

THE F-GRADE DRINKING GAME.

An MLP:FiM shipping fanfic with Cheerilee and Twilight Sparkle.

WARNING: The following fanfic includes use of alcohol and suggestive situations. This fanfic is intended for Mature readers only.

Cheerilee opened a desk drawer, removed a sheaf of papers and dropped them on the desk with a soft thump. They were the exams from the past week, awaiting correction. It was late at night and she was waiting for a certain pony to show up and help her correct them. It had been a very long day and she was really looking forward to company for this. Correcting tests and essays could be a very boring part of her job, but at least she had a plan to make it more entertaining.

Cheerilee left a pen on the desk and waited for her guest. She tapped her hooves on the floor and looked at the clock, "Mmmm, thirty minutes after midnight. She should show up in about five minutes or less." muttered Cheerilee.

Five minutes later, somepony knocked on the door.

"Come in..." The door opened and the teacher pony smiled, seeing who stepped inside. "...and lock it." Cheerilee added.

Twilight Sparkle closed the door behind her and locked it with a turn of her hoof. She was wearing saddle bags and, from the way she moved, there was something heavy inside them.

"Good evening 'Lee." said Twilight.

"Good evening Twi. Have you brought the 'correction fluid'?"

"I sure did!" Twilight took something out of her saddle bags. It was a bottle of Jaegermarseister and two shot glasses. "How many exams do we have tonight?"

"Fifty," replied Cheerilee, "I think I over did it this week, Twi."

"Not at all, 'Lee," said Twilight. "Canterlot is way more severe. One time, I had ten exams in a week. That was crazy stuff, even for me."

"I can imagine."

The unicorn left the bottle and shot glasses on the desk as the earth pony organized the exams by days. There had been one test for every day of the week, from Monday to Friday. Cheerilee put the essays in five groups and turned to Twilight, who was pouring some drink in the shot glasses.

“All right, shall we go over the rules again?” asked Cheerilee.

“Oh, we definitely shall!” Twilight took a scroll from her saddle bags and unrolled it.

Rules for “The F-Grade Drinking Game”

- *Take a shot every time a student misspells the word “Maressissippi”.*
- *Take a shot if Applebloom spells “Ah” instead of “I”.*
- *Take a shot if Silver Spoon draws a heart at the end of a sentence.*
- *Take a shot if Diamond Tiara draws a gemstone anywhere in her exam.*
- *Take a shot if Scootaloo draws a picture of Rainbow Dash.*
- *Take a shot if a student misuses the past perfect tense.*
- *Take a shot if a pony spells “yers” instead of “yours” or “its” instead of “it is” and vice-versa.*
- *Take a shot if a long sentence doesn’t have commas.*
- *Take a shot if a student writes a lot to say nothing at all.*

“Is that all?” said Cheerilee.

“What? Isn’t that enough?” asked Twilight, raising an eyebrow, “We’re going to get drunk after the second exam with these rules. I suggest we trim it down to just a few.”

“Well, I guess you’re right. Take out the rules regarding Applebloom and the one about the commas.”

“Good idea.” said Twilight as she crossed out a few lines, “So, shall we start?”

“Yes, let’s get to it!”

Cheerilee took the first exam of the night. She had them organized alphabetically, so the first one in every group was Applebloom’s. The unicorn pony was always happy to see how careful and rich Applebloom’s muzzle writing was, and how clean the exam was. There were no smudges or erasing marks.

“Applebloom’s exams are always so clean.” said Twilight.

“Yeah, I rarely find errors in her exams. Oh! Maressissippi spelled wrong though. Take a shot.”

“Aw, poor girl,” said Twilight. “That’s a very common mistake.”

The scholar pony lifted the shot glass and emptied it down her throat. Cheerilee did the same, the sugary alcoholic drink stung her tongue but she loved the feeling of it going down. Twilight poured another two shots.

“How much score are you going to take her off?” Twilight asked.

“Zero point twenty-five points.”

“Really? Just for the one letter?”

“It’s the only way they learn.” said the teacher pony as she continued to examine the paper.

“Poor girl, she’s going to be so sad tomorrow morning. But I agree with you, it’s the only way they learn.”

