

<http://brotherprickle.deviantart.com/#/d39kts7> is the version without the sex scene. If you do not wish to see sex happen, then go there.

Lotus quietly checked off another pony in her guestbook, then waved her on into the sauna. She smiled: ever since she had left her home country to open up a business in Fillydelphia, the bits had been rolling in and her life here was enjoyable and peaceful.

Her ear twitched at a low mumbling. Then the twin swinging doors burst open to let in a cheering mob, with a mare in a star-studded cape strutting at their head. She lifted a hoof, and the crowd shushed. "I, the Great and Powerful Trixie, do hereby order you to prepare a hot tub so that Trixie may soak in peace." Everypony cheered.

The pink-haired pony's left eye twitched. "I'm sorry, but we are full right now. Come back later, yah?" She wore her best false smile.

Trixie's face darkened with self-righteous indignation. "You DARE to deny the whims of the Great and Powerful Trixie?" Her horn glowed as the guest-list levitated, then tore itself to shreds. Lotus squeaked.

Then the griffon stalked into her sauna, eyes cold as steel. She stood head and shoulders above the crowd of ponies, who broke apart from each other ahead of her to give her wickedly sharp talons passage. "Who pissed in your porridge, dude?"

"It is none of your business, you brutish plebeian!" she returned, without even a glance in her direction.

The monster's wings flared. "NOBODY talks like that to ME, you cone-headed bitch!" The masses watched raptly. Lotus tried to hide.

The dark blue magician met her yellow eyes with a smirk. "Well, it appears the Great and Powerful Trixie just DID!" Lotus quailed in terror as the most terrible leonine roar was unleashed. She squealed as her podium was snatched up to block a swipe from those terrible claws.

As her beautiful lobby paintings tore free from the walls to enlist in this battle between magic and might, the foreign mare scampered after the others, her frightened customers among them. It was clearly time to move in with her sister in Ponyville.

The two foes glared at each other, breathing heavily. "Have you had enough, monstrous mongrel?"

"Hell no, I ain't going down with just a few magic tricks." She spat on the ground.

"Then the Great and Powerful Trixie will END you!"

"Yeah? Well come and...wait, they all gone?"

Trixie looked around warily. "It seems so."

Their eyes met once more. The two burst out in laughter. "That trick went off without a hitch!"

Tittering, the wizard nodded in agreement. "The marks swallowed it whole. 'Pissed in your porridge'? BRILLIANT improvisation."

Gilda smiled as they walked together into the abandoned sauna. "I was pretty wowed with the way you used that teekay shit against me. They couldn't tell I was holdin' back!"

"Oh, it's all in the presentation, darling. Ponies see what they WANT to see. And they often wish to see battle, in this peaceful country."

The griffon nodded as she paced up the wooden steps to a still bubbling hot tub. "Well,

we got what we wanted: a free hot tub!"

"Quite. Are you sure you do not wish to join Trixie's act on the road?" Her cape bobbed away on sky-blue sparks, folding itself and landing beneath her hat.

Her partner in crime shook her head as she settled down into the warm water. "Naaah, I'm in Equestria as a 'bass'der."

"You mean an ambassador?"

"Yeah, that. One of our dudes got sick and croaked, so I'm headin' over to take her place."

"I see. It is rather rare to see griffons such as yourself outside their home country."

"Yeah, well... SOMEbody's gotta make sure you crazy ponies stay in line. I mean, Celestia's got the sky by its balls, and that makes us kinda nervous." She leaned back, her hand-like claws clasped behind her head.

"Enough about politics... Surely you plan to have a little pleasure with your business?"

Beneath her eagle feathers, she blushed. "Well, there is this one pony dudette I met back at Junior Speedsters Camp..."

Trixie clapped her hooves together with an uninhibited squeal. "Darrrling, how scandalous! You simply MUST give Trixie more details!"

So Gilda attempted to relax, and told the boastful beauty about how bunkmates, brimming with curiosity late one night, explored each other's novel bodies. The weeks spent at that camp had been the best of her life. As the half-and-half haltingly talked about those hot, dewy nights, Trixie's face grew more and more flushed.

