

News Flash sat back on her haunches, tapping her hoof impatiently against a desk. Raising a brow, she watched her mother pace around the room, mumbling to herself in thought.

“So...*why* are you bugging me exactly?” News asked, unamused. “I haven’t seen you in *months*, and now you’ve dragged me from Ponyville all the way to Canterlot.”

Case Closed paused her trot, turning and narrowing her gaze at her daughter. “Firstly, you know I travel around Equestria for my work. I’m barely even at my own home in Manehattan. So *sorry* I have trouble finding time to visit.” She rolled her eyes. “You’re a grown mare, isn’t it *normal* to rarely see your mom?”

“Yeah but when moms *do* visit their kids, it’s usually, you know, for fun or catching up, not whatever you’re about to dump on me,” News grumbled, crossing her forelegs and leaning back in her seat.

Shaking her head, Case continued. “Secondly, you live in Ponyville. The trip from there to here is *far* less tedious than the one I took.”

News rested her cheek on her hoof. “Still a headache. Are you going to tell me why you ‘urgently needed to see me’, or what?”

“Because...” Case trailed off, sighing. “I need your help.”

“*There* it is!” News exclaimed, throwing her forelegs up in the air. “Every time! Not just to visit, not just to say hi! Nope! Always cause you *need* me.”

Case scoffed. “I’m *very* busy. Maybe if you chose to be a detective like I *raised* you to be, it would be easier to spend time together.”

“Oh do *not* start with that, mom,” News seethed, glaring at her mother. “You’re needing *my* help for whatever mystery you’re trying to solve because *I* have connections from *my* job as a journalist.” She stuck her tongue out at the other bat pony. “So, shut it.”

Tipping her hat up, Case stared down her daughter. “You know, for a pony I’ve heard is so polite, and oh so very professional, you sure have quite the attitude with your own mother.”

“*Pfft*. Don’t give me that.” News waved a hoof dismissively. “I love you and all that, but you’re not the most supportive, are you?” She shrugged. “So pardon me for being a *bit* petty.”

Case sighed. “Okay, listen. After we deal with this case, I’ll book a stable in Ponyville for the week. Just you and me. I should catch up with what you’ve been up to.” She gave her daughter a genuinely caring look. “And, sorry, alright? I didn’t know this frustrated you so much.”

"I mean, I *do* mail you a copy of every news article I publish." News chuckled, smiling at Case. "But yeah, that sounds nice." She tilted her head, curious. "So...what do you need help with?"

Case trotted to her side, picking up a folder of pictures. Tossing it onto a table, a collection of photos spilled out. They all contained a unicorn stallion, accompanying various mares as they visited his manor. Some were at coffee shops, even a few dark alleys, but the main focal point was the location of his home. News' eyes glimmered with recognition seeing the stallion.

"Slashing Prices? That night guard?" She shuffled a few of the pictures around. "What's wrong with him? He's fairly well regarded. Heck, he asked me for an interview recently."

An angry look adorned Case's face. "*Why?*"

"Why...did he want an interview?" News asked, confused. "I dunno. But I did schedule it for tomorrow evening I think." She ruffled her wings at her side. "What's wrong with that?"

Case trotted beside News, tapping the photos. "*Because*, after each of these mares spent time with him, they quit their jobs, cut contact with most of their friends, and began working as *servants* for him." Her brow furrowed, visible disgust spreading across her countenance. "And I suppose you were next on his list."

"List? What are you talking about?" News asked. She followed with a laugh. "And me? Serving *him*? Don't be ridiculous! Sure, he's good looking but I'm not *that* pathetic."

"When I first heard of these rumors, I asked Mocha to follow him from a safe distance. She's who snapped these photos." Case picked one up. "Case and point, she relayed plenty of information to me. They'd come in, and not come out—for *days*." She took another photo out of her jacket pocket, placing it on the table. "Recognize this mare?"

News inspected it closely. The mare in the image with Slashing was one she recognized instantly. The owner of a magic item shop, named Misty Fortune.

"Misty? I haven't seen her in ages! I just know after a visit up here, she came back to Ponyville after a few weeks, sold her shop, and then moved up to..." Her eyes went wide, piecing together what her mother was spelling out. "*Oh...*"

Case pulled out another photo, this time, another one of Misty. "And here's a photo of her from a week ago."

News narrowed her gaze, analyzing the photo. This one was months after when the first took place, but a very obvious difference was visible with Misty. Surely enough, a noticeable baby bump was on the mare, easily a few months along in a pregnancy. From the looks of it, she was nuzzling Slashing closely, and, although News thought she was seeing things, there were even hearts in her eyes.

“So...you think he’s doing something with these mares?” News questioned.

Case gazed out the window, staring out into the Canterlot night sky. “Yup. I was going to ask you to set up a meeting with him so we can get some answers out of him.” She smirked, eyeing her daughter. “But it seems we’re ahead on that account, aren’t we?”

News pursed her lip. “Suppose I’ll be doing a *bit* of detective work, like you’ve always wanted.”

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Slashing groggily opened his eyes, a warmth engulfing his groin. Electrifying jolts of pleasure stirred him awake at an incredible pace, and the sound of slurping made his ears twitch. Rubbing his eyes, he yawned, glancing down to see a welcoming sight.

Dutifully throating his massive cock, bobbing up and down it with carnal fury, was the *former* magic shop owner, Misty Fortune. Beside her, eagerly sucking on his nuts, a now *retired*, famous cosplayer, Azure Comet, worked away at pleasuring him.

It was a different pair of mares almost every day, but today, two of his absolute favorite whores were lucky enough to stir him awake. He shrouded the two in his magic, giving both of their flanks a firm smack, before clearing his throat and stretching.

“Good morning, pets~” he cooed.

Misty gasped as she released his cock from her throat, greedily licking his shaft. “*Mmmph ~ Morning, Master!*”

“*Pah!*” Azure released one of his nuts from her lips, licking them before smiling up at him. “Did you sleep well, Master?”

Slashing nodded. “That I did! Though, I must admit, waking up like this *far* eclipses even the best night’s rest.”

The two mares blushed, giggling at one another. A smirk split Slash’s muzzle. There was nothing more satisfying than waking up to two obedient, tamed mares, eager to fulfill his every command from the *sheer* addiction they had to his cock.

