

Note from the author,

This is near the end of chapter 19 of Kkat's Fallout: Equestria, after the stout party rescued Pyrelight the Balefire pheonix from a pack of Bloodwings and directly before Littlepip is forcefully interred into rehabilitation of her Party Time Mint-al addiction by Velvet Remedy. The first part of this page is shamefully cypasted from the original, simply to jump-start the story.

Ps. Porn is the last three pages.

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I was dead on my hooves.

I could barely stand up; the workbench seemed to swim before me. Velvet Remedy was by my side though, encouraging me gently. Her attitude seemed to have completely changed after I mentioned the children. I was surprised but unquestioningly pleased.

"It's okay. You can do it. Just focus."

I nodded to Velvet's voice as I wonderglued the pieces of seemingly random junk into a potent hoof-made weapon. "There... it just needs to dry now."

Velvet Remedy nodded and gave me a little nuzzle. "Your heart is always in the right place, Littlepip." She backed up, giving me a sad smile. "Your mind maybe not so much. But I've learned to believe in your heart..." She looked down, scuffing the floor with her hoof. "I do care about you, you know."

I felt my heart flutter and my head swim. What was this? This wasn't her trying to hurt Calamity. Was she coming on to me? After pushing me towards Homage yesterday? No... I had to be reading this wrong.

I looked away, aching because I knew Homage was so close. My eyes caught a bit of red in the far corner under a blanket. "Hey...uh... Velvet, is that your wagon?" I asked, suspecting she had left it up here the morning before. I pictured Homage finding it and carefully setting it aside, even covering it... although I couldn't remember Velvet bringing it in the first place.

I looked to her again, and the thought left me. She looked beautiful and heart achingly sad. Her eyes were glistening again, but she changed the subject. "How long?" she deflected, glancing again at the dart gun.

"Oh, wonderglue is..." I searched for a good word and failed. "Wondrous. No time at all. Hell, it's probably ready now."

"You have all the darts you need?"

"Only should need one." Although, I had to admit, I'd need a few dozen in the state I was in. I would be

lucky to hit a barn door.

“Let me see,” Velvet cooed. I floated out one of my poisoned darts and set it into the dart gun. Velvet Remedy wrapped her telekinesis around it and lifted it to her eye, checking the alignment. It occurred to me that a non-lethal weapon like the dart gun should hold quite the appeal for my more pacifistic friend.

I remembered my earlier worries. How much would Velvet Remedy benefit, psychologically and spiritually, from being able to handle enemies without further soaking her own hooves in blood and death? Dammit, why didn't I think of this before?

I turned to her, the promise to make her a dart gun of her own wet on my lips. And froze in bewilderment. Velvet Remedy had the dart gun pointed right at me. Didn't she know that wasn't safe?

Thwap!

At first, the shock of being shot by Velvet Remedy was overriding all else. She had stood in front of me with the newly constructed dart-gun, and *shot* me. Me!

Next, I saw the blood, and realized that there was a dart in the middle of a small fountain of blood in my throat. My eyes widened at the sight, seeing my own life cascade down my forelegs and onto the dirty floor beneath my hooves, pooling in the cracks and imperfections.

Having missed her mark of soft tissue near my neck, she had instead sent the poisoned dart straight into my aorta, severing it and sending sprays of blood out with each beat of my heart. Once the shock of having been shot by the love of my childhood, the overwhelming nausea of blood loss overtook me, sending me straight into the blood at my hooves, splashing as I came down.

Cracking my head against the hard rock, I was almost delirious as I saw Velvet rush to my side, screaming in hysteria at her mistake and my own dire straits.

“Littlepip!”

She cried as she knelt besides me, floating healing potion and bandages out from her first-aid kits. “I'm so sorry! Please, lie still. I can fix this. I can fix this!”

