

Looking up from his textbook, Sentinel heard Boadicea and Diamond Tiara giggling. Annoyed, without knowing why he was annoyed, Sentinel huffed and hunched over his homework. [i]Diamond Tiara was supposed to be helping him.[/i] A faint flame of jealousy kindled within him.

He watched as the earth pony whispered something into Boadicea's ear. He felt his cheeks blaze with inner heat. More feminine giggling.

"You are in deep trouble," a hissing voice whispered in his ear.

Startled, Sentinel jumped out of his skin and almost his chair. The chair pitched backwards. He felt himself going over.

And then, the chair stopped mid fall. Looking up, Sentinel saw his father looking down at him. Father blinked. Sentinel saw teeth... a grin. A terrible grin. Sentinel realised his father was gloating over scaring him.

The chair was righted.

"That's a bad sign son... two females giggling and whispering to one another like that while they're looking at you."

Sentinel sucked in a deep breath. "You almost scared me to death."

"Bogeypony. It is what I do."

"Shouldn't you be under a bed or something?" Sentinel whipped his head around to look at his father.

Bucky laughed, more from the shock of Sentinel saying something funny.

The lunar pegasus colt folded his forelegs over his barrel and his eyes narrowed into slits. "I wanted to spend time with her."

Sentinel was sulky? Bucky stepped back, limping on three legs. The colt was always a little moody, but this was different somehow. Bucky began to feel a little worried. "Sentinel, you ready for tomorrow?" Bucky hoped that his question would get Sentinel focused and back to his usual self.

"Everything is ready. I am ready to play my part." Sentinel shook his head. "I hate that you are wearing that gown."

"Oh come on, it is all in good fun. Just think of the memories." Bucky smiled and hoped that he could coax a smile from Sentinel.

"That's what I'm worried about. The lingering shame of seeing you degraded, humiliated, and shamed." Sentinel slammed his book shut, stuffed it into his bag, slipped his pencil in his bag, and then threw the strap over his neck. He leapt from his chair, landed on the floor with a thump, and stalked off to his hidey hole.

Feeling a strange pain, Bucky watched Sentinel leave, a new empty feeling now in his heart. Searching for words, Bucky found there was nothing he could say. He thought about commanding Sentinel to stay, but that seemed cruel. Bucky winced when he heard the door to the cubby under the stairs slam.

Grumbling, Bucky said, "Oh bugger me."

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Entering the bedroom, Bucky made his way to the bed and flopped down. He crawled on his side and made his way to Derpy. Resting his head upon her belly, he went limp.

"Something wrong?" Derpy asked.

Bucky made no reply. He rubbed his cheek against Derpy's belly, just below her ribs, where she was soft and something kicked against him. "You two... both of you... don't come out... just... stay in there for daddy... stay little and sweet."

"No!" Derpy cried. "Don't listen to him! You come out of there!"

"No, both of you stay put... I am tired of moody, grumpy, horrible foals that are starting adolescence." Bucky pushed Derpy over, and once the pegasus was on her back, he began to rub his chin over her belly.

"No, you mustn't listen to your father." Derpy tried to crawl away but the sensation of her stomach being rubbed felt too good. She arched her back, pushing herself upwards, and let out a somewhat needy sounding moan. "Bucky, if they don't come out, you can't put anymore in."

"That's okay... I have other wives... oh wait... I don't want those foals to come out either," Bucky trailed his chin on the spot just below Derpy's navel in a slow teasing circular motion.

Lifting his head, Bucky pulled away from Derpy, maneuvered around, and then dropped himself down between her hind legs. He inhaled, catching a whiff of musk, and then he flicked

one of her teats with his tongue. Latching on, he began to suckle. Sweet warmth filled his mouth, ran down his throat, and flood his being. He felt lightheaded as he always did.

This wasn't always arousing, but this time, Bucky was already aroused. As he suckled, he touched a vibrating pulse of telekinesis to the soft flesh between Derpy's marehood and her pucker.

