I looked across the hall at the door to my room and scratched the back of my head, running my hoof through my mane.

Finally, Tsunderplane huffed. “You’re supposed to try and kiss me! The dragon says so! You’re supposed to try to kiss the girl at the end of the first date, but you’re not supposed to have the sex until the third date. You’re doing it wrong!”

“What?” I stepped back a little. “You... You actually want me to kiss you?”

“NO!” she shouted a little too vehemently.

I blinked back at her after her outburst.

“You’re supposed to try, and then I won’t let you – then you’ll know I’m a proper lady, just like Rarity.”

Huh? What was even going on here? “Rarity? Who’s Rarity?”

Tsunderplane shrugged. “I don’t know. But the dragon said that Rarity is the perfect pony, and I should try to act like she would on a date.”

Shaking my head, I took hold of her wingtip and tried to lead her to her room. “Come on, let’s get you some rest.”

“No. Try to kiss me. You’re supposed to, or it’s not a real date.”

“Really? Come on, Planny.”

“No, do it!” Tsunderplane’s voice raised to a whining pitch, and her tail fins shook. “You have to do it!”

I sighed. “Okay, fine.” If this is what it took, so be it. It’s not like it was a mystery – I already knew she’d avoid me, trying to make me look and feel like a fool ... but apparently, I wasn’t going to get her to take a rest without it.

She was up too high, so I had to actually pull down on her wing in order to be able to reach her. But once she was low enough, I went right to it, coming in close, keeping my eyes open so I’d see the moment when she darted away.



But ... she didn’t. Instead of pulling away at the last moment, she came forward, her smooth metallic lips meeting mine. And it wasn’t just some short peck, either. She stayed there – while I stared at her, wide-eyed – kissing me deeply. She even slipped me a little tongue.

When we finally broke apart, Tsunderplane giggled and darted into her room, locking her door behind her.

I stared at that door for a long time, occasionally rubbing my lips with my hoof, remembering what it felt like to kiss her. It was strange, unique, unlike any pony I'd ever kissed ... but it was also kind of nice.

Eventually, though, I turned and headed out toward Ponyville. I needed to find the post office and sent a report of the developments so far to my commander.

As I walked, though, I decided to leave out the part about the kiss.

Chapter Five : Plane And Truth

It took several days for Princess Twilight to search for a way to connect her portal mirror to Tsunderplane's home world. Tsunderplane and I had gone on a few more dates – not over-consuming apple fritters those times – and we'd gotten to know each other even better. Were we actually going out now? Like special someponies? I wasn't sure. But we definitely had gotten a lot more comfortable with each other, and Tsunderplane was beginning to understand our world a lot better. Thankfully, she still didn't understand that a fast food cafe was a terrible place to bring a date.

It was late one morning, just before Tsunderplane and I would normally go to bed, that the Princess came to us, with Spike at her side. “Okay, I had to use some samples from that time I examined Tsunderplane's anatomy, but I've made a breakthrough, and I finally have some answers for you. If you want them.”

“Of course we do!” I said.

The Princess held her hoof up toward me. “Tsunderplane, are you sure you want to find out the truth, even if it might be unpleasant? I need to hear it from you.”

After a moment of glancing worriedly between me and Princess Twilight, Tsunderplane nodded.

“Then come with me.” The Princess immediately went down a stairwell toward the basement, her little dragon trailing after her.

That was less of a request and more of an order. So Tsunderplane and I hurried to follow her down to the basement of her castle.

It wasn't until we all stood in front of Princess Twilight's custom-modified portal mirror that I began to feel a sense of foreboding. What happened here might change ... everything.

The already-eerie mirror was covered with strange machinery, with two huge, glowing antennae next to it, some kind of enormous metal ring above it, and too many odds and ends bolted around it for me to make sense of. It looked wrong. Like something that wasn't supposed to be in this world. Which ... I guess was the point.

“Okay,” the Princess said. “The good news is that I've found her home world. I just need to apply a little bit of magic, along with Tsunderplane's magical signature, and we should be able to see it.”

So ... good, right? I was happy that Tsunderplane would finally get to go home. Or, well, at least I felt like I should be happy about that. Really, though, I wasn't entirely sure about saying goodbye to her. Not if it was going to be forever.

Princess Twilight's horn glowed, and a little purple lightning bolt connected Tsunderplane's nose to the mirror's surface. Tsunderplane yelped and jerked back when it happened.