I replied by coughing up a mouthful of blood at her right hoof. Why did she shoot me? Oh Goddesses, what did I do? I just couldn't fathom her actually making an attempt on my life! Was it a misfire? No, she aimed it at me. I saw the trigger move while enveloped by the glow of her horn.

“Stay with me, Littlepip! Oh Goddesses, I'm so sorry!”

Tears were flowing freely from her eyes as she wrapped the magically imbued gauze around my neck, the poisoned dart having been carefully plucked from my neck. Applying pressure while applying generous amounts of healing potions to the wound to help its closing, she cried for me to swallow the blood in my throat.

She never saw the dart-gun float up to her chin before it pressed against her jaw. Eyes widening, she didn't have a chance to scream as the dart pierced the soft flesh between the jaws and skewered her

tongue, embedding itself in the roof of her mouth.

As Velvet fell to the floor, paralyzed by the dart's poison, I finally managed to belch up the blood preventing me from breathing. Coughing and retching, it dawned on me that the only reason I wasn't laying there, paralyzed by the very same poison, was because of the sheer amount of blood the wound had expelled from my body. It was simply washed away.

Damn, I had a strong heart.

Uncorking several of the healing potions in Velvet's first-aid kit and gulping them down greedily, I knelt down next to the charcoal unicorn. "Why did you do that? What did I do to deserve you *shooting* me? You could have killed me, or us both!" My eyes were puffy and red in my own frustration and anger at Velvet. I just couldn't understand why.

Plucking the dart from her jaw with my teeth, I picked up the roll of magical gauze she had been wrapping my neck with only just minutes earlier. With some bandaids that I couldn't help but note had three butterflies on their yellow covering, I dampened some of it with a healing potion before fastening it to the bottom of her jaw. Pouring a bit of the potion in her mouth, I closed it together and hoped she still had the muscle control to swallow.

Seeing the liquids pass her throat easily enough, I sighed. She couldn't answer me, and wouldn't be able to for several hours. Hours Monterey Jack didn't have if he was to live. Her eyes stared up at me, tears lining the edges. I felt horrible, disappointed, furious and betrayed, but I simply had to dig them down and not think about it. I had to save Monterey. His children would not be robbed of a father for whatever scheme Velvet Remedy was cooking up for me.

With the adrenaline of my unpleasantly-near death experience, I picked up the dart-gun and put it in the saddlebags, leaving Velvet Remedy to be found by Calamity and SteelHooves. They could be in on it as well, whatever *it* was.

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The moon had risen in the twilight of the Equestrian wasteland, poorly illuminating the ground before me due to the obstructive cloud layer so far above. Even if I could hardly see a rock two hooves ahead of me, I could still see Tenpony Tower where it sat on the outskirts of the Manehattan ruins.

I was a mess; the blood from my wound at Velvet Remedy's hooves had dried and coagulated on my barding and in my coat, making me look as if I had eaten a particularly messy kabob of dubious origin. Seeing was getting harder by the hour as my body fought radiation poisoning, manticore venom, taint, emotional exhaustion and physical devastation.

But I still had a life to save, even if it was a wretched one. Monterey Jack wouldn't die because of me.

The walls behind Tenpony Tower loomed above me, and I could easily hear voices behind it. Lights from the tower dimly illuminated the immediate area, letting me at least see where I stepped, even letting me

avoid knocking myself silly on a branch of a long-dead tree set next to the wall, its roots having been growing out of the weaker foundations of the wall when the Balefire bombs scoured the Ministry building's shields.

"Come on, Jack. Let's be decent about this."

"Will you not let me see my children, at least?"

"Sorry Jack, that's not what I'm getting paid for."

Bastards.

Even as I attempted to find a way to scale the wall, I could hear the trotting of hooves over old wood, the jingle of clasps and pivots as the whoosh of a rope being tossed came from the other side of the wall. I was running out of time - Monterey was running out of time.

The dead tree that had once adorned the wall must have been beautiful once, its branches thick and rich, but now just thick and dead. And closely spaced together. It must have been a magnificent apple tree of some sort, the branches being close enough to the ground for me to levitate myself up to.

