

The sun was just beginning to set outside of Ponyville, which provided the hamlet with a lovely array of warm colors to illuminate the darkening skies. Many of the homes and businesses were beginning to turn on their lights, which helped to accompany the hundreds of fireflies hovering around outside. The first few stars of Luna's night were beginning to show, although it was hard to see when Twilight Sparkle's gargantuan castle was standing at shadow's length from the nearby township. Not to mention, nearly every window across the tree-shaped castle was glowing brightly from all the activity going on inside.

In an effort to establish herself as a capable Princess alongside Celestia and Luna, Twilight Sparkle decided to host her first-ever International Conference at her own castle. The meeting was meant to establish as many alliances as possible, all in accordance to her School of Friendship being under construction. Despite how risky the idea may have been, particularly in the Royal Sisters' eyes, the Summons proved to be a surprisingly big success. All across the ground floor of the spacious castle, a festive and high-class function was going on without any issues among Equestrians and members of neighboring nations.

Gryphons, dragons, hippogriffs, and even reformed changelings were all in attendance at the grand ballroom downstairs. Even though there were a lot of Ponyville citizens working as servers to earn a quick couple of bits, the representatives of other nations made sure to provide their own staff for the sake of equality. The function felt surreally natural, with many different species and backgrounds all coming together for a pleasant evening. But while Twilight Sparkle remained in the main ballroom, happily chatting with leaders like Princess Ember and King Thorax about their future plans, the other Princess in attendance had excused herself upstairs.

“Well, I must say,” said Princess Cadance to herself, smiling wistfully as she stared down at the ballroom below. “I think Twilight might be handling foreign diplomats better than Celestia...”

The pink Alicorn chuckled to herself, making a mental note to keep that remark as far away from her Aunts’ ears as she could. She walked away from the railing leading to the stairs, deciding to follow her intuition instead. Her horn was lit with a bright shade of blue, the aura nearly pulsating from the sensations she was able to catch all around. In a venue as large and populated as Twilight’s castle, it wasn’t too surprising for the Princess of Love to sense specific feelings among staff and visitors alike. However, while most of the attendees remained downstairs for courtesy's sake, Cadance was able to sense some *especially* strong feelings up on the second floor.

Cadance trotted slowly, keeping her steps soft and quiet to avoid being heard. Right as she was about to round a corner, her ears perked up when she overheard a couple of guys’ voices down the hallway. There was also a good amount of laughter between the two, which provided Cadance the perfect opportunity to lean her head in and take a peek. Her brows rose up in surprise when she saw two of the event’s staff talking beside a service cart, already full of premade horderves to bring downstairs. One of them was a unicorn stallion with glasses and a tan coat, and a dark grey mane that contrasted with the white fur along his muzzle and fetlocks; the other staff member was actually a slender dragon employed by Princess Ember, whose white and pink-hued scales stood out quite a bit against their uniforms. Both of them were wearing

white dress shirts with red vests; although, only the dragon was wearing black slacks while standing bipedally.

“Oh, man!” said the pony with a shake of his head, needing a moment to stop giggling. He was blushing hotly enough for Cadance to see from several feet away, but he kept a genuine smile when he said, “Okay, you can’t leave me hanging like that, Fizzle. Like... what did you say?”

Fizzle, who was blushing just as obviously as the unicorn, tried to give a casual shrug in response. “Well, uhhh... that was when I told Garble that he kinda deserved it! I mean, who tries to rush into a Diamond Dog cave to get jewels?! Even *our* species knows how brutal they can be!”

Both of them laughed at that remark, although the pony was struggling not to look too flustered as he averted his gaze. He ended up chuckling rather meekly through his blush, and muttered, “Y-Yeah, yeah... They... They definitely *can* be... F-From what I heard, of course...”

Before Fizzle could say anything else, Princess Cadance decided to make her presence known by clearing her throat. The two instantly jolted with a couple of girlish-sounding yelps. Fizzle only needed a single glance back at Cadance before grabbing his cart, and hurriedly rushing away from the frazzled stallion. Meanwhile, the unicorn was left standing in a frozen state while the dragon ran out of the hallway. “Uhh, s-sorry for being late!” shouted Fizzle, “I was just taking a small break, don’t worry your Highness!”

Cadance was just about to say it wasn't any worry, but the dragon already went off towards one of the elevators. She eventually glanced back at the other server, who was trying to avoid eye contact while lighting up his horn. He floated up a couple trays of appetizers in his aura, and tried not to appear too embarrassed as he shuffled past Cadance. "M-My apologies, your Highness. I... I-I need to get back downstairs..."

Given how quickly both of them left the hallway in a flutter, Cadance couldn't help wincing awkwardly. Much like Fizzle, the pony didn't wait for a response from Cadance before going down the stairs. When the Princess was left by herself in the hallway, she merely huffed and shrugged to herself. She may have not wanted for those two to leave so suddenly, especially when she could sense some wonderful chemistry between the two. However, despite having sensed *several* potential relationships throughout the night, there was something about those two guys which made her smirk with intrigue. "Hmmm... do I dare play matchmaker?~"

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Fifteen Minutes Later

The tan unicorn was finally able to breathe comfortably, even after running around the ballroom frantically to replace attendees' drinks or provide snacks. He usually didn't try to overwork himself so hard, but it was the only way for him to clear his head of that embarrassing encounter upstairs. It was bad enough to get caught slacking off during such an important night, even if it was just a few minutes conversing with such a nice dragon; but considering how they were

caught by Princess Cadance of all ponies, he had to keep himself from looming over possible hypotheticals. Even though he doubted anything would've happened anyway, he had to try and stay grateful that both of them were fully clothed; of course, as soon as that thought entered his pervy mind, the unicorn groaned and shook his head. "*D-Darnit, Quill,*" he muttered under his breath, "*not now.*"

"Oh, so your name is *Quill*, is it?"

"NNNGHHH!!" The pony nearly dropped the platters in his aura when he jolted to that voice behind him. He was thankfully far enough away from other attendees for his reaction to not cause a scene; but at the same time, he was rightfully intimidated when he turned around and saw Princess Cadance smiling at him. His muzzle hung slightly agape, as if he was trying to prepare an apology speech for what happened upstairs. Luckily for Quill, Cadance was the first to speak insistently.

"Hey, it's alright. I promise, you didn't do anything wrong." Cadance kept a warm and welcoming voice as she extended out her hoof. "If anything, *I* should be apologizing for surprising you two like that, Mister Quill. I was just walking around the castle when I heard you two talking."

"O-Oh, ummm... i-it's no big deal..." Despite how overwhelmed he may have felt, Quill wasn't too sheepish to shake Cadance's hoof. He even gave her a gracious smile before introducing

himself properly. “My name is *Winter* Quill, by the way. I moved to Ponyville a couple months ago, so I’m still getting used to seeing Princesses so regularly. Heh heh...”

“Well, it’s a pleasure to meet you, Winter Quill.” After letting go of his hoof, Cadance turned her head to scan the ballroom attendees nearby. She was quick to notice Fizzle, who was stoically standing beside Princess Ember and holding a bottle of champagne. His cheeks were still deeply blushed, and his head quickly jerked away from Cadance’s direction when she noticed him. She huffed with a smirk, pondering whether or not that reaction was from herself or the stallion beside her. Nevertheless, she glanced back at Winter to ask, “So... you two seemed to be in high spirits upstairs.”

Cadance tried to keep a confident tone with that comment, not wanting Winter to feel judged. Unfortunately, he still looked away from her and struggled not to wince. “Uhhh, yeah... W-We were both up there getting restocked, and we just... k-kinda chatted for a while.”

“Hey, it’s perfectly alright, Winter,” assured Cadance sincerely. “If anything, seeing a pony and a dragon befriending each other is really nice! I’m sure that Twilight would appreciate knowing this event is already bringing different species together for more than just political talk.”

“Heh~ Y-Yeah, that... that makes sense, actually...” Winter nodded with a smile, thankful that somepony like Cadance was acting so optimistic about them. But when he tried to glance past her, his blush grew heavier upon seeing Fizzle across the ballroom. Once again, the pink dragon had to quickly turn his head the instant their eyes met. The split-second interaction was more

than enough to make Winter cringe internally, and float his trays over to a nearby table. “Sorry, I just... I’m just trying not to feel too flustered right now...”

“Hmmm...” Cadance knew better than to pry, especially since it was clear how overwhelmed Winter must’ve been feeling before Royalty. But as the Princess of Love, she felt compelled to ask with a raised brow, “Is that because of *me*, or... because of *him*?~”

Winter Quill’s muzzle clenched up tightly, and he tried his best to avoid the Alicorn’s knowing gaze. He tried to brush her question aside with a nervous laugh and a shaky smile. “W-What? Heh heh heh... You... Y-You mean *Fizzle*? Wh... W-What about him?”

“Winter,” she stated with a firmer, but still comforting voice. “I *am* the Princess of Love, you know. It’s pretty easy for me to notice these things~”

“W-Whoa, whoa, whoa!” Quill immediately turned his attention back towards her with a hoof raised. “Wait a minute! I... I never said anything about *love*.”

“Don’t worry, I didn’t mean it like *that*,” she said apologetically. “What I mean is that I can sense certain emotions really well through my magic. Love is certainly the strongest feeling I can discern in a crowded room, but attraction is a pretty close second~”

Winter’s face turned as red as a tomato in less than a second. Cadance tried not to giggle at such a quick response, but she was cordial enough to keep a reassuring tone. “Again, you don’t need

to worry, Mister Quill. I promise I won't say anything about it. I just wanted you to know that you have a friend and confidant if needed." She gave him a courteous wink to match her smile.

