

“Nnnnghhhh... Almost... g-got it... THERE!”

With an especially hard push with his hooves, Blueblood sighed in satisfaction after sliding Zeno’s final hoof-plating in place. The zebra, along with the rest of his platoon, were all smiling rather wide while seated on the long bench before their Prince. Even though Discord’s hypnosis didn’t seem to be in effect anymore, it was still shocking that Blueblood was so complacent with the platoon’s request. Much to Discord’s surprise -- who was still laying across his couch while watching the group -- the formerly homophobic stallion didn’t complain *once* while he helped re-armor each of the five Guards by hoof. A little sweat was beading off the Prince’s brow, but he merely wiped it off with a foreleg by the time he stood back up, and smiled contently at his handiwork. “Heh~ I gotta say, that wasn’t as bad as I thought!”

“That’s good to know,” chirped Rush with a nod of his head. He then pulled himself up from the bench, and walked up towards Blueblood with a more confident-looking smile on his face. The Prince didn’t try to back away from him, nor did he grow any disgusted expressions upon being so close to a gay stallion. Instead, the pony merely blushed with a feeble smile as the blue pegasus trotted up close to him, with his metal armor clanging with each step. By the time Rush got in less than a foot from Blueblood’s stance, he kept a sly smirk on his face as he asked, “So... how do you feel about being alone with us like *this?~*”

Despite the lingering blush that remained rather heavy across his cheeks, Blueblood nodded back at the Guard while his lips were tightly bit. Any feelings of trepidation the Prince may have had were thoroughly ignored as he closed his eyes, and took a deep breath to solidify his need of redemption. “I know, a-and... and I **do** want to do this...”

Since Blueblood certainly sounded genuine with his assurance, Rush didn't feel too bad about smirking so knowingly before him. Neither did the other four Guards, who were all getting up from their seats with their armor fully clad. Blueblood shivered a little as he saw the platoon all circling around him, and his lips struggled not to tremble while smiling nervously. Behind the group, Discord floated up his couch so he could get a better bird's eye view of the upcoming action.

“So, Mister Blueblood...” Zeno, who looked rather intimidating with his significantly higher stature that was emphasized by his armor, caught Blueblood's attention as he trotted up behind the Prince. Blueblood's golden, and lusciously-groomed tail flicked around anxiously in response to the zebra looming in so close towards his backside. Meanwhile, Zeno's head tilted curiously as he asked, “Are you willing to be *honest* with us from now on? Because after all the things we've heard you say, it might be a bad idea to tell us any *lies*...”

Blueblood looked back at the zebra to give a firm nod of his head, and said with conviction, “I assure you, Private Zeno, I don't intend to lie anymore. It's just...” Due to his newfound clarity,

the Prince closed his eyes in guilt as he turned his head away from Zeno and sighed softly. "... It's just a little *difficult* for me to comprehend my actions, that's all..."

"Wellllll... How about we do it like *this?*~" Without much warning, Zeno caught Blueblood by surprise as he mounted himself atop the Prince's back. Since he was wearing his full set of armor (including the metallic codpiece attached to his underside plating), all that the Prince felt was the zebra's armor bearing down on top of him. But alas, Blueblood still shrieked out in surprise as his hindlegs quivered from Zeno's weight. However, due to the unicorn's brooding size and strength, he was able to remain standing while Zeno said more coaxingly, "You tried to keep us *away* because you were scared of your true feelings, correct? Because if so, maybe having us this close will help you *face* your fears~"

Even though the zebra's suggestion could've been considered questionable to some, Blueblood only shuddered with a blushed and anxious smile underneath his weight. After making the briefest exhale to recompose himself, the lone Prince nodded his head so the other four can join in. "H-Honestly, I... I think I might *need* something like that~"

It was unclear if Blueblood meant that for the sake of forgiveness, or merely for something more *physically* beneficial amongst the six of them. But nevertheless, the other Guards didn't hesitate as they loomed in around the un-armored stallion. While Zeno began to grin and rub the sides of Blueblood's torso with his plated hooves, Glider and Mud-Slinger started to openly grope both of the Royal pony's toned and voluptuous flanks. Blueblood shivered with his eyes tightly shut,

trying not to freak out upon feeling their hooves across his flawlessly groomed fur. Of course, as soon as Rush and Zapper took turns nuzzling underneath the Prince's neck, Blueblood was blushing hard when a shuddering moan managed to break free from his muzzle. But fortunately, despite how embarrassed he may have felt, Blueblood didn't hear any teasing giggles while the five Guards rubbed up against him from all around.

“Mnnnnghhhhh... A-Aaaaaahhhhh~” Blueblood's eyes remained shut while he tried to savor the titillation being provided by the friendly platoon, and responded in a way he would've **never** allowed himself to before that day. As his legs trembled underneath the zebra Guard groping his sides, it seemed that *another* appendage was beginning to twitch just between them. Due to his earlier admissions about himself, none of the Guards appeared too surprised as Blueblood's stallionhood started to emerge from his sheath. However, even as that surprisingly thick and marbled shaft protruded out for the group to see, none of them tried to give it any attention just yet. Instead, the five guys continued to rub along Blueblood's muscled body and around his neck, which caused the Prince's cock to quickly grow hard and start smacking against the underside of his barrel. “Aaaaahhhhhh!~ Oh... *Ohmigosh...*”

“Oh, *wow~*” purred Discord from up above as he caught sight of Blueblood's erection, and grew an impressed smirk on his face. “I would *not* have guessed he was that well-endowed!~”

Mud-Slinger snuck a glance downward, and whistled sharply in response to seeing that rigid cock up-close. Blueblood may have not been *record-breaking*, but his stallionhood still carried

an impressive girth that was well over a foot in length. His thick, veiny shaft carried a lovely off-white color, as well as numerous pearlish speckles that gave it a more marbled appearance. The Prince was also sporting a heavy pair of balls that hung down lewdly between his legs, and had a darker onyx color that matched the leathery flesh just beneath his tail. The pony may have maintained an *intense* hygienic regimen to uphold his Royal cleanliness, but the lingering scent of Blueblood's rich and heady musk was notable enough to make Mud-Slinger swallow some excess drool in his mouth.