As both shifted themselves to lay beside him, he eyed their figures. Both mares were gravid, bulging bellies stirring with foals, a testament to his domination over them. Trailing his eyes down their figures, he licked his lips as he gazed upon their crotchtits. Hefty, ample racks, with Misty’s a bit bigger than Azure’s, both mares’ tits had grown even more with their pregnancies. Milk dripped from their nipples, their jugs filled to the brim with delectable nectar.

Yet what mattered most was the marking over the region where their wombs lie. His cutie mark, arcanelly woven into their very beings, rested on both of their groins. It was more than a mere marking, it was a symbol of *ownership*. It meant they were his, his obedient playthings, living to carry his progeny and worship his cock for the rest of their lives.

They were two of a multitude of conquests, a collection of mares that had caught his eye. A hoofful of them lived in his lavish manor, all eager to serve, and all perfectly tamed and docile. He had on demand pussy at all times, surrounded by gorgeous, enslaved mares anywhere he walked within his home.

“Oh, Master, you received a letter today,” Misty noted. Rolling off the bed, she trotted towards a table on the opposite end of the room.

Slashing savored the view of her fat ass bouncing as she walked. “Hmmm? From who?”

“It was from that journalist bat pony you had mentioned to us.” She lifted up the letter with a hoof, carefully opening it.

Azure raised a brow. “News Flash, wasn’t it? That’s the mare Master said he wanted to enslave next, right?”

“Right you are, dear,” Slash purred, gently petting Azure behind the ear. “The second I saw her fat ass swaying during a visit to Ponyville, I *knew* I had to make her mine.”

Having successfully opened the letter, Misty read it over. “Says here that she’ll be coming to the manor for an interview at around 5 in the evening.” She continued reading. “It also says she wants absolute privacy with you, so she’d prefer no guests or the like be around during the meeting.”

“Peculiar,” Slashing hummed. “Though, I see no harm in that. Having her alone to myself will make taming her all the easier.” He licked his lips. “She’ll be a slave like you two by the days end~”

Azure caressed his chest with a wing. “What would you like us to do then?”

“Go ahead and inform the other sluts in the house to hang around the west wing of the manor for today,” Slashing informed, watching as Azure obediently nodded in understanding. “I’ll speak with that slutty little bat in the salon. A fireplace, comfortable chairs, and *lovely* smells—a perfect setting for her free will to crumble, don’t you think?”

Misty and Azure both smiled, nostalgia of when they were broken dancing in their minds. They spoke in unison, excited to see another mare enter the fold.

“It’s perfect, Master~”

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“Are you *sure* this’ll work?” News Flash started, adjusting her vest and tie. “I’m not trying to become some kind of dumb fucktoy or whatever.”

Case Closed rolled her eyes. “News, I’ll be right behind you, I just gotta, you know, break into his manor first.”

“Uh-huh...” News grumbled. “And what if, by that point, he’s got me bent over, pumping me full of spunk or whatever.”

Unamused, Case flicked her daughter on the nose with a wing. “*Please*. Unless I failed at raising you, you should have a bit better self control than *that*.” She shrugged. “Also, I’d just kick his ass.” A mischievous grin split her muzzle. “Unless you seemed *really* into it, then...maybe not. I wouldn’t mind *some* grandfoals~”

News’ cheeks darkened. “M-Mom?!”

“*Hahaha!* You should see the look on your face!” Case exclaimed, wiping a tear of laughter from her eye. “Sheesh! If you’re that easy to fluster, maybe it’s a *good* thing you didn’t become a detective!”

Shifting her leathery wings at her sides, News glowered at her mother. “Oh yeah? I bet you I could *easily* match any detective tricks you pull out!”

Case ceased her laughter, raising a brow. “Is that a challenge?”

“Y-Yeah! It is!” News stammered.

Case tipped her hat up, wagging a brow. “I do have some rather...*intimate* interrogation strategies.”

News scrunched her muzzle, scoffing. “Yeah yeah. It’s a bet. I don’t care how absurd, lewd, or whatever your strategies are. As long as I can wipe that smug look off your face, it’ll be worth it!”

“Sounds like a deal then,” Case purred, patting News on the head. “Just try not to get fucked senseless by that night guard before Momma gets there, alright?”

News blushed, grumbling to herself as she trotted away from her mother. She glanced behind her, watching the older bat pony dip into a nearby alley, preparing to enact her plan to infiltrate Slashing’s manor without being noticed.

Trotting around the block and eyeing her destination, News nervously adjusted her tie. She was *essentially* acting as the bait, occupying Slash while her mother searched for clues and evidence to pin him for something. Coming up to the manor's daunting gates, she pushed them open and trotted up to the towering front door.

She raised a brow, looking for any kind of doorbell or mechanism. Though, nothing seemed to stand out, and with her options limited, she raised a hoof and knocked. Her thumps against the door echoed in her ears, as magic cascaded over them, sending out a rippling wave of arcane energy that swept over the exterior of the house.

"What the...?" News muttered, watching the magic flow.

Though, in an instant, her view of the outside had suddenly shifted to that of the inside, as magic shrouded her and teleported her into the home. She blinked wildly, whirling around to see the front door behind her, as she stood in the foyer of the grand building. Spinning around, she worked to gather her bearings.

Ornate chandeliers lit the room, extravagant red carpets lined the center of the dark, hardwood floor, and various expensive decorations and pieces of furniture dotted the area. It was a lavish home, from the landing alone, and she could see sets of stairs, hallways, and doors stretching as far as her eyes could see.

"I take it you're here for our interview, yes?"

News nearly jumped, spinning around to meet face to face with Slashing. "O-Oh! Yes! I'm News Flash!" She extended a hoof. "N-Nice to meet you!"

Slash smirked, his mind more focused on something else in that moment. Though it was brief, while News hadn't been facing him, he had been graced with a *perfect* view of her incredible ass. Two, pillowy, soft mounds built up her massive flanks, holding plenty of weight and bounce to them. The freckles that dotted her asscheeks added an allure to them, complimenting perfectly with the heart shaped pattern of white fur that contrasted with the grayish shade most of her coat had—creating a perfect heart right in the center of her derrière.

Even the slight motions she had taken while looking around had made her flanks jiggle. It was an ass that rivaled even the best of Slash's slaves, and, better yet, the momentarily look Slash had gotten of News' ponut and pussy told him her holes were as pristine as possible. Add in the view he had gotten of her jugs swaying below?

Yeah, he knew he had made the right choice picking her as his next plaything.

"I'm well aware of who you are, News," Slash replied, shaking her hoof. "I've heard amazing things about your work. Some of the best reporting out there. You're highly regarded in your field."

