

Celestia Sits on Fluttershy's Face

Short summary: Celestia has an itch in an inaccessible area. Only with Fluttershy's help can she hope to scratch it.



Long summary: Celestia desperately searches for an item of the right shape to scratch the itch in her ass. Alas, there is nothing in her room that would fit. It is then that Fluttershy, with her pretty snout, comes knocking on the door.

Rated 18+ for Celestia sitting on Fluttershy's face, watersports and scat.

Rating: Mature

Tags: Comedy, Sex

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The Itch

Celestia opened her eyes. A haze in her head and a terrible itch in her tush let her know that something was amiss. The discomfort prompted her to action. She thrust with her hind leg, sending the sheets flying to the floor. The inner turmoil persisted.

She couldn't feel any foreign object in her rectum, so that couldn't be the cause. It felt more like an absence of something than a disfavorable presence. Sighing in frustration, she rolled off the bed.

Looking around her chamber, she searched for something to distract herself with, as the squats she was performing weren't subduing her inner turmoil in the slightest. The irk in her hindquarters persevered, no matter how much she wiggled her buttocks up and down. No amount of shaking and twerking the booty helped either.

The whole ordeal was quite mysterious, as the irk couldn't even be attributed to an anal injury; for it was quite a while, even further back than a whole day, since Celestia had had anything extraordinary shoved up her asshole. For the time being, the cause was outside the reaches of her foggy mind.

Incited to find a remedy for her bothersome irk, she scoured her room for something, anything that she could use to reach the area of her inner turmoil. Most of the items she laid her eyes on were either too edgy or too flat.

Celestia turned to the decorating table. Lighting up her horn, she focused on the content of the fruit bowl. With her magic, she pushed exotic peaches to the side and pulled a banana from the bottom. It seemed quite slick, but past experiences had taught her that the balmy fruit just couldn't handle the firmness of her powerful sphincter. She laid it down and sighed. It would take something far more sturdy to handle her royal itch than a delicate banana.

Twilight's scepter was the first thing that came to her mind. It was a bit on the edgy side, but she was confident in her abilities to unlock the scepter's full versatility potential. With some delicate maneuvering, she could reach right up to the itch and properly scratch it.

Contemplating possible ways of getting a hold of it, she glanced toward old furniture in the dark corner of her room. It had been a while since she went on a self-imposed covert mission. The locked wardrobe, in the middle, harbored her black fur-tight bodysuit, she had used to wear every night in her plundering escapades on the castle's kitchen.

Such infiltrations weren't necessary ever since Luna's dream stalking addiction took a turn for the worse. With the tampering sister being detached from reality most of the time and nopony else daring to meddle in Celestia's dietary needs, she could just order the cakes to her chamber at her leisure.

Dressing up in the enwrapping suit, infiltrating Friendship Rainbow Kingdom castle and taking in the scepter did, indeed, have some potential to cure her of the itch. However, with her mysterious weight gain over the past few months, the mission suit would be a very tight fit. There was a set limit on its stretchiness.

Her ears perked at a sound of an almost unnoticeable knock on the door. Disrupted from her scheming by the intrusion, she caught herself sliding her rear-end up and down the wall. The sound of somepony encroaching on her private chamber was easy to ignore. Such wasn't a case for the persistent itch in her excretory canal.

Upon realizing that her wall rubbing technique wasn't effective, she forcefully walked left and right by a decorated carpet. "Ugh!"

Not knowing what to do, she plunged down her behind to the floor. Even crumpling the luscious ass cheeks together on a cold surface had no significant effect on the tenacious irk.

Celestia ran out of ideas. With the itch sucking up more and more of her attention, she found it hard to focus her mind on anything else. She needed a distraction, fast! "Come in!" she cried out in irritation.

The door slowly opened ajar. "Um... Please, excuse me... I just..."

"Fluttershy?"

"Um... Yes?" Her head peeked between the half-opened door and doorframe.

Celestia leaned her head to the side as she observed her, a new idea beginning to form. "My, I have only now noticed how perfect your snout looks. It is truly an embellishment to behold."

Raising a forehoof to cover her face, Fluttershy tried to hide her blush. "Um, thank you, I guess."

"Come in, come in! And close the door!" Celestia's horn glowed.

"I hope I wasn't interrupting—" Fluttershy's ears twitched at the sound of a turning key at the instant the door shut.