Glider took notice of the Prince's erection after hearing his brethren's whistle, and said with an amused scoff, "Oh, damn! I guess Blueblood really *wasn't* lying about himself~"

Blueblood tried not to let that teasing jab get to him, but he still quivered in growing arousal as he felt the Guards' eyes leering around his exposed cock. He was growing more apprehensive about himself as the seconds passed, but the sensation of being surrounded by five loving stallions was leaving the closeted Prince in a thick fog of titillation he wasn't wanting to avoid anymore. After all the years he spent repressing those thoughts and feelings to a dangerous degree, the euphoria of being able to embrace them felt unbelievably freeing. And before too long, Blueblood's moans became less strained as he took better appreciation of each muzzle and hoof gracing along his trembling body.

"Aaaahhhh!!~" Blueblood may have looked hesitant about being the center of attention (especially among the five Guards he treated so horribly before that moment), but he didn't try to

pull away from their tantalizing embrace either. None of the platoon tried to touch the Prince anywhere inappropriate, but their tenacious gropes still caused Blueblood's cock to stand rigidly in freeing pleasure. As for the five Guards who were holding him down and titillating him so thoroughly, the sounds of his cutesy moans were refreshing enough to leave all of them smiling contently. Even Zapper, who should've been the *least* enthused about riling up Blueblood like this, tried his hardest not to giggle from having such a powerful stallion bending like putty in his hooves.

All the while, Discord purred with an enthused grin while he watched the group working in tandem, rubbing along Blueblood's body and getting him rightfully aroused. The choice Private Rush made to have them in their armor was an odd idea, but it certainly added to the visual juxtaposition of their power-exchange. Even though Blueblood should've been seen as their superior, he was acting completely helpless while the platoon rubbed and nibbled along the more sensitive regions of his body. With every shiver the Prince made as a hoof or pair of lips touched him someplace that got him to giggle, Discord narrowed his eyes on them more studiously and spread his legs apart. The draconequus may have preferred to watch as a voyeur instead of participating, but his draconic cock still slipped out from a small slit between his legs to expose his ribbed, lime-green member without any shame.

“Hehehehe~” Mud-Slinger, who was stroking along the underside of Blueblood's torso with the smooth sides of his hoof plating, was grinning rather wide as he watched the Prince's cock

repeatedly smack against his barrel while untouched. “Oh, *wow*~ Who would’ve thought the prissy Prince was wanting *this* kind of attention from his Guards?~”

Despite the shameful blush that intensified across his muzzle, Blueblood only responded with a brief moan while lurching his head downward. He wanted to speak up and reply to Mud-Slinger’s jab, but his voice became *very* jittery the moment he felt Zeno’s armor grinding hard against his backside. The zebra may have been fully armored, but he could still be heard groaning through a bit lip while he started dry-humping Blueblood; his metal codpiece was rubbing hard against the Prince’s puckering tailhole, and leaving the stallion in a rather compromised state while he tried to speak. “*Aaahhh!!~* I... I wish I did this sooner! *Mnnnghhh...* I’m so sorry, Guards! *I’m so sorry!!~*”

Even though that apology was well-appreciated by the group, they all continued to play with his quivering form to keep him squirming. His breaths were soon accompanied by sharp, lustful moans each time Zeno grinded his codpiece against him. Mud-Slinger and Glider stood on their hind-legs while they continued to grope his sides, and brushed their own armor plates against his fur as well. Zapper moved himself to the front so he could stand before Blueblood’s face, and was grinning nervously as he tried to stand upright; meanwhile, Private Rush took a hold of the Prince’s mane with his hoof, and carefully guided his muzzle down towards the smooth bulge of Zapper’s codpiece. “Oh, so you wanna *apologize* to us?~” jeered Rush while keeping a tight grip on the back of Blueblood’s head, causing the unicorn to groan in pleasure while his muzzle was

pressed up against Zapper's armor. "*Yeaaaahhhhh... Is that why you were so mean to us, big guy?~ You just wanted some 'peasant' cock the whole time, didn't you?~*"

Even though Rush's teasing remarks caused the Prince's muzzle to wrinkle up, Blueblood refrained from saying anything to defend himself. Given how cruelly he treated the platoon over the past few months, it seemed that the stallion was aware of his mistakes to accept that kind of mockery. So after shivering with a guilty wince on his face, Blueblood moaned out while rubbing his face against Zapper's plating. "*Mnnnghhh!!~ I... I was worried about my... m-my reputation...*"

While the other Guards glanced over at Blueblood's blushed face with curious expressions, Zapper shuddered before taking the reins Rush laid out for him. As soon as the pegasus let go of Blueblood's mane, Zapper brought his hooves down to tightly grasp his hair and keep him in place. The unicorn's painful action caused the Prince to yelp out in pain, but his cock was still twitching antsy as pre began to seep from the tip. While thick droplets of Blueblood's clear and sticky pre ran down the underside of his shaft, his moans became more uninhibited while his head was grinding against Zapper's crotch. Even though only metal was being pressed up against his face, the Prince's hot breaths were making the shiny plating fog up to show how enamored he was getting.

"*Nnnnffff~ You... You really hurt my feelings when you slapped me, Blueblood...*" Zapper may have been getting just as pent-up as Blueblood, but his blushed face carried a sterner look while

his teeth were gritted. With that mark of Blueblood's hoof still noticeable across his cheek, Zapper didn't try to play nice with the Prince after all the abuse he went through. The Guard groaned under his breath while he kept Blueblood tightly bound against his armor, and spoke with a tone of voice firm enough to make Rush smile at him pridefully. "I *really* didn't appreciate your attitude earlier today, Bluey. A-And I... I **need** to know that you really feel bad about it."