News blushed, rubbing the back of her head. “O-Oh! Well, thank you!” She took a deep breath, knowing she couldn’t let this stallion’s handsome grin and charms get to her. “So, where would you like us to discuss?”

“Follow me, dear,” he purred, turning and motioning her to follow. “We can have our interview in my parlor. It has the most comfortable seats you can imagine~”

Albeit suspicious of being lured deeper into his home, News knew her role in her mother’s plan. Nodding, adorning a smile, she began to trot behind him, following his steps. He certainly had a confident sway in his motions, each one measured and powerful. Though, oddly enough, he adorned a lavish robe, one that concealed most of his body, stripping her of the view of his muscles and form. There was an aura of *something* to the stallion, but she didn’t know what, which made her all the more uneasy.

She glanced out a nearby window, seeing the sun setting in the sky. She gnawed her lip, thinking to herself of the risks and the like that may arise. She had gotten him to send his maids, slaves, and more away from the looks of it, all to set her up to be one on one with him, but that also meant she had no backup. Still, she knew her mother was the best of the best, so, as long as she played her part, she knew Case would pull through.

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Case rubbed her chin, examining a sky light above the manor closely. It led into what looked like a lounge area of sorts, without a single mare or stallion of suspicion in sight. When she placed a hoof against the window, she raised a brow as a wave of magic rippled from her touch. She smirked, a sigh of relief exiting her lips as a faint glow emanated from under her coat. She tugged at her collar, glancing down and eyeing the necklace she was wearing.

She had a hunch this manor was enchanted, and thankfully, this trusty relic of hers negated all magic triggers she may set off, as well as any effects of magic against her. Being a bat pony in a world of unicorns, and in her dangerous line of work, meant there were plenty of risks—and this trinket countered a large volume of them. From the looks of it, her touch would’ve set off some form of arcane alarm protecting the manor from unwanted guests, but her artifact did the trick to bypass that defense measure.

Eyeing the window, she pursed her lip, tapping on it curiously as she inspected the best means of approach. Though, as if fate had sent her a gift, her brow raised as a corner of it creaked open. Taking the opportunity, she carefully pushed it open, allowing it to swing on its hinges as it fell forward, dangling over the room below. Not wasting a moment of time, she slipped into the home, extending and flapping her wings to hover in the air. Gingerly, she pressed the window back up, slotting it back into place, ensuring she left no obvious traces of her arrival.

Case hovered a few hoof-lengths beneath the gilded chandelier, her leathery wings beating so softly she might've been a shadow. The light glanced off every surface: gold filigree curling around the doorframes, silver filigree swirling across the walls, gemstones set like watchful eyes in every carving. Case's eyes darted over jeweled sconces and marble statues until she was satisfied there was no one to spot her, where she then folded her wings and lowered herself. Her hooves landed with a soft "tap" on the cold marble; a shiver ran up her legs as the polished surface kissed the frogs of her hoof.

Tipping her wide-brimmed hat back on her head, she slipped forward into the corridor. Her hooves made almost no sound against the stone, but every creak in the floorboards echoed in the hush. She pressed her muzzle against each doorway, silken drapes, lacquered furniture, jeweled goblets on silver trays, yet no soul stirred. Frustration pricked at her spine, and she exhaled a quiet puff of breath that hung in the air like mist.

Rounding the corner, she froze. At the end of the hallway stood a single door, more ornate than the rest: a carved stallion's head set in brass, its mane braided and studded with tiny sapphires. Case's heart gave an excited flutter; pride and secrecy often hide behind such showmanship. She edged forward, checked once more for passersby, then pressed her ear to the door.

Silence. No rustle of linen or click of armor. Soothing her racing pulse, she eased the door open on silent hinges. Inside, moonlight spilled across a massive four-poster bed draped in sapphire-blue silk, its pillows embroidered with golden laurel wreaths.

Along one wall, rosewood dressers bore handles shaped like curled dragons; a tall gilt mirror stood nearby, reflecting her silhouette in its shimmering glass. In the corner, polished breastplates gleamed on stands, helmets nested atop them, and neatly pressed guardspony cloaks hung like sentinels—waiting to guard a secret she was about to uncover.

Case made her way inside, giving the room a full once over. Looking into a few wardrobes, inspecting the armor, and more—finding nothing all too convincing. However, as she cantered over to the bed, she spotted an end table. An odd aura of curiosity cast itself upon her as she neared it, her intuition telling her *this* was going to be the big break she needed to pin this guy. Grabbing the handle of the drawer, she pulled it open, eyes going wide.

Within the drawers confines, various love potions, aphrodisiacs, magic branding tools, and more littered its confines. They weren't all too suspicious in their own right, but when compounded on Case's hunch that this stallion was *breaking* the mares he brought home, they certainly added together for an incriminating showcase. But, even with all that, it wasn't what caught her eye. Sorting through the items, pushing them aside, a faint, glowing piece of paper was what her focus was locked onto. Pushing aside another vial of love potion, Case's eyes widened.

The faint glow was emanating off a menacing black piece of paper. Its words, written in an ancient language, were drawn out in jagged letters, each one vibrating on the very piece of paper it rested on. She recognized the style of writing, and especially the black paper it was strewn upon. This was a page ripped out of Sombra's Tome of Control, a forbidden book

contained deep in the depths of the Canterlot archives. The only way a pony could access such a book...

"Of course," Case murmured, eyeing the page with anger. "He's a high ranking guard. He'd have access to anywhere in the castle he wanted. So *that's* what he's playing at." She read over the words, having learned the Umbrum language ages ago to help solve an old mystery. "Says here...once a mare has reached a broken state of mind, the user of this spell can brand the mare as his property, enthralling their mind and soul into a permanent state of adoration, devotion, and submission." She grit her teeth. "*That smug, cocky, little bastard...*"

"Aren't you excited, Misty?"

Case's ear twitched, the sound of a voice and hoofsteps right outside the door making her heart skip a beat. She whirled her head back, eyes widening as she watched the doorknob begin to turn. Acting off instinct, she darted upwards, flapping her wings hard to propel herself with incredible speed. Pressing her hooves against the walls to her side, she lurked in a corner of the room, pried up above the ground as her head pressed against the ceiling. She held her breath as the door swung open, spotting two mares step in.

"Oh, well, of course! Whenever Master gets a new toy, it's always a lovely event!" Misty chirped, smiling over at Azure.