“Sorry,” the Princess said. “A biological connection is necessary to align the mirrors spectral plane to the correct universe.”

I turned to look back at her, but then stopped. The mirror's glowing intensified a hundred-fold, and a violet whirlpool of light filled its surface.

But after a moment, everything stabilized. Tsunderplane shook off the little shock she'd gotten, and the machinery around the mirror calmed down, leaving just the whirlpool of light.

“Okay, good.” Princess Twilight nodded grimly. “I was worried it might fail on me again. Spike, get the viewing portal, please.”

Spike walked up to the mirror itself, but instead of doing anything with it, he picked up a smaller rectangular mirror from a notch in the machinery. Its glass was dark, but its edges glowed with the same magical light the huge mirror had. Coming back toward us, he held it up for us to see.

“And now for the bad news,” the Princess said.

Tsunderplane edged forward, her face in rapt attention, as Princess Twilight gazed along with her into the viewing port. When Tsunderplane saw her home, her face went ashen.

“When I looked inside, I saw you Tsunderplane. You, side-by-side with some bipedal creature in a striped shirt, talking together.”



“But what's that mean?” I asked. “How can there be two Tsunderplanes?”

“I was confused at first as well, but I've done a lot of research, and my best guess is that someone with the power to do so has reset your world, likely to prevent the accident that sent you here in the first place. So a new Tsunderplane was created in a new timeline, replacing the one who was sent to our world.” The Princess shook her head. “And the rules of your world won't allow for two copies of you to exist at the same time. There's no way I can send you back ... no way to even communicate with them. I'm sorry.”

Rather than heeding what the Princess said, Tsunderplane bumped her nose into the too-small mirror over and over again, until Princess Twilight held her in place with magic.

“So, um...” I looked back and forth between the two of them. “Does this mean...?”

Princess Twilight nodded. “Yes. I'm afraid this means that Tsunderplane is here to stay. She can never go back to her own world. For all practical purposes, the world that Tsunderplane is from no longer exists.”

“What? Why?” I rushed up next to them, not sure what I planned to do about any of it. I didn't know anything about interdimensional mirrors. “Are you sure?”

“I'm afraid so. I'm sorry I couldn't do more to help.”

A high pitched, jet-engine-y whine came from Tsunderplane. She vibrated in place, trying to break free from Princess Twilight's magic and smash into the viewing port again.

Princess Twilight yanked it away, as if afraid that Tsunderplane might break it. A flash of her magic shut the viewing portal down. “Why don't

you two get some rest?” she said. “We'll have plenty to talk about when you wake up in the evening, but for now, you have a lot to process. Again, I'm terribly sorry I couldn't do more.” With a flick of her horn, she shut the bigger mirror down as well. Everything stopped glowing, and the both mirrors became just an ordinary reflection. Tsunderplane sank down to the ground, staring morosely at her own reflection.

I went up to her and patted her on the back ... as if that could help.

The Princess came up and whispered into my ear, “I really am sorry, but there's nothing I can do. Nothing anypony can do. The only thing we can do is try and find some way to make her feel better about it ... and, well I don't think she likes me very much. It's going to be up to you.”

I went from patting Tsunderplane's back to stroking it gently, petting her almost, and I nodded to Princess Twilight. If there was anything I could do to help Tsunderplane feel better, I'd do it.

* * *

It took a while for us to get back to our rooms. Even though Tsunderplane wouldn't say anything, she still flew really slowly as she moped along.

When we did finally get to Tsunderplane's door, she looked at me with woe-filled eyes.

“You don't want to be alone, do you?”

She nodded, barely, still not speaking.

Opening the door, I led her inside. “Sure, sure. I can stay with you for a while.”

Tsunderplane shut the door behind us, and she locked it. That was strange, but it wasn't scary or anything; I could always unlock it as easily as she'd just locked it, and I wasn't about to make a big deal about something so small when she was already upset about something else that was so much more important.

If I expected Tsunderplane to grab onto me and start crying her eyes out, I was entirely wrong. She just glided over to her bed, planted herself on top of it – not even bothering with the blankets – and stared at the wall.

I didn't know what to do; I didn't know why she'd wanted me in here if she was just going to sulk... What did she expect me to do?

After spending what was probably far too long of a time just standing there and staring at her dumbly, I finally made a hesitant few steps toward her.

When that didn't make her angry or any more visibly upset than she already was, I came closer.