"I-I-I do!" Blueblood blurted while his eyes peered up at Zapper, and his muzzle was being pressed up against that codpiece even harder. Even though he was trying to look remorseful, the lustful gropes and grinds that the other Guards were laying on him was leaving his voice understandably strained. But alas, the Prince tried to show his sincerity as he moaned out direly, and gave the smooth bulge of Zapper's plating a deep and needy lap of his tongue. The Guard's brows rose up in shock, but he also grinned rather devilishly while hearing the Prince's horny plea. "*P-Please*, Private Zapper! I... I'm so sorry for hitting you! I... I'll do whatever it takes to have you forgive me!~"

Due to how mischievously wide Zapper's smirk became, it was clear that Blueblood wasn't going to be let off easy. "Oh, really?~" purred the unicorn with a sly tone of intrigue in his voice. Zapper lit up his horn to undo a couple small latches behind his metallic armor, and made his codpiece pull away from his torso plating with a distinct click. The metallic armor fell to his hooves with a loud clang, and already had a couple smears of precum provided by Zapper's arousal. Meanwhile, the stallion's cock was fully unsheathed and erect at it pointed at

Blueblood's face, and left the Prince's cheeks an *obscene* shade of red to match his surprised look.

For a couple seconds, it seemed that Blueblood was contemplating what he should do next. He glanced up at Zapper and his cocky grin for a moment, not taking notice of the surprised expressions the other four Guards were carrying. Even though they were all in on this together, it seemed that none of them would've expected *Zapper* to make the first move. However, before Blueblood could think to move his head in, a strong aura of Zapper's magic grasped his cock, and moved it to the side before letting go.

SMACK!!

Zapper's thick, meaty cock playfully slapped the side of Blueblood's face, and left a small glob of precum against his white fur. While the Prince stood with a stunned expression, Zapper moved his cock the other direction before giving the same smack to Blueblood's *other* cheek. After that, Blueblood closed his eyes in acceptance as he shivered from the demeaning treatment, and pursed his muzzle shut to keep from moaning too badly. Meanwhile, Rush and the other Guards started to giggle teasingly while Zapper gave several more smacks to Blueblood's muzzle.

“*Mnnghhh... You like that, Blueblood?~*” he jeered while moving his hips with each motion, and making those smacks hit the Prince's face even louder. “*Heh~ How's that for a fitting punishment?~*”

While he and others cackled mischievously with each smack of Zapper's cock against Blueblood's face, the Prince tried to keep himself composed while taking his "punishment" in stride. Of course, it wasn't hard to see how much Blueblood was enjoying the treatment himself, and his mouth eventually opened to moan out from each playful slap. Despite keeping his eyes closed, Blueblood tried to move his open muzzle towards Zapper's cock each time it smacked him, and left his cheeks matted with the Guard's stringy precum. By the time Blueblood's tongue began to stick out, even *Discord* was chuckling to himself while watching the Prince's degradation; fortunately for the chaotic being, Blueblood didn't seem to mind when several flashes of light emitted from above, and some candid photographs slid out from the front of Discord's camera.

"Oh, these look *lovely~*" growled Discord as he leaned back in his couch with his cock out. He thumbed through the several polaroids he took of Blueblood's blushed face while drooling beside Zapper's cock. It would've likely made a *phenomenal* tabloid for PMZ, but the draconequus was intent on keeping them for his *personal* collection. The pictures were eventually laid out beside an old photo album, which was opened up to reveal several *other* notable Equestrians in similarly lewd scenarios.

Meanwhile, Prince Blueblood was growing more fidgety underneath Zeno's weight while his face was being relentlessly teased. His tailhole was puckering more direly while the zebra's codpiece was grinding against it, and he was able to feel the immense *heat* that was being conducted through the metal. Even though Zeno's armor was custom-made to better fit his larger

figure, it seemed that his codpiece may have been a little too *tight* while his erection was bunched-up against the pronounced bulge. Even Mud-Slinger and Glider couldn't help blushing while the zebra was dry-humping their Prince, clearly feeling a little envious of them; although, it was hard to tell whether they were more jealous of Zeno or Blueblood.

“*Aaaahhhh!!~*” Blueblood eventually reopened his eyes, and tried to get his mouth in closer to Zapper's smacking cock. The Guard took notice of his Prince's lewd behavior, and cackled more teasingly while holding Blueblood's hair. He used his magic to firmly grab hold of his cock, and gave several teasing slaps directly onto Blueblood's waiting tongue. The poor stallion wasn't able to move in closer during that mocking display, but he still moaned elatedly while trying to savor the taste of that cock just *briefly* gracing his tastebuds.

Eventually, Rush decided to follow his brethren's behavior, and undid the codpiece to his own armor as well. With that second metallic clang ringing close to his ears, Blueblood took notice of the pegasus' cock while Zapper kept teasing his open mouth. The Prince shuddered in intensifying need as he saw Rush's well-endowed cock just *inches* from his face, standing rock-hard and throbbing for some attention. The Private moved in close to stand beside Zapper, and they maneuvered themselves inward so both of their stallionhoods were pointed directly at Blueblood's face. The sight of two rigid cocks so close to his snout was leaving the Prince's eyes half-lidded in overwhelming lust, but his body was still quivering from the strong grinding motions provided by the zebra behind him. From his vantage spot, Zeno whistled with an

impressed smile upon seeing what Rush and Zapper were up to. “Ooooh, *nicely* done! Are you gonna make him *beg* like a good little pony?~”

That jeering suggestion was naughty enough to make Blueblood’s ears lower sheepishly, but he didn’t seem to be *against* the idea either. After making a nervous gulp, the unicorn shivered with a heavy blush while looking up at the two Guards grinning from above. “*M... M-May I please...*”

Blueblood looked a little too embarrassed to continue, and closed his eyes to let out a shameful huff. Meanwhile, Private Rush decided to pull up his discarded codpiece to dangle in front of the Prince’s face. “May you *what*, little Bluey?~” he asked in a mockingly coy voice, making sure to use the nickname Zapper used earlier. When Blueblood reopened his eyes, he gasped with a strong shudder upon seeing the inside of that metallic plating. A couple thick, gooey globs of Rush’s precum were slathered around the inside of that codpiece, and looked tempting enough to make the unicorn lick his lips involuntarily. Upon seeing that, Rush grinned even wider while holding the plating even closer to Blueblood’s muzzle. “*Yaaaahhhh... You wanna taste that, don’cha?~*”