Case narrowed her gaze, seeing both Misty Fortune and Azure Comet trot into the room. She knew these two mares well, being two of the ones that had had a drastic shift in lifestyle after meeting Slashing that she had been studying. She could see their gravid bellies, their plumpened flanks, and more—all signs of the jarring transformation their involvement with the guard had done to them. She remained still, doing her utmost to not be noticed, all while eavesdropping and drinking in every detail she could.

Azure giggled. "How long do you think it will take for him to break that journalist cutie? I'm guessing she'll last *maybe* a solid five minutes with his cock in her face."

Case's eyes went wide.

"Oh I dunno. She seems like she's way too sweet and easy. She'll break into his bitch the second that cock slaps on her muzzle." Misty licked her lips. "Least, that's almost how fast he broke me~"

Case's eyes began to fill with anger.

"I took a bit! About...10 or so minutes? If she's got some secret bitch side to her, I can see her holding out for at least a little!" Azure replied, glancing over the room. "Why're we here? Master wanted us away from this wing until after he enslaved that News Flash mare."

Case clenched her jaw.

“You were such a smug, confident slut when you first met Master. From what I’ve heard, you were one of the hardest slaves he’s ever broken!” Misty teased, playfully sticking her tongue out at Azure. “But, just like me, you eventually gave in enough for that lovely spell of his to brand you as his property~” She trotted over to the wardrobe, pulling out a harem outfit from its depths. “Master asked us to prepare the new toy’s outfit for when she’s ready. Just fitting it and whatnot. She’s got roughly the same build as you, though apparently a bit more junk in the trunk.”

Case’s teeth grated against each other.

Azure pouted. “Oh, come on! I’ve got one of the best asses in this entire harem!” She scoffed, beginning to trot out of the room as Misty accompanied her. “Guess I’ll just have to remind Master why I’m one of his favorites!”

As the two shut the door, Case heard Misty give a final remark, before their voices faded into the distance.

“Hey! We’re *all* his favorites! Why else would he have brought us here to be broken in the first place!”

Case remained silent, spending a few moments listening closely for any signs of the two departed mares. With the coast clear, she calmed her legs, spreading her wings as she slowly descended to the ground below. She slammed her hooves against the floor, scrunching her muzzle in anger.

“Not with *my* daughter.”

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“So, the training sessions with the new guards on the team have been going well?”

News jotted down notes onto her notepad, keeping her composure as the interview she was having with Slashing continued. So far, everything seemed normal, but as they were progressing throughout it, he had been getting a portion more sultry with each response he made.

“Oh, absolutely,” he cooed, leaning back in his chair. “Plus, the mares that have been joining up have the *best* asses in that armor.”

Now that was a jarring jump in lewdness.

News blushed, nearly dropping her pen. “P-Pardon?”

“Well, of course! Those juicy flanks of theirs, caressed and shown off perfectly by their armor! Who could ignore it!” he continued, unphased by News’ flustered state. “Course, their asses are nowhere near as fat and juicy as yours, News Flash.”

News was having none of it, setting her notepad down and glaring at the stallion. “What the hell is your problem?! You can’t just say that to somepony!”

Slashing was surprised by her sudden change of demeanor, seemingly not expecting her to have some bite to her. “Hmm, not as sweet and innocent as I thought.”

“That’s it, this interview is *done*,” News growled. “You can’t just talk that way and expect nothing to show for it!” She smirked, glowering at him. “Though an exposé on how you seem to be nothing more than a pervy schmuck outta do pretty well in the papers.”

News knew she was meant to be stalling him, but this was getting ridiculous. Such a jarring spike in his open advances towards her warranted worry in her. He was too calm, too collected—which means he had done this many times before. She wasn’t daft, and News knew that whatever he was doing was what he did to the other mares before her. He was about to let loose his secret weapon, and she couldn’t risk her sanity just to stall for longer.

Rolling his eyes, Slashing parted his robe. He revealed a codpiece, one that arcanelly contained his gargantuan length and the intense, addictive musk it afforded. He had used his gracious size and wondrous aroma to break countless mares before, and he wasn’t intent on changing that today. Shrouding his codpiece in his magic, he prepared to take it off.

“I think I have something that’ll change your mind~”

News’ heart skipped a beat, quickly sorting out that whatever his plan was, taking that codpiece off was the core to it. She found the urge to run brewing in her, not wanting to find out *what* exactly his cock had to offer that swayed so many mares in the past.

“You won’t be able to resist, none of my sluts ever have,” he growled, unlatching one of the locks on it. “You’ll be slobbering on these nuts with a smile~”

His expression wavered as he watched News’ tense expression shift to a confident, taunting one.

“Good timing, Ma.”

“Wha?!” Slashing’s eyes widened, as he whirled around to see Case Closed looming over him.

She snickered, pulling back a foreleg as she geared up for a punch. “Hey, asshole.”

Bam!

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Slashing's senses reeled, the world splintering in and out of focus as consciousness clawed its way back. A leaden ache pulsed at his temple; the pain, raw and immediate, throbbed behind his eyes like a savage drumbeat. One moment he'd been upright, magic fizzling up his horn in a half-formed defense; the next, Case's punch had sent him spiraling into blackness, brutal and final.

Now, his body was a puppet in chains, limbs straining uselessly within their iron embrace. He blinked, furious specks of light bursting across his vision, trying to focus through the haze. Layer upon layer of chain coil snaked around him, pinning him tight to a cold chair, refusing any give. Gritting his teeth, he writhed, muscles burning; the iron laughed at his effort. Instinct flared, and he tried to channel mana through his horn—but the backlash struck like a whip, searing agony ricocheting through his skull, enough to wrench a startled yelp from his throat.

"Not so smug *now*, are you?" Case's voice dripped above him; every syllable a dagger sharpened on satisfaction.

His gaze jerked upward, forced to face her. Case hovered in the edge of his vision, savoring the spectacle. Beyond her, he scanned the room—the dungeon of his own manor. The irony burned nearly as much as the pain. He'd barely set hoof down here, always meaning to remake this dank, forgotten cell into a playroom for his livestock. But now, the place exhaled the sour, gloating air of captivity, and it pressed in on him.

"Don't waste your breath trying to cast." She pointed with relish at the ring now shackled around his horn—a magic containment band, its presence cold and absolute. "Unless you like migraines, all you'll get for your trouble is more pain."

She stifled a yawn, watching him twist in the chair, chains rattling against refusal. "So, maybe it's time to get comfortable and start answering my questions."