She didn't show any reaction at all until I climbed up into her bed with her. And even then, it was to just glance at me, then go back to staring at the wall. What was I supposed to do with her?

I settled for sitting on the bed next to her, stroking my hoof slowly down her back ... I had no idea if she hated me for it or if I was helping her to feel better about being stranded here indefinitely.

Chapter Five : Plane And Sex

We ended up staying together like that almost all day. I was no stranger to long shifts, so I was managing to stay up with her without sleep alright. But I wasn't sure if Tsunderplane had slept or not. She was so quiet...

As the sun began to go down and the light in the window turned golden, I shifted, taking my hoof away from her and getting ready to get out of her bed.

But she grabbed my hoof with her wing at the last moment.

Rather than go back to where I'd been sitting before, I lay down next to her on the bed. I really didn't mean anything by it; I was just tired after being in pretty much the same position the whole day.

She held onto me, though, and pulled me closer. She pulled me right up against herself.

I didn't know what to make of it. "Planny?" I asked, not even sure what my real question was, but knowing that I definitely had questions about what was going on between us.

"Thank you for staying," she said, finally.

I twisted around to see her face-to-face, but before I could say anything, she leaned in and kissed me.

Now, this wasn't that unusual for us anymore. As our dates had gone on the past few days, she'd made a habit of kissing me at the end of each one. I wasn't sure if it was because she really liked me, or if she just thought it was a necessary part of a date, or if she did it because she just liked kissing in general. But I had become certain, as things went on,

that I didn't mind this little habit of hers. For all that she wasn't like me – she wasn't even a pony at all, much less a bat pony – I enjoyed kissing her, too.

I did this time as well... But this time, there seemed to be something more to it, something more passionate. She held the kiss longer, stroking my mane as her tongue stroked my lips. This wasn't some perfunctory kiss at the end of the date. This had to be something more. A lot more.

“Planny?” I asked again, when our lips finally separated for a moment. “Are you okay? I mean, the whole thing about not being able to go back to—”

She shut me up with another kiss. This time when we pulled away again, she spoke ... the first words she'd uttered since the mirrors. “Please, I don't talk about that.”

“Um, okay...”

“Thank you for making me feel better.” She squeezed me closer. “It's nice.”

I was starting to feel pretty warm, up against her fuselage, and the way she stroked my neck and my back with her wingtip was pleasant. It was even starting to get me... Oh shit. I felt my cock slipping out of my sheath a little. It must have already been prodding against her underbelly, but if she'd noticed that, she didn't say anything about it.

“Um, Planny...?” I said, my voice trembling with the strain of trying to hold myself back. “I...”

“Ugh, I just can't stop thinking about it!” she bemoaned. “Please tell me you have something that will take my mind off of it!”

“Um, well, there is one thing...”

“Do it!”

“It's, um, a pretty big deal, though...” I stroked my hoof along the smooth side of her body, already hoping she'd say yes, even though I had no idea why I should be attracted to someone like her. “Has anyone told you about, um ... sex?”

“Sex? Hm...” She pondered it for entirely too long. “That creature, Spike, did mention it. But all he said was that a proper lady would never do it on the first date.”

“Well, um, we're not on our first date anymore... We've had a bunch now.”

She grinned at me, and I suspected she knew more about it than she was letting on.

“Well, do you remember the end of our little anatomy comparison with you, me, and the Princess? Sex is something that us living creatures do together because it makes both of us feel good. The way it works is...” As I gave Tsunderplane a very brief introduction to sex ed, I grew more and more accustomed to the strange notion that, yes, it was probably going to happen between us. And even though my cock continued to grow and press against her belly, it still struck me as bizarre that I would want it. And yet, I did want it. “... And that's pretty much it,” I lamely concluded, my impromptu lesson finally complete.

“Oh... So it's kind of like in-flight refueling.”

I scratched my head. “Um... kind of, I guess?”

“And it's something that makes us feel good...”

I nodded. “Right.”

“Let's do it.”

I blinked at her. “... Really?”



She kissed me again, and I heard the little mechanical whirr of her underside hatch opening. I felt it move against my cock ... and then I felt her warmth down there. My cock pressed against her wet entrance, spreading the soft lips apart slightly.

Without breaking the kiss, she held onto me and rolled sideways, pulling me on top of her. My hind legs fell down on either side of her body, and as I straddled her, she wiggled into position, pressing her opening against my tip.