Cheerilee finished checking Applebloom’s test. She only found two more errors, but those aside it was a spotless exam and the clean presentation gave Applebloom an extra few points. They left the paper on the pile and took another one.

“Oh Celestia, look at Diamond Tiara’s.” said Cheerilee.

“Oh dear, her essays are always riddled with mistakes.” said Twilight as she lifted the shot glass with her magic.

It didn’t take them too long before noticing the gemstones drawn over every single letter ‘i’.

“I suggest we take a shot for the entire exam.” suggested the teacher wryly.

“Good idea. If we take a shot for every gem, we’re going to be dragging on the floor in five minutes or less,” said Twilight as she emptied her shot glass and poured another one. “Wow, this drink is really good.”

“Don’t let it get to your head too soon.”

“It won’t, it won’t, don’t worry.”

Cheerilee couldn’t understand how such a fashion-obsessed attention-seeker like Diamond Tiara could have such terrible muzzel writing. Her F’s looked like L’s and her G’s looked like the number 8. Cheerilee had to re-read every sentence twice. “Oh my word, what is this?”

“What? Where?” asked Twilight, looking at where Cheerilee was pointing. “*...But then he grabbed onto the position of powering the exchange between the different members that have come to the chamber in order to signing the treaty’?*” Twilight rubbed her eyes as they stung her painfully. “Oh my gosh! There should be a punishment for such terrible grammar.”

“I’m afraid we have to count that. What do you think Twi?”

Twilight dropped her empty shot glass on the table and poured another one. “I already did.”

Her throat was a bit raspy, but she wasn’t tipsy or dizzy yet. Twilight had an

enviable tolerance for alcoholic drinks and so did Cheerilee. The unicorn knew Cheerilee had been a big party pony when she was younger, but she wasn't sure why she herself had such high tolerance. Maybe her magic had something to do with it. The earth pony emptied the shot glass and Twilight served her another one.

“Are we done with this one?” said Twilight.

“I'm afraid we are, yes.”

“How much did she get?”

“Oh poor girl, she's got 2.5 out of 10. That's a new low for her,” said Cheerilee as she put them exam away, “I'll have to talk with her parents.”

They kept correcting exam after exam, only focusing on those done on Monday, until they reached Scootaloo's. Twilight had to rub her slightly red eyes when she saw that abomination. It was a mish-mash of lines and scribbles that made no sense to her. If there were any words in there, she thought to herself, they were pretty well hidden. Cheerilee read through it like it was nothing.

“How can you understand her muzzle writing?” said Twilight.

“I am a teacher. I'm used to terrible muzzle writing. You can say I am the antithesis of Pony Doctors.”

They both giggled as Cheerilee turned the essay around. There was a rainbow drawn on the bottom of the page, crossing over the text. The earth pony turned to Twilight, one of her eyebrows raised, “Do we count that as a Rainbow Dash picture?”

After a minute of consideration, Twilight turned very seriously to Cheerilee and replied, “Yes.” They both gulped down another shot. Aside from the rainbow and the terrible structure, the exam was spotless. It didn't even have a single spelling mistake and that gave Scootaloo a high mark, even after her poor organizational skills.

The next one they took was Silver Spoon's. Twilight shook her head a little bit and looked at the paper. Each line was written in a different colour. The brightness of the colours was overwhelming. The purple unicorn found it hard to look at, but there seemed to be no grammatical errors.

“I'll never understand why she bothers to write in...in different colours,” said Cheerilee, her head shaking side to side, “I always tell her not to do it, but...there's no way to talk her out of it.”

“It looks pretty though,” joked Twilight with a tired voice, “do you see any hearts around there?”

Cheerilee looked carefully, “Nope, there's none.”

“Oh right! I just remembered, she saves them for her math exams, of course.”

said Twilight as she readied the shot glass in anticipation.

Cheerilee turned the paper around and left it on the pile. She had taken 1 point off of Silver Spoon's final note because of the presentation. They took the last exam from Monday: Sweetie Belle's. Twilight looked at it, blinking in disbelief, "Oh my, I think this drink hit me harder than I thought! All the lines are wobbly!"

"No, it's not the alcohol. It's written...it's written like that, look."