The insult pricked his pride, and anger flared up, molten and wild. "You bitch. My slaves will miss me!" He spat the words with venom. "They'll come for me, tear all this down, and I'll bend you over till you're begging for my cock!"

"Not quite, *'Master'*," crooned News, her arrival echoing off the corridor stones; scorn curled around each syllable as if the title itself left a sour taste. She stalked into view, lip curled in contempt. "My mother let me know exactly what your little harem thinks is happening."

Case leaned forward on her chair, smiling at Slash. "A little bit of eavesdropping told me all I had to know about your scheme. Add in snooping through your stuff. It was easy to tell Newsie here how to act."

“So, I *pretended* like you had broken me into one of your ‘bitches’, as you’re so proud to call them, and met with Azure and Misty.” News winked at him, holding back a teasing laugh. “I just told them you wanted to spend time with your newly acquired plaything, which they assumed was me, and that you wanted privacy in the dungeon for the next day or so. They took the bait like nothing.”

Slash’s jaw had nearly dropped. To think these two mares had outsmarted him was a staggering thing to comprehend. He had *no* idea who this other bat pony was, only now knowing she was News’ mom.

“I...w-wha...” Slashing stammered.

Case threw her head back in laughter. “*Haha!* In all your conquests, you never thought that fucking these mares into becoming dumb bitches would, you know, make them *actual* dumb bitches?!”

Slashing grit his teeth, his contempt for the newcomer growing at a rapid pace. “Who the *hell* even are you?”

“Case Closed,” Case sharply replied, tipping her hat at him. “One of the best detectives Manehattan has ever produced, and, unfortunately for you, I’m also *extremely* good at finding out scumbags like you.”

Slashing’s eyes blazed with anger. To be attacked in his own home while he was off-guard, and to have these mares rub it in his face—it undid his normally cool behavior and caused him to lash out even more than he already was.

“I’m going to *enjoy* fucking you senseless you -“

“A-ta-ta!” Case interrupted. “As fun as it is to watch you squirm and yelp, you have some answers to give me.” She trotted closer to him, slamming a hoof right next to his head and into the wall behind him. “And I’d suggest you be a good boy and *answer*.”

Slashing grit his teeth, meeting her gaze. “And *what* answers are you looking for?” She pressed his muzzle against hers, staring daggers into her. “You broke into *my* house and assaulted *me*.”

“*Ha!* Don’t play dumb!” News interjected, slamming her hoof against the wall on the other side of Slash’s head. “You were gonna do some weird, magic stuff with that cock of yours!” She blushed, her cool wavering. “O-Or something!”

Case side-eyed News. “*Very* intimidating, Newsie.” She smirked. “For a moment, I thought you finally were able to match my confidence for even just a second.”

“S-Shut up!” News exclaimed, earning a chuckle from her mother.

Slashing looked between the two, rolling his eyes. "You have no proof of anything! I was just acting flirtatious! That's all!" He narrowed his gaze at Case. "You have *nothing*."

"Is that so?" Case purred, grabbing the stallion's face. With a wing, she lifted up the spell page she had found in his end table. "Care to tell me what this is then?~"

Slashing's eyes went wide, as his pupils shrunk to pinpricks. "H-How did you get that?!"

"Wouldn't you like to know!" She smacked his face with her other wing, pulling back from him. "Though, I'm no magician, so I'll share my secrets~" She shot him a wink. "Your home's security measures are good, I'm sure, but not good enough. Like I said, I had quite the field day snooping through your home while my daughter distracted you." She presented her necklace. "A simple magic nullifying artifact and tah-dah, your whole plot unfolded."

Slashing eyed the relic. "Lowly tricks for a lowly slut."

"I heard you were quite the calm, cool, and collected stud," News remarked. "Not seeing much of that here."

Slash turned his muzzle away from her, scoffing. "And *how* exactly do you expect me to react? Your mother broke into my home, assaulted me, and then tied me up like this! I don't really have any other options besides anger."

"Right. Me clocking you in the face is totally outweighed by the fact you intended to turn my daughter into your mind-broken cumslut." Case raised a hoof, watching as Slash's eyes went wide as she swung and delivered a swift smack to his face. "Now, my *questions*."

Slash barely reacted to her blow, his fortitude and training making him near unflinching to more pain. "Gonna take more than that, slut."

"Slut. Broodmares. Sex slaves. That's all you're capable of thinking?" She smiled, an idea crossing her mind. "Fine. If being rough won't work on you, I can definitely tell what gets your mind *actually* going."

She swayed her hips behind her. Watching closely, she saw Slashing's eyes drift towards her flank, ample and fat enough to be seen from the front. She snickered. A vulnerability.

One she'd exploit.

"Ooooh?~" Case cooed, noting his reaction. "Tough boy's getting worked up, eh? You like thick flanks, don't you? That's why you wanted to claim my daughter?~" Case turned, presenting her flank to him, giving it a firm twerk and single clap. "Mine's just as good as hers~ Maybe even better."

Slashing's eyes went wide. Case wasn't lying—her ass was just as fat, pillowy, and alluring as her daughter's. It had a similar heart shaped lighter coat pattern on the insides of her asscheeks, and it jiggled identically to how News' had. She was a pristine sample of a mare, a milf at that too! The only thing the guard could do was gulp, his desire beginning to rapidly rise.

Case eyed her daughter. "You did say you'd match my tactics, honey~ So..."

A blush spread itself deep within News' cheeks, as she looked at her mother bewildered. "W-What?! Do that...with...with you?! For h-him?!" She shook her head. "Watching you clap your damn ass for a stallion is *already* something I probably shouldn't have ever seen!"

"Alas, it seems I've won our wager then~" Case hummed.

Clenching her jaw, mind racing with how *wrong* this all felt, News gave a defeated sigh. "*Fine*. But you know damn well this is so wrong."

Case's voice dropped to a husky purr. "Oh *please*~" She arched her back, the motion rippling through her haunches as she gave another firm jerk of her hips. The resulting clap echoed off the dungeon walls. "I've seen how stallions melt when you bat those eyelashes in your interviews." She licked her lips, her tail swishing to reveal glimpses of glistening pink flesh beneath. "Show Mommy those moves."

News couldn't tear her eyes from the way her mother's flanks quivered with each movement, her own breath quickening. A bead of sweat trickled down her neck as she watched Slash's massive member twitch and swell, veins pulsing along its length. Wrong as it felt, heat continued to pool between her thighs.