That was almost enough to get me inside, but I pulled back a little, preventing any real penetration. “Tsunderplane, are you sure?”

“Pfft. Like I'd ever want to have sex with a pony.” She rolled her eyes theatrically, but she also kept stroking my mane with her wingtip, and if that sly little grin on her face meant anything...

I pushed my hips forward, sinking my tip into her warm pussy.

She gasped. “Mmm! Yes! It does feel good!” Her wings gripped me even tighter, pulling me in.

I shuddered with the pleasure of it as my cock slid into her warm depths. Her pussy didn't wink like a mare's, but I hardly missed it. She was so warm, so wet, so tight... When I finally bottomed out inside her, both of us held still for a long moment, just feeling the amazing presence of each other's bodies in such an intimate way.

When I caught my breath, I whispered to her, “Planny, are you okay?”

“Mmm... It's so thick and warm. I've never felt anything inside me like this before.” Her pussy clenched around my shaft. “If I'd known it was like this...” She looked at me, her eyes going wide. “Why didn't we do this the moment we met? So much time wasted!”

“So... You like it?” I smiled.

She wiggled her lower body back and forth, moving my cock around inside her, and she moaned.

That was more than enough to get me going, and I began to move as well, slowly pumping in and out of her. My fur slid easily across her smooth skin as we moved together, and I gradually increased my pace. Each time, I pulled out a little farther and each time I pushed back in a little faster. The bed began to creak beneath us a little, and Tsunderplane gasped every time I slid into her.



Soon, I was going almost as fast as I could, and she seemed to appreciate it. Her pussy clenched, and her wings gripped me so tightly I could barely move. Her breath huffed against my ear tufts. “I’m, I’m...” She gasped. “What’s happening to me, I’m— Aah!”

She held me rigidly in place as her pussy pulsed around me. A little warmth splashed against my belly as she trembled and shook in place. And I held still, barely moving – not that I could, anyway – as she rode out her very first orgasm.



When she finally caught her breath, she kissed me again. “Oh wow... That was amazing! I think I like this 'sex'.”

I smiled down at her, and because I sure hadn't gotten off, I started to move again.

She held me still. “No, no... I'm— Unh!” Shuddering, she writhed against the bed. “Too sensitive!”

“Oh, um...” Gently, I pulled out of her. It made her twitch again, but she seemed mostly okay as she calmed down a bit. “If you want, we could do it another way for a while...”



Tsunderplane looked down at her exposed pussy, then at my cock, then back up at me. “I don't think there is any other way it could work.”

“Well, you could, um, use your mouth. If you want.”

Her mouth opened, whether from surprise or a subconscious testing to see if it was possible, it wasn't possible to tell. “Is that something you ponies do? Will it feel just as good?”

“Well... I guess it won't feel as good for you. But it will feel good for me, and that's why ponies do it for each other sometimes. If you want, once your over-sensitivity settles down, I can do something similar for you.”

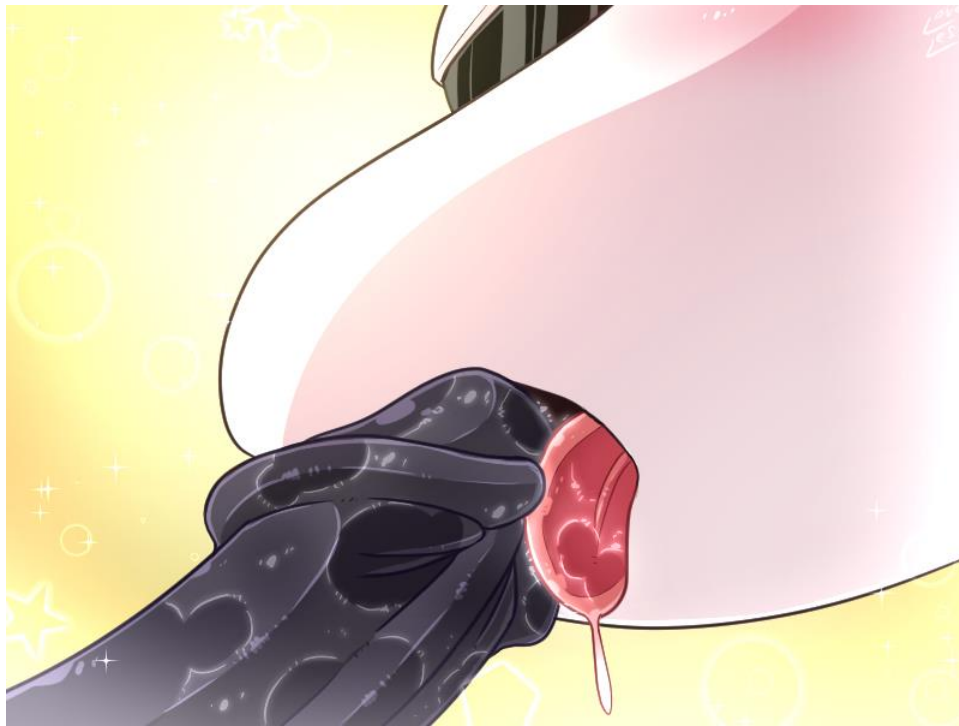
She pulled me closer, kissed me lightly, and then started squirming downward underneath me.