“Nonsense! I can always make time for one of the Bearers of the Elements. Come now; there is no reason to linger at the door. Enter and lie down.”

Fluttershy took a few steps inward, away from the exit. “Lie down?”

“Why of course, my precious guest. I want you to make yourself as comfortable as you can. Know that I am very pleased to see you.”

Fluttershy sat down before Celestia, on the edge of the oriental carpet.

Celestia half closed her eyes when she saw her precious gift from Saddle Arabia being trampled upon. She looked down to Fluttershy’s hooves. Upon affirming they were fairly clean, she calmed down a little. “Now, dear, tell the wise princess what brought you here.”

“Um...”

Leaning down to Fluttershy’s snout level, she observed her face from different angles. “Express with firmness your prerogative onto me.”

Fluttershy swallowed audibly and lowered her shoulders. “You tasked me to come to Canterlot to check on the animals in the Royal Garden,”—with her eyes, she followed Celestia’s hoof as it pressed on her chest, but didn’t let it distract her from squeaking her rehearsed lines—“and you wished to be informed about their well-being—”

With a nudge of Celestia’s hoof, the Pegasus fell on her back. “Can I get you anything, Fluttershy? A glass of wine, perhaps?”

“No, please, I’m fine. I just... Why did you just...” She tried leaning forward, but Celestia’s hoof on her chest prevented her from rising off the floor.

“You are a kind pony, are you not?” Celestia stepped over Fluttershy, placing both forehooves by the yellow wings.

“I try...”

Lowering her head, Celestia put her snout to Fluttershy's. "You see, Fluttershy, I am in need of a kind pony right now." Her lips drew into a grin. "Would you mind doing me a favor?" She slid a hoof through silky feathers.

Fluttershy attempted to retract her head away, trying to secure herself some personal space, but pushing against the floor proved futile. So too did her endeavor to fold her sensitive wings. "I only came here to—"

"Why, of course you are a kind pony!" Celestia interrupted her. "You are the element of kindness; the embodiment of it. I trust that you would not want to go against your nature." Celestia brushed Fluttershy's mane with a hoof. "Or is it wrong of me to put my faith in you?" She leaned her head to the side and looked at her with just one eye.

"I... I..."

"Look, my subject!" She tapped on the yellow chest with a forehoof. "It is the simplest of tasks I wish you to perform. All I need you to do is lie here, just like you are doing now. It will only be for a little while. Can you do that for your princess, Fluttershy? A minuscule favor for the Princess of the Sun. Is that too much to ask of you?"

"But... W—why?"

"You would distrust me, the ruler of Equestria?" Celestia barked, narrowing her eyelids.

"No! Of course not. I trust you..." Fluttershy's eyes shied away.

"Then stop with your silly rebellion. Close your eyes, Fluttershy! Know thy place!" Celestia slid her hoof between blue eyes, shutting them.

Fluttershy's ears swiveled forward. Metallic clunking around her body let her know that Celestia was turning around. "I wasn't rebelling... I—I just don't understand..."

"You may open your eyes now, Fluttershy," Celestia said as she lowered her sizable bottom toward the innocent pony's head.

Is a Bitch

“Wha—Eee!” Fluttershy pressed both forelegs against the descending celestial mass.

“Let me ease your confusion, Fluttershy. You see, I have a terrible itch that I need scratched, and your snout just happens to be perfect for this task.”

“Nooo!” Fluttershy cried out, but her voice broke from the effort she was exerting against the looming buttocks.

“It is okay, Fluttershy. I will do most of the work. You just be yourself with that soft, yet firm, snout of yours.” Celestia raised a hind leg off the floor, increasing the downward pressure with her hinder. “I believe you can already see the troublesome area. You are the only one in a position to help me at this time of need, my loyal subject.”

“I beg you, please stop!”

“You’re almost there.” Celestia lifted the other hind leg as well. As she spread her butt cheeks, a fart escaped her anal canal with a deep “brtt!”

“Nnn!”

“Oh, dear me.” Celestia put a forehoof to her snout to cover her shameful smile. “Please excuse me; I must have been holding it in when I was clenching my tush to fight the itch.”