With a shaky exhale, News slipped into character. Her hips swayed hypnotically as she approached, each step deliberate, her tail flicking just high enough to tease. She bit her lower lip, letting her tongue peek out as she positioned herself beside Case.

"You like what you see?" News whispered, turning to present her heart-shaped rump. She spread her legs slightly, lowering her chest to the ground as her ass rose higher. The scent of her arousal filled the air as she shifted her hips left to right and bounced each cheek independently, her slick folds briefly visible with each movement. "Too bad this is all you'll ever get~"

Slash's cock jerked upward, an involuntary groan escaping his throat as pre-cum beaded at his flared tip. His eyes darted frantically between the two mares' glistening slits, nostrils flaring as he caught their mingled scents. His restraints creaked as his muscles tensed, his entire body straining toward them.

"Tch..."

Case watched his cock rapidly grow, smirking. "Oh? Tough guy's cracking, eh?" She pressed her ass against his cock, grinding against it. "How's *that* feel?~"

The sensation of Case's soft, pillowy cheeks caressing his cock sent Slash's mind racing, gnawing his lip to try and contain a groan. Though, what happened next sent him spiraling. Albeit with some hesitation, and an intense blush breaking through her facade, News indeed committed to matching her mother.

She slammed her ass against his cock, sandwiching it between her and her mother's flanks. The two bats' asses squished against each other, encasing Slashing's titanic length between a set of thick, juicy mounds of pleasure. The two began to shift their hips, grinding against his length and each other, both beginning to lavish in how the defiant stud was falling apart at the seams.

His eyes fluttered, he huffed out hot air in strained breaths, pre-cum drooled from his tip, and his jaw was slack, his body being overloaded with teasing and need. The two mares didn't relent, twerking on his cock without affording him even a moment of rest, asses smacking and pressing together over and over again.

"You're going to tell us *everything* you know," News cooed, throwing him a smug look.

Holding her own glare of determination, Case growled. "Or **else**."

Slash had no idea what in Equestria the 'else' part of Case's threat could mean, but he wasn't in the mood or mindset to find out.

"F-Fine! What do - *huff* - do you want!"

Coating his cock with her marish juices, Case smirked. "Those spells, what're you using them for?"

"*Nngh!* To k-keep the mares I break - *haaa* - as slaves!" Slash grunted.

News scowled. "Pathetic, no?" She pressed against him further, hiding a blush as she felt her mother's soft derriere against her own. "And how exactly do you break them?"

Slash huffed hot air from his nostrils. "*M-Musk...*" He winced with delight, his cock throbbing between the fat flanks caressing it. "A-And m-my cock!"

"*Ha!* You really are an overconfident stud, aren't you?" Case teased, stepping back. "Always thinking of sex, always driven by your cock. Shame you've ratted yourself out perfectly well."

Slash blinked wildly, heaving air into his lungs as he watched News move away as well. His body yearned for release, balls churning with cum as his tip was glazed in precum. His shaft,

slick with marish lust, glistened in the dim light of the dungeon. He weakly looked up at the two mares, watching as Case fidgeted with her coat.

Pulling out a recording device, she clicked the top of it to end the entry. "With this evidence, you're as guilty as can be. You can kiss your harem, manor, and all those little sluts of yours goodbye." She stowed the device away, looking Slash up and down. "Maybe if we're lucky, we can see a nice new spot on the moon you'll call home."

All too aroused to allow anger to flow, Slash averted his gaze. He had to figure something out, some scheme to escape. If he had his magic, he'd be able to humble these two mares like it was nothing. Maybe with her tricks and trinkets, Case was a threat, but if she had her movement restricted, she'd be as easy to conquer as any other mare. Still, for the time being, he was at their mercy.

"My mom and I will be going through your home for a few more bits of evidence. Just gotta get all the dirt on you as possible." News jotted down some notes into her notepad, snickering. "This'll make *quite* the headline. 'Respected Guard Turned Sex-Crazed Harem Keeper'." She caught a look from her mother, rolling her eyes. "It's...a working title."

Case chuckled. "Well then, I believe we should get going then." She side-eyed Slash. "I suppose we'll be a *bit* kind to you and at least bring you a meal at some point tonight. I certainly hope it'll be the last decent one you have for the foreseeable future."

Slash held his tongue, merely glaring back at the two as they began to trot away. He noted the intentional sway in their steps, purposely flaunting their generous flanks, earning a painful throb of need from his length. It didn't help that they were *this* hot on top of being so smug about their victory—if anything it made him desire to defeat them all the more.

As the two left his view, faint echoes of their laughter and snide remarks fading against the faint pitter patter of water droplets in the dim dungeon, Slash felt his anger boil back. Bar his more...unorthodox methods of courtship, he was a powerful magic user, honored noble, and vital member of the guard on top of all that! He couldn't let these two bat ponies tear down the empire of pleasure and prospects he was building.

Listening carefully, noting the two were entirely out of earshot, Slashing glanced down at his bindings. It was a solid fit, locking his forelegs entirely in place and fastening his torso to the chair behind him. Though, freeing his body would be a small victory in comparison to what truly mattered.

His magic.

He couldn't see the suppressing ring on his horn, but he knew full well it was there. If he wanted to turn the tide of this new dynamic he had to find a means of getting it off of himself. He briefly

surveyed the room, assessing his surroundings. It was a damp, empty room, bar the chair he was bound to, with no tools or trinkets of use.

Frankly, he was always not all too fond of his manor having a dungeon of this kind. He may be breaking mares into needy sluts, but he broke them through lust, not the kind of abuse a dungeon like this would be used for. Grumbling, he was finding no easy way out of this situation. He was bound, trapped, and left to stare at nothing but the bars in front of him and the cobblestone walls around him.

Though, as he eyed the wall, his gaze narrowed. The stones, worn smooth and rigid over countless moons, had a notable feature. Stacked upon each other who knows how long ago, they weren't uniform, to the extent where a few edges of some stones building up the wall stuck out.

Just enough to get a bit of grip underneath a certain ring on a certain unicorn's horn.

Eyes wide, an idea thrust itself upon Slashing, an escape option *if* the stars aligned just right. He fidgeted in his chair, trying to push it back and angle it against the wall. It took a few pushes, but eventually it worked, his chair falling back and only being stopped partway by the wall.

At the angle he was at Slash fidgeted his neck, trying to let the cobblestone get a grip under the ring. A few whispered curses and grunts was all it took before he felt some resistance against the damned enchanted object. His heart picked up its pace, eyes wide as he carefully adjusted the position of his head, moving the ring up bit by bit until...