"O-Oh, uh... Well, ummm... t-thank you, your Highness..." Winter wasn't sure whether to nod or bow his head, so he ended up doing a sluggish mixture of both that just looked like a tired slump. Regardless, he tried to smile thankfully while his eyes darted between her and Fizzle.

"B-But, uh... I'm not too sure how to process that information right now."

"Well, how about this..." Cadance floated up one of the champagne glasses resting on Quill's nearby plate, and took a sip before asking, "If you're comfortable enough to be honest with me, I'm genuinely curious... What do you think of Fizzle?~"

His smile froze up while his eyes widened worriedly. He knew that Cadance was just being courteous, but it was difficult not to feel intimidated in such a crowded venue. Even though the two were out of everyone's earshot, he had to look around nervously while giving his answer.

"W-Well... I mean, I... I certainly *like* him. W-We were only upstairs for a few minutes, but... I think we actually clicked a lot up there."

"That's good to hear!" Cadance quickly finished her glass, and floated it back towards his platter before grabbing another. "And if you don't mind me asking... What is it about him that made you two 'click' so well?"

“Uhhhh...” Winter let out a nervous chuckle while scratching the back of his shaggy mane. He avoided staring up at the Princess as he gave his answer in a sheepish voice. “W-Well, uhhh... To be honest, he... he was really sweet. He helped me get my plates set up, and then we got to talking, and it just... it felt *right*.”

“How so?”

Quill shrugged a bit unconfidently, as if he wasn't completely sure himself. Regardless, he continued to talk through his deep blush. “I mean... he was really funny, and knew how to make me feel at ease. Plus, like... even though he's a tall dragon, he's really easy to approach. He had a really sweet smile, and... w-well, it's not every day I get to see claws like those. Heh heh...”

Winter had to look away from Cadance after that last part, wincing at how inappropriate it sounded out loud.

“Oh, don't worry, Quill. Believe me, I know a *lot* of ponies who are curious about claws and hands~” Cadance smirked and shot him a supportive wink. “Besides, I can certainly see the appeal. I might be happily married, but even *I* can see a dragon like Fizzle as being attractive.”

“Yeah, he really is,” he confessed in a faint voice, still averting his eyes while brushing his mane with a hoof. “Like, he makes those pink scales work, and I just...”

After a few seconds, Winter's smile finally went away with a morose sigh. "Ugh... Oh, who am I kidding? I might be able to admit he's cute, but... there's no way he'd feel that way about a plain old pony like me..."

Off in the distance, Fizzle tilted his head when he noticed Winter's defeated look. Luckily for the unicorn, Cadance placed a hoof on his shoulder to keep his attention. "Just so you know, Mister Quill... I may have been talking to somebody *else* before coming to meet you personally..."

"W-What?" Winter perked his head up with a more confounded look. He wasn't sure what Cadance meant by that statement, but the fact that she said "somebody" and not "somepony" definitely raised some interest. In addition, the Alicorn was smiling back at him rather cheekily before leaning in to whisper.

"I was already nearby Twilight and her group, so I was able to have a little chat with Fizzle a few minutes ago. And you know what he told me?"

Winter Quill's blue eyes widened quite a bit, with his blush growing hot enough to make his glasses fog up. Before he could even think to say anything, Cadance whispered into his ear, "*He mentioned a lot of the same things that you just told me. He thinks that you're a sweet stallion with a cute smile, and he also mentioned that you were **really** attractive~*"

When Cadance pulled back, she had to cover her muzzle with a hoof to keep from snickering.

Winter appeared nothing short of frazzled, with his wide-eyed expression staring off at nothing.

Even though it was unclear whether or not he was paying attention, Cadance made sure to add, “And just for the record, he was worried that *you* wouldn’t be interested in him either. So from my point of view, it seems like you guys might have a shot~”

Winter had to blink a couple of times, and he needed a few seconds to process that info. He looked rather stunned by Cadance’s intel, which was clearly said without any exaggeration or dishonesty. Part of him just wanted to give her a gracious smile, and thank her for moving such a heavy boulder from his back. But at the same time, he couldn’t help biting the inside of his cheek anxiously. “Uhhh... s-so what, do I... do I have to, like... *talk* to him, or...”

Cadance chuckled to his sheepish remark, and wasn’t able to keep from rolling her eyes. “Well, I think that’s the *minimal* amount of effort I’d expect a stallion to give when he wants someone. Don’t you agree, Winter?”

“O-Oh, right! Yes, of course! A-Absolutely...” Winter had to avert his muzzle away from the Princess’ gaze, just to ensure she didn’t see any involuntary sneers or wincing from his direction. However, his blush could still be seen radiating clear as day from his cheeks. Cadance didn’t say anything about how he was looking, and kept a non-judgemental smile on her face. That gave Winter just enough time to let out a calming breath, and point out, “Sorry, I was just... wondering if you told *him* that as well? O-Or was it just me, which means that *I’m* expected to make the first move? I-I mean, I’m not against it, I just wanna make sure that’s not breaking any big dragon protocols. Or is it actually--”

“Okaaaaayyyyy...” Cadance interrupted the pony’s babbling with a hoof gently pressed up against his muzzle. She turned her head around to gaze across the ballroom casually, not showing any discomfort or inexperience with how effectively she shut the stallion up. Winter Quill was taken aback for a moment, his knees instinctively weakening the slightest bit from intimidation. But before he could even think a *millisecond* about how fortunate her husband must’ve felt, Winter’s mind went blank the instant she peered back at him. “Okay, do you like Fizzle or *not*?” she asked rather bluntly, before shrugging her head. “Because given what I discussed with *both* of you individually, it might be clear what your ‘shared interests’ include if you walk up to him willingly. I’ll even cover for you two from any staff or patrons. I think that’s **more** than fair.”

Winter Quill was stunned by how directly the Alicorn was addressing him about such a small thing, even if both of them felt those same sparks they could’ve *sworn* couldn’t have been reciprocated. But given how she was literally the Princess of Love, Quill wasn’t willing to speak up against whatever she said. Especially when she was being so insistent about him going up to the dragon himself. But even with the equivalent of a zoo’s worth of butterflies fluttering inside his chest, he wasn’t against giving her a pert nod before walking across the ballroom.

“Hmph...” Cadance leaned against one of the crystal columns with a fresh glass of champagne in her aura, and watched the stallion intently with a devilish smirk. “First it was those Guards back in Canterlot, and then Troy and Canvas up the Crystal Empire... By this point, I’ll have officiated gay sex in every castle in Equestria~”

When it became obvious that Winter Quill was coming up towards him, Fizzle tried his best to discreetly break himself away from Ember's side. The dragon skittered off towards one of the red velvet ropes, which separated the main events from the staff goings-on behind the scenes. Fizzle and Winter put caution to the wind as they skipped over the ropes back-to-back, and found themselves in a small hallway away from the main venue.

“Uhhhhh...” Winter instantly felt his mind shorting out, and he was left speechless when he found himself standing before Fizzle. The dragon appeared equally as flustered, and was struggling not to bite his tongue. The stallion cringed to himself internally, cursing that he was acting so nervous at a moment this perfect; although at the same time, going with such an impromptu plan by a voyeuristic and intrusive Princess may have not been the greatest idea in the first place.

“Ummm!!” Winter could feel the seconds moving past them, and he blurted out another noise to emulate some semblance of “conversation” between himself and Fizzle. He wasn't sure if smiling would help matters or make them worse, but he still tried to give the dragon a nervously wide grin. Fizzle did the same with his large mandibles shimmering brightly, and the razor-sharp corners standing out like a row of daggers across both sides of his reptilian maw. However, when he saw how sharply Winter's blush deepened upon smiling so wide, Fizzle tried to cup his lips over his teeth while keeping a forced smile. Fortunately, that provided Winter just enough time to take a quick breath and try speaking again.

“H-Hi! Ummm... I...” He hung his head timidly, but kept his eyes pointed up at the dragon while smiling. “... I was just wondering, ummm... Wh... W-What do you...”

As the pony tried to stammer out his words, neither he nor Fizzle seemed to notice Cadance peeking her head in from the corner. She was grinning quite eagerly, but she made sure not to attract any attention from the ponies back in the main ballroom. Fortunately, she remained silent enough to keep from distracting the two.

“What do you think about, uhhh...” Winter’s blush grew even heavier, and his flustered expression veered away from Fizzle for a split-second. His mind drew a total blank, which caused him to turn back to the dragon and blurt out, “A-About the wallpaper at this place?”

Cadance face-hoofed. **Hard.**

“... Uhhhh...” Fizzle seemed equally as frazzled as the pony, and he tried to smile back at him and respond, “O-Oh! Umm... Y-Yeah, the wallpaper is... it’s really nice.”

“Mmhmm...”

While the two awkwardly tried to skirt around the big reason for their matching blushes, neither of them overheard the miffed sigh from behind the corner. Cadance made sure that nopony was eavesdropping on them, and quickly lit up her horn with a sparkling light-blue aura. She

carefully pointed her horn towards the potential couple, and whispered to herself, “Nothing too big now... Just a *teeeeeeny* little push...”

A few floating pink hearts emanated from her magic, which drifted towards the two without either of them noticing. Usually when Cadance used her natural love-magic to assist with pairings, she would deploy a lot more hearts to ensure that both partners would feel equally drawn to one another. But in the case of Winter Quill and Fizzle, who had already shown quite a bit of attraction to each other, the Princess figured two or three hearts would be just enough to help with their confidence.