The scent of Rush’s pre was potent enough to make Blueblood’s nostrils flare out strongly, and he moaned out while nodding his head. “*Y... Yeah,*” he moaned faintly while trying to inch his mouth in closer to the Guard’s codpiece. However, Zapper’s tight grip on his mane was enough

to keep him at bay, and caused the Prince to add needily, “*P-Please!!~* I... I’ll be a good stallion for now on, I *swear!~*”

“Oh, *will* you now?~” asked Zapper as he tilted his head down at Blueblood, and smiled at how desperately the Prince was trying to get a taste inside of that codpiece. The sight alone was entertaining enough to make him feel content about Blueblood’s apologetic words; however, Zapper still held onto the Prince’s hair as he asked, “You’re not just saying that because you’re horny for *cock*, are you?~”

Blueblood groaned with a strong grimace as he shook his head. “N-NO!!” he moaned out before looking back up at Zapper with a sincere pout. “P-Please, Zapper! I... I don’t want to be scared anymore! I wa... I-I want to *come out!* I promise I’ll--*MMMNNNGHHH!!~*”

The Prince may have been held down fairly well by Zapper and Zeno, but his body jolted in unrelenting bliss as he shuddered with a heavy moan. Of course, that was mostly because while Zapper and Rush were teasing Blueblood in the front, neither of them took notice of their zebra friend undoing *his* codpiece while behind him. Glider and Mud-Slinger’s muzzles were practically touching the floor, and they couldn’t help gawking the moment Zeno’s *monstrous* cock was finally freed from his armor. The thick, sixteen-inch cock carried a dark ebony sheen that was glistening from the zebra’s sweat, and looked absolutely daunting while the underside was grinding hard against the outside of Blueblood’s hole. The Prince may have been wailing out

in rapture from feeling such a hot piece of cockmeat against him, but the other Guards were more worried whether or not Zeno's girth would *kill* him.

Meanwhile, Discord was grinning ear-to-ear while holding a fishing rod, and using the line to move Zeno's codpiece over towards Blueblood's face. "Ooh, this is a *messy* one~"

There may have been some tasty-looking globs of pre inside of Rush's plating, but the zebra's codpiece was absolutely *glazed* with heavy strings of his own secretions. Rush almost dropped the own armor when he caught sight of that, and had to do a double-take before looking back at Zeno; of course, his expression turned equally as stunned at the other two Guards as soon as he saw that zebra cock resting atop Blueblood's back. Meanwhile, Zapper took hold of Rush's codpiece with his magic, and hovered it closer to the Prince's drooling mouth. "You wanna be a *brave* stallion for a change?~" he asked with a playfully nasty grin while narrowing his eyes down at Blueblood; as soon as the Prince nodded his head, Zapper offered Rush's pre-slathered armor as an appetizer. "**Prove it~**"

As soon as he let go of Blueblood's mane, Zapper grinned more dominantly when he saw the Prince lunging his muzzle inside of Rush's codpiece. A randy, uninhibited moan escaped Blueblood's mouth as he dug in, and his voice echoed against that bulged metal plating. His eyes closed blissfully shut while he dragged his tongue across that smooth armor, and those thick globs of precum made the fur across Blueblood's back stand on end. The bitter, salty flavor of

Rush's cum made the unicorn groan in undeniable pleasure, and his cock slapped violently hard against his barrel from that first taste of testosterone-laden nectar.

While Zeno took his time grinding against Blueblood's ass with his cock, the other Guards were too busy laughing as they admired the sight of their Prince licking up cum like a starving dog. They were sure that the stallion must've felt utterly humiliated, since he was kneeling before the five Guards he abused for so long to perform such a carnal act. But at the same time, it was hard to feel *too* guilty about the power-switch when it was obvious how much Blueblood was loving it. Even with all of his Guards laughing it up in their armor, Blueblood seemed rather content about being *their* bitch for a change.

“Aaaahhhh... Mmmmmm!!~” After lapping up every drop of Rush's secretions, Blueblood pulled his head back to give an enthusiastic gulp. The audible “Glk!~” was accompanied with a thick bulge that traveled down his throat after he swallowed. The Prince then sighed with a blushed smile as he opened his mouth, revealing a freshly cleaned tongue that made all of his Guards satisfied. Of course, as soon as he reopened his eyes to peer up at the platoon, Blueblood was greeted with the sloppily used codpiece that *Zeno* was wearing.

The plating was tossed before Blueblood's hooves with a loud clang, and the pony's jaw dropped when he saw how much precum the zebra provided him. Zeno, who paused his own teasing to peer down at the Prince with a shit-eating grin, leaned against the small of Blueblood's back and said with an accented purr, “You better clean *that* one too, Bluey~”

Blueblood didn't even need any prompting, and *instantly* lunged down to begin licking up Zeno's codpiece as well. Due to how shamelessly horny the Prince acting, none of the Guards even needed to hold him down anymore. Instead, the group just watched in growing arousal as their bulky unicorn kept moaning between his needy licks, and they saw how enamored he was getting from the taste of Zeno's cum slathering all over his tongue. A couple of the Guards ended up looking back at each other with curious smirks, seemingly intrigued about pushing their limits with the compromised Prince.

“Oh, *man~*” Glider stepped back from Blueblood as he glanced over at Zeno rubbing his cock against that tailhole. The zebra had a dauntingly thick cockhead that carried a crowned ridge, as well as a lovely sheen of pre that was glistening wonderfully against his ebony flesh. The pegasus licked his lips with a curious blush, and decided to just ask, “H-Hey, uhhhh... You need any help lubing that thing?~”

Zeno shot a sly-looking smile back at his brethren, and motioned down to his cock with a welcoming nod. He may have not *said* anything to accept such an idea, but Glider took that response at face-value when he went in. The reg pegasus shivered with an antsy smile as he got himself in close to that zebra cock, and he took a deep breath to prepare himself. Of course, due to how thick and musky Zeno's natural scent was, the pony ended up moaning softly before going for it. And while Blueblood was busy cleaning Zeno's codpiece with drooling vigor, it

seemed that Glider was experiencing the same taste as he wrapped his lips around that meaty cockhead.