Clink!

His breath halted, as he watched the ring that held him back fall to the floor, rolling a few inches before spinning and finally falling flat. He smirked, surging magic into his horn. He had his power back, his leverage, and now he had to find out...

Tap...tap...tap...

Find out what to do fast! The sounds of hoofsteps were loud and clear, and he had to adorn a facade. Hastily, he put an illusory spell on himself, making it seem like the ring was still on his horn, whilst shrouding the actual ring with an invisibility enchantment. Forcing the chair back upright, he wiped the grin off his face and put on a face of defeat and helplessness.

Turning the corner, News Flash came into view, carrying a tray of bread and a small glass of milk. She was grumbling to herself, fairly annoyed, as she creaked open his cell door.

"Unfortunately my 'amateur' investigation skills are getting 'in the way', according to my mom, so, I'm stuck babysitting *you*." She slid the tray towards him, regarding him with disdain. "I thought it'd be better to let ya go hungry tonight, but then I realized whatever punishment

Celestia will give you is going to be *far far* worse than anything I could do, so I might as well let you have a *little* nourishment.”

Slashing rolled his eyes. “How generous.” Nudging the bread with his hind hoof, he looked back up at her. “I heard you were sweet and kind. Always sticking up for the little guy. Though, all I’ve seen from you is a nasty bitch.”

“Shocker, the stallion who intended on turning me into a mind-broken, cock-craving, pregnant broodmare slave *isn’t* exactly somepony I’m too fond of.” She flicked his nose with the edge of her wing, earning a flinch from the unicorn. “I *am* nice, but I am also my mom’s daughter. I am *very* capable of being, as you’d say, a *bitch*.”

“Is that so?” Slash hummed. “Everything I’ve see and heard about you points you in the direction of being an overly eager, high energy, friendly reporter.”

News rolled her eyes. “Duh? It’s journalism. I have to be chipper and ready to go. I mean, *yeah*, I am usually akin to that, but when I’m in the field it’s cranked up by eleven.” She eyed him up and down, scoffing. “Sorry to burst your bubble, creep, but I’m not blinded by enthusiasm. I can be a bit of a grouch, I *hate* egotistical dickheads like you...” She hovered her muzzle inches from Slash’s face, staring daggers into his gaze. “And, sorry to ruin your fantasy, but I’m not the naive easy fuck you thought I was~”

SLAM!

News perked up, wheeling around to see the cell door slam shut. Red magic shrouded the door, making the bat pony’s heart skip a beat.

“Eh, naive enough to be tricked at least.”

She turned around, eyes widening as she watched Slashing teleport the rope off him and to the side. Tsking, he gestured to the ring on his horn, letting her see it fade away with a sparkle of magic.

“A simple trick really.” He gestured to the ground, guiding her gaze to the real ring laying uselessly on the floor. “And a useless trinket.”

News backpedaled. “W-Wait! How did you?! When did you?! H-Hey! Mo - *nnngh*~”

Her expression twisted, her eyes fluttered, and her tail flicked behind her, as Slashing shrouded his nethers in his magic and intensified his musk tenfold. An addictive, lavender aroma flooded News’ sinuses, making her brain short circuit as marish instincts came exploding to the forefront of her mind. She staggered back, desperately trying to ignore the wondrous scent assailing her.

“No calling for mommy, little bitch bat,” Slashing growled, taking a step closer to her. “What happened? You were so smug! So confident! You’re telling me a bit of musk is enough to have you shivering in that vest of yours?”

News’ eyes fluttered, her tail slowly beginning to hike itself. “What...t-the fuck...a-are you doing...” she groaned, heaving air through her mouth, trying to avoid the incredible smell. “My...head’s all...foggy...”

“Ah, yes, my musk tends to have that, well, effect on mares so to speak.” He took another step closer to her. “Every maid, guard, and servant in this manor. Every last gravid mare. They all encountered this; a rich, lavender scent that broke them down to their base instincts. Tamed them into what they truly are—broodmares for stallions. Just as biology itself intended.”

News struggled intensely. Though common sense would dictate it, she couldn’t breathe through her mouth, her nostrils flaring as she inhaled more of the addictive scent, her instincts willing her to take more in. Every breath she drew was stronger, seeping deeper into her lungs, where it sent her nerves alight and rewired more neurons in her mind. Her vest felt tight against her chest, constraining her chest from heaving in as much air as possible. Her tail instinctively twitched, partially flagging more and more with every breath she drew, eyes fluttering as she mumbled nonsensically to herself.

Slashing watched with a predatory glare, savoring every moment of her undoing. “Look at you squirm,” he cooed, stepping closer, allowing the aroma to intensify around News. “The way your pupils are dilating, those deeper breaths you’re taking, and that tail of yours, inching up more and more like you just can’t *wait* to be mounted and claimed like the needy slut you truly are deep down.” He cupped her jaw, watching her face strain against her base desires right before her eyes. “Tell me, your mind is *dying* for me to mount you, isn’t it? At least, a small, ever growing part of it is~”

News gasped, pushing him back and taking several steps backwards. “S-Shut up...” She shook her head, trying to clear the fog clouding her mind. “I...I don’t know what you’re d-doing...” her tail flicked behind her, “but it isn’t g-gonna work!”

She stumbled back, the lavender aroma clouding her sinuses entirely, her body *savoring* every whiff it got of him. It was known musk was effective against mares. All ponies smelt *amazing*, with varying scents and hints in each. Vanilla, cotton candy, berries—you name it, a sweet, amazing aroma was on each and every pony. But lavender? Not only was it rare, but it was known to be one of the absolute most addictive ones, easily able to make a mare in heat quiver and beg for dicking down.

But this lavender was substantially more intense than anything News had ever seen, smelt, or heard of. It was as if it was molded in the flames of desire itself, engineered to make any mare, in heat or not, absolutely melt and fold to the desires of whomever wielded such a musk. She was incredibly strong-willed, a given being who she was the daughter of, but through all the

trials and tribulations she'd ever faced in her life, *this* was what was pushing her to the absolute limit.

"Just give in," he whispered, eyeing her up and down. "Accept it. You're a mare. You need cock. *My* cock."

She was *not* one to yield so easily.

"**Fuck** you," she growled. The venom in her tone was lessened by the faint quiver in it, along with her dubiously flicking tail behind her. "Y-you're a sleazy, shitty, d-disgusting noble p-prick!"