He felt her legs close, squeezing against his neck and jaw.

He drank, feeling stronger, and his tongue lapped over the tip of the teat, drawing out more milk. Pegasus milk was thick and creamy, almost like half melted ice cream, but pegasus milk did not freeze. He applied more suction, needing more, and he felt Derpy's stomach muscles flex. She was an amazing creature, all muscle and sinew, a terrifying creature of immense strength but all of the gentleness of a mother.

Down in his guts, he felt the dull cold ache that was always in there begin to subside just a little. Blood pounded through his veins. The painful throbbing ache in his fetlock faded into the background. The painful weakness in his hind legs didn't seem so bad.

Derpy drew in a shuddering breath as she felt the tickle-touch of a fang that grazed her flesh. Fangs that grazed, that gave soft touch, but never brought harm or pain.

Only pleasure.

There was a pleasant buzzing that was now teasing over her now moistening slit. She felt herself growing engorged, going slick, her body knew what was coming and was prepared.

Most of the time, when Bucky fed, it was a quiet relaxing moment, serene, a time spent being close to one another. Other times... it was like this. Something radiated between the two of them, some energy, something crackled in the very air around them, driving both of them into a needy frenzy.

She felt him latch on to the other teat... the first had gone dry. She could feel the soft hollowness of being emptied. Her pelvis ached, but she was beyond caring. She could feel herself slurping and she felt herself wink, her clitoris stabbing outwards, pushing through thick meaty lips that clenched and tried to hold it back.

With a triumphant bob, it broke free, and then like a drowning pony, it was gone again, lost beneath the waves. The buzzy feeling intensified and she felt herself winking once more, the lone swimmer trying to break the surface, and she could feel the buzzing just above where she would emerge.

“Oh stars!” Derpy gasped as her nubbin winked out and bumped into Bucky’s telekinetic throb. She squeezed her legs a little tighter. Her second teat was being emptied, Bucky was sucking, slurping, dragging his rough tongue over the tip of her teat and he was being greedy. Reaching down with her front legs, she pushed Bucky’s head inwards against the soft curve of her lower belly.

With a crack, Derpy’s wings went stiff. Droplets of sweat began to roll down her body, like a rainstorm that brought pearls and tiny diamonds.

With a fine, almost perfect sense of pegasus body mastery, Derpy was able to control her winking. Sucking in her breath and then pushing, she was able to pop her clitoris out and touch the buzzing intruder that lurked at her entrance. Holding her breath, clenching her belly muscles, Derpy pushed for as long as she could, holding her nubbin against the vibrating tingling warmth that was Bucky’s magic. With a gasp, she let out the breath she was holding, seeing stars, and there was a loud wet squelch as her button retreated.

But Derpy could feel herself swelling with desire. Bucking her hips upwards, her clitoris sprung free and this time, did not retreat. Moaning, kicking her hind legs up in the air, Derpy knew that now, it was time to hang on and endure.

The grey mare whinnied and nickered, reduced to making the sounds of her primal equine self. She and Bucky had come a long way since their first clumsy attempts to be with one another. Now, Bucky knew her secrets. He knew every inch of her body, and with every encounter, he found new ways to make her moan like the dirty, needy, held down and rutted little pegasus she was.

Derpy’s teats both knew cold air and Derpy clenched her teeth together.

She felt Bucky’s tongue slip into her. It wiggled around, pulling her apart, sloshing her juices around, leaving nothing dry or clingy. She felt Bucky’s tongue slide around her nubbin, folding around it, and then sliding along the stubby length like a sheath.

It was too much. Throwing her head back, pressing the side of her face into the mattress, Derpy let out a grunt and endured her first orgasm. It started as a burst of heat that blossomed in her knob and spread like a conflagration through her nethers.

After a moment where her whole body went stiff, Derpy drew in a lungful of air and then gasped as she felt Bucky clambering over her belly. He was on her, and then he was in her.