Right as the hearts hovered over their heads, they popped like bubbles and caused a pink mist to drift down onto them. Both Winter and Fizzle tensed up for a moment, with their eyes widening like they just consumed a couple venti-sized espressos. Fizzle’s head jerked a little before he pinched the bridge of his snout, unsure of why he suddenly felt less jittery about the stallion before him. Winter Quill twitched a little as well, and he had to fan his face with a hoof upon feeling his cheeks warming tremendously. “Nnnnfff... W-What the...”

In only a matter of seconds, Cadance’s magic seemed to work effectively enough to get both of them smiling more naturally. In fact, Winter was the first to sigh with an embarrassed smile, and he was quick to say, “S-Sorry! That, uh... that was a really lame opener, wasn’t it?”

That got both of them to chuckle a little, with Fizzle shrugging his head before replying, “W-Well, I mean... if anything, it’s nice to know I can make a pony as cute as you all flustered~”

Winter's eyes shot wide-open, as did Fizzle's to match the look of realization on his face. The dragon's face turned a beet-red, and his muzzle clamped shut in mortified silence. Winter needed a moment before breathing out weakly, but he was still carrying a faint smile for Fizzle to see. The unicorn eventually glanced away from him with a shuffle of his hooves, before he confessed in response, "W-Wow, ummm... Heh~ A-And here I was worried about calling *you* cute..."

Fizzle's brows rose up quite a bit, but neither he nor the pony tried to look away from each other and their relieved smiles. Cadance gave herself a congratulatory hoof-pump, and she quickly left the two be after her work was done. The Princess was practically strutting back to the ballroom, with her smile as confident as could be while thinking to herself, "*I must say... Those two would really make a fabulous couple~*"

One of the other castle staff members noticed the Princess returning from the back room, and trotted over to see where she came from. However, when they glanced around the corner, the hallway was completely empty. Winter and Fizzle had already left together, mostly so none of the attendees could overhear them chatting more naturally elsewhere.

"... Wow, so you actually had a marefriend before?" Fizzle seemed rather surprised while he and Winter Quill walked side-by-side down one of the castle's upstairs hallways. Since everyone else was downstairs, neither of them tried to speak in hushed whispers in worry of disturbing Royalty. "W-Wow! I... I wouldn't have expected you to swing that way."

“W-Well, ummm... I guess you can say I prefer either gender sometimes...” Winter shrugged with a more apprehensive expression behind his blush. He tried to look away from Fizzle before adding, “I mean... she was definitely a great mare, no doubt about that. But ummm... e-eventually it became clear that she was wanting somepony a bit more, uhhh... *masculine*...”

Quill’s head hung low in embarrassment, while Fizzle merely sucked some air through his fangs. “Oof... Yeah, I know that feel...” The dragon rubbed one of his forearms awkwardly with his claw, and averted his eyes from the pony as well. “Well, just be glad you’re not in the Dragon Lands when you found that out. I swear, so many of my ‘friends’ turned to complete jerks when they found out I was gay. I’m just glad that Princess Ember was there to support me...”

“Yeah, I heard she’s a good ally,” remarked Winter with a light shrug. “Still though, I hope things weren’t too bad back there.”

“Nah, it wasn’t anything *too* severe...” Despite his pause, Fizzle was able to smile more naturally back at him. “Don’t worry, it’s nothing too serious. If anything, it’s been harder for me to find a dragon who’s openly gay *and* a top.”

“O-Oh?” Winter Quill’s eyes widened immensely, and he stopped walking to gawk up at him in surprise. “You... You’re *not* a top?”

Fizzle instantly recognized the look on Winter's face, which caused him to stop walking as well. The two stared at one another, with neither of them wanting to ask the big question. However, Fizzle eventually tilted his head and asked cautiously, "Wait... Are... A-Are you a bottom too?"

Asking such a question out-loud (especially in Princess Twilight's castle) caused the stallion to avert his flustered gaze from Fizzle. After a meager shrug, Winter timidly confessed, "Ummm... W-Well, I... *I've been told I'm a natural... both as a bottom and a sub...*"

Winter couldn't believe he actually admitted that out-loud, but he could only wince to himself after hearing those words come out of his muzzle. Fizzle looked away with an equally sheepish expression on his face; fortunately for Quill, it was followed by the dragon saying meekly, "Heh~ I... I-I guess we really *do* have a lot in common..."

Even though that revelation left both of them silent, neither of them seemed to appear too disappointed. If anything, all that it did was make the dragon and pony stare back at each other with clearer looks of understanding. Winter Quill may have had his lips pursed shut, but he tried his hardest not to react too strongly to Fizzle's statement. Meanwhile, the dragon hung his head a little and tried to ask, "Th... That's not, like... a deal-breaker, is it?"

"W-What?! No!" Winter was very quick to wave his hoof assuredly in dismissal. "Dude, come on! Do you really think I wouldn't want to be with you for that?"

“Well, I don’t know,” muttered Fizzle while scratching the back of his neck. “I-I mean... I don’t know what you would want to do with a dragon like me...”

With that pause, both of them blushed even heavier when they realized where they were. Since nopony downstairs seemed to notice their absence (not to mention, Cadance would most likely cover for the two if they got caught), the stallion and dragon had a prime opportunity at their disposal. Fizzle was the first to look around wide-eyed, taking notice of how many doors with empty rooms were laid out around them. Meanwhile, Winter had to take a breath before deciding to give an adequate response. “... W-Well, I... I definitely have a few ideas for a dragon as hot as you~”

Fizzle’s head whipped back at Winter quickly enough to risk whiplash. Quill was clearly nervous about making such a bold statement, but he managed to keep a cheeky smile for the dragon to see. Fizzle’s eyes darted back and forth repeatedly, and he had to bite his bottom lip to keep his muzzle from dropping agape. After a breath of his own, he tried to ask the pony flusteredly, “R... R-Really now? And ummm... W-What kinds of ideas could that entail?~”

Fizzle tried to stand upright with a more confident smile on his face. Of course, Winter’s eyes were widening while staring between the dragon’s face, and the small bulge that began to protrude from the crotch of his trousers. The pony’s glasses instantly fogged up, and he nearly jolted in response to seeing the tip of Fizzle’s draconic member up-close against the fabric.

“O-Oh! Ummm... W-Well, I... I-I suppose ummm...”

Winter Quill had no idea what came over him, whether it be his own natural confidence or the magic from Cadance assisting both of them. But after clenching his eyes shut for a brief moment, as well as taking an especially deep breath, Quill bit the bullet when he stared back up at Fizzle. Before he could get any second-thoughts, the unicorn reached out with a hoof and openly groped the bulge in Fizzle's pants. "... I would d-*definitely* want to do a lot with this~"

The dragon almost didn't hear that statement, as he gasped particularly loud the moment Winter's hoof grabbed hold of his crotch. If this was any other time, Fizzle would've been rightfully freaked-out about somepony touching him so inappropriately. But in the case of Quill, who was blushing just as hard as the dragon he was fondling, all that he could do was close his eyes and let out a shuddering moan. His knees buckled badly enough that he had to lean back against the wall; luckily for both of them, Fizzle stayed upright without any resistance to Winter's touch. "Mmmmmnngghhh... *Ho... H-Holy crap...*"

Winter Quill almost yanked his hoof back, since he wanted to instinctively apologize for doing something so abrupt and risky. But before he could think of pulling away, Fizzle brought down one of his claws to grab hold of Quill's wrist. He kept the pony firmly in place, but made sure not to hurt or intimidate him with his grip. Instead, the dragon grinded Winter's hoof against his bulge, allowing him to feel every ridge and crevice of his scaly shaft through the fabric. His dragonhood was already growing rigid under the constriction of his trousers, and a small dark spot began to seep through the material from Fizzle's gushing precum. Meanwhile, a faint thump could be heard underneath Winter as his own member smacked the underside of his vest.

“Mmmphhhh...” Winter’s head darted back and forth, but he didn’t try to stop rubbing Fizzle’s crotch while they were out in the open. Both of them were fully aware how inappropriate it may have been to fool around in the castle, especially when they were supposed to be working downstairs for their respective Princesses. But after Cadance’s little “confidence boost” for the two of them, neither were willing to hold back as the mood grew hotter. Eventually, Winter Quill stood up on his hind-legs while his hoof was nestled against Fizzle’s erection, whereas his own stood triumphantly between his shaky legs.

Fizzle’s eyes shot wide-open the instant he caught sight of Winter’s thick, marbled cock. Unlike the dragon, Quill wasn’t wearing any pants to hide his erect stallionhood from view. The shaft may have been much smoother than the tapered ridges that Fizzle was sporting; however, the pony was also slightly larger overall, with a plump flaring head and at *least* an inch or two more in length. Fizzle may have seen his fair share of ponies unsheathed in public (which was certainly a shocking thing to witness as a normalized occurrence), but Winter’s erect cock definitely left him speechless for a few seconds. All that could come out of his open muzzle was a weak-sounding moan; however, his voice quickly intensified when Winter Quill nestled up closer against him.

“A-A-Aaahhhh!!~” Winter Quill nearly gasped in surprise himself, but Fizzle’s voice overpowered his own the instant he pressed the undersides of their members together. Since Quill was standing bipedally like the dragon, he was able to frot their cocks together and make both of them throb harshly. The stallion’s eyelids fluttered, and his confident composure faltered the tiniest bit as he shuddered in Fizzle’s embrace. The dragon’s claws wrapped around Winter’s

back, which helped to keep both of them steady while Fizzle was braced against the wall. And since the pony's muzzle was open to let out a weak moan of his own, it was the dragon's turn to take advantage by lunging his head in.