“*Mnnnghhh!!~*” Zeno clenched his eyes shut as he smiled to himself, and he kept a tight grip on the Prince while still mounting his back. Meanwhile, one of his hind-legs picked itself up to provide better angling, and allowed Glider to slide more of his muzzle around his cock.

However, due to how thick the zebra’s girth was, it was more like Glider had to *cram* that massive member inside of his mouth. But regardless of specifics, the pegasus Guard’s eyes rolled back in pleasure while getting a good taste of Zeno’s cock, and it wasn’t long before he started to lick as much of that drooling head as he possibly could.

“*Aaaahhhh!!~*” By the time Blueblood was finished cleaning Zeno’s plating, the sides of his muzzle were thoroughly matted with the zebra’s sticky pre. And from how blissfully spent his expression looked, it was doubtful he paid much attention to the zebra getting blown by another Guard on top of his back. What he *did* take notice of was Mud-Slinger, who was growing an *especially* suspicious grin before whispering something into Zapper and Rush’s ears. Meanwhile, the Prince’s ears flickered about as he overheard Zeno’s moans from behind him, as well as the suckling noises provided by Glider’s tenacious cock-sucking. Even though he was tempted to look behind him and see what was going on, his attention remained focused on the grins that grew across the other two Guards’ muzzles.

“Oooooohhhh~” Rush snickered naughtily back at Mud-Slinger after hearing his suggestion, and he turned towards Zapper to ask, “Is that alright with *you*, bud?~”

The unicorn Guard looked a little hesitant, but he still shrugged with an accepting blush before saying, “You know what? It’s not *my* thing, but I’m willing to try it for our bitch here~”

He and the others giggled more mischievously while standing above their blushing Prince, who was still kneeling beneath them in submission. Fortunately, since Blueblood still had a hopeful smile on his face, Mud-Slinger didn’t seem too worried as he lifted one of his hind-legs above the stallion’s head. “Hey, Bluey?~” he jeered with a more brutish tone than the other two Guards had done. “Remember when you called me a faggot in front of my *Mother*?”

Blueblood lowered his head shamefully as he winced. Even though he had done that sort of thing to *several* members of the castle’s staff, he remembered that moment vividly enough to close his eyes in remorse. “I’m *so* sorry,” he began in a deeply sincere tone, not seeming to realize what Mud-Slinger was planning just yet. “Private, I’ll do whatever it takes to--”

That was when the Prince felt something very warm, and very wet hitting the top of his head. When he tried to look up, Blueblood gasped before that stream of Mud-Slinger’s piss hit him right in the face. The stallion turned his head away with a shocked expression, but he wasn’t able to avoid the steaming hot piss stream that continued to douse his mane and fur. Meanwhile, the

pony above him just chuckled in perverted delight, and tried to aim his cock so the Prince could be thoroughly soaked. “Heh~ Just let me finish *this* before I take any apologies~”

Blueblood lowered his head with a gawked and stunned look on his face, but he still shivered inexplicably while feeling his luscious mane being dampened by the Guard’s urine. The ripe, acrid scent of Mud’s piss was lingering against his coat, and caused Blueblood to bite his lip to keep from audibly moaning. His white, pearlescent fur was soon given a dark golden tint that ran down the sides of his face, and left his mane a matted mess that clung to his head. While the pony shuddered from the strangely titillating feeling of being used as a urinal, Zeno gawked down at his friends and shook his head. “*Dude,*” he muttered under his breath, barely able to appreciate Glider’s fellatio while watching their Prince being pissed on. “You ponies are *weird.*”

“*Mmmmp!*~” Glider pulled his mouth away from the zebra’s cock with a wet pop, and said with a shrug, “Trust me, that’s nothing compared to some of *my* kinks~” The Guard then went right back to sucking Zeno off with a content-sounding groan, leaving him and the others to ponder what he meant by that statement. Fortunately, despite how distracting the scent of piss may have been for the zebra, he was able to close his eyes and shiver once more while those lips slid up and down his rigid shaft.

Up above the group, Discord began to stroke himself with his paw while growling in lustrous approval. In his avian claw, he continued to take pictures with his camera while the other two Guards lifted up their hind-legs too. “*Mmmmmmm... Now this* is what I call a party~”

By the time Zapper and Rush began to relieve themselves, the Prince pulled his head back up with a shameful blush while his mane was soaked in piss. Mud-Slinger groaned in pleasure after he finished up, and he started to stroke himself with a hoof while watching his buddies add to the contribution. “Yeah, *there* we go~” he purred with a grinning nod, just as he saw Rush’s piss stream fit the bridge of Blueblood’s muzzle. Surprisingly enough, the Prince didn’t seem too perturbed by the additional urine soaking his coat, and merely closed his eyes to moan out softly. Of course, as soon as Blueblood opened up his muzzle, Zapper used that as the *perfect* target to begin pissing on; the Prince gasped sharply from that stream of salty urine hitting his tongue, but he was quick to shudder and open his mouth even wider while his eyes were closed.

Mud-Slinger groaned *especially* hard while watching their urinal of a Prince embracing such a raunchy punishment, and stood on his hind-legs to better jerk off to the sight. Meanwhile, Rush and Zapper continued to piss side-by-side, making sure to thoroughly soak up Blueblood’s coat wherever white was showing on his face. And while the Prince below them tried to remain in place, even letting their streams pool up inside of his *mouth*, his ears twitched upon hearing the Guards start to make out lewdly from the spectacle.

“*Mmmmm...*” Zapper and Rush may have not been *romantically* involved with each other, but it was clear they and the other Guards carried a lax policy when it came to physical relations with one another. Just like how Glider was taking his time sucking on Zeno’s fat zebra cock, the pegasus and unicorn Guards were content with enjoying each other’s company for the sake of

dirtying up their ex-bigoted Prince. As for Mud-Slinger, who was growing even more riled-up by the sight of Blueblood soaked in piss, he had to bite his bottom lip while jerking off just inches from his now golden face.