Fluttershy’s urge to breathe in was increasing fast, as pressing her forelegs against such mass was exhausting. Presuming that most of the bad air from Celestia’s fart had dissipated, she gasped. Filling her lungs disproved her assumptions about the clearness of the air. “Eee!” She tried turning her head to the side, but that did little to free her from the facial cocoon. Her snout merely hit against the inner wall of Celestia’s rear.

“No, no! Not there. It is deeper, still. Here, let me guide you to the point of interest.” Celestia wiggled her sit-upon left and right.

Fluttershy's body shook as the strength in her forelegs gave way to the mass of the Alicorn.

"'Tis, indeed, a cold reality without, my little pony. Yet it is nothing to distress about for my benevolence will see you through this ordeal. Permit us to secure thee a warm sanctuary within." Celestia spread her buttocks around Fluttershy's cheeks. "Almost there..."

Kicking with her hind legs, Fluttershy uttered gulping sounds. The burbling stopped when the sphincter formed a hermetic seal around Fluttershy's snout.

"There! Right there." Celestia stopped her side to side motions and proceeded with up and down movements.

Fluttershy's wings flapped, thumping against the floor, uselessly.

"Mmm. Your snout feels so good." Celestia's forward and back leaning was sliding Fluttershy's snout in and out of her plothole. When her posture was at the highest, she could sense a warm breeze against her dock and sips of air on the coat of her behind.

Every muscle in Fluttershy's body reacted as she pressed with all of her strength against the hinder.

"Why, Fluttershy, what in Equestria could be causing all this squirming of yours? You seemed perfectly fine a minute ago." Celestia bit her upper lip. "Hmm... I dread to say it, but I fear that you may be bothered by a terrible itch of your own." She pressed a hoof to Fluttershy's sex. "Is it here?"

Fluttershy twitched.

Celestia raised her head, looking about. "Hmm, where did I put one of my redeemers?" she said with a lick of her lips.

"Nn?"

Celestia stretched one hind leg to rotate her bottom. She then bent it and stretched the other hind leg, performing circular motions with her anus around the sturdy snout. "Fluttershy, do you like... Mmm... bananas?"

"Nnn!?" Fluttershy's sporadic poking with both forelegs on the fleshy cushion acted like an in-depth humps massage.

“Mmm... I have never told this to anypony before, as they would not understand... Oh... But you, Fluttershy, I believe you can keep a divine secret... Mhm...” Celestia’s mind was drifting away due to the intense sensations.

“Umb!” A hollow sound emanated from below.

The mare on top quickly gathered her thoughts, realizing that any hesitation in this delicate matter would be at the expense of the maiden below. She made it her mission to battle the sensory starvation of the under-pony. It was the least she could do to recompense for the expressions of kindness in her rectum.

Locating a banana on the royal bed, Celestia lit up her horn, wrapping the fruit in a magical, telekinetic grip. “This may sound a bit unorthodox, but please hear me out before you place any ill judgments onto me. You see, Fluttershy, I believe there is something holy about bananas.” Celestia tried to stuff the banana in the pussy before her, but it merely bumped against the dry, meaty lips.

Fluttershy’s hind legs reflexively kicked. “Nn!?!”

“Hmm...” Celestia observed the banana, then Fluttershy’s pussy. If she were to use any more force, the banana might get subverted. “It is a true blessing that bananas are thoroughly lickable, unlike some other deviant, furry fruit.” She opened her mouth wide as she levitated the banana vertically in front of her face.

A drop of saliva fell from the stuck out tongue onto Fluttershy’s abdomen, prompting a twitch.

Celestia wrapped her moist tongue over the width of the banana and slowly ran it upwards. As she retracted her tongue, a tendril of saliva spread out, keeping her connected to her favorite fruit. She rotated the banana and repeated the process.

Fluttershy tried to pull herself back by using her wings. They rustled as they slid on the floor, offering no traction whatsoever.

“And when you are feeling down, there is nothing like a caress of a banana to get your spirits back up.” She magically slid the banana up and down between Fluttershy’s pussy lips.

Muscles in the yellow hind legs tensed as they pressed together.

Celestia was nothing if not a great strategist and had already anticipated this subversion. Having had stretched both forehooves in advance, she caught Fluttershy's hind legs midway. She gently guided them back to their previous position. Very little force was needed because hind legs of Pegasi just aren't designed to press together with ample force. "The length, width, texture and curvature. It is as if the very concept of perfection was given a form. The banana could not have come to be by mere chance. There must have been some divine intervention ahoof in its making. It is plain to see this."