“MMPHHH!!” Winter Quill's eyes shot wide-open, not expecting for Fizzle to plant his lips against his own for a deep kiss. However, considering how he was already frothing the dragon's ribbed and scaly cock through his pants, he certainly wasn't one to object to Fizzle's forked tongue slipping into his mouth. In fact, all that he needed was a second or two before he moaned deeply into Fizzle's fanged maw, and his eyes closed sensually. His hooves wrapped around Fizzle's back, which caused his wings to spring out from his vest and flap loudly against the wall. Of course, the dragon's wings weren't the only appendages that were standing rigidly between the two.

Neither of them were sure how long they were making out in the middle of the hallway, with their tongues exploring each other's muzzles and their cocks fully exposed. His hoof seemed to be working on its own accord, as he easily unzipped the dragon's fly so that scaly cock could spring out and make direct contact. The stallion's thick member was constantly grinding against Fizzle's ridges, which were titillating enough to make Quill's knees buckle weakly. The two were growing hotter with every motion of their bodies against one another, but neither of them seemed too keen to stop their fun. Eventually, Winter was the first to pull his muzzle back with a wet pop, and he smiled back at Fizzle though his heavy blush while panting. “H-Heh~ Uhhhh... I-I guess I don't need to ask if you like me that way, huh?”

Fizzle giggled lightly, but he was quick to shrug his head and point out, “Well, it’s never a bad idea to ask first, you know? Like, consent is pretty important.”

“Oh, of course! A-Absolutely!” Quill looked away from him sheepishly for a moment, but he only needed a quick breath to pull himself from his embarrassment. When the two met eyes once more, the pony decided to take advantage of the opportunity while the topic was present. “Well, ummm... speaking of that, I... I was kinda curious...”

His head lowered a little while the two were still standing in such close proximity. Fizzle could still see the stallion’s timid smile, which made him chuckle amusedly. Before Winter could try to finish his question, the dragon looked around to see how many closed doors were around. After making a contemplative hum, Fizzle pointed out, “You know... Even if ponies downstairs realized we were gone, it might take a while for us to be found~”

That detail caused Winter’s brows to flag up in surprise. Fizzle kept a tight grip on the stallion, but he brought his claws down to grab both of Quill’s supple cheeks. The pony gasped with his blush deepening, and a generous amount of precum spat out to drizzle both of their cocks in the syrupy substance. While Winter quivered and clung tightly to Fizzle’s chest, the dragon narrowed his eyes on him and smirked devilishly. “So, since you said something about being so ‘curious’... how would you feel about us slipping into a room and getting more... *comfortable?~*”

Even though that question was enticing enough to make him shiver and smile eagerly, Winter Quill made a nervous gulp before asking, “Wou... W-Would you be alright with that? Like... c-consensually?~”

“Hmph~” Fizzle was certainly happy to hear Quill ask such a thing. He pulled one of his claws away from the stallion’s ass, and brought it back between them to wrap around their frothed cocks. “Yes, Mister Quill. I *gladly* consent~”

To prove his point, Fizzle grasped the shared girth of both their shafts to make them throb in his grip. Both of them groaned through gritted teeth, and their breaths grew more rapid with every slide of Fizzle’s digits. Both of them were leaking precum, which quickly coated the dragon’s claw and both of their shafts as he stroked them more effortlessly. Even though they were both technically still out in the open, neither of them wanted to stop as they grinded their cocks against each other.

“Aaahhh!!~” Winter tried to keep his girlish moans withheld, not wanting to get caught with Fizzle as they frothed more vigorously. But before he could think to lock his muzzle against Fizzle’s for another kiss, his mouth opened with an even stronger gasp when he felt the dragon’s lips elsewhere. “HUUUHHH!! OooooOOOOooohhhhh~”

Fizzle had no idea what came over him, but his half-lidded gaze locked onto Winter’s horn while the pony’s head was hung low. Without even thinking, the dragon lunged in with his muzzle wide-open and wrapped his lips around the base of that appendage. Quill spasmed in Fizzle’s

embrace the moment he felt the warm, alluring sensation of his lips and tongue wrapping around his horn, titillating him in ways he never would've thought he'd experience before. Fizzle groaned with a strong shiver of his own, but that was mostly due to the surprise of feeling a strange... *tingling* the moment his forked tongue swirled around the smooth bone. "Nnnphhh!~"

Winter Quill was lucky not to use his magic while the dragon was curiously sucking on his horn. But even with his aura unactivated, there was enough reverberating magic to make Fizzle feel like he was licking something sour, but also somewhat tasteless. His tastebuds almost felt like they had when he tried some 'popping rocks' candy, with Winter's magic crackling against his tongue and making it tingle like mad. The sensation was definitely something to make Fizzle's brows raise up in confusion; but at the same time, he continued to suck diligently when he heard how badly the stallion was moaning.

"*AaaaaAAAAaaaaAAaaaahhh...*" Quill's hips were thrusting hard against Fizzle's cock, even though his mind was being thrown into a whirlwind of pleasure that left his head thoroughly clouded. His breaths were becoming as rapid as they were weak, and his blushed expression showed nothing but an overwhelming look of lustful inhibition. Several more spurts of his precum shot out without warning, splattering over Fizzle's stomach and chest. Luckily for the pony, Fizzle had managed to already undo his shirt and vest while fellating his horn like a pro.

"Mmmmm..." Fizzle took his time as he slowly slid his lips back, rubbing against every inch of the sensitive bone to make Quill tremble even harder in his grasp. The dragon eventually pulled his claw away from their frothed cocks, leaving both of their lengths completely coated in their

shared precum. When Winter Quill was finally able to catch his breath and look up at him, he moaned when he saw Fizzle take a couple teasing licks of the syrupy pre dripping from his digits. And with his other claw still tightly nestled against Winter's ass to hold him upright, Fizzle had no issue smirking down at him lustfully. "So, Mister Quill... How about we get somewhere before making a mess out in the hallway?~"

Winter blushed a bit deeper in embarrassment, but quickly nodded in agreement. Fortunately for himself and Fizzle, there didn't seem to be any noticeable puddles or splatters on the marble ground beneath them. Still though, both of them made sure to carefully step away from the wall with their clothing covering their erections. Fizzle had his dress shirt over his crotch as he awkwardly checked a couple doors, grimacing each time he was met with a sturdy lock. Meanwhile, Winter Quill only needed to grab one doorknob with his magic before it opened effortlessly. "Oh, here we go!"

The two quickly scurried into the dark room, and made sure to quietly close the door behind them before flipping the switch. They were met with the reveal of a plush, luxurious-looking bedroom with a king-sized bed and ornate furniture. Both of their eyes widened immensely, their blushes deepening in a mixture of intimidation and slight worry. However, it only took a moment for the two to scan the room and notice the non-descript paintings on the walls, as well as the lack of any personal items to indicate who slept here.

"Huh... Must be one of the guest bedrooms..." Winter trotted over to the bed, and smiled when he pressed a hoof down on the plush mattress. "Lucky us!"

“Yeah, definitely...” Fizzle dropped his clothing to the floor, leaving him standing bipedally with his cock pointed right at Winter’s stance on the bed. The stallion didn’t notice the dragon behind him, even as he had both his forelegs on the mattress to feel how soft the bedding was. Because of his positioning, with his hind-legs still on the carpeted floor, Fizzle got a full view of Winter’s supple ass. The dragon licked his lips before stepping forward, with his rigid cock pointing right at the stallion’s plump-looking cheeks. “Mmmmm...”

“Hmm?” As soon as Winter turned his head, his eyes shot wide-open upon seeing the dragon’s hungry stare, as well as that ribbed cock standing for attention. “O-Oh! Uhhhh... *Heh heh heh~*”

Despite his light chuckle, Quill’s cheeks remained heavily blushed with intimidation. His own member was nearly touching the side of the bed already, with a couple globs of his precum dribbling down the underside of his shaft. Fizzle was able to see that thick stallionhood dangling between Winter’s legs, which made him shiver in anticipation. “*Nnffff...* I gotta say, I’m happy that rumor about ponies being so well-endowed isn’t an exaggeration~”

Winter Quill smiled a little wider with his blush deepening; however, his head hung down before looking away from Fizzle bashfully. “Uhh, yeah... *H-Honestly, I know a lot of guys who are bigger...*”

“Damn, really?” Fizzle’s brows raised up quite a bit from that admission. He quickly shrugged his head and stated, “Well, if that’s what a ‘small’ one looks like, I should be glad I found *you* as a potential top~”

Quill chuckled with a more timid smile on his face. He turned himself around while standing bipedally, allowing for Fizzle to get a good look at his cock out in the open. The dragon clearly looked intimidated by his girth, even though it made Winter appear more bashful in response. Fizzle walked towards him, which made his own member swing back and forth with every step. When the two got up close once more, Fizzle tilted his head and asked, “Uhhh... Just so you know, I didn’t mean to call it ‘small’ if that’s offensive or anyth--”

Before he could finish his apology, Fizzle’s eyes widened from how quickly Winter shook his head. The stallion still looked timid about letting his meaty cock being admired by a dragon like Fizzle, but he didn’t try to hide his arousal from it either. However, he still needed a second to close his eyes before taking a breath, and staring back up at Fizzle nervously. “It... I-It’s fine,” he said assuredly, even giving a light shrug as he smiled a little wider. “*I... Ikindalikeit...*”

It took a couple seconds for Fizzle to catch what he meant, even while Quill stood with a sheepish smile to match his blush. He eventually tilted his head while keeping a curious smirk. “Heh~ What does that mean? Like... do you *want* me to call it small?”