On the other side, I could hear the suicidally honest stallion's crimes being called up,

"Theft. Highwayman. Attempted murder. Failing to pay taxes point-six percent below required levels ..."

They were even charging him for failing to pay completely irrelevant sums of money? And that from a stallion who would be honest even if it killed him? He must have simply forgotten a cap or two, or just not have been able to make ends meet, and they were charging him for that *on his execution*?

This place was more rotten than the tree I was climbing ever was.

Grinding my teeth, I slung my hooves over the crest of the wall, looking into the large courtyard it concealed from the world around it. A dry fountain was set in its center, with paved paths going in the cardinal directions, to the tower and three to the wall, circling it in a great square of cracked cobblestone.

The northern path, directly opposite to the tower, was a small platform with a pole in its center, a small support beam stuck onto the top and bolted fast. A rope had been slung over it, ending in a noose around Monterey Jack who was hobbling and trying to maintain his balance on a stool below it.

Where the rope was fastened to the ground by a steel coupling, stood what looked to be the executioner, even wearing a black ski mask. Reciting his crimes was a gaunt security stallion, reading from the scrolls laying on a clipboard that was suspended before his face by some harness around the neck.

Monterey looked like a mess, bags underneath his eyes and his mane tangled.

I guess that facing death, nobody can truly find the comfort of sleep. The thought shot a tremor of fatigue through my spine, making me so light headed I almost fell off the branch I was standing on.

No, time for sleep later. I can't let him die now.

"Stop this madness!"

With a bellow, I hopped down from the wall, dart-gun floating from my saddlebag as I landed on the cobblestone beneath me. The impact knocked some wind out of my lungs, despite the drop being pitiful. It made a point to drive home the fact that I was not much more than a strawmare at this point.

I was on my last leg.

Twhap!

The bolt went wide of the executioner's head, S.A.T.S not there to save the day, the black screen of my Pipbuck showing that the archanotech was still not much more than a weight on my leg.

Gasping, the stallion with the clipboard turned and ran back to the tower, his intentions of raising the alarm and bringing Tenpony's full might down on my head quite clear.

Twhap-twhap-twhap!

The rapid-fire mechanism of the dart-gun functioned admirably, even if it just simply outshone my current marksmanship by a mile, compensating for my own exhaustion with a sheer rate of fire.

With two misses, the third bolt bore itself straight into his rump, the clipboard harness around his neck breaking off as the stallion hit the dirt like a sack.

Blamblamblam!

Impressive as the dart-gun was, the executioner wasn't so intent on the whole non-lethal route, instead having dug up the automatic pistol holstered on her leg.

I was in a world of trouble, and my barely functioning brain had just landed me a death sentence. The burst of adrenaline shot through my veins as the bullets impacted my barding, only grazing my exposed left flank to the gunfire.

Desperation drove me to bring the dart-gun to bear on the executioner, even if my chances of landing a shot was next to none. The hooded mare was running for cover behind Monterey, realizing that I still only needed to land one hit to knock her out.

To say I was surprised when Monterey managed to get up on his hind legs and drive his entire weight down on her skull, sending her faceplanting into the gravel beneath, would be an understatement.

Moaning, she tried to get up again, but I was already there to plant a bolt in her rump. Sweet dreams.

Monterey Jack looked down at me.

"You're mad." I couldn't help but chuckle in agreement before passing out next to the executioner, the world fading away even before I saw the ground.

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Sleep was a cruel master to me as I slept, plaguing me with nightmares and worries. Velvet Remedy out to murder me. Calamity her partner in crime, SteelHooves their brutish minion. All through the haze Sleep put over my mind, I could feel them searching for me, sniffing my hoof prints. Coming for me.