Fluttershy tried to bend her hind legs, but that action, too, was countered, as her hind hooves, wrapped in Celestia's magic field, got pulled upwards. The Alicorn's magic was far too strong for a mere Pegasus to counter, and all her struggles proved ineffective.

With Fluttershy's hind legs drawing apart, her sensual hole also spread, revealing the pathway to the potential inner itch that Celestia could scratch. It was only a narrow tunnel, but Celestia knew that the trusty banana held the solution.

She rocked the banana back and forth along the innocent entrance, spreading the meaty walls farther apart. With the use of her magic, she raised up the banana, only leaving the bottom end between the pussy lips. "Narrow at the endpoints and meaty in the middle. It's like the banana was made to be inserted; to fill the void in our lives."

Fluttershy's tail rose up, whipping against the banana.

"I understand you have your hooves full, and cannot help yourself. Yet, there is no need for your impatience, little one, for I will perform the deed that you desire and that the banana allows for."

As Celestia's magic subsided, and the upward force on the banana ceased. The stout tip pressed against the pussy with the fruit's weight behind it. Fluttershy wiggled about, but her lower lips held the banana firmly in the strategic position, ready for further encroachment.

A grin snuck up on Celestia's face. "Unless you don't refuse to mind the hesitation of passing up the foiling of non-withdrawing inactivity versus the undoing the lack of withholding the contrary revoked dismissal of its inverse annulment by not rejecting the lack of void absence of its reverse opposite, I'll just go ahead and take the initiative. You don't disagree, don't you not?" she asked quizzaciously.

The verbal consent wasn't practical with Fluttershy's mouth working on Celestia's itch, but the body language of the pony below was sufficient for Celestia to feel out and read in her intimate endeavor.

Sensing the exchanging pressure in the left, then right side of the sphincter wall, Celestia nodded her head in acknowledgment and channeled extra magic to the field that was wrapped around the banana. "As you wish, my dear."

The fruit pushed deeper, but there was still resistance. Celestia tried to massage the obstacle away, by pressing both forehooves on the sides of Fluttershy's pussy.

The lean of her posture released some downward pressure of the rump, allowing Fluttershy to gasp some extra sips of air.

"Despite all the good attributes, a banana can still be scathed. But this imputation is, in my conviction, yet another representation of its divine nature. It would rather sacrifice itself than cause any serious bodily harm."

Fluttershy's tail pounded on the banana again, and again.

"Patience, fair commoner! 'Tis a delicate task, scratching an inner itch." Though firm in her words, Celestia didn't want to see Fluttershy grow bored. She took a risk and increased the magical pressure on the banana tenfold, slamming it inward to the steam.

"Ugh!" a dull voice sounded from below as the whole laying body shook, almost knocking Celestia off-balance.

"Did we banish it?" Celestia observed the squirming of the pony on the floor. "No?"

Fluttershy's muscles stayed tense. A condition that could, very well, be explained by a still-present itch.

"Not to fret, my dear, for there is a solution at hoof. Have you noticed how the banana is curved just right to scratch on the inner walls? It is but one of the many features of the holy fruit." Celestia focused, channeling a magical torque on the banana.

"Aua!" Fluttershy shrieked from under Celestia as the banana rotated around within the confines of her pussy.

“It is like it was designed for a higher purpose than merely eating. Can you perceive it? Do you believe it? Are you sensing its holy touch within you?” Celestia’s face stiffened. “The irritation, you may have not even known about before, shall soon be exorcised!” She increased the twirling speed of the banana. “Begone, itch! Begone!”

Fluttershy joggled her hips, trying to adjust to the movement of the banana, but it was rotating too fast for her to follow suit.

“Why, Fluttershy. I had thought you to be a decent pony. Why are you getting all moist down here?” Celestia felt the temperature in her plot increasing. She couldn’t see Fluttershy’s blush, but she sure could feel it.

“Just lick every time I hit the spot and that will let me know where your itch is located.”

Fluttershy’s ears were still outside of Celestia, thus, her hearing was not impeded. Comprehension, however, wasn’t her strong suit. This was demonstrated by the lack of tongue action, despite the banana brushing against the inner surface many times with the constant spinning around in her pussy.