Fizzle meant for that comment to be a joke, since Winter was clearly the more-endowed between them. But much to his surprise, the pony averted his eyes from him before giving a faint nod.

“I... I-I mean...”

Winter Quill may have been rightfully embarrassed, but he was already pent-up enough to forego any distrust for such a cute dragon. And since the two were alone, the stallion was able to breathe out shakily and confess with his ears slumped down, *“I... I’ve fantasized about it being smaller...”*

That remark made Fizzle’s eyes go *especially* wide. His surprised expression caused Winter to wince in worry, and turn away from his face with a bitten lip. Luckily for the pony, Fizzle only needed to blink a couple times before shrugging in response. *“... Well, uhhh... honestly, that kinda makes sense if you prefer bottoming...”*

Quill slowly glanced back at him, his muzzle still pursed shut in nervousness. However, Fizzle took that moment to take charge as he got up closer to the pony, and grew a more devilish grin. *“And... even if you have a *teeny... tiny* little cock compared to other ponies, I think it’s still cute~”*

Winter Quill’s cock twitched hard from Fizzle’s descriptions, and even spurted a couple times to shoot precum across the carpet. He had to lean back against the mattress with a flustered smile, clearly loving how naturally Fizzle was taking charge. The dragon picked him up by the midsection with both claws, and tossed him onto the bed. He then crawled up himself, looming

over Quill while grinning wide. “How about *that*, Winter? You think that puny thing can satisfy me?~”

The pony shuddered hard while lying on his back, and he breathed out weakly before nodding his head. “I-I-I... I’d love to find out with *you*~”

That was when Fizzle lunged on top of the stallion, holding him close and pulling their faces in for another deep kiss. The dragon was grateful he remembered to lock the door behind them, since he wasn’t wanting to stop their fun anytime soon. His claws wrapped tightly around Winter’s back, and he slid his reptilian tongue deep down the pony’s throat to make him tremble in his grasp. Quill moaned into the dragon’s drooling maw, and his hips involuntarily thrust upward to smear his cock across Fizzle’s scaley stomach. His hooves went down to grab both of Fizzle’s cheeks, which were surprisingly soft and supple behind his hard scales. The dragon groaned in response to being groped so tightly, which in turn made him kiss the pony even deeper in response.

The two made out for a couple minutes, with both of them getting hotter with each passing second. By the time they finally broke their lips apart, several strings of saliva were connected between their mouths before breaking apart. Their midsections had become equally as messy between them, since both of them were gushing quite a bit of precum. Fizzle moved down the stallion’s body, kissing his chest and stomach sensually and making Winter squirm. He even licked up a couple strings of precum clinging to his brown fur, before turning his attention to the “little” stallionhood he had become so enamored with.

“Hmph~ Such a cute little cock...” Fizzle went in with his muzzle wide-open, causing Winter to tense up when he saw all those razor-sharp fangs to close to his erection. Luckily for both of them, Fizzle was skilled though to not only avoid touching the stallionhood with his teeth, but to also wrap his long tongue around the shaft like a snake. His thin appendage coiled around the girth of that cock a couple times, while Winter’s head reeled back against the mattress. He had to grip the sheets with both hooves as he moaned out intensely. “AAAAHHH!!~”

Fizzle didn’t hold back, and continued to slither his tongue up and down the length of his rigid length. His lips carefully cupped over his fangs, before they wrapped sensually around the top of Quill’s throbbing shaft. He could feel several hefty spurts of precum shoot to the back of his throat, which only made the dragon slide his muzzle down further. The stallion’s flaring head was reaching close to the back of his throat, but Fizzle wasn’t too worried due to his lack of a gag-reflex. However, the dragon *did* stop the moment he felt Winter’s hind-legs squirm harshly beneath him.

“Mnnnghhh!! W-Wait, wait, wait, WAIT!!”

Fizzle instantly pulled his lips off Winter’s cock, and stared up at his face cautiously. “Hmm?”

“S-Sorry! I’m sorry...” Winter had to cover his face with both hooves, although Fizzle could still see his shameful blush underneath. The pony was too embarrassed to look up at him, even while his cock was twitching eagerly between them. Fizzle didn’t say anything, but he tried not to look

too concerned as he tilted his head. Winter eventually muttered with a timid exhale, “*I, uhhh... I was close to, ummm... y-you know...*”

Fizzle narrowed his eyes on him confusedly. “... cumming?”

Winter winced from how casually the dragon was able to say that. However, he also nodded after hearing it said. “... Y-Yeah, uhhh... I just didn’t want it to end so... *s-so soon...*”

Fizzle’s muzzle wrinkled a little, which was followed with an amused huff. “*Pbbt!* Jeeze, is that all? For a second I thought I scratched it with one of my fangs! Hehehe~”

Winter Quill glanced up at him through his hooves, before pulling them down so his puzzled expression could be seen. “Ummm... how many times are dragons able to, errr... *cum?*”

Fizzle rolled his eyes and shrugged indifferently. “Ehhh... Honestly, we can do it a *lot*. I once jerked off ten times in less than an hour! Although, umm... I’m guessing that’s different for ponies, huh?”

Winter tried giving a shrug of his own while lying on his back. “I mean... I can probably do it a couple times in a row, but... *y-yeah...*”

Even with how timidly he was acting, Winter's clarification resulted in Fizzle giving him a warm and understanding smile. "Hey, it's alright, dude. Trust me, I wouldn't want you to end too soon either~"

Without much hesitation, Fizzle caught him by surprise as he grabbed him by his sides with both claws. Winter yelped out as he was rolled onto his stomach, with his "puny" cock pressed up against the mattress between his legs. Fizzle giggled from how vulnerable the pony looked, even as Quill managed to brace himself upright by his hind-legs. Before he could think to pull himself up by his front hooves, Winter instinctually lifted his rear in the dragon's direction. "Ummm... s-so uhhh..."

Winter Quill was certainly nervous, but his blush matched Fizzle's when he tried to present his ass teasingly. He even flagged up his black tail, revealing his petite pink pucker which winked for the dragon staring at him wide-eyed. "Wh... W-What does *this* do for you? Heh..."

Fizzle grinned with a sensual stare pointed right at Winter's cute little hole. As he loomed in closer to his presented stance, the dragon reached around Quill's waist to grab hold of that teensy cock smacking the underside of his barrel. The pony gasped from how quickly Fizzle reciprocated his gesture, but he wasn't able to prepare himself before the dragon's muzzle loomed in. "Mmmmm..." Fizzle licked his lips hungrily, and used his other claw to pull those supple cheeks apart. "... this does *quite* a lot for me~"

Fizzle then lunged in muzzle-first, opening his maw wide before planting it between the stallion's cheeks. Winter Quill yelped out with a trembling shriek, but his eyes quickly went half-lidded as he felt Fizzle's tongue drag across his puckering hole. The dragon groaned muffledly between Quill's cheeks, while his claw began to sensually stroke that measly length between the stallion's legs. Winter's gasp instantly turned to a deep and lumbering moan, even as he buried his face into the mattress and pushed back against Fizzle's face. "*Mmmmmfffff...*"

Fizzle's muzzle was buried so deep against Winter's ass, only his eyes and blushing cheeks could be seen beneath the pony's raised tail. Winter continued to moan out with every ravenous flick of the dragon's tongue, but his voice intensified the moment Fizzle's tip slipped through his tight opening. The thin appendage was able to effortlessly slide its way through, which made Quill grip the sheets once more and bury his face into the plush bedding. His strained groans of rapture were significantly muffled, but he still kept his backside firmly in place while the dragon rimmed him relentlessly.

"Mmmphh! Aaaaahhhh..." Fizzle's lips were drooling by the time he finally pulled his muzzle back, with his tongue still nestled deep inside that tight pucker. Every harsh flick and contortion of his tongue was making Winter writhe like mad. He spent another minute or two teasing the pony's hole, slathering it in a thick coat of his saliva that trickled down Quill's taint and the back of his balls. When his tongue finally slipped free and allowed him to speak, Fizzle gave a light smack to one of Winter's cheeks to make him yelp a little.

“Heh~ You have a wonderful ass, Winter,” purred Fizzle with a sensual smirk. “It’s like eating a couple of ham-hocks~”

“... uhhhhh...”

There was a brief moment of awkward silence that came after Fizzle’s comparison. Winter eventually pulled his head up from the mattress to stare back at him baffledly. “... *ham-hocks?*”

“You know, like the-*Ohhhh...*” Fizzle instantly realized why that comparison may have not been the most appropriate thing to say to a vegetarian species. He pulled away from Winter’s ass with an embarrassed wince, and scratched the back of his neck awkwardly. “S-Sorry, ummm... Dragons aren’t too well-known for foreplay.”

