

Warning! This story may or may not(read: definitely does) contain explicit content involving humans and/or multi coloured pastel ponies. Reader discretion is advised.

Prologue

The gunshot rang out in the empty alley late at night. A cry could be heard followed by hurried but irregular and strange sounding footsteps. Chris was limping along as fast as his wounded leg would allow, blood soaking his hand and trickling down his leg in a crimson stream as he applied as much pressure to the hole in his leg as he could. He felt like crying, like screaming, like running away. But what he wanted most of all were some answers. Change had come into his life, violently and without warning. Christopher Anon wanted more than anything to find the person responsible and stamp them into the ground. At the moment all he could do was run while retracing his steps over the past few days, searching for a clue in the series of events that lead up to this moment. His train of thought was interrupted as he rounded a corner and came face to face with the still warm steel barrel of the gun that had shot him.

“We’re going to have a lot of fun together, Chris.”

Chris wouldn’t be caught again. He reacted on instinct, immediately bringing his free arm up to swipe at the firearm while at the same time trying to duck to the left. He knew it was the slimmest chance that it would work but the risk was worth dealing with the alternative. A second gunshot echoed into the night as the past few days flashed before his eyes.

Chapter One

“Have you found a job yet?”

“No Mum.”

“And how’s college going?”

“Fine Mum.”

“How are your friends?”

“Good Mum.”

“Any luck with the ladies?”

“Mum...”

“Alrighty then, be good and call me if you need help with anything.”

“Bye Mum.”

“Bye my cute litt-”

Chris hung up the phone before the sentence could be finished. He put the phone onto a coffee

table next to the couch in his living room, and returned to watching the TV. He was highly interested in the current show about a large cast of interesting characters living in a dangerous fantastical land. His college roommate, a nice young girl called Jessica who was also very enthusiastic about the show, was currently glaring at him impatiently as he fiddled with the old remote, trying to find the magical angle which allowed the device to work as intended.

"Give it to me, you're taking forever." Jessica whined.

"Gimme 2 secs, I've done this before a thousand times."

Chris started waving the remote around like a wand, mashing the play button in order to get the damned machine to work. After smacking the back of it against his leg a few times and then failing some more, Jessica quickly reached over and intercepted his hand in mid air. After wrestling the remote from his grip, she pressed play once and the show resumed.

"Well you obviously still have much to learn in the subtle and ancient art of remote control technique" she proclaimed as she grinned victoriously at Chris.

"Yeah Yeah whatever"

They both groaned in unison as shortly after resuming, an ad break interrupted the show. Normally, Jessica would have just fast-forwarded through it. Unfortunately though for Chris, an ad for a certain little girls show about little multi-coloured ponies came on. It was about a new personalized service being rolled out by the manufacturer of the toys. 'Order now to receive a personalized pony plushie with mane and fur colour of your choice.' Jessica suddenly leaped over to the other side of the couch, partially squashing Chris in the process of lying over the top of him, picking up his phone in a frenzied need to dial the onscreen number before it vanished.

Now Jessica was a pretty good girl, as far as Chris was concerned. She had little patience and tended to make verbal jabs whenever she could, but she worked hard to get what she wanted, and she tried to treat everyone around her fairly (though her definition of fair changed from person to person.) She had decent curves, a bit of weight on her frame, but only so much that she looked like she had some meat on her bones, rather than having the appearance of a skeleton like some of the other girls at college. With thick brown hair that fell just down to her shoulder blades and a fair but slightly freckled complexion, she tended to get a fair few stares on campus.

She also happened to be fairly well endowed. She had a well rounded ass that fit nicely into her jeans and the yoga pants she always seemed to wear around the house, although Chris was often speculating on how much her weight contributed to its size. But the current aspect of her body that Chris was reminded of was the two orange sized flesh mounds currently pressing into his crotch and his legs, causing the blood in his body to rush down south.

Chris moved quickly, grasping Jessica firmly by the shoulders and moving her upright and off his waist before she noticed anything. The whole time her face flicking back and forth between the TV and his phone, trying desperately to get the numbers in the short time she had left before they vanished.

“ARRRRGGGHHH! Why do they always leave them up for such short times?”

“I could have just done that for you y’know” Chris mentioned teasingly, not regretting the brief moments of contact.”

Jessica had finished getting the numbers into the phone but the add had disappeared before she could confirm them. She lunged back over to the other side of the tv and picked up the remote, hitting the rewind button.

“I couldn’t risk you messing it up. I wanted to get one for everyone at the club” Her eyes were focused intensely on the TV while she talked to him.

Chris rolled his eyes. He had watched the show she was talking about; My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic. But he had only enjoyed the first season and watched the second out of interest. Jessica, and the people in her club, had followed the show with what seemed like a religious fervor. They often went to conventions, were up to date on all the latest news, and often watched episodes of the show weekly on thursdays when there was a convenient gap in everyone’s college schedule. Not to mention the absurd amount of merchandise they each owned.

“Huh? Where is it?” She sighed in annoyance.

“What do you mean ‘where is it’? Just rewind it and it’ll be there”

“It’s not there.”

“Don’t be silly, of course its-” Chris stopped mid sentence as he looked from Jessica to the TV.

Sure enough she was at the point in the show just before the ad came on. However, as she pressed play, the show continued on as if no ad was ever shown, the screen continuing on to a previously unseen part of the show. Jessica was focusing intensely on the TV, occasionally shooting brief glances at Chris’ phone, the numbers still sitting there.

“It’s probably just a glitch” Chris said noncommittally, wanting to watch the show and trying distract her before she got serious about it.

After a brief moment of furrowing her brow and try to stare a hole through the TV, Jessica sighed in disappointment.

“That’s really annoying. I hope I got them all right.” She almost sounded like she wanted to pursue the matter, but she was already calling the number.

After a few rings, Chris could hear someone picking up the phone on the other end. It sounded like a woman, a young woman, who was tripping over her words a lot. He was starting to get a bit suspicious, as if this were all some elaborate prank. But Jessica, after writing down some information, hung-up the phone while wearing a smile from ear to ear.

“They said that because we’re the first ones to call in weeks that they’re offering this to us a bundle as a promotional item. They’re giving us ten, plus one at my request, of the plushies and they’ll arrive as soon as I’ve sent off the designs for them” She was so excited that she looked like she would bounce off the walls if you threw her hard enough.

“Why eleven? There’s only ten members in your club. Get a new member recently?” He had a slight concern for what she was going to say next, almost a premonition of sorts. Jessica had also adopted a devious grin.

Oh no.

“I have browsed your computer before, Chris. It is such a nice OC, with a water blue coat and a light grey mane.”

Chris felt a strange sense of dread flood over him, as if his big secret had been discovered, even though he told himself that it was barely important.

One thing he was sure of though.

Jessica was wearing the biggest shit-eating grin on her face right now.

[>>> Chapter 2](#)