“*Mnnnghhhh~* Wh... Wha’cha gonna do with that muzzle-full, Bluey?~” he asked in a panted voice, his tone indicating he was *really* wanting a specific answer. As for the Prince himself, he shivered with a slight grimace as he finally closed his lips, and got a good taste of the mouthful of bitter, salty piss that was sloshing between his puffed-out cheeks. But shockingly enough, Blueblood was still rock-hard as he reeled his head back up, and struggled not to cringe while giving a heavy gulp for the Guards to hear. Mud-Slinger moaned out in perverted bliss as he saw that bulge traveling down Blueblood’s throat, and he didn’t wait for the other Guards to finish before pushing himself in. “*Aaaaahhh!!~* Oh *Goddess* I need to do this!~” he groaned with a pent-up tone before he grabbed Blueblood by the hair with both hooves, and rammed his meaty cock right into the Prince’s mouth.

“*MMMPHHH!!~*” Considering what he just swallowed, Blueblood *certainly* wasn’t expecting the taste of Mud-Slinger’s cock to come right after. However even as the stallion started to thrust his cock in and out of Blueblood’s muzzle like it was his own personal fleshlight, the Prince’s eyes eventually rolled back in carnal bliss. While his cock remained throbbing and his head was dripping with piss, Blueblood eventually closed his eyes and started to suck on that thick cock that was pistoning between his pillowy lips.

Meanwhile behind the Prince, Zeno's cock finally received enough "lubrication" to allow Glider to pull his lips away from that thick cockhead. Several strings of his saliva connected the two for a brief moment, but the pegasus soon turned his focus towards the *other* contact point below the zebra. Blueblood tried to gasp from the feeling of Glider's warm tongue lapping deeply across his tailhole, but his head and mouth were locked in place while Mud-Slinger kept rutting his face. Because of that, the Prince could only tremble in primal lust while feeling the red pegasus beginning to rim him vigorously.

"Nnnnngghh!!~" Glider's hooves grasped both of Blueblood's supple cheeks, and he dove his muzzle in to slather the unicorn's plump tailhole with the same saliva coating Zeno's waiting cock. The pegasus' deep and animalistic groans were just *barely* muffled while he chowed down on that Royal rump, with his lips trying to wrap around that meaty pucker for better tonguing. He could feel how much Blueblood was spasming from that foreign sensation assaulting his backside, and could also overhear his gurgling moans while Mud-Slinger was face-fucking him rather brutally. And to Glider's ears, those noises sounded like the sweetest music while he growled ravenously, and tried to shove the tip of his tongue through that tight and leathery opening.

Zeno's brows rose up when he saw his brethren's enthusiastic ass-eating, and shivered with a bitten lip while smirking enviously. "Nnnnf~ Remember to let me borrow that tongue sometime~" he purred down at the pegasus, who responded with a sly wink back up at him. Of course, despite how enthused Glider may have looked by his fellow Guard's interest, it wasn't

long before he closed his eyes again to better focus on Blueblood's rimming. Zeno may have not been able to see what was happening, but the sharp moan that tried to escape Blueblood's stuffed mouth indicated that Glider's tongue hit something *particularly* sensitive.

“Nnnnp~~hh~~!!~” Blueblood's eyelids were fluttering while trying to remain closed shut, but he could barely keep still while Mud-Slinger's cock was being rammed in and out of his mouth so forcefully. The piss-soaked Prince may have looked *extremely* degraded in his bound state, but his cock was still spurting strings of precum that clung to the fur beneath his torso. He could feel Glider's tenacious tongue squirming its way through his hole, and the titillating sensation was leaving his nerves in a continuously frayed state. And with the weight of Zeno's chest-plate resting atop his back, which reminded him of what was to come with that studly zebra, it took everything within the unicorn to keep from shooting his load too early.

As for Zapper and Rush, who had finished their contributions to the Prince a while ago, the two Guards were still making out rather lewdly beside their face-fucking brethren. Mud-Slinger, who was panting rapidly while barreling his cock between the Prince's drooling lips, tried to snicker with a smirk back towards the duo. “Y-You know guys,” he said cheekily between his heated breaths, “I... I wouldn't mind havi... h-having you two join in to... to give this bitch something to do~”

The two pulled away with their eyes half-lidded, and a couple strings of saliva connecting their muzzles. Zapper was the first to smile devilishly with a glance back at Blueblood, and lit up his

horn to get a good grip beneath the Prince's body. Aside from a brief grunt, Blueblood wasn't too distracted by the added resistance to keep him from falling to the floor. And even with the tantalizing sensations being bombarded through both of his orifices, Blueblood was able to realize what the two had planned as Zapper walked to the left side of his face. Rush stood at the right side, and was the first to stand on his hind-legs to show off his erect cock. "Guess you're gonna have to mess up your hooficure, Bluey~" he said with a shit-eating grin, eager to see how quickly the pony would comply.

Due to Zapper's impressive magical strength, Blueblood was able to lift up both of his forelegs without dropping down an inch. And even with his focus being *thoroughly* compromised by the two Guards penetrating him from both ends, he was able to grasp both of the other Guards' cocks in an instant. As the two stallions stood upright and shivered from the Prince's touch, they soon leaned in to grab hold of one another. Zeno, who was only a foot away from the two due to his positioning on top of Blueblood, chuckled to himself before saying, "You know, you two looked rather cute while kissing earlier~"

Even though both of them were shuddering from Blueblood's hooves, and how quickly he began to jerk both of them off while his muzzle was being used, Zapper was the first to smirk back at the zebra and say, "Heh~ You curious about *our* muzzles too?~"

Zeno didn't say anything, and just leaned in to plant his lips against the unicorn's. The Guard seemed surprised for a second, but Blueblood's vigorous strokes helped him to quickly accept

the zebra's gesture. As the two Guards began to kiss with the same amount of passion Zapper displayed earlier, Rush couldn't help smiling at the two with a touched look on his face.

Meanwhile, Glider finally pulled his mouth away from Blueblood's glistening hole, and caused that thick muscle to pucker repeatedly as soon as his tongue slipped free. However, it seemed that the Prince's need for a good filling was about to be *quickly* ramified when Glider smirked up at Zeno, and grasped that ebony cock with both hooves.