Finally, Sleep yielded me from his realm, letting me return to the waking world. The air was fresh, slightly chilly. That meant I was either about to go to the gallows, or I was no longer at Tenpony. I recognized the feeling of movement. Wherever I was, it was moving. From the creaking of wood, a carriage.

A slight bump as a wheel hauled itself over a rock jump-started the waking up process, letting me shake the slumber entirely. Sitting up, I blinked drowsily in the rays of sunlight peeking through the cloud curtain high above.

“Good morning.”

Monterey Jack was pulling the small cart I was on.

“You sleep like yao guai. ... A dead yao guai. What I’m trying to say is, you sleep heavily.”

Feeling silly, I couldn’t help but chuckle.

“Where are we, Jack?”

I couldn’t help but wonder where he might be taking us. Of course we’d have to lay low of Tenpony, and I still had to figure out what happened to my friends once Velvet Remedy recovered. A shiver ran down my spine as the events in the workshop replayed through my mind.

“We are on our way to a trading post, a bit south of Tenpony Tower. A day’s march, I’d wager.”

Looking down from the cart, I could see the faint traces of a path well, if not often, travelled. Probably larger caravans coming through here instead of independent travellers. A warm blanket was around my shoulders, isolating me from the breeze and covering most of the cart. It smelled slightly of cheese.

“What happened back there? After I passed out?”

Monterey looked over his shoulder and back at me, his eyes concerned.

“Luck would have it, once no longer under guard, slipping that noose off my neck was easier than it should have been. Once I was free, I, uh, dragged you out of the courtyard. My cart was in one of the sheds where I left it last, and under the pretense of wearing a ski-mask and a bad cough, the guards let me pass without question.”

Cocking my head, I couldn’t help but wonder at how lucky that was. I couldn’t really bring myself to believe Jack to lie his way out. Maybe there was something else he just wasn’t telling me? The pony in my head was smacking its forehead.

“And what about me?”

“You were me. Or, it was... insinuated.”

I groaned.

Looking around, I only then realized how far from the Manehattan ruins we truly were. The skeletal remains of the skyscrapers lined the horizon behind us, the Celestia tramline weaving and sneaking its way through and around the slowly crumbling metropolis.

The occasional gunshot was carried towards us by the wind. Peace was not something long for this world.

I sighed, laying down in the cart once more, enjoying the slight swaying as Monterey pulled me along. Goddesses, I was exhausted.

And filthy. I needed a shower. Or two.

And a glass of good wine with Homage. Oh, just thinking of her made me swoon.

Homage~

“I’m going to be honest with you. I’m selling you into slavery.”

Homagewhat.

I bolted upright. What in the hay has gotten into his *skull?!*

“You must understand. Losing my shop in Tenpony, losing everything I had, I need the caps to support my children once they get kicked out as well. And with your reputation, selling you should buy us food, shelter and medicine for the better part of a decade.”

Monterey looked back at me again, his face stern and inscrutable, but his eyes still laden with something akin to regret. And my saddlebags were slung over his rump.

Quickly rising to my hooves, I got ready to pounce on him, adding my weight along with that of the cart to knock him out quickly and cleanly. Immediately I stagger, unable to move much at all.

Only then did I realize my left foreleg was chained to the cart by heavy, iron-wrought links.

Celestia, would you please stop fucking me in the ass with your big, fuck-off horn for **once** in my life?

Reaching out with my magic, I unbuttoned the saddlebags, searching for the weapons I knew were hidden within.

I didn’t notice Monterey calmly reaching for his foreleg, and the holster holding the dart-gun. Muffled by the bit-piece of the weapon I had made myself,

“Ahm sorh, L’lpip.”

Twhap!

Staring lamely at the dart in my chest, I sank back into the kingdom of Sleep.

*** *** ***

Killer.

Murderer.

I was adrift in a sea of blood of my own making. Blood spilled, and to be shed. My own, those of innocents and those of my enemies. Those of my friends.

So much blood. So much misery.