I trembled in place as I felt her smooth body slide against my cock. And then I felt her nose bump against my tip.

“So, um, how am I supposed to...?”

I forced myself not to laugh. “Maybe start by just licking it.”

For a moment, nothing happened. I wondered if she was confused or if she'd changed her mind. But then I felt the slight warm pressure of her first tentative lick, right across my tip.



I moaned a little and my hips thrust forward a bit without even thinking about it. That slid my cock back and forth over her mouth.

She didn't seem to mind, though. Giving my shaft little playful licks as it slid over her, she hummed to herself in satisfaction. If I didn't know any better, I'd almost think she liked making me feel good...

What shocked me, though, was when she took my tip into her mouth. I didn't even think she'd have the idea to do that, much less be so ... good at it! She slid it into her mouth perfectly, making me moan as she took it even deeper. How did she even manage at that angle? No pony mare I'd ever been with could do something like that, but Tsunderplane was able to bend her neck and simply take it deeper and deeper.

And her throat was so heavenly soft and smooth... Like dipping my cock in warm butter. Every time she moved or made the slightest sound, I felt it, making my cock twitch.

But just as I was beginning to get close, Tsunderplane pulled herself off of me, giving my tip one last kiss before she slid back up underneath me.

I started to line my spit-soaked cock back up with her pussy, but she held me back with her wing. "No, not that. I want to know what it feels like! Do me with your mouth. Do it! Do it! Do it!"

How could I refuse when she asked so politely? Well, polite or not, it was only fair. I rolled off of her and spun most of the way around, so that I was facing almost the opposite way I had before. That put her open ventral hatch right next to my face, right where I wanted it.

Since I knew she was new to this, I started slow, first just lightly tracing the inside of her hatch with the tip of my tongue. Her skin inside the hatch was warm, a little pinker than her body, and so lusciously soft. Soon, I couldn't hold myself back any more – I licked up and down her pert little slit and ventured my tongue inside a little, tasting her tangy juices. Honestly, there was a slight tinge of something oily, like lamp oil or something, but I didn't make a big deal about it.



And Tsunderplane seemed to like what I was doing. When I worked my way up to her clit – which was round, instead of heart-shaped like a pony's – her whole body stiffened and she moaned so loud I thought everyone in the castle was sure to hear her.

She didn't leave me out in the cold for long, though. Soon I felt her wingtip caressing my still-hard cock. And then, something enveloped my tip, sliding its warm softness down my shaft. It wasn't wet, though. It kind of reminded me of rubbing myself against a mare's teats, except that it wrapped completely around me.

Curious, I stopped licking her for a moment so I could look and see what was happening.

She'd taken my cock into one of the jet engines on her wing, and she was stroking it up and down my length, smiling back at me with a lurid look in her eyes.

Wow... That was really creative. And it felt really nice. Even though she was completely new at this, she was coming up with things that I never would have thought of myself! And how amazing was it that her engines were soft and fleshy inside – I was sure glad to find that instead of spinning blades or—

“Hey, are you done or what?”

Oh, right! I'd gotten so fascinated with what she was doing, I forgot about what I was supposed to be doing. Rather than waste time trying to explain myself, I went right back to it, licking her even more enthusiastically now, doing my best to drive her crazy with pleasure.

And from the way she was moaning – and the way she was stroking my cock even more lovingly – I was clearly doing a pretty good job of it.