The zebra gasped a little before pulling away from Zapper's mouth, and his head reeled back with a satisfied hiss as he felt his cockhead pressing hard against Blueblood's tailhole. The Prince shivered with an enamored groan as well, but didn't stop a single stroke he was delivering to the two Guards standing at his sides. Mud-Slinger was still going at it, but slowed down his thrusts to better appreciate the view he had down at their piss-soaked bitch. "*Mmmghhh... You look way better as a cock-slut than you did as a Prince, Bluey~*"

That statement should've been absolutely appalling for Blueblood to hear, but his eyes peered up at that Guard with a half-lidded look of pure contentment. Although, that look was short-lived when Zeno began to push against the Prince's hole, and Blueblood's eyes clenched tightly shut. While his lips pursed around Mud's shaft much tighter, his hooves spasmed a little while feeling the immense pressure against his virgin hole. Meanwhile, Glider let go of the zebra's cock after making sure he was good, and went around to continue his muzzle-work on the striped Guard.

“*Ooooh!~*” Up above the rambunctious group, Discord put away his camera so he could pull out a floating easel and canvas board. Since Blueblood was in the middle of what looked to be a *very* tantalizing gay orgy, the draconequus couldn’t let his artistic inspiration go to waste. Just as Glider lifted Zeno’s tail to the side, and he got a good look at the zebra’s thick black pucker, he grinned like a lion standing before his kill while groaning in pleasure. His muzzle lunged in to plant his lips around Zeno’s hole, and jolted the Guard badly enough to make his hips spasm against Blueblood; and with that, a good portion of that crowned ridge was able to slip past the Prince’s hole, which helped to give that spit-roasting a good head start.

“Man, there are some weirdos in that one human dimension who would *kill* for a commission like this~” Discord said to himself while he began painting the scene. Of course, the chaotic being paused for a second to give a cheeky smirk towards **you**, the pervert reading this, and winked.

While the fourth wall was being broken up above, Blueblood looked absolutely *blissful* down below where all the action was unfolding. While Zeno tried to push his thick cock past the Prince’s walls, Glider was delivering the same amount of sloppily ravenous rimming to his friend’s hole that he had for Blueblood; his lips repeatedly smacked around that plump opening, and his tongue tried to slide its way inside of the zebra to better savor Zeno’s musky sweat. And while the zebra was groaning with his teeth gritted from the double-dosage of pleasurable pressure, Zapper and Rush went back to making out with each other just a foot away from his

face; their hips were spasming in response to Blueblood's diligent strokes, and their shafts were throbbing in his hooves just as much as Mud-Slinger's cock between the Prince's lips.

"NNNHHH!!" Zeno couldn't keep control of his writhing hips, and his cock jolted inward with enough force to ram the entirety of his cockhead inside of Blueblood. A shrill and piercing cry came out muffledly from the Prince's cock-stuffed mouth, and his face grew a heavy shade of red from what had to be a *very* painful bout of penetration. Mud-Slinger yelped in pain as well, most likely from feeling Blueblood's teeth for the first time since they started. Fortunately, it didn't seem like the stallion bit down *too* hard, and the Guard was able to soldier on and continue thrusting into that slutty mouth. Meanwhile, Blueblood tried his best to ignore the pain, even as a couple tears started to bead at the corners of his eyes.

"D-Dude, come on!" griped Mud-Slinger with an annoyed look across their bitch towards Zeno.

"Blueblood might not be made of glass, but we shouldn't *hurt* him!"

Even though the zebra felt guilty about that accidental jolt, he was quick to retort back at him,

"Says the guy who *literally* pissed on his face."

Mud-Slinger wanted to say something in response to that, but he eventually shrugged and went back to his *own* defilement of their Prince. "Ehhh... Okay, fair point."

Eventually, the five Guards were able to get into full-swing as they used Blueblood's body to their lustful intents, and gave the formerly bigoted Prince a *whirlwind* of pleasures he never would've known existed before that day. Despite how thick the girth of Zeno's cock was, the lubrication provided by Glider ensured that his shaft was able to slide through that tight hole like a hot knife through butter. The same could be said for the Prince's mouth, as Mud-Slinger pounded that muzzle with a barrage of hard, studiously-timed thrusts. Both of his hooves were continuously moving back and forth, jerking off those other two cocks that were throbbing and leaking pre down his forelegs. And even Glider, whose muzzle was as preoccupied as Zapper and Rush's during their makeout session, seemed perfectly fine with slurping and sniffing Zeno's tender tailhole. Blueblood's pucker may have been equally as soft and tantalizing against the pegasus' tastebuds, but the musky flavor of the zebra's ebony flesh was *especially* delicious for Glider to experience; the salty, heady taste that lingered on Zeno's wrinkled flesh was making the Guard's eyes roll back blissfully, while the added sounds of the zebra's moans caused him to start stroking himself during the experience.

It was unclear how long that six-member orgy actually lasted, but even *Discord* was enjoying the sight with a paw on his cock by the time he finished painting his masterpiece. He was growling with an enticed smile while peering down at the group, and seeing just how wonderfully happy Blueblood had become in his new mindset. Instead of acting like the bigoted narcissist he *used* to be, the Prince was seemed utterly content with the four cocks throbbing and spurting around his willing body. But even among all of the meaty slaps of their bodies, the clanging metal plates of the Guards' armor, and even the wet slurps of tongues and muzzles against one another, it was

rather easy to hear the lustful groans that came out of Mud-Slinger's muzzle first and foremost.

“Mnnnghhh!! I... I'm gonna... *I'M GONNA!!~*”

The Earth pony Guard pounded his hips **hard** against Blueblood's blushed muzzle, and the Prince could feel each distinct pulsation of Mud's shaft as it throbbed in completion between his lips. Before the unicorn could even process what was about to happen, he felt a strong blast of warmth strike the back of his throat. He may have not been able to taste that first creamy load he was given, but the musky aftertaste made his eyes roll back blissfully while ropes of the stallion's jizz erupted down his hungry gullet. And even as tears rolled down his cheeks from the strain being given to his lungs, Blueblood couldn't have felt happier as he tried to swallow down that first cumshot.