“Hmph~ Well, you could’ve fooled me.” Winter shot an understanding smile back at the dragon, and kept his rump raised so his wet hole was still presented. “Besides, you certainly ate me out well enough~”

Fizzle was quick to smile back at him with a blush, before he leaned back across from him on the bed. The dragon sat himself down with his legs spread wide apart, and he leaned back against his claws so he could show off his scaly cock. “Well, uhhh... If you wanna get a taste of me, I won’t mind~”

Fizzle gave him a sly wink after that comment, making it clear that he wasn't afraid of Winter going all out. The pony quickly turned himself back around, but made sure to keep his tail raised out of instinct. He got himself between the dragon's legs, grabbing hold of both thighs while grinning lewdly up at him. Fizzle reached down with a claw to grab hold of his cock, and gave it a few teasing squeezes to make more precum dribble from the pointed tip. "Nnnnnnnfffff... C'mon, pony boy. Show me how it's done~"

Quill went in without a second thought, and easily shoved that ribbed member inside of his open maw. His lips wrapped tightly around the shaft, while his tongue glided across the hard ridges smeared with the dragon's salty pre. He moaned around the girth of Fizzle's shaft, but it wasn't enough to keep him from pushing himself down his length. Fizzle threw his head back with a hefty moan of his own, while his claws gently caressed the back of the pony's head.

"Mmmnnnghhh... Oh, *f-fuck*..."

Winter smirked a little upon hearing that brief expletive, which sounded feeble enough to indicate it wasn't that common in Fizzle's vocabulary. But with his lips still tightly pursed around the dragon's shaft, he wasn't distracted enough to slide more of it into his muzzle. His tongue could feel every hard ridge and crevice of Fizzle's scales, as well as the oddly-warm precum that continuously spurted to the back of his throat. Winter wasn't sure why, but every drop of pre reminded him of the hot fudge that was poured atop a sundae. It was certainly *hot*, but not spicy in any way; however, the flavor also included a slight tang that made the musk taste strangely sweet on his swirling tongue.

“Aaaaahhhh!!~” Fizzle’s hips pulled up from the bed, which caused even more of his cock to get shoved into Winter’s muzzle. The pony grunted a little, but continued to push inward before the pointed head hit the back of his throat. Quill’s eyes began to water at the corners, but the additional strain wasn’t anything he wasn’t used to before. As soon as he took a deep breath through his nostrils, Winter pushed in and got the entirety of Fizzle’s head firmly lodged in his throat.

“OOH!!” Fizzle gripped the back of Winter’s head even tightly, grabbing his mane and keeping him tightly in place. His hips continued to thrust upward, basically face-fucking the pony while his throat was stuffed with so much dragon cock. Quill’s eyes shot wide-open, while the thick bulge of the dragon’s cockhead could be seen protruding from his neck. He was hopelessly pinned against Fizzle’s crotch, but he was trying his hardest not to freak out about being suffocated in that moment. Fortunately for Winter, it seemed that the dragon’s claims about his biological function wasn’t just an exaggeration. Before he could even think to react, Quill could feel Fizzle’s shaft throbbing hard against his tongue and in his convulsing throat.

“Aaahhh!! AAAHHH!! MmmmMMMMMMmmnngghhhhhh~”

Fizzle only needed to give a couple hard pumps of his hips into Winter’s mouth, before unloading a thick volley of hot cum straight down his throat. Winter tried to groan as he spasmed around the dragon’s cock, not expecting to feel such a hot sensation down his gullet. It felt like he just gulped down a hot cup of cocoa, even though he could only taste the sweet musk of

Fizzle's hefty load. The dragon's climax only lasted a few seconds at most, but it was more than enough to make Fizzle fall back on the bed with a deep and elated sigh. "Aaaaaahhhhhh..."

He eventually let go of Winter's head, which made the pony immediately slip off that ridged cock so he could gasp for air. The sensation of those first couple cool breaths was such a staggering contrast to Fizzle's hot cumshot, that he ended up coughing several times into his hoof. Fizzle pulled his head up worriedly, and stared wide-eyed at the pony he just deep-throated. "Ohmigosh, are you alright?! I-I swear, I didn't mean to go so..."

Fizzle's words trailed off when he saw Quill raise his other hoof, silencing the dragon while he finished coughing. It didn't take long for the stallion to regain his composure, and he was able to breathe normally after wiping his lips with the back of his foreleg. He was quick to smirk back at the dragon, which helped to ease Fizzle's worries and see he was okay. The pony still shuddered a little after swallowing the last mouthful of spunk that had coated the inside of his mouth.

"Whoo! I'm not gonna lie, I... I didn't expect it to be so *hot*."

Fizzle just scoffed playfully and rolled his eyes. "Well, I *am* a dragon."

"Yeah, fair enough..." Winter chuckled a little with a light shrug, but his brows raised up when he noticed that Fizzle was still fully erect. "Whoa! W-Wow, you... you really *can* keep going that soon, huh?~"

“Hmm? Oh!” Fizzle giggled a little in embarrassment when he saw the pony’s eyes pointed right at his still-rigid cock. “Heh heh... Y-Yeah, uhhh... you know that you still got me off really well, right?”

“Well, I’d be surprised if I *didn’t*, that’s for sure...” After his muzzle was thoroughly cleaned, Winter’s eyes drifted down from the dragon’s crotch to gaze at his muscular legs. The white scales looked as glossy as they did pearlescent, shimmering under the moonlight beaming through the window. Fizzle wasn’t sure what caught the pony’s interest at first, or why Winter’s eyes grew so wide when they reached the end of his legs. Of course, the dragon didn’t need long to realize what unique feature he possessed.

“... *Hmmmmmm*...” Winter Quill’s head tilted curiously, and he brought a hoof down towards Fizzle’s bare feet. They looked a bit longer than his claws, but the toes were much shorter than his digits; however, the bottom soles were remarkably smooth with deep crevices to accentuate the firm musculature underneath. They were such a contrast from his own hooves, that Quill couldn’t help but feel a little transfixed on them. As soon as he held onto one of the dragon’s ankles, Fizzle huffed amusedly before bringing his feet in closer to Winter’s face.

“Y-Yeah, uhhh... I guess you don’t see *feet* too often here in Equestria, huh?” Fizzle chuckled a little with a flustered blush, but he wasn’t afraid to let Winter admire his feet. He even gave a teasing wriggle of his toes, which made Quill tense up and shiver in their presence. That made Fizzle giggle more naturally, and he decided to push one of his feet up towards the stallion’s

snout. “W-Well, uhhhh... just so you know, the bottoms of my feet can be kinda sensitive if yooooOOOOHHHHH!!!~”

Fizzle wasn't sure what he'd expect a pony to do with a dragon's foot placed in front of his face; however, he certainly didn't expect for Winter to grab hold of it with both hooves. Winter closed his eyes and moved in without warning, taking a deep whiff of the deep musk that permeated off the thick soles. His mouth opened up to let out a brief moan, which was followed by his tongue slowly slipping out without pause. Quill moved in with nothing but pure instinct, and slowly dragged his tongue up the underside of Fizzle's bare foot. In response, Fizzle had to try his hardest not to accidentally kick Quill in the face as his leg tensed up in the pony's grip.

“*NNNGHHH!! Hehehehehehe!! HAHAAHAHAHA!!!*” Fizzle's head reeled back as he cackled involuntarily on the bed. He may have known about “tickling” as a potential kink, but the act was seen as **very** taboo back in the Dragon Lands due to how vulnerable it made them. But in Winter Quill's case, the sensation of his thick tongue sliding up his sole was tantalizing enough to make a couple strings of precum spurt out and land across Fizzle's stomach. The dragon clutched his muzzle shut with both claws, although it did very little to muffle the uncontrollable laughter that Winter was causing. “*HAHAHAHAHA!! HOO!! HOOO!!! Hehehehehehe...*”

As Fizzle laid in a newfound mixture of hysterics and arousal, Winter Quill was growing increasingly infatuated with the dragon's bare feet. One of his hooves reached over to grab Fizzle's other ankle, so he could place them side-by-side for easier access. Despite how badly Fizzle's legs were squirming, it seemed that he was trying his best to keep them in place for the

pony's ravenous assault. Quill took deep breaths of the dragon's musk with every hungry moan, while his tongue slobbered all over the leathery soles that made his tastebuds tingle. Winter had no idea what came over him, but he was throbbing hard against the bed with every rabid lap and swirl of his tongue against Fizzle's feet. Eventually, the stallion even went as far as to move his muzzle up a little, and begin suckling on Fizzle's plump toes.

"Mmmphhhh..." Winter Quill made sure to provide the same level of oral expertise to Fizzle's toes as he had the dragon's still-rigid cock. He could overhear Fizzle's uncontrollable laughter, but his head was sinking deeper into realms of pleasure he hadn't known existed. Not to mention, the unfiltered taste of Fizzle's foot-musk was far too overwhelming (and slightly *salty*) for Quill to think of anything else in that moment. He started to drag his cheeks across the dragon's saliva-coated soles, letting the dragon's musk soak into his fur like a primal marking. Fizzle was too busy giggling to really process how deeply the pony was enjoying his soles; but in Winter Quill's case, every drag of his tongue only solidified that he possibly developed a new kink in the form of dragon feet.

"Aaaahhhh!!~" Winter moaned out deeply when he finally pulled his tongue away, with his breath now tasting strongly of Fizzle's musk. Regardless, the stallion was still rearing to go as he took notice of how badly the dragon's cock was twitching untouched. He lunged in and grabbed hold of it with his hoof, jerking Fizzle's length vigorously to turn his lingering laughter into deep and surprised moans of pleasure. Fizzle tensed up while laying on his back, and his hips lifted up from the mattress with a strong groan through his fangs. Fizzle was already riled up from that surprisingly titillating treatment to his feet, which left him edging fairly hard before Winter's

hoof came to play. But as soon as he was able to reopen his eyes, a hungry moan belted out when he glanced down and saw the pony positioned right in front of his cock with his mouth agape.