Wrought by hooves and horn. Dealt out as one little mare from an insignificant stable deemed fit.

Looking into a crystal-clear lake of blood, I saw myself. Shot, torn, ripped apart. Destroyed by taint and weapons. Fang, claw, poison. Steel, fire and shot.

The bones of my enemies shot out of the lake, bringing me with it up to a crackling, red sky. So many bones. Skulls of every sort. Earth pony, pegasus and unicorn. Manticore. Alicorn. Dragon. Deformed, taint-malformed skulls of too many sorts to be a species on its own.

Climbing up the throne of skulls that I had created for myself, I saw Velvet Remedy climb. There was a knife in her muzzle.

I let her climb up to me. I was frozen, blood dripping from my mane and down my muzzle. I could taste the viscera of countless beings.

Velvet Remedy sat in front of me, knife clenched between quivering teeth. Her face was that of rage.

“You’re a murderer. Cold-blooded and cruel. You would destroy countless lives just to live up to your own set of ill-made moral code. You don’t even give them a funeral; you let their bones bleach in the scorching sun you would bring back.”

I could only look back at her beautiful eyes that I lost myself in so many times as a filly.

“You would destroy a nation to give children their rainbows.”

She sinks the blade into my breast.

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I wake up screaming. I scream myself hoarse, tears flowing down my cheeks as the emotional trauma catches up with me, the horror of being separated from my friends dawning upon me with a vengeance. SteelHooves and Calamity. Even Velvet Remedy. I had no idea where I was, nor did they.

A hole opens up in my stomach, and I feel myself plummet into it. For the first time since leaving my stable, I am alone.

Where was I, anyway? Cautiously, I take a moment to calm my breathing to manageable levels, taking a minute to look around. I find myself within a small room, dusty and worn. Probably a pre-war house or apartment. Realizing I'm sitting up and with my numb fore hooves above me, I see them clamped in chains.

Celestia strike Monterey Jack down with a thousand suns. That fucking bastard. I'm going to kill him. I *want to hurt* him. I want to ... I *want to murder him*.

But I'm still chained up and helpless. The wooden planks I sit on grind into my ass, and I fear several splinters have already slipped past my coat and into the flesh. It's painful, but manageable. The walls were gray and with peeling, diluted paint. The windows, glass still intact, are covered by a pair of old drapes, prevent the stray rays of sunlight from penetrating far into the dusty gloom I'm in.

Struggling with the chains for a bit, I cry out in frustration and rage. Tugging and thrashing like a caged animal, I give the manufacturer of the chains a run for his efforts.

It's futile. As angry as I wash, flesh and bone is little match for iron.

Resting my head against the wall, I simply settle for whimpering at my fate.

Hoofsteps on the other side of the door opposing me rouse me from my simpering. There's a slight cough, then the jingle of keys. I hear the lock opening, the creaking of the hinges as a stallion enters. Peeking through the door, the spectacles resting low on his muzzle glint in the dim gloom.

"Keep it down, miss. The master will see to you shortly."

Master?

So if I've been sold into slavery... Who is this guy?

Wheezing from my abused throat, "Where am I? Who are you? Where's Monterey Jack?"

Wrinkling his nose and sniffing, the older stallion regards me for an uncomfortable moment.

"Monterey Jack handed you over to my care on behalf of the master who now owns you. You are in my house, and you will keep the peace as long as you are here."

My brows knit together in frustration. Is this guy telling me to be *polite*?

I couldn't help but ask, "Who's this master?"

“For goodness’ sake, girl. Why do you care? You’re his slave. If this is your first capture, I suggest you settle in for your new life.” He snuffles again. “It will be easier on you, that way.”

Raising a hoof, the stallion looks at a small watch set above the fetlock, “In fact, he should be here now. I’ll let him know of your acquisition.”

I yell for him to stop as he closes the door. It clicks shut and the lock slides back into place.

I slam my head against the porous wall behind my head hard enough to make me see stars. Then I do it again. And again.