The entire exam looked like someone wrote it whilst riding on a boat in the middle of a storm. There were a lot of curls on the letters G, F, J and Y. Twilight was confused by the amount of presentation errors and she wondered if there were any grammatical mistakes. It was obvious that Sweetie Belle tried to make her test look pretty by adding all that frilly stuff.

"I can't read it, I can't even look at it," said Twilight, eyes blinking rapidly as she sought to focus on the twisting text. "It's giving me a headache...or maybe it's this...drinking game."

"Well, at least Sweetie Belle is as careful as her sister. I can't seem to find any errors. But this presentation...This is going to hurt her mark real bad."

Cheerilee ended up taking 1.5 points off of the final score. She left the essays on one side of the table and she moved onto the ones for Tuesday, the mathematics exams. For a while, she wondered if playing a drinking game while correcting the papers would affect her attention, but she shrugged, convinced that whilst she was working she didn't feel the effects of alcohol in her body. Her mind was as clear as ever. It was enjoyable to see Twilight getting tipsier and tipsier as the night progressed.

"Alright Twi, now we move onto math."

"Oh, good..." said Twilight before clearing her scratchy throat. "How many do we have left?"

"Forty."

"Oh, Celestia..." Twilight groaned as if in pain, "that's terrible."

The night progressed quickly as they breezed through mathematics without much trouble. The lack of words saved them from taking most of the shots and the pair were thankful for that. They took the time to eat some daffodil sandwiches Twilight brought, while correcting. *When partaking in a drinking game*, thought Twilight to herself as she recited from her latest book 'Drinking Games 101', *it is a good idea to have food around*. They had to take their shot glasses again when they reached Silver Spoon's. It was full of hearts.

The pile from Wednesday was for biology and chemistry. Twilight giggled every time the ponies misspelled a scientific term.

“Hahahaha, it’s not *dexosirribonucleic*, it’s *deoxyribonucleic*!” snorted Twilight. “We should... We should have counted that one, eh? Eh ‘Lee? That would be nice.”

“Yeah, but it’s too late now, huh?” said Cheerilee. “Oh my, look at this poor filly.”

“Oh my word... Is that what she thinks that organ does?” said Twilight in disbelief.

“Her explanation of that part of the female organ is...”

“Yuck! I am taking a shot just to erase that memory.”

“So am I.”

Two shot glasses slammed back down, empty, but were refilled quickly.

They read through the biology exams without much trouble, aside from a few fillies and one colt (who had clearly copied each other) who thought that photosynthesis was the way photographs were developed. The marks for the science tests weren’t as high as Cheerilee would’ve wished.

“I guess I don’t... I don’t have any new Neighstein in class.” sighed Cheerilee groggily.

“So what?” Twilight replied. “You might have a new Shakesbear.”

Cheerilee smiled faintly at that comment as she moved onto the pile of exams from Thursday: Literature. Even though Cheerilee called it an ‘exam’ it only had two questions: ‘what book did you read?’ and ‘what was it about?’ There were a few tests that had two pages. Twilight looked at those with eyes open wide, worried.

“We’ve never done one of those.” said Twilight. “Do you think we’ll get through?”

“Just for the sake of our livers, let’s not apply the rule regarding past perfect tense.”

“Good idea.”

As they read through essays it wasn’t so much the writing, but the book choices some of the fillies and colts had made. Applebloom chose “The Apples of Wrath”, and on her essay she said:

“...This book is really boring. They never talk about growing apples, selling apples or eating apples. I couldn’t finish it because I fell asleep half way through (I am sorry Miss Cheerilee), but I bet it never said a word about how to get your apple cutie mark!”

“That’s so adorable I can’t get angry,” said Cheerilee with a half drunken smile on her face. “I’ll give...give her that. That book is heavy reading. I see misuse of the past perfect, take a shot.”

Twilight gulped down another shot before recalling their agreement. She frowned at Cheerilee but the teacher-pony just giggled. Twilight rolled her eyes and took the half full bottle of Jaegermareister and refilled the glasses. Her eyes were getting blurry, but her magic was still reliable. She never lost control of it, not even when totally drunk.

“I...I l-love it.” said Twilight as she made the empty shot glass roll with her hoof.