Winter Quill stared up at Fizzle intensely, with his muzzle wide open and his tongue sticking out. His hoof was stroking the dragon relentlessly, and the pointed cockhead was pointed right at his gaping maw. Fizzle only saw that image for a split-second before he clenched his eyes shut, and he reeled back with a lustful cry. “AAAAHHHH!! P... P-Please do it!” he moaned out frantically. “I... I-I wanna see you swallow!!~”

Quill didn't need to be asked twice, and he moved his mouth in even closer to the dragon's flaring head. Fizzle's legs squirmed harshly, and he belted out a lumbering shriek as he experienced his second orgasm of the evening. “MmmmmnnnnNNNNNGHHHH!!!”

“Aaaaahhhh!!~” That was all that Winter Quill was able to moan out before his open muzzle was filled with several thick ropes of Fizzle's hot load. Multiple strands of the sticky, milky-white substance draped all over the pony's snout and face, causing his muzzle to twitch from the sudden heat that mimicked being hit with a cup of hot coffee. Fortunately though, most of Fizzle's load erupted straight into his hungry maw, and coated his tongue with the sweet and musky tang that made him shiver between Fizzle's legs. The dragon was panting rapidly by the time he forced his eyes back open, and he moaned out the instant he saw Winter's mouth pooling with so much of his hot-white spunk. Quill took that moment to finally close his freshly-glazed lips, with his cheeks puffed-out from the sheer volume of cum sloshing around inside.

“Mmmmmmm...” Winter took his time sloshing the hot cum in his mouth, actually being able to taste the mildly-sweet muskiness that coated his tongue. Fizzle’s eyes widened in amazement, not expecting for the pony to enjoy his brand so well. But as soon as Quill pulled his head back, and gave an audible gulp to make a large bulge travel down his neck, Fizzle nearly came a third time as he shuddered strongly. “*Glk~*”

“Nnnffff!!~” The dragon elbows buckled while trying to brace himself against his claws.

“W-Wow, I... I didn’t expect that to be so *hot~*”

“Heh~ You’re telling me...” Winter Quill almost didn’t realize that Fizzle was meaning to a different kind of “hot,” but the two remained smirking cheerfully nonetheless. After swallowing most of the remnants of Fizzle’s load, he pulled himself up so he was braced firmly atop the blushing dragon. Fizzle’s smile lessened to reveal a more timid, submissive expression that made the stallion’s cock throb hard. Winter loomed in with a more confident grin, and got himself atop the dragon’s body. Before Fizzle could think to turn himself over, he gasped softly when he felt Quill’s flaring cockhead nestle up against the underside of his tail.

“So...” Winter Quill leaned in, and planted a more sensual kiss on the dragon’s lips. Fizzle’s eyes closed before kissing him back deeply, and he leaned back against the mattress so the stallion could take charge. Winter wrapped his hooves around the dragon’s back, and positioned himself more firmly so he could properly prod that tight hole with his “miniscule” stallionhood. But before either of them could start the big event, he stared deeply into Fizzle’s eyes and asked, “So, uhhh... a-are you ready?~”

“Heh~” Fizzle smirked up at him rather cheekily, and decided to ask, “Well, that depends... You think I can *feel* that tiny thing?~”

Winter Quill shuddered with his blush deepening. “I-I dunno... Maybe this will help you find out~”

With that, the stallion pushed in hard enough to sink a good portion of his plump cockhead through Fizzle’s tight opening. The dragon tensed up with his eyes clenched shut, and he groaned intensely from the stallion’s hefty girth. Despite how “puny” Winter’s equipment may have been, it was still thick enough to leave Fizzle’s muzzle agape as he pushed in. After several seconds of strenuous pushing, and Winter grimacing from how tight the dragon’s hole felt around his head, both of them moaned out in unison the moment it slipped in fully with a wet pop.

“Mnnnghh!!~” Winter Quill hugged Fizzle even tighter, which allowed the dragon to pull him in for another deep kiss. The two moaned softly into each other’s muzzles, and their sensual embrace helped to make both of them more comfortable for what happened next. Quill’s hips pushed inward with all of his strength, which allowed his rigid cock to slide into Fizzle inch-by-inch. Due to how much of Fizzle’s saliva was still coating his length, Winter didn’t feel much resistance as his lubed member opened the dragon up with each hard push. Fizzle gripped the pony’s back with both claws, and he kissed him more intensely to counteract the building pressure he felt from that equine cock filling him up.

“Nnnnphehhh~” Fizzle could feel the pony’s flaring head working its way deeper inside of him, before the bulge of Winter’s cock could be seen protruding from beneath the dragon’s scaled belly. Winter Quill continued to push, allowing for more of his undernourishment to fill the dragon up like he never would’ve imagined. Fizzle could feel every throb of the stallion’s girthy shaft, which caused his hole to contract and wrap even tighter around it to keep him inside. Neither of them were able to open their eyes while Winter pushed in, since the intensity of the pony’s efforts were leaving both of them close to the brink of climax. But by the time Winter’s balls finally made contact with the dragon’s shimmering scales, the two were able to stare at each other with deep, unbridled looks of contentment.

“Mmmmmmm...” Their lips broke apart briefly with a light peck, with both of them smiling beneath their heavy blushes. Winter Quill shuddered from how tightly the dragon was hugging his cock, keeping him firmly in place while precum was shooting into Fizzle’s deepest depths. Meanwhile, the dragon kept a tight hold of Quill’s back as he stared up at him lovingly.

“How... H-How do you feel?” Winter Quill smiled nervously, clearly showing how much more comfortable he would’ve been in Fizzle’s position. Nevertheless, the dragon could still tell that he was happy to be with him like this.

“W-Well, uhhhh...” Fizzle knew that it would be a bald-faced lie, but he couldn’t help smirking up at him and asking, “Is... Is it *in* yet?~”

Winter's muzzle tightened enough to wrinkle in response, but his heavy blush and sheepish smile were enough proof that he liked hearing that. Fizzle giggled up at him, and made sure to give his thick shaft a couple teasing squeezes with his hole. Winter tensed up with a strained groan, while the dragon added tauntingly, "C'mon, pony boy... Am I gonna feel that tiny thing or not?~"

Winter giggled with a thankful smile, and shrugged his head while perched above the dragon.

"Hmph... W-Well, uhhh... w-what would you say if I said I was already inside?~"

Fizzle narrowed his eyes on him, and he grew a more devilish grin across his fanged muzzle.

"*Weeeelllllll*... I'd say that you better make it count~"

Winter Quill nodded with a confident smile, and he responded by pulling his hips back without warning, Fizzle gasped when he felt that thick cockhead sliding back out, grinding against his prostate and his sensitive walls to leave him writhing on the bed. Quill waited until his cockhead was just about to exit completely before he stopped his motions, which caused the dragon's hole to cling tightly to the top of his throbbing shaft. The stallion took that moment to close his eyes, and take a couple deep breaths to keep himself from cumming too soon. But before Fizzle could try and tease him any further about his inadequate size, he stared down at him with a grin and said, "I... I-I hope this counts for *you*, cutie~"

Winter closed his eyes once more, and groaned through his teeth as he gave his all with that first thrust. He pushed as hard as he could against Fizzle's hole, which shoved the entirety of his rigid stallionhood deep inside the dragon's tight opening. Fizzle gripped the pony's back hard enough

to nearly draw blood, and he howled out in absolute rapture as he felt so much hot cockmeat filling him up. The bulge of Winter's head slid up the dragon's scales, stopping a couple inches above the belly-button while Fizzle laid squirming beneath him. He even pulled back one of his claws so he could have something to bite down on; fortunately for Winter, he could see from his hungry, half-lidded stare that he was eager to receive more.

"Nnnnnnffff..." Fizzle took a breath before unbiting his claw for a moment, and asking with a taunting smirk, "Is... I-Is that all, clit-dick? I... I-I could've sworn I felt *something*, but I'm not sure~"

Winter grinned in lustful approval, and he responded by repeating his motions. Fizzle moaned out when that thick cock pulled back once more, emptying him out and leaving his nerves tingling in dire need. Winter only pulled out for a moment before thrusting back in, plunging his head deep inside the dragon and eliciting another hefty moan. Fizzle let go of the pony's back, and gripped the bedding with both claws to make the plush fabric tear in his grasp.

"AAAHHH!! I... I-I can barely feel that little thing!!~"

Winter may have known he was lying, but that only gave him more incentive to go all-out and make the dragon squeal like a piggy. He tried his best to start a consistent rhythm, with his hips pulling back and forth at a slow and intensifying pace. Fizzle closed his eyes, and he tried to focus on his breathing while his toes curled up with every harsh grind of that stallionhood inside of him. His prostate was being put under constant titillation, and his hole was unable to grip that rigid shaft tightly enough to keep it from moving in and out. His breaths were coming out weak

and rapid through his nostrils, while his muzzle tried to remain smirked to show Winter how “inadequate” that cock of his really was.

“Mnnnngghhh...” Winter Quill had to close his eyes as well, although that was mostly so he could keep from shooting into Fizzle too soon. He may have not been the most well-versed when it came to topping, but he was keeping a surprisingly strong stamina to keep up with Fizzle’s hungry moans. His hips were pistoning back and forth in tandem to his rushed breaths, while his cock continued to throb hard inside of Fizzle’s tight hole. Each time he thrust himself deep inside of the dragon, Fizzle belted out a hefty moan that made Winter’s heart race like mad. And whenever the pony pulled back out, he could feel Fizzle’s hole tightening with a strong shiver before he gave a snide remark between his weak breaths.