Something about her moans was sounding more and more unsatisfied, though. The more I licked her, the more it started to sound like she was moaning in need rather than in satisfaction. I was usually pretty good at getting mares off this way, but Tsunderplane wasn't a mare. Maybe I was doing it wrong?

“Planny?” I said, stopping for a moment. “Is this good for you? Do you want me to do something else?”

“Unh!” She squirmed, still stroking my cock, but kind of absently now. She was breathing so heavily...

“Planny?”

“It's ... it's...” She trembled. “It's good, but there's something missing. I feel so empty inside! Ugh, am I going to feel like this forever? It's terrible!”

“Well, it seemed to work pretty good when I put it inside you earlier ... do you want to do that again?”

Rather than answer me directly, she pulled her engine off of my cock, shot up into the air, and then came back down right on top of me.

I cringed as she lowered down, but I shouldn't have worried. She slowed down as she came close and gently pressed against me. It was probably no coincidence that her slit happened to line up perfectly with my tip.

Tilting my waist, I got the angle right and let her slip down over my cock. Her engine had been nice, but this was heaven. Maybe it was just the heat of the moment, but she really seemed like she was warmer than a pony mare. It felt great sliding in ... and it felt surprisingly natural, as if this was the way things were meant to be – even though I knew this should have been almost as weird for me as it was for her.



Tsunderplane had the hang of it now. I didn't need to guide her with my hooves or anything to get her rocking back and forth on top of me, pleasuring us both. Of course, I did run my hooves up and down her body anyway ... just because I wanted to. Her skin was so smooth, the curves of her body so sleek. I didn't know why I didn't see it sooner, but she was actually really attractive in her own way.

If I'd taken the time to think about it – rather than just appreciating her body – I would have guessed that she'd get off even faster when she was in control of the pace. But even then, there was no way I could have known just how quickly she would hit her peak.

When it happened, there were only a couple of desperate gasps for warning. And this time, it was much more intense. Her pussy clenched hard around my cock, milking me from the inside as she trembled in place. Her warm juices flowed down over my crotch, dripping across my balls. She squeaked out a tiny little moan, obviously holding herself back from screaming, but a little bit of a whimper still came out.

It was too much! Too much for me to hold myself back, either. Just as her orgasm was beginning to trail off, my tip flared out wide, deep inside her.

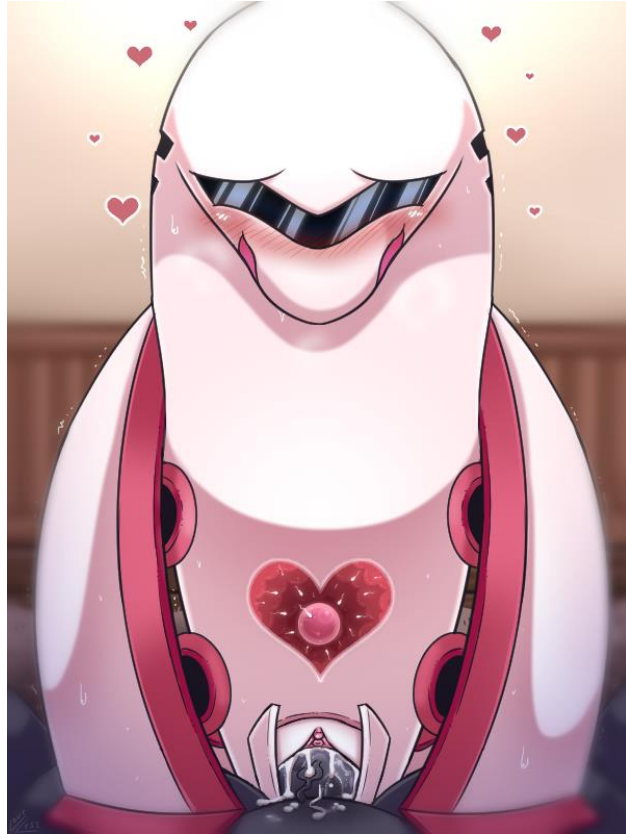
“W-what's going on?” she said between gasped breaths. “I feel something happening inside.”

I was too far gone to answer her – after just a couple more thrusts up into her deliciously warm pussy, I hilted as deep as I could in her and let myself go.



“Aah! It's... Mmn! It's filling me up!” Tsunderplane pressed herself against me, seeming to enjoy the feeling of my cock throbbing inside her and filling her womb ... if she had a womb. What she did surely have was another, smaller, orgasm. Her pussy clenched down on me again, massaging out the last few spurts of my cum inside her.