"So...you haven't seen her since?"

"I tried sending her letters once in a while, but this dumbass grey pegasus let my dad see one of her replies. So he destroyed my desk, my writing shit, and my room, and kicked me out of his place." She sighed. "So I became an ambassador. You guys don't give a shit about who the hell I like. Plus, it's kinda nice to be feared... Trixie?"

"Mm?"

"Where are your hooves?"

"Under the, uh, water."

Her eyes couldn't meet Gilda's piercing stare. The sound of her racing heartbeat resounded clearly to the predator. Her beak curled up into a smile. "You're cloppin' off to this, ain't ya?" That blue face turned a bright shade of red. Purring knowingly, her paw reached out beneath the water.

Trixie gasped with pleasure as the padded foot massaged her intimately. "But...but your lover in Ponyville..."

"She can wait. Plus, I need to practice my skills on somepony." She stroked her snout gently with her claws, more gently than the magician had realized they could be. "Just lie back and relax..."

Trixie untensed slightly, then groaned her way into delicious surrender. She could feel three individual toes flexing against her pussy. Trying to focus on the griffon's face, all she could see was the steam rising from the water. Her back arched as she felt her soul coming to a boil.

The foot withdrew. Her lust-ridden face twisted into annoyance. "What? How, how DARE you!?"

Gilda laughed as she cupped that cute blue muzzle and leaned in to lick along her pouting lips. "Dude, you're not getting the best ride in town for free."

Her face jerked away. "You're not THAT good..."

"Zat so?"

Their eyes locked. "Anything you can do, Trixie can do better." With that, she dove beneath the bubbles. Eagle eyes blinked. Sapphire light flared, and soon after those eyes rolled up in her head.

She moaned openly as that soft muzzle buried itself in her muff. So nice to be reminded why she loved fillies. Her scaly hands groped out until they found Trixie's flowing mane. Gripping it, she pulled her in closer, deeper, into her aching cunt. However, the magician took her sweet time. An occasional nibble there, a swirling tongue around her clitoris, and lean away from those flailing legs. Trixie smirked. Hold-Your-Breath spells were useful. She looked tenderly upon those tawny hips, thrusting desperately in a bid for release. It was time for her coup de grace.

Another flash, and Gilda screeched, eyes wide. So stiff, so ridged, so long! The tub's edge cracked under her grip as stroke after stroke assaulted her. Never had she guessed that it could be used like THAT. Finally, with wild abandon, she cried out, "GREAT and POWERFUL TRIXIE!" Gilda breathed in gasps of air, slumped down, seeing stars.

The unicorn surfaced, grinning. "You rang?"

The griffon nodded, not meeting her eyes. "Yeah..." Trixie giggled, rearing onto her hind legs in triumph, not noticing the tail wrapping around her hoof. She splashed back down with a squeak. The lion tail wrapped around her other back hoof too now, pulling her over into Gilda's waiting arms.

Lifted up and out, she nervously blushed in response to Gilda's bedroom eyes trained on her body. Her mane hung limply down, and droplets dripped down from her soaked pelt. She felt so very vulnerable. "You've earned this, Tricks." Her talon ran over her rump tenderly, rubbing back and forth. The drenched mare learned, to her perverse delight, she could grow yet wetter. As a single finger ran up along her tingling groove, she hugged her close, snout pressed tenderly along her beak. Then it slid inside, and Trixie discovered a magic more powerful than her own.

The shameless charlatan got out of the water on shaky legs. Her lover shook out her wings, then followed close after her. "That was...great."

"And powerful, yeah?"

"Yes...it certainly was."

"Well, I better head on towards Ponyville. If you get there soon enough, I might be able to convince Dash to let you in on our fun."

"That would...be nice." Her head dipped down to pick up her hat. She dropped it with a yelp as a lion's tail swatted her tender ass.

"Stay sexy, babe." Trixie watched her prowl away, wishing she could once more be pounced upon, wishing she could tame her heart and capture it for herself.