Why was I so stupid.

Sighing, I slump down. The Pipbuck makes a slight ‘clink’ as it hits the shackle below it. The screen is still dark. ... If I could find a way to reboot the spell matrix, I could perhaps rig it to send some sort of message to SteelHoove’s power armour. Maybe some sort of distress call. But I had no idea where I’d find either a Stable-Tec terminal nor a suit of power armour to boot it from. Groaning, I adjust my seat to accommodate the extra length the Pipbuck requires.

A few minutes pass as I contemplate some way to talk my way out of my new ... ownership when the hoofsteps return, this time more than one set of legs. I hear the fumble of keys, and the low muttering of quiet speech. As the tumblers slide into place and unlocks, I brace myself for whoever my new ‘owner’ was.

“Here she is, Sir. A dirty sample, but I believe with some grooming and a thorough shower, she’ll make an excellent worker. Well fed, too.”

It was almost like being back in Tenpony.

That suit must have cost more than a plasma cannon.

Into the room strode a pristine, white stallion with the most luxurious tuxedo I had seen. It put the vast majority of Tenpony to shame in sheer foppishness.

He has even had his hooves polished

“Mmm. Thank you, Albert. You can take your leave. Give the missus my regards.”

His voice was like honey. Poisoned honey. I immediately felt like I was up against a leech with the flesh of a pony to disguise it. His malice nearly oozed off of him, even if his demeanor could have been that of the best of gentlecolts.

The bespectacled pony next to him gave a slight snuffle, “Aye, sir. Just holler if you need anything.”

Trotting out of the room whilst leaving the door ajar, I’m alone with the devil before me.

“So you’re the Lightbringer?” To say that he was being sarcastic would have been an understatement

now.

“You don’t ... How shall we say it, look the part.”

Deadpanning, the little pony in my head makes stabbing motions towards the stallion. Clearing my aching throat, “You’ll excuse me if I don’t get up.”

Chuckling, the stallion prances before me. “Aah, humour. A sadly lacking thing in our dreary wasteland. There’s so much to get you *down*, that the few things that get you *up* are just that much more ... precious. Fragile.”

“I have a nagging feeling you didn’t shackle me just to let me go, did you?” I ground my teeth.

Giving a slight laugh, the stallion comes to a stop before me. “No. No I didn’t. You’re mine to keep, do with and treat as I please. Now, don’t think I’m just going to murder you like you’ve done several of my ... ‘dear’ acquaintances, oh no. You’re a hefty investment of mine, one which I fully intend to collect on.”

Groaning, I strain my neck to look up at him from the rather awkward position I was sitting in, “What, would you like me to rob you a bank?”

Rolling his eyes, the stallion reaches into his coat pocket. Pulling out a small tube with his mouth, he chuckles. “No, dear.” How he managed to talk with the tube in his mouth, I’ll never know. “You’re going to work the oldest profession in the world.”

“Uh. Applebucking?”

I could almost see the vein begin to beat on his temple.

Using his tongue, one end of the tube fell off, revealing a small needlepoint.

“No, dear. You’re going to sell your body to sweaty, emancipated guys and gals and give the proceedings to me.”

I could almost feel my eyes narrow to pinpricks.

“And you’re even going to do it willingly!” He sank his head towards my neck, the needlepoint going straight towards my bandaged neck.

His look of surprise was quite entertaining when he hit my skin with nothing but flawless lips, but that dwarfed the grimace when I sunk the needle into the cutie mark beneath his trousers.

Flaring his teeth and roaring into my face, “Fucking unicorns! Albert! Antidhoo ...!” He hits the floor hard, and the first specks of dust since his mother brought him to this world hits his pristine coat. Foam bursts from between his teeth as he broke into convulsions, tongue lolling from his open mouth as Albert galloped up the stairs again, another needle in his mouth.