I heaved out a deep breath and fell back down against the bed. I hadn't realized I'd been tensed up so much, pulling myself up against her, until my orgasm finally dwindled and I could breathe again. My cock still rested inside Tsunderplane's warm, welcoming pussy. Little white dribbles slipped out between my shaft and her pussy lips.



“You're right.” She leaned down and kissed me, slowly and tenderly this time. “That did make me feel a lot better.”

I kissed her back, running a hoof along her sleek skin.

She slowly and carefully lifted herself off of me, letting my glisteningly wet cock slide out of her. When my still-flared tip popped free, a momentary gush of cum came out, but Tsunderplane quickly put a stop to it by closing her hatch, locking the rest of it inside. Once my softening cock flopped down against my belly, she lay down on the bed and nestled up next to me, rubbing her nose against my chest.

“That was really nice, Planny.” I stroked her back, still in the afterglow of my own orgasm.

“But... Didn't you finish inside? Does that mean I'm going to get a baby, like you said stallions and mares do?”

I patted her gently. “Don't worry about it. There's no way we're biologically compatible enough for you to get pregnant. I'm sure we can't make a baby, just like a pony and a griffon can't make a baby.”

She looked up at me from my chest. “Huh? What's a griffon?”

“It's half eagle, half—”

“What's an eagle?”

“Oh, never mind. The important part is that there's nothing to worry about. You're not going to get pregnant from a pony.”

She settled back down on my chest, trusting that I was right. After all, between the two of us, I was supposed to be the expert on organic pony things, right?

If only I'd known back then just how wrong I was...

Epilogue

It was months ago now, when Tsunderplane had gotten the news that she'd be stuck here for good. Since then, we've had to find someplace for her to fit in.

There was a short stint where the Princess of Friendship tried to 'integrate' Tsunderplane into Ponyville. That went over about as well as I would have expected – by the end of the week, Tsunderplane declared that she hated everyone in the town and demanded to be with me again.

I was still doing my tour of duty with the Night Guard, though. And my commander had informed me, on no uncertain terms, that I was not welcome to bring in my friend/lover/interdimensional monster as a permanent guest in the barracks. But then, word came from Ponyville that Tsunderplane was pregnant, which meant I had certain responsibilities – I had to do something about it.

In the end, the solution – aided by a strongly worded letter from Princess Twilight – was to induct Tsunderplane into the Night Guard as well. That way, she could still live with me ... and even go on patrols with me. She wasn't exactly the most disciplined member of the battalion, but then again, she wasn't the least disciplined, either. We made it work, for the most part.

Of course, her pregnancy wasn't making things any easier, either. None of the battalion's medics knew how long the term was supposed to be ... or even what would come out when the time came. It was all mere speculation ... until another routine patrol ended up turning into something anything but routine.

“Are you okay, Planny?” I asked, looking back along our patrol route. It would be morning soon, and she was still lagging far behind. “Do you want me to come back for you?”

“Pfft, why would I want that? How's that supposed to help?”

I shook my head. Some things never changed. Her lagging behind was new, though. Despite the way her fuselage had been swelling larger the last few months, she'd never let it slow her down before. She always flew with the same jet-like acuity she'd shown since the beginning, usually zooming well ahead of me.

My own pace slowed ... it would probably make me late for the return from our patrol, but I didn't want to get too far ahead of her. We were supposed to stick together, after all.

I was glad I did when, after looking back to check on her for the thousandth time, the lowering moonlight showed a trickle of something dripping from her underbelly.

Naturally, I rushed back to her as quickly as I could.

She was busy examining her undercarriage. “I... It looks like I'm leaking,” she said quietly.

“Planny! Your water broke!”

“Huh?”

“You're going into labor!”

She quirked her unibrow at me. “What the heck are you talking about?”

Already, I began tugging her back toward the barracks. “Didn't you pay any attention when the medics sat the two of us down for that maternity briefing?”

Tsunderplane shrugged, but she also winced a little at the strange feelings that must have been going on inside her. “I don't know. It was mostly gross 'biological' stuff, so I kind of maybe took a nap during part of it.”

I shook my head. “Come on, we've got to get you back before it really gets going.”

Now when I pulled her, she came along willingly, allowing us to make much better progress ... although it still wasn't as fast as I would have liked. I would have liked to get her to the medics instantly. My heart was racing at the thought that we might not make it there in time, and I'd have to try and assist Tsunderplane myself ... somehow. I pulled her along, heading straight for the barracks now, instead of along our assigned patrol route.