“Is there any book you don’t like?” said Cheerilee taking another exam.

“No...Well, maybe that writer, Nickel Bristle...His books are always so silly, about science and technology and...characters that betray others and...nano machines that transform into ponies, I dunno...”

They kept reading through the essays. Each book was weirder than the previous one. Cheerilee was happily surprised to see that Diamond Tiara had chosen “El Coltjote”, but she frowned at Scootaloo’s choice: “Speed and Feathers, How I Became The Fastest Flier in Cloudsdale - by Equestria’s Coolest Pony, Rainbow Dash”.

“That can’t be the title.” said Twilight, leaning forward.

“It is. And before you ask, yes, it’s real. And yes, I have a copy of it.”

“What’s it like?” asked Twilight.

“Dreadful.” said Cheerilee.

The essay wasn’t so much an essay about the book but a list about the things that made Rainbow Dash such a cool pony. There was a small paragraph at the end of the article that pretty much summed up the entire book in a few words.

“...I finished the book, but it was weird. Most of the writing was onomatopoyic sounds like “Whoosh!” and “Zoom!” and “Wham!” and “P-TOE!” and things like that. It was really cool! A bit odd, but so cool! Really cool.”

“At least she thought it was cool.” said Twilight, covering her muzzle with a hoof to hide the giggles.

“Oh my gosh, why?” complained the teacher pony. “That’s the last time I give them the freedom to choose.”

Cheerilee left the essay, sure that it was the last time she would roll her eyes in the night. Sadly for her, the next and final essay was Sweetie Belle’s - and when she saw

the title of the book she gasped and dropped the paper. Twilight took the paper close to her as she ogled at the earth pony.

“What’s wrong ‘Lee? What did she write about...” Twilight looked at the paper, dumbfounded. “Strong Hearts in Strong Mares, a book written by Swift Moans?”

“I thought Rarity put her private books away from her sister.” said Cheerilee. “I will have to talk to her again.”

Twilight didn’t hear Cheerilee, she was busy reading Sweetie Belle’s essay. She wasn’t focusing on the spelling mistakes as much as she was focusing on the words. At least, as much as she could read with a quarter of a bottle of alcohol flowing in her veins.

“This is a very silly book. It’s all about love and that’s fine, but the author makes it look so sappy that even I think it’s cheesy. And she (I think it’s a filly but I am not sure) has a huge fascination with sweat and perspiration. Every line has a reference to that. There were also lines I couldn’t understand. What’s a “throbbing stallionhood”? That’s so weird. Adults are weird. I dunno. I thought it was really funny, especially when the filly dies and her boyfriend starts crying. My sister says they are hammy. I don’t know, I didn’t see any pigs in the story.”

Twilight left the essay on the pile and looked at Cheerilee.

“Talk... T-Talk to Rarity about...about the...”

“Yeah, I will, I will. If I remember. Can you pour me another one?”

“I think I will pour three: One for you, and two for me.”

The purple unicorn did so and gulped one shot after the other. She was starting to feel really drowsy as the second of the latest shots hit her stomach. Thanks to the sandwich she had before, there was no nausea building - all she had was the sensation that the floor was moving as if she was sailing on a boat.

“Oh, I think the...the *hiccup* drink is getting to...me.” said Twilight. “What do we have...l-left?”

“I think...Art, is all we have left.”

Cheerilee took out the art tests; a bunch of different sized papers and cardboard squares. Twilight rolled her eyes as she looked over them with the tipsy attitude of a completely drunken pony.

“Art? Why do you *hiccup*, why did you...make them take an a-art test?”

“I thought...Oh, hang on a minute...” the earth pony closed her eyes hard and then opened them again. “Much better...I, yes, I mean... Wow, hang on another minute...” she passed her tongue over her teeth. Her gums were numb. “I thought it

could...Help their creativity, I dunno, it seemed like a good idea *hiccup* at the time. It's okay, let's see the results."

Applebloom's was the first one they saw, just like always. They were awestruck by the vivid colours and the graceful brush strokes that Applebloom used to make a picture of the sunset in Sweet Apple Acres. Twilight and Cheerilee stared at it for one long minute without saying a word. Finally Cheerilee put it down.