Slashing feigned offense, placing a hoof against his chest. "Such harsh words, and all while I'm *blessing* you with my scent." He rolled his eyes. "I'm no noble, I am but a guard with a gift."

News grit her teeth together, narrowing her gaze at him. "G-Guard...*nnggh*...or not..." Her gaze could stab through anypony with less grit and will as Slashing, as they burned with an intense rage and lust alike. "You're a p-pretentious fuck."

"Gotta say, I'm *thoroughly* impressed, little bat," Slashing remarked. "Most mares yield within moments of facing my arcanelly enhanced aroma." He shrugged. "See, I won't lie and play myself up. Of course there's magic at work here, there's a reason you both weren't enthralled by it earlier." He playfully booped her on the nose, as she lashed out and tried to bite him. "Since you met Azure and Misty, maybe I could give you a bit of insight!"

News merely scowled at him, body shuddering as his aroma continued to assail her. "*S-Shut up...*"

"No, no! I think it's crucial you understand just how incredible this little showcase of defiance of yours is! You've *already* broken the record Azure set!" He tapped his chin. "She lasted about...two minutes? I was amazed by it at the time!" He chuckled to himself. "Misty however? A whopping 20 seconds before she was bouncing that *huge* ass of hers on my cock." He winked at her. "Of course, after two minutes, Azure was clapping that flank of hers for me *begging* to be bred."

Shaking her head, legs beginning to buckle, News did her utmost to keep her composure. "I-I'm not - *nnggh* - like them!" She spat at him, watching as he didn't even flinch as it hit his cheek. "I'm not some weak, pathetic mare who you can break down into a mindless fucktoy just by waving your cock around and making me huff that musk of yours!"

Her voice cracked here and there, something Slashing was familiar with. The more defiant sluts he'd tamed always did that. Always showed that sign of breaking down as they tried to keep a straight face. How their innermost desires seeped through their vitriolic words. They'd yield and they'd love him for it.

He turned to his side, shimmying his hips and making his cock sway beneath him. He watched News' eyes follow its motions like a metronome, unable to rip her attention away as her base desires corrupted her actions and thoughts alike. He took the opportunity, shrouding his groin in magic and intensifying the effectiveness of his musk, fragrant lavender heaving itself into News' lungs, as her jaw slowly began to slack.

"What was that?" he cockily remarked.

News was fixated on it. "I...I..." She strained. "N-Need...to look away..."

He trotted closer to her, watching as she helplessly flapped her wings at her side.

"I...want..." News groaned, drooling from both ends now. "Y-Your..."

She tripped over herself, slamming her rump onto the ground as she suddenly found herself sitting back. That was all Slash needed to act, as he surged forward. In an instant, the distance between the two was closed, and soon enough, he slapped his cock right onto her muzzle, allowing it to rest on her face as her nose pressed into the region where his shaft and balls met.

One breath.

"Coooooock~"

And she was broken.

An instant wave of pleasure accosted Slash as News began to slobber all over his balls, her lengthy tongue slurping all over the weighty orbs. She moved like a mare possessed, tongue lavishing her inch of his nuts as if she was trying to make them shimmer with saliva. A free hoof of hers dove towards her snatch, as she began to furiously rub her marehood, groaning happily into his groin. He smiled triumphantly as he felt her warm tongue work his nuts like a seasoned pro, her moans unfiltered and without even a drop of remorse behind them now. He could *feel* the desperation in her groans, vibrating against his bits and only furthering the pleasure he was experiencing.

"There's a good girl," he cooed. "You'll make a fine broodmare. And, considering how defiant you were, an even *better* wife." He pet her gently, stroking her mane as she was lost in his nethers. "There's no shame in wanting this, in accepting what you *really* needed. All mares are the same. They **need** cock, and I'm just doing the right thing by showing them the light, isn't that right?~"

"Yesssssshhhh~" News gasped, briefly pulling away from his nuts before diving back in.

He felt like a god looking down on a devout follower, savoring the view of News continually

worshiping his balls. She had been so angry, so spiteful, and oh so smug just before, and now she had folded and broke just like every mare who had come before her.

“There’s a good filly, knowing exactly what to do when presented with cock. Dumb, empty thoughts and a mouth full of balls. Better stuffing that jaw of yours like this then letting your smug words flow.” He caressed her hefty crotchts with his magic, watching her squirm. “The only interviews you’re doing from now on are with my cock, whore.” He narrowed his gaze at her. “Still think you’re too good to be bred by me?”

News frantically shook her head at his words, rubbing her marehood harder whilst her other hoof massaged the nut she wasn’t slobbering on. She heaved air into her lungs frantically, absolutely addicted to the musk that had broken her mind.

“Now throat my cock and get it ready to fuck that tight cunt of yours. I’ve got to knock you up properly if I’m to keep you as my slut.”

Guided by pure submissive instinct, News complied with his command immediately. Pulling away from his nuts, she instantly moved up and dove down on his cock. He watched in awe as she slammed her muzzle forward, engulfing his entire, titanic cock down her throat in one swift motion. Her throat bulged with the imprint of his dick, leaving and returning every second as she started dutifully bobbing back and forth.

It was a sight to behold. He saw how his cock bulged her throat, and savored how she handled his immense length like she had prepared every day of her life for this. Strings of spit and glazes of precum covered her face, staining even her mane from how sloppily she serviced his balls moments before. Her pristine vest, the attire she treasured the most, was soiled in her own spit and sweat, but she couldn’t care less about it.

“Look at you go,” Slashing hummed, wincing with pleasure. “This is what I meant. You were born to serve my cock. You’re an absolute natural! It’s honestly a miracle that it took *this* long for somepony to tame you.” He bucked into her face, the sudden motion actually making her gag for the first time. “I’ll make sure you never forget. Once I knock you up and mark you as my property, there will be *no* turning back. Another breeding bitch in my collection.”

News didn’t slow her pace, even after the unexpected thrust. She was absolutely desperate for his dick, serving him with every ounce of energy she had in her. The logical, precise, and witty News Flash was drowning in the sea of carnal desires that had consumed her very soul. There was no reputable, trustworthy reporter right now, just a needy mare being tamed like she *deserved*.

Slash felt himself getting close, but he couldn’t cum down her throat. Grabbing her mane, he quite literally had to pry her off his cock, watching as she kept her lips hungrily wrapped around it until they slipped off his tip. She panted hungrily as he pulled away, eyeing his length as her

tail wagged above her fat ass. The absence of his length for even a minute left News
Shuddering