Derpy let out a little squeal as she felt his girth parting her, and then his entire length was buried to the hilt. She was already edging towards her second climax. She could feel her button of turgid flesh pressing against Bucky’s length as he pulled out and then buried himself once more. Bucky was slow, and he was gentle.

Wrapping her forelegs around Bucky's neck, Derpy held on.

It was slow, lazy lovemaking, but there was a subtle searing intensity. Each thrust, each push, they could be measured. They were cautious, almost hesitant at times, the feeling of entry, a brief pause, almost as if Bucky was waiting to hear a sound that indicated pain, and then a hilted, but never violent striking against her pelvis and causing too much pain.

But there was pain. A little pain. The pain stood out in contrast to the pleasure, making each gentle thrust all the sweeter.

With a wet slurp, Bucky pulled out. Derpy waited, unsure of what was happening, she felt him squirming on top of her, wiggling, scooting himself downwards a bit. She his jaw against her neck.

And then, she felt a knock at the backdoor. Something slick pressed against her pucker, demanding entrance. Derpy let out a fillyish squeal and angled her hips upwards, ignoring the burning throb deep within her pelvis when she did so. She felt the pressure increase, almost unbearable, a slow steady push that left no denying, somepony was coming in the backdoor.

Or would be cumming in her backdoor soon.

Derpy took a deep breath and made her body relax. She closed her eyes, thought of warm pleasant thoughts, and made her belly muscles go soft. There was a brief squeal, a little squeaky fart worked its way free, and Derpy could hear Bucky giggle for a moment; she knew that the tip of his cock had just been tickled.

Feeling Bucky's whole body tense on top of her, she felt the tension of her pucker give way. There was delicious friction as something was pushed in. Something wide, something girthy. Something that would not be denied, but was a gentle invader. It moved in, just a little at a time, allowing her to stretch out.

Derpy whimpered through gritted teeth. She needed more. Flexing her dock, she tried to suck Bucky in. She felt her muscles grip him and give him a tug. She heard Bucky hiss. She scraped her hooves down his back, along his ribs, feeling each one as she dragged her hooves down. When she reached the bottom, she brought her forelegs up, gripped him once more, and gave him a squeeze. Reaching down as far as she could, she got one foreleg around the small of his back and pushed, trying to drive him in deeper.

Halfway in now, and with each wiggle, a little more of Bucky's cock was swallowed by the grey-blue ring of flesh stretched tight all around it. Now there was a more rhythmic motion, with only an inch or two being slid in and out.

Derpy could tell by the thrusting that Bucky was close. He didn't need to be buried, he just needed to get off. She wrapped her hind legs around him and aided his thrusting, ignoring the painful stabbing feeling deep within her bones. She felt herself climax for the second time as her protruding bump brushed up against Bucky's thrusting groin.

She felt Bucky slip in, he was in much deeper now, she felt his ring stretch her out to the point where it seemed as though she would tear. Derpy moaned, panted, and was overcome by the feeling of being stretched out as far as she could go as she was in the throes of orgasm.

She could feel Bucky flaring inside of her, the tip growing larger, she could feel his cock bulging as it prepared to spew seed. She could feel the twins banging around inside of her and Bucky was sliding back and forth across her swollen foal filled belly.

When Derpy felt Bucky plunge himself in as deep as he could and not pull out, but stay in as his seed was ejected with a violent squirt, Derpy heard another cry, a cry not Bucky's or her own.

Still orgasming, and feeling Bucky blowing his load deep inside of her, Derpy looked over; she saw Thistle, standing on three legs, one front hoof stroking with a vigorous and furious motion between her hind legs. A puddle of liquid pooled between Thistle's hind hooves, her eyes were closed, and her lips were pulled back from her fangs in an orgasmic snarl. Thistle's tail was hiked up high.

After a moment, Thistle staggered forward and fell onto the bed, still moaning, letting out whimpering cries of lusty adolescent need. Peaking, Thistle squeaked and banged her hoof upon the bed.

Heavy breathing. The scent of mare musk. The sounds of panting. There were no words.