"That kid is an artistic savant." said Cheerilee softly.

"Oh yes..." said Twilight. "Savant is right. I would've used genius...genius, yeah."

Cheerilee drew a 10 on a corner, but her muzzle writing was so erratic it resembled a sad face more than a number. Most of the drawings were quite generic. There were a lot of portraits of parents and super-ponies from popular comic books. They knew none of them, but a particular one appeared three times: He had a red and black costume, and carried two katanas with his mouth. When they came across Scootaloo's drawing, Cheerilee didn't even look at it.

"And another shot." said Twilight Sparkle after looking at the attempt at drawing Rainbow Dash.

They emptied their shot glasses and dropped them on the table as Cheerilee felt the liquid falling in her stomach like a bomb. Her shot glass rolled off the table and bounced on the floor without shattering, but she didn't care. She looked towards Twilight, who appeared to be as drunk or even more drunk than her.

"Hey Twilight..." said Cheerilee with a tired voice. "You look snozzled." Cheerilee snickered as she looked at the unicorn.

"Yeah, you don't look too good yourself, 'Lee." said Twilight.

Cheerilee giggled like a filly, "Aww Twilight. I'm too drunk to walk home, can you take me?"

"I dunno...I'm too drunk too, you might have to drag me." said Twilight. "How do we figure out who's drunker?"

Cheerilee had no idea how to figure that out. She moved towards Twilight while holding the side of the desk with one of her front hooves. The room tilted as she advanced groggily towards her friend. "Well..." the earth pony smacked her lips. She had a very strong sugary taste in her mouth mixed with an empty raw flavour. "Let me taste your lips."

Twilight arched an eyebrow but she didn't back up. Instead, she leaned forward and smiled. The room tilted for her like they were on a boat, in a storm, while riding a see-saw. She wanted to grab onto the desk. She walked forwards and placed a hoof over Cheerilee's fetlocks, rubbing their legs together. Their chests pressed against

each others.

“Why do...do you wanna taste my lips, ‘Lee?” said Twilight with a smile.

“Let me see if they are too sug-sugary...” said Cheerilee. “If yours are too sugary, I will take you home.”

Without even giving it a second thought, Twilight shrugged and nodded, her head bobbing up and down erratically, “O...*hiccup*...kay.”

The purple unicorn leaned forward and Cheerilee kissed her on the mouth. She was surprised when she noticed Twilight’s lips tasted really sweet. She slid her tongue inside and licked Twilight’s own. Cheerilee felt her chest warming up and a haze growing on her forehead. She had to force herself to break the kiss. She gasped for air after doing so.

“Was it...*hiccup* Too sugary?” said Twilight.

“A bit...a bit too much,” said the teacher. “Now you taste mine.”

Twilight blinked at the request. Why would she want her to do that? She wasn’t sure. She also wasn’t sure why she was so electrified by that kiss Cheerilee gave her. It felt really great, she really loved it. Smiling, Twilight leaned forward and placed both of her front hooves on the table, keeping Cheerilee in the middle.

“Why do I...*hiccup*. Why do I have to taste you n-now?”

“We have to...to make sure I am not too drunk too, d-don’t you...think?”

Twilight couldn’t argue against that line of thinking. She shrugged and darted forward without even thinking about it. Twilight kissed Cheerilee harder and deeper, sliding her tongue all the way inside the earth pony’s mouth. The indigo pony moaned as they kissed and so did Cheerilee, who started to lean back over the desk, slowly lying over the exams.

Cheerilee worried they might mess them up. “Wait, wait...” said Cheerilee, breaking the kiss.

“Wha-?” said Twilight, “But I...”

“Gimme...two minutes.”

Cheerilee went around her table, grabbed the papers and put them inside a drawer. She returned to her position, between Twilight and the desk, looking at the indigo unicorn with half closed eyes.

“Okay, go.”

Twilight leaned forward again and resumed her kiss. She kissed Cheerilee so

hard the teacher had no other alternative but to move back and lie on the desk. She didn't break the kiss, as the unicorn leapt over her and rubbed their bodies together, their furry coats rasping audibly. Cheerilee tasted really sweet, but also a bit raw and smoky.