I tried to grab it with my magic as well, but fighting off exhaustion, hunger, dehydration and all sorts of things made my horn a pitiful sport, the stallion easily keeping it between his teeth. Plunging it into his master’s neck, he quickly retreats to one of the corners in the room.

Not even seconds afterwards, the white stallion calms down, giving one last shudder before getting to his hooves. His eyes could blast a hole in the moon, if he just wanted it enough. He probably did.

"I hate. Unicorns. So much."

Stretching his neck and giving an audible pop, he casually turns to the elderly stallion, "Albert. Mallet."

Mallet?

I look up at the white stallion with the most defiant stare I could muster. To my surprise, his features softened remarkably.

"You have a beautiful face, Lightbringer."

Huh?

"I'll take exquisite pleasure in breaking it."

What.

The elderly stallion returns with a hammer in his mouth. Just a plain piece of iron on a metal stick. Not daring to let go of it in case of my magic, they pass it between themselves.

Oh no.

The white stallion puts his fore hooves to either side of my head as Albert holds me still, my horn painfully exposed.

No. Please no.

"I'm sorry, miss. I'm sorry." I only look at the older stallion to see the sorrow in his eyes. Eyes that had seen this happen before.

The hammer comes down. Time slows to a crawl as I see its swing. I see the tip split and crack apart, like marble beneath a wrecking ball. The frail bone has to yield for the iron. I see cracks form along the tip, travelling down towards my skull. Fragments break off, falling freely. The blood vessel hidden deep within the bone is exposed, the buried nerves that otherwise leaves a numb horn, are exposed and inflamed. Blood begin to mix with the powdered horn.

As the hammer completes its swing, I can do nothing but scream, cry and thrash as indescribable pain flares through me. Gunshots, fangs, poison, fire, radiation, taint. Anything but this. My horn has been smashed with a hammer.

My horn is gone.

The pain won't even give me the mercy of letting me black out; the adrenaline is so powerful that I stay awake for hours. They leave me there, to ride out the pain alone. I finally fall asleep, still screaming in my head.

My horn is gone.

When I woke up, my head was killing me. Literally. I could feel the cracks in my skull, threatening to split open and deposit my brain like an overripe melon. Groaning, I turned my head up to see Albert laying on the floor next to me, a bloodied towel laying in a bucket of similarly discoloured water. Albert had cleaned me up. The fragments of my horn were gone.

He stared at me through the spectacles on his muzzle, gray streaks marring his brown mane.

"I'm sorry we had to do that, girl. He doesn't take lightly to rogue unicorns."

I couldn't reply. My mouth was made of stone, mush and wood all at the same time. A fire burned hot and bright in my head, sweat running down my skin from the pain.

Sniffing, the stallion gets up, grunting at the old joints beginning to feel the toils of a long life in the wasteland.

"I better let him know you're lucid again."

Slowly, I turn my head. No. Don't bring him back.

"Sorry, girl. It's not my decision to make."

I began to cry as I see him walk out of the room. He doesn't even closing the door. The hallway beyond it is dark, as is the window behind the curtains.

It was with growing terror that I heard hoofsteps come back towards my prison. As he came into view, the suit was gone. Standing in the doorway in nothing but his pristine coat and expertly manicured mane, the devil that took my horn leers with vile glee.

"Hello, Lightbringer. I brought you something; it's yours."

He rolls his shoulders, bringing my attention to the small ampule around his neck. Inside is the cleaned remains of my horn. The source of my magic, my very identity as a unicorn, reduced to jewelry.

I look up to stare him in the eyes. Within my raging mind, I swore to see him dead. If this kept up, I'd have to write a list.

With the cocky sway of the hips of one who's used to get what he wants one way or the other, the stallion casually walks up to me. Lowering his head to look me in the eyes, he chuckles. It's like nails on a blackboard.

"Such a lovely face. But it's still not quite ... *perfect*."