“Hmm, it must be deeper than I thought. I venture I will just have to drill it further in.” She bit her lower lip, contemplating the implications of the words she had just uttered. Her eyebrows pressed together. The proposed course of action seemed exceedingly bold. “I just hope the banana can bear it.”

Increasing pressure and the ever-faster spinning of the banana compelled Fluttershy to action. She forced her mouth open, just enough to slip her tongue through, and touched the rectum wall. “Eee!” She retracted her tongue. Her whole body shook and muscles tensed.

Celestia absorbed the shock. Having had placed both forehooves on the sides of Fluttershy’s pussy, it was much easier for her to balance. She continued her selfless search for Fluttershy’s itching spot with even greater vigor.

Despite her reclusive nature, Fluttershy got persuaded to go out exploring once more. The rectum stretched as she forced her mouth open even wider than previously. The reluctant tongue slipped through, touching the fleshy wall once again. Her body jerked, but she worked against herself to keep her tongue in place this time.

“Deeper still?”

Fluttershy's tongue instantly slid around the inner tube, pressing hard on the soft surface. The sweeps were hardly noticeable at first, but they quickly gained speed while covering more and more of the ass's inner dominion.

"Oh, is this the spot? You can stop licking if it is."

Fluttershy removed her tongue from the slimy wall but still kept her mouth ajar.

"I shall start scratching the annoyance profusely to alleviate any frustration with the itch that you may have." Celestia pulled the banana halfway out, then shoved it back in.

"Argh!" The wetness of Fluttershy's eyes added to the already dampened environment of Celestia's bunglehole.

Despite taking great care, forcefully probing the banana in and out of the tight pussy, Celestia feared that the pressure, she was exerting on the fruit, could lead to permanent damage. The strips of blood were, indeed, tarnishing the peel more and more. If any cracks were to form on the slick surface, the blood could enter inside, ruining the taste of the soft, immaculate goodness within. Such damage to the fruit would be irreversible.

Shaking her body didn't relieve Fluttershy of the irritation. She attempted the tongue action once more, wiping all around and covering all the surface she could reach. Pressing hard, she tried to cause Celestia as much sensation as she could. It was her way of drawing attention to herself.

"Am I getting it?"

Fluttershy tried to keep up the tongue signal, but the primal sensations spread from between her hind legs, flushing her whole body and mind. A muffled squeak was all she managed to produce until even that was held back by the sporadic muscle contractions.

Celestia shoved the full-length of the banana in Fluttershy's depths. "I got it, yes?"

The consequent jolt was replaced by periodical twitching. Other than that, there was no response from Fluttershy. If she had an itch before, it clearly wasn't bothering her anymore.

“Hmm, I seem to have developed yet another itch of my own.” Celestia leaned back and pressed a forehoof to her own dripping pussy. As she stroked her clitoris, a droplet of mare juice splattered against Fluttershy’s neck, adding to the already spreading smears of vaginal secretions on her coat.

With Celestia’s whole body weight pressing against Fluttershy’s face, breathing was hindered, yet again.

“How about we take care of two itches at once, Fluttershy? I will take on the front one, and you take care of the back-end.”

Besides the irregular twitches of the Pegasus mare, there were also a few jerks in between.

Celestia leaned forward, releasing Fluttershy’s snout with a plop. “Take a deep breath.”

A big gasp resonated through the room as Fluttershy filled her lungs with semi-fresh air. “Huf—”

Celestia threw her body downward, shoving Fluttershy’s snout back into the dark tunnel in one go. “For honoring my needs, Fluttershy, I shall bestow on to you a special title, worthy of my appreciation. I am hereby proclaiming you to be my best whore from this day forth and forevermore!” She tightened and relaxed her thighs, jumping on Fluttershy’s face with her posterior, pushing the snout deeper and deeper into the depths of her cavity.

Each time Celestia’s hind area bumped on Fluttershy’s head, her hind legs kicked in the air in response.

“You can use your tongue, and I shall use my hoof.” Celestia raised her foreleg in front of her and smiled at the reflective surface of the horseshoe. There was a reason why she regularly had it polished.

Still dazed from the sensory overload and the constant struggles against the buns, Fluttershy barely exerted any counter force with her forelegs.