At least this time, when we got there, nopony gave us much hassle at the gates. We rushed in, and somepony must have seen us coming, because the medics were already waiting for us in the infirmary and getting themselves prepped.

By then, Tsunderplane was already whining about how her underside hurt. The medics laid her belly-up on a plastic bed, and they got to work.

I was left standing by Tsunderplane's side, feeling rather useless and wondering what I was supposed to do with myself until the doctor – the same grey unicorn from the first time I brought Tsunderplane in here – told me to stay by her side and try to comfort her, because the birthing process was going to be ... interesting.

I nodded and held Tsunderplane's wingtip with my hoof. I had been paying attention to that maternity briefing, and I'd heard a disturbing amount of 'nopony knows' and 'only time will tell' during it. This was a completely unprecedented procedure, and no one knew what to expect. We didn't know enough about Tsunderplane's biology, not to mention all

the unknowns about what the baby itself would be like. They'd tried to do ultrasounds, but those tended to raise more questions than answers, since most of Tsunderplane's internal organs were a mystery to the medics. At one point, they'd thought they found the baby's head ... but it turned out to only be Tsunderplane's singular kidney.

Nevertheless, the medic staff reacted with soothingly calm professionalism. They wrapped a gown over Tsunderplane's lower body, and as they did mysterious things under there, they softly reminded Tsunderplane to do things like breathe, relax, and occasionally push.

Tsunderplane herself wasn't taking it quite as calmly. As things began to advance and she began to feel the pain, she moaned more and more loudly.

I asked the medics if she could have some painkillers, but they said that the combination of Tsunderplane's unknown physiology and the baby's unknown species, they couldn't guarantee the safety of it, so it would be unwise.

My bringing the concept of painkillers up and being shot down on it was what first turned Tsunderplane's ire against me. "Ugh!" she cried out. "Why do you have to ... have to bring that up? That just makes it feel worse!"

I held her wingtip in what I hoped was a consoling way. "I, uh... I'm sorry."

"Oh, you're sorry?" She huffed out a few rapid breaths. "You're the one who did this to me. You'd better be sorry!"

"I'm, uh..." I couldn't say I was sorry, not now, but I didn't know what else to say.

She glared at me, just waiting for me to finish that sentence. When I didn't, she yanked on my hoof, pulling my face close to hers. "Next time, I'm going to make sure you're the one who gets pregnant! Then we'll see how you like it."

There may have been a few details of biological reproduction that Tsunderplane was still unclear about. But after a little bit of deliberation, I decided that this wasn't the right moment to educate her on the subject, so I held my peace.

"Good, good," the medic underneath Tsunderplane's gown said. "We're getting close now. Just give us one good push, hm?"

Her face scrunched up and turned red as she groaned ... and then there was a squishing sound and a lot of commotion among the medics at the other end of the bed. A moment later, one of them held up the baby.

"You mammals are barbaric, making babies this way," Tsunderplane commented weakly. "You should figure out how to make them in nice clean, civilized factories."

I ignored Tsunderplane for the moment; I had something much more important to see. The baby was grey and pony-shaped, hard to make out with all the goo on it and the medics wiping it down. But as I got a better look at it, I saw that it wasn't any pony race I was familiar with – it, no she had wings ... but not pegasus wings or even bat wings, she had wings just like her mother's, and a finned tail to match. She had odd little lines like seams up and down her legs, and when she opened her eyes for the first time, they were bright green, all the way through.

The head medic carried her over to the opposite side of the bed from me. "It's a healthy female, um..." He stared down at the infant for a moment. "Plane pony?" Shaking off his confusion, he held her out toward Tsunderplane. "Congratulations! Would you like to hold your new daughter?"

“My ... daughter?” Without seeming to think about it at all, Tsunderplane reached out her wings and took the baby. She seemed to have eyes only for the baby now, forgetting about my existence entirely ... but the baby plane pony kept staring up at me, and for the first time, even though I knew it before, it really hit me: she was my daughter as well. I was a father!

The look on my face must have been interesting, because the baby's eyes went wide ... and then she stuck her tongue out at me. I had to lean against the bed, next to Tsunderplane, just to keep from collapsing onto the floor.

“Do you know what you're going to name her?” the medic asked.