Walking over to the bucket of bloodied water Albert had used to clean me, he picks up a small key with his lips. With it, he gently unlocks my shackles, as each hoof drops to the ground, I can feel that they are completely numb, and cold. Those shackles were on brutally tight.

I drop down on my stomach, weakly trying to crawl my way to the door. The stallion merely laughs.

Tears roll down my cheeks and I feel him stand above me, fore hooves to either side of my head, hind legs besides my flanks.

“Oh. I see *now* what’s missing.”

I yelp in pain as he grinds a hoof into the small of my back, the stallion eventually putting his entire weight on my spine. The pain was excruciating, not to mention the sound of my bones creaking. Weakly, I’m forced to roll over on my back, hind legs crossed as a foal’s.

“Let me correct that for you, *Lightbringer*.”

Putting a foreleg between my calves, he slowly forces them open. There’s a strange smell in the air, and I can almost see beads of sweat beneath his pristine coat. Where did I know that smell from ...

Oh no.

Satisfied with his access, he leans down to give me a rough lick over the cheek, savouring my fresh tears. “Oh yes. This will do quite nicely.”

Gargling up a protest is all I can manage. It hurts too much. My head is filled with a bright, blinding pain. Above my face hangs the remains of my horn, locked away in a tiny glass jar, suspended around his neck in a golden necklace. *My horn. Is in. A small jar.*

I didn’t even notice it when he leaned down over my hindquarters. At least, not before he actually told me to look. And when I did, I saw him in all his terrible maleness. I had never had much interest in men, if any at all. But now, this ... This was just too much. I couldn’t even begin to imagine. That ... that *thing* was as long as my forelegs.

Instinctively I attempt to cross my hind legs, deny him access. I’m forcefully hindered as he roughly jabs me in the chest with a hoof, knocking the wind out of me. With a single motion, he buries the entirety of his manhood within me. My mouth opens in a soundless scream. Not only was I completely unprepared, not to mention drier than wood, but he just buried something that was two sizes too large for me to handle in the first place.

Coughing in pain at the brutal rape, I could do little more than writhe weakly beneath the pristine, white, expertly manicured demon above me. Finding he could go no further within me, he slowly began to pull back out. Suddenly he looks down at me, chuckling throatily.

“What’s this? Our little heroine is a virgin.”

Snickering, “Or I’m being a bit too rough.”

With the next thrust, I could hear a wet squelch. Blood. He was using my blood as lube.

I could only lie there and take it, thrust after thrust, listening to the pitter patter of my blood hitting and

soaking into the wooden flooring and his bestial grunts. He wouldn't even let me cry; he just leaned down to lap them right up.

"Oh, do I love breaking in new property. And a virgin, no less. Heh. Word is, when I did a bit of research on you, Lightbringer, you're not even a stallion's mare. A lesbian! In a dying race! Isn't the irony exquisite? Trying to be a hero for the people, and you won't even help propagate it."

Not only was he raping me bloody, he was even giving me a villainous speech.

He must have gotten tired, for he eventually rolled me over onto my stomach again. Pinching with his front legs into my flanks, he forced me to lift myself up to him. My just reward was having him fuck me even more viciously, driving himself into my already violated womanhood. I couldn't do much more than give a hoarse groan.

Lowering his head down and next to mine, he looked at my face, watching me as every forceful thrust drove beads of sweat and tears from my matted coat. "Now, Lightbringer. Now you are perfect."

I felt like a piece of me died then. A tear that no weapon or other violation could ever hope to match.

I barely felt it as he shot his seed deep within me, mixing himself with my blood. He simply laid on my back for what seemed like years, but was merely minutes. Listening to me crying. Listening to the blood drip, mix and run red and white.

Finally he got up, prancing proudly before my darkening eyes. His blood-coated member hung before my eyes, viscera and semen still dripping onto the wooden tiles.

"Don't worry, Lightbringer. We'll show you how to enjoy it."

Footnote: De-horned.

You are no longer capable of performing unicorn magic.