With Fluttershy compliant, Celestia leaned one hoof on the yellow chest to help herself in rocking back and forth. She used the other hoof to profusely circle the royal clit. Her eyes rolled to the back of her head as her mouth opened wide. Saliva dripped from the extended tongue onto Fluttershy’s coat.

Downward pressure on the chest periodically increased and decreased with each circle of Celestia's hoof. Fluttershy was devoted enough to keep herself from exhaling. What she held inside was the cleanest air she had breathed in a while. It was too precious and indispensable to lose.

Celestia shivered in delight, but her cravings were not yet adequately addressed. "Why-you-no-tongue-use?"

Fluttershy didn't respond. Only slight twitches of her hind legs showed signs of a present mind.

"Ugh! This is no good!" Celestia cried in irritation. She let go of the clit and wiped the wet horseshoe on Fluttershy's coat. "I venture it is the bad taste that is discouraging your tongue from performing its duty."

Again, there was no response from the lazy pony below. After Celestia had helped her with the banana, the self-serving mare didn't seem to care about Celestia's needs anymore.

When Celestia pushed both forehooves down, Fluttershy's chest sank in response. A breeze gushed out from the burdened lungs with a squeak, accompanied by burbling sounds from the area of their intimate connection. "Know that I sympathize with you. Tongue buds can be such a turnoff. Here, let me help you wash off the nasty taste from your filthy mouth, whorse."

Fluttershy reacted with a twitch as she felt a warm liquid pouring on top of her abdomen coat.

"Oops, I think I may have came off too strong." Celestia relaxed, and her pee arch weakened. With the urine current subsiding, the splattering moved up Fluttershy's tummy and over her chest, between Celestia's forehooves.

While urine dripped from the yellow neck, onto pink mane, a lack of air in Fluttershy's lungs prompted an instinctive reaction. She pressed hard with both forehooves against the flashy sacks.

"Oh, I am sorry, Fluttershy. I was a bit careless." Celestia's pee arch subsided, and the liquid trickled across her pussy, toward her back door. "Here you go, pet." She leaned her body forward and lifted both forehooves from Fluttershy's chest.

A big gasp followed as Fluttershy detached from her tight kiss. She filled her lungs with new air and pee.

After Celestia's douche, the coughing ensued. With each gasp in between spasms, more urine found its way into Fluttershy's windpipe, giving birth to even stronger coughs.

As the pee current ceased, Celestia leaned on Fluttershy's snout, shoving it back into the shadowy sheath. "I am afraid that is all the cleansing of your tongue I can provide for you at this moment, dear Fluttershy."

Despite 'fresh' air being cut off, the coughs didn't cease. In fact, they got stronger.

"Oh!" Celestia pressed a hoof on her belly. Changes in her inner air pressure were showing up on the surface like waves on the restless sea. "Uh! Yes!" She raised her snout toward the ceiling. "I do believe this is helping with the itch, tremendously. Do persevere, sweet Fluttershy! You are asstonishing."

Gasps filled her lungs, that coughs were emptying, but the recycled air was all Fluttershy could afford. That changed when a breeze of unpacked air, foreshadowed by approaching rumblings, forced itself down her windpipe.

"Ah!" cheered Celestia, pressing down with a forehoof to balance against the rise and fall of Fluttershy's chest while sliding the other hoof back to her clit. "My gut feeling tells me that the happy ending might be soon approaching."

It was like a new life was breathed into Fluttershy. The amount of twitching and kicking was exceeding previous levels.

"I believe I have but one more to let loose." As the circling forehoof increased its rubbing, the purple eyes turned up to the ceiling.

"Oh, oh, oh... Aah!" Celestia closed her eyes and squirted on Fluttershy's wet body as her bowel movement signaled another rectum release.

A loud "ppppppwwrrrrppppp" boomed through Fluttershy's ears. Her whole body froze stiff. All her muscles tensed up to the maximum.

“Mmm...” Celestia’s head drifted to the side, her hums of satisfaction subsiding. When she opened her eyes, she noticed a brown puddle spreading on the floor below her, almost reaching the antiquated carpet. “Holy Crap. I should not have chanced that last one. It seems it was not a mere fart I was holding back.”

All muscles on Fluttershy’s body pulsated. Her hind legs, pointing to the ceiling, shook. Pee shot out from between them, spraying urine across the carpet. A poop squeezed itself from Fluttershy’s heinie onto her tail and the rugged material under it.