Meanwhile, the guttural groans that Mud-Slinger made seemed to provoke a domino effect for the two stallions standing right beside him. Zapper and Rush had their eyes closed as they kept kissing sloppily atop Blueblood's back, and occasionally pulling Zeno in to swap spit with *him* as well. But as soon as they heard Blueblood's audible gulps as he began to take Mud-Slinger's load, both of their bodies reached their peaks while the Prince was milking their thick cocks. The two clung onto one another with deep and randy moans, and thrust their hips against Blueblood's hooves while their cocks were pointed at his face. And before the pony could finish swallowing the entirety of Mud's cumshot, his body trembled at the feeling of two more cocks adding to his degradation.

Zapper and Rush both moaned out deeply in each other's embrace, and their members twitched like crazy as ropes of their seed draped all over their slutty Prince. Blueblood clenched his eyes shut as he felt each hot, gooey string of cum landing across his mane and muzzle, clinging to his already soaked fur to leave glossy ropes across his chiseled features. If his mouth wasn't stuffed with Mud-Slinger's cock, there's no doubt that the studly Prince would've likely tried to catch a couple of those thick ropes onto his tongue; but as his face became increasingly bukkaked with each hard spasm of their shafts within his hooves, Blueblood couldn't argue too much about feeling two of his Guards using his face like a common jizzrag.

The Prince tried his hardest to moan around Mud-Slinger's spent cock, and his tailhole clenched hard around Zeno's shaft in an attempt to milk *him* for his load as well. Of course, it was doubtful Blueblood's assistance was needed when Zeno was already panting through his nostrils like an enraged bull. And despite how rapidly hard he plowed his muscled hips against Blueblood's ass to rut him without mercy, Glider was somehow able to keep his muzzle buried between those striped cheeks to continue rimming him relentlessly. So by the time he heard Rush and Zapper's unified moans of completion less than a foot from his twitching ears, Zeno had to clench his eyes shut while giving several last, powerful thrusts into their slut of a Prince.

“Aaaaahhhh!!! *AAAAHHHHH!!! AAAAAHHHHHHHHH!!!~*”

Even with Zapper's magic holding the Prince in place, Blueblood was nearly knocked down to the floor as the zebra pounded into his backside with a deep and primal cry. Zeno managed to shove an impressive portion of his length inside of that once virgin-hole, and caused Blueblood

to belt out a piercing squeal that made Mud-Slinger's cock slip from his mouth. Inside of the Royal fuck-toy, Zeno's cock throbbed intensely as thick, heavy volleys of the zebra's seed flooded Blueblood's insides with a verocity no Equestrian could've fathomed. By the time Zeno had to give a couple weaker, secondary thrusts to help milk himself thoroughly, a distinct swelling could be seen from the volume of his cum to cause Blueblood's stomach to sink down significantly; it was unclear how much more the Prince would be willing to take, but it wouldn't have been a shock if he ended up looking *pregnant* by the time he was finished.

As for Blueblood himself, that fourth hefty surge of cum was enough to leave him utterly lost to the pleasures that were coursing through his fraying nerves. His cock wasn't touched by any of the Guards throughout his grueling usage, but that didn't seem to be much of an issue as his stallionhood spasmed wildly against his barrel. An onslaught of pulsating sensations sent waves of electricity throughout the Prince's buckling legs, and he couldn't keep himself in control as he shamelessly came across the locker room floor; his prostate-stimulation seemed to have worked *wonders* for Blueblood's libido, as the continuous onslaught of cum that erupted from his twitching cock came with the ferocity of a faucet being turned on. The intense orgasm he experienced lasted for much longer than any of the Guards would've expected, and a thick puddle of the Prince's jizz left him dribbling in post-coital bliss like a showmare who underwent a hefty breeding session.

“MMMMPPHHH!!” While Blueblood was cumming in the middle of the action like a little bitch, Glider was the last pony to reach climax with the aid of his hoof. While his tongue

remained deeply buried inside of Zeno's rump to savor that bitter flavor, his hips spasmed uncontrollably while adding to the cum stains that littered the floor. Multiple strings of his milky-white cum shot out impressively far while the pony moaned relentlessly between the zebra's cheeks. The reverberations made Zeno shiver with a blissful groan of his own, and he pushed himself back against Glider's muzzle to better appreciate that tenacious tongue squirming like mad inside of him.

By the time the six of them all completed their joint fuck session, Discord was collapsed atop his floating couch with a couple of used tissues resting atop his chest. It was unclear when the draconequeus finished himself, but it was doubtful that any of the others were too curious to ask either. Instead, the group all collapsed on the cum-slathered floor, with Blueblood laying in the middle of a massive cuddle-session involving the five Guards. While some of the Guards held onto Blueblood's limbs like a sloth on a tree-branch, others nestled their muzzles contently against the nape of the Prince's neck with tired hums. Even though the concrete floors beneath them were fur-raisingly cold, it proved to be the perfect place for the six to rest their panting, sweaty bodies for a much-needed cooldown.

Just before he could make his leave, Discord floated down a basket of soaps and other toiletries for the group to use during their *much*-needed cleanup in the showers later on. Even though he highly doubted that Blueblood would revert back to his old self, he also left a couple copies of the photographs he took inside of Rush's locker, just in case they needed some good proof of what the Prince had done with them. Of course, even after cleaning himself off and discarding

his tissues, Discord sighed with a prideful smile as he looked down at the spent group of guys. He may have not been helping Canterlot in a way Twilight or Celestia would approve of, but he felt absolutely *no* regrets while eyeing that warm smile Blueblood was carrying among his loving platoon.

“*Hmmm...*” Discord took a second to glance down at the watch that suddenly appeared on his wrist, and hummed in thought before saying to himself, “You know... perhaps I should see what Shining Armor can do with *his* platoon too~”

A wide and enticed grin spread across the draconequus’ fanged muzzle, and he only needed a quick snap of his claw to disappear from sight in the locker room. And while Blueblood and the Guards savored that serene moment of aftercare, Discord was off to see what *else* he could do that eventful day.

The End