Twilight broke the kiss, "You taste...r-really sweet too, 'Lee," said Twilight. "What do we...*hiccup*. What do we do now?"

They looked at each other and Cheerilee smiled as she wrapped her forelegs around Twilight's shoulders, pulling her close and kissing her on the lips again. The teacher pony smooched Twilight very loudly. Twilight traced a hoof down her partner's breastbone, before gently rubbing it across her soft stomach. The unicorn had to break the kiss again. She was running out of air.

"I guess we do the...same thing we d-do every...Sunday night, Twi." said Cheerilee.

Twilight smiled and lowered her head down onto Cheerilee's mouth as she started to kiss her harder than before. Cheerilee hugged Twilight with her hind legs around the unicorn's thighs and pulled her close against her body. Their chests swelled with passion as the heat spread all over their faces. The constant rubbing of their bodies made them sweat lightly. Twilight muffled Cheerilee's moans with her kisses, as she lowered a hoof down the teacher's body.

* * * * *

Twilight opened her eyes and the first thing that crossed her mind was, "Oh my Gosh, my head!" She stood up and her back gave her a shot of pain that, mixed with the headache, forced her into consciousness. She looked around. She was inside Ponyville's school. There was warm sunlight coming through the windows and she was lying on the teacher's desk. Next to her lay Cheerilee.

"Lee..." said Twilight.

Cheerilee snored but she didn't reply. Twilight felt the dry sweat over her coat and her mouth tasted like ash. She looked at her reflection in a mirror and saw her mane was all messy and spiky. She moved away and down from the table. The pain stabbed every limb on her body. She retrieved her saddle bags from the floor as she heard Cheerilee waking up. The teacher pony coughed and cleared her throat as she voiced Twilight's initial thoughts.

"Oh my Gosh! My head!"

"I know the feeling," said Twilight. "Good morning."

Cheerilee had a terrible stabbing pain on her side. She always regretted sleeping on the table, and more than once she considered building a bed in the class. She stood up on the table and looked at her unicorn partner.

“Good morning Twi. Do you remember anything?”

“I...I remember enough,” said Twilight. “You know, like always.”

“So, next Sunday, same time?” said Cheerilee.

“Oh, definitely,” said Twilight. “But next time...” she pulled the bottle of Jaegermareister up. It was empty. “...you bring the drinks, deal?”

“Sure.”

Twilight leaned forward to kiss Cheerilee on the lips and the teacher pony leaned down to do the same. As soon as their lips met they were rewarded with each other’s morning breaths. Twilight and Cheerilee coughed as they made equal gestures of disgust and disappointment.

“It doesn’t...It doesn’t matter how those sappy romance novels put it.”

“Yes,” said Twilight. “This is neither sexy nor romantic.”

“You know I still love you,” said Cheerilee. “As a friend with benefits, that is.”

“Of course ‘Lee, of course,” said Twilight. “I love you too.”

Twilight made sure she had everything as she walked towards one of the windows. After organizing her mane into a more or less decent hairstyle, she rubbed her eyes and walked towards the front door. She had a spring in her step, despite the chafing between her hind legs.

Cheerilee giggled as she rolled over the desk and landed on the floor. Her legs hurt her a lot, but her happiness numbed the pain. She turned around to see Twilight’s rump exiting the school. She looked at the clock and noticed she still had one hour left before the kids showed up. That was enough time for her to go to her house, have a quick shower and return to school. She gathered her stuff from the desk, and then noticed there was one exam left she didn’t see. It was Sweetie Belle’s drawing, torn to shreds during her night of passion with Twilight.

“Aww, poor kid,” she said. “I’ll ask her to do it again,” and then she added. “Though I doubt it will look any better.”

Cheerilee left the school through the back door and locked it, already looking forward to next Sunday.

THE END.

Author’s Notes: I want to thank Axquirix and Llama Llumps from Ponychan for their initial reviewing of the fanfic. I specially want to thank Midnight Shadow for correcting and going over this fanfic more than once and delivering a great and constructive review beyond the call of duty. I wrote this after feeling quite gloomy for a

good couple of weeks. There is nothing like some silly comedy to cheer up, eh? I hope my English is getting better, any comment or feedback send to james_corck3@yahoo.es