“Fluttershy!” Celestia screeched. “What have you done?” She promptly put her hooves on the floor and rose up. A popping sound emanated, as Fluttershy’s face detached from the tight embrace of the opening.

Fluttershy gasped as she dragged herself between Celestia’s legs. Flapping her wings, she hauled herself away. She was coughing up a trail of soft fecal lumps and urine along her path.

It was a sight to behold, but Celestia couldn’t help herself from gazing upon the excretory matter that Fluttershy had previously produced. It was sinking deeper into precious Ruggy. “My carpet! My beautiful carpet.” Celestia whimpered. “You ruined it!”

Fluttershy kept hoofing at the floor, pushing herself further away. As she swayed, the banana dropped out of her pussy. Besides the red tarnish on its peel, it seemed fairly unharmed.

Looking at the rug, Celestia sighed. It took the bad end of the deal, but it was bound to happen eventually. Her long life had taught her that everything is destined for ruination. This knowledge was the source of her stability and allowed her to be transcendent at the sight of misfortune around her.

She gathered up her grace and decided to let bygones be bygones. “For all the good you have done,”—she puckered her face and spoke the remainder through her teeth—“I forgive you for this travesty.”

“E...” was the first phoneme Fluttershy uttered in a while. She pressed both forehooves to the chest and panted.

“Fluttershy, I said I forgive you!” Celestia raised her eyebrows as she looked down on the sorry, trembling, yellow ball in front of her. She waited for a response, then snorted, as none was uttered. “Some gratitude...” she muttered to herself. Feeling unappreciated, she glanced out the window, to see how her Sun was doing.

“You—” Fluttershy began, but got cut off by her own sobbing.

Celestia confirmed that the Sun was doing just fine. It was then that she noticed that she, too, was fine. The bothersome irk was all but gone.

She felt like spreading the joy and resorting to scolding would only bring her down. Despite the harm Fluttershy had done to the interior design of the royal bedroom, Celestia decided not to be mean in response. “So, Fluttershy... how are, err, animals doing?”

Besides some sniffles, there was still no response. It seemed like she was ignoring Celestia.

“Khm! Fluttershy, I asked how—”

“Fine!”

“I am glad to hear it. Good work, Fluttershy. We must ensure that such is the case in the future as well, lest the animals in Canterlot garden fall prey to some unforeseen ill content.”

“They’ll be fine!”

“Oh, Fluttershy, I do like your confidence. I look forward to your oral—I mean verbal—report on the issue. Now, if you will please excuse me, I have princess duties to attend to. You know how I like to stay on top of things.”

“I—I won’t come... I need to be with my animals in Ponyville.”

“I will see you come tomorrow, Fluttershy.” Celestia’s horn glowed. “Please close the door on your way out.” The sound of the key turning emanated from the door.

“Um!” Fluttershy stood up on all four. “I have something to say, if I may... No! I will say it regardless. What you did—”

“Fluttershy! I never noticed before, how your eyes sparkle. They’re very cute, along with that pretty, brown snout of yours. I guess I really can’t stay mad at a cute little thing like you, can I? Here, have the banana.” Celestia levitated it from the floor and floated it sideways, shoving it into Fluttershy’s open mouth, anchoring it between her jaws.

Sparkly Eyes forcefully put down her hoof on the floor. “Whah you hih ho me—”

“You’re welcome.” A magical field encompassed the door, forcing them open “Thank you for your visit. It was fairly pleasurable.” A telekinetic push ensured the yellow pony didn’t linger around her chambers after the well-performed task.

Celestia shut and locked the door after helping the kind mare to the hallway. She felt good about herself, having fixed not just one, but three itches. Her spirits were high, as this was turning out to be a very productive day.

“I wonder what caused my terrible itch in the first place.” Her gaze lingered on the fruit bowl. “Peaches! I bet it was the peaches that Twilight brought me yesterday.”

Celestia sat down in front of the table and floated up a peach. Her eyebrows pressed together as she observed the rotating fruit in her magical field. *It seems I am allergic to peaches. Yes, that must be it! Feasting on them yesterday was surely what caused me to develop an itch this morning.*

She shrugged her shoulders. “As long as they don’t affect my mind, they are well worth it.” She closed her eyes and took a big bite of the floating peach.