“Mnnnngghhh... I... I w-would’ve expected a pony to be better hung for this~ AAAHHH!!”

“NNNGHHH!!!~” Winter Quill pounded that scaly hole with more intensity, but it wasn’t enough to shut Fizzle up when he pulled back.

“H-Heh~ I... I bet the last pony who saw that thing *giggled*. HeheheheeeeEEEEAAAHHH!!!~”

“Aaaahhhhh!!” Winter stopped that insincere jab with another harsh thrust, which left Fizzle reeling in tantalizing bliss.

“Aaaaahhh!! *Ho... H-Holy fuck...*” Fizzle tried to keep his composure in check, but that was easier said than done while Winter was relentlessly assaulting his prostate with every hard push. His fake mockery of Winter’s size was becoming harder to keep up with every hefty filling he was given, which was satisfying every button to make the dragon’s cock spurt out more of his creamy pre. Winter Quill was starting to listen to less of that banter the longer he went, as he kept his eyes closed and his focus on the dragon receiving as much pleasure as possible. He was throbbing hard inside of Fizzle’s hole, and he was sure that he was already filling him with more than enough precum to sate most stallions downstairs. However, just as Winter felt himself reaching closer to his peak, his ears twitched when he overheard Fizzle moan out, “*D... D-Don... Don’t pull out!*”

Winter wasn’t planning that anyway, so he was able to easily nod his head while pounding that dragon hole at a faster rate. Fizzle moped out even deeper, and he tried to brace himself for the onslaught of tantalizing pleasure that set his prostate ablaze from the constant friction. The sounds of Winter Quill’s hips colliding with Fizzle’s ass were becoming louder and more rampant, smacking lewdly against the dragon’s scales and leaving both of them teetering on edge. Before Winter could try to stare down lovingly at the moaning dragon, his hind-legs nearly buckled when he heard Fizzle cry out, “*Aaaahhhh!! AAAAHHH!! G... GIVE ME THAT TINY COCK, PONY BOY!!!~*”

“*AAAAHHHHH!!!*” Winter Quill only needed to give a couple more hard thrusts before he pushed himself as far as he could, getting balls-deep inside of Fizzle with his balls smacking against the dragon’s scales. Fizzle grabbed hold of his back, and pulled him in so their muzzles

could make contact once more. Both of them moaned deeply into each other's mouths, but their lips were tightly entwined for that final kiss before they both met their unified climaxes. Fizzle gripped the base of Winter's cock as hard as he could, while the pony pushed in and gave the dragon exactly what he asked for. *"NnnnNNNNNFFFFFF!!~"*

Between their writhing bodies, Fizzle's cock erupted while completely untouched. The two were given a heavy volley of rich, piping-hot dragon cum that splattered all over their bodies, clinging to fur and scales alike without preference. Inside of Fizzle, Winter's cockhead had swollen out to ensure that every drop of his load could shoot as deeply as it could within Fizzle's squirming form. Both of them were helplessly clinging to each other with their muzzles tightly locked, even as Winter Quill's load began to bloat out Fizzle's stomach from the sheer volume he emitted. Of course, any cumshot the dragon received was likely nothing compared to the sticky aftermath that left both of their bodies thoroughly matted in milky-white dragon splooge.

Their shared orgasm lasted for well over a minute, with neither of them able to do much more than cum and make out while riding the spine-tingling experience. Winter's brown fur was standing on end, while Fizzle's toes continued to curl up and scrape against the sheets beneath them. Their nerves were tingling as badly as a couple of prisoners riding the electric chair, not that either of them seemed to mind while kissing deeply like star-crossed lovers. By the time both of them finally succumbed to their finales with blissfully content smiles, the two pulled their muzzles back and stared at one another in true contentment.

“Aaaahhhhh...” Winter was barely able to keep his eyes open, but he still smiled tiredly down at the dragon on the bed. Fizzle looked equally as happy with the pony still buried inside of him, not even trying to ask for him to pull out just yet. One of Winter’s hooves went down to rub at the dragon’s swollen belly, huffing at how impressively he was able to fill him up. Meanwhile, Fizzle brought a claw up to gently pet the pony’s cheek. “S-So, ummm... I’ve been meaning to ask...”

Winter tilted his head curiously, but kept himself silent to hear what Fizzle had to say. The dragon blushed with a more sheepish smile, and he took a breath before asking, “Do... D-Do you think this could be more than just a... *a one-time thing?*~”

Winter’s eyes widened in surprise of the dragon asking such a question so soon after they had sex. However, he also smiled quite elatedly before shrugging timidly himself. “Oh, uhhh... W-Well, I... I gotta say, I... I’m glad I wasn’t the only one who wanted to do more...”

Fizzle smiled even wider, and he leaned his head up to plant a thankful peck to Winter’s lips. The pony blushed much deeper from that response, but didn’t try to pull back from Fizzle’s loving embrace. In fact, he brought his hoof up to pet the dragon’s pink scales atop his head. “Although, ummm... would that be possible for you? I mean, what with you coming here from a job in the *Dragon Lands* and all...”

Fizzle’s smile deflated quite a bit, and he had to look away from him with a skew of his muzzle. Even though he was technically employed under the guidance of Princess Ember, he needed a

moment to think over how to stay in Equestria a bit longer than scheduled. After briefly assessing his options, Fizzle glanced back up at him and shrugged happily. “Well, I... *do* happen to know that Ember was wanting someone to learn friendship lessons with Spike and Smolder. You know, after that whole *Sludge* incident.”

“Ahh, yeah! I... I think I know who you mean...” Winter Quill had to look away for a second, not wanting Fizzle to see the heavy blush that erupted from remembering that dragon. He had only been in Ponyville for a little while, but it was long enough for the pony to have a strange affinity for dragons like the one currently below him. But unlike that fat brute, who likely would’ve done way more damage to Winter than he would’ve preferred, he felt no hesitation when it came to accepting Fizzle’s plan. “Honestly, if you’re able to talk Ember into staying in Ponyville for a while, I... I’d certainly be really happy to spend more time with you~”

Fizzle’s smile turned much more hopeful, and he slowly leaned up towards Winter’s face.

“You... You really mean that?”

Winter Quill felt himself moving in closer to the dragon’s muzzle as well. “I do, Fizzle... I really do...”

With that, the two solidified their plans with a long, loving kiss on the lips. Even though neither of them were sure how much longer that magical moment would last, time was the last thing on their minds as they stayed in each other’s optimistic embrace.

[hr]

The Next Morning

“Soooo... You really think Fizzle would work here in Equestria, your Highness?~”

Princess Ember sighed and looked away from the Alicorn, not wanting her to see the light blush on her cheeks. Even though she technically *was* a Princess, it was still jarring to be addressed by such a title. Nevertheless, she wasn't one to reject it from a fellow Royal. “Well, I mean... I'm pretty sure he'd stay regardless of what I said.”

“Oh, really now?” Cadance raised a brow while smirking at the dragon. Since both of them were standing by themselves at the Ponyville train station, and both of their Guards were taking post out of earshot, the Princess wasn't afraid to ask Ember cheekily, “I'll admit, I'm surprised a tough dragon like yourself would let one of her assistants scurry off without a fight~”

“HEY! It's not like that, okay?!” Ember had to close her eyes and take a calming breath. Even though she wasn't too upset by Cadance's teasing remark, the last thing she wanted to do was blow up in Ponyville again. Fortunately, it didn't seem like any of the Guards appeared too alarmed by the time she redirected her focus back to the Alicorn. “I mean, do I *like* the idea of Fizzle leaving the Dragon Lands? No, not really. I won't lie about that...”

Princess Ember thought over her words for a moment, and eventually sighed before speaking more honestly. “But... After what you told me about him and that pony guy, I have a feeling it’s out of my claws for now.”

“Hmm?” Cadance may have not known a lot about dragon culture, but she had a feeling that Ember’s answer involved some details she needed to learn. “How so?”

“Well... You remember when Spike had that Dragon Greed incident and got really big?” Ember turned to face the Princess directly. “Like, instances like that are usually *temporary*, but stronger feelings of ownership can make a dragon get *permanently* larger. Except, it’s only a little bit at a time, you know? Like, if I hoarded enough gems, I’d likely grow a few inches each time I expanded my collection.”

“Yeah, I remember Twilight’s notes mentioning that... But, what does it have to do with Fizzle?”

“Well, unless he met somepony *else* that made him feel that way, I think that Winter guy made him grow a few inches overnight!” Ember huffed with a light smirk, not appearing too upset by the reveal she saw earlier that morning. “I mean... I didn’t say anything to Fizzle about it, but I’m sure he’ll realize how much the pony means to him soon enough.”

“Ooh! How exciting~” Cadance had to keep herself from prancing in front of the dragon.

However, she was still grinning wide with satisfaction. “Oh, I can’t *wait* to tell my husband when I get back to the Empire! He’ll be impressed I helped with an interspecies pairing~”

“Heh~ Yeah, I’m sure Shining *would* appreciate that...” Ember shook her head and looked away from Cadance for a moment. The Alicorn had her muzzle tightly pursed for a second, but breathed out softly without mentioning anything outside the dragon’s knowledge. However, before anything else could be said, Ember made sure to turn back towards her and ask, “Hey, uhhh... would you mind telling Twilight something when you get back?”

“Yeah, sure! What is it?”

“Be sure to let her know that Spike *wasn’t* one to leave that huge cum-puddle in my bed, alright? I could’ve sworn I heard them bickering about it after I had to switch guest rooms.”

The End