

Based on [this picture](#) by Megasweet. Warning: slightly explicit.

Originally written as three separate parts

Part I

Berry Punch walked through the dark lanes of Ponyville slowly, avoiding the lights from windows and street lamps. She had tucked Ruby into bed long ago. Usually she would be heading to the bar on the outskirts of town, where everyone knew her name but everyone did their best to forget the next morning. She tried to do better, but it was hard on her own, and she was so very thirsty.

Tonight, however, she had another destination. She stared at the wooden door before her, afraid to enter and afraid to leave. But it was either here or there, and she didn't think she could do it anymore. She knocked, once, half-hoping no one would answer. A light blue pony opened the door, smiled knowingly, and silently let her enter.

Berry didn't know what to say, but Colgate just set a hoof gently over hers, then led her into another room. A bottle of tequila was set out on a counter, with several glasses, a salt shaker, and a pile of sliced lime.

There was a presence by her ear, a warm breath of air that sent a small shiver along her neck. "No one else ever has to know."

She started to protest lightly, but Colgate pressed a hoof to her mouth, softly, delicately, teasing the nerves in her lips, and Berry felt the exact moment she let herself give in. The unicorn felt it too, and nuzzled her cheek. "There we go." She sauntered to the counter, cracked the bottle of golden liquid, and poured a shot. Berry followed shortly after, watching her, mesmerized.

Colgate turned, horn glowing blue as she levitated the shot, a slice of lime, and the salt shaker around her head, and took one of Berry's hooves. She slowly licked her below the fetlock, and poured a pinch of salt along the ankle.

Berry slowly exhaled, anticipating. She licked the salt on her leg, the bite softened by the slightly foreign, cool taste of Colgate's saliva. As she reveled in the flavor, she felt solid moisture at her lips, and opened to take a bite of the lime, watching Colgate's eyes as the sour fruit stung her taste buds. Finally, she took the presented glass and downed its contents, gasping against the satisfying scorch of the alcohol, pulling in cool air to combat the burn.

Colgate grinned at the contented look on Berry's face. "How about we do something more interesting?"

Berry Punch looked over Colgate's body hungrily, laid out on the table before her. She bent low, dragging her tongue up the light blue stomach, light tang of sweat interspersed with the solid grains of salt, fur tickling her mouth as she left a shimmering trail of saliva along her abdomen. She could feel herself tremble in anticipation of what came next, bringing her face to the other pony's, eye to half-lidded eye, sliding her mouth down the lime wedge to meet lips, just briefly, enough for the sensation to linger as she bit down, slipping her tongue along the rind. Then it was down her chest to the glass of tequila, balanced precariously atop heaving ribs. Another tilt of the head, another swallow, another gasp.

Colgate strained to pull herself up into a sitting position, managing to wrap her forelegs around Berry's neck. To her side, the tequila bottle floated, pouring a line of shots, but the warmth of the alcohol spreading through the earth pony's body was nothing compared to the heat radiating from the contact of fur on fur and mouth on mouth, hint of lime lingering on her tongue.

Part II

The sun crept softly through the window, gently settling its warm caress across the two ponies on the bed, but to Berry's eyes, it was a rather rude intrusion. She squinted against the light, holding her hooves to her head, waiting for the splitting headache. Slowly, carefully, she opened her eyes when she realized the piercing pain wasn't coming. She remembered, now. She had only had a couple shots the night before. Then, the unfamiliar surroundings made her remember more.

"Ruby!" She sat bolt upright. "Oh, no, no! I've gotta-" There was a happy murmur from the bed beside her, and even more memories came back. "Oh... no."

Thankfully, Berry managed to get home before her daughter awoke, and got her sent off to school without a problem. Still, all day long at her store she couldn't get the thought of Colgate from her mind. Her domineering submissive demeanor, irresistible blue eyes, and coy smile, not to mention the effect she had on her thirst.

But, no, it had been a mistake. A moment of weakness in a weak time in her life. She couldn't go on... *cavorting* with another mare. Her drinking was bad enough, what would everypony say if they found out about this? And what of her daughter? No. Tonight would be like any other night. She would go back to her old bar, where her old friends would pretend not to see her, and she would pretend everything was okay for a few hours. It had always been this way, and nothing could change that. She left work at the end of the day, heading home, glad she hadn't seen Colgate all day but feeling no better about her situation.

"What's wrong mommy?"

Berry tried to shake her head clear of her thoughts and smiled down at her little filly. "Nothing's wrong, precious."

Ruby frowned. "Then why are you sad now?"

"Why would you think that?" She put down her cooking utensils and bent low to hug her daughter's neck. "Mommy's not sad, sweetheart."

"Yes, you are!" the filly persisted. "You were happy this morning, but now you're sad again!"

She bit her lip. "Oh, precious, I could never be sad when I have you."

The filly just pouted even more. “You’re always sad, mommy. But not this morning. I just want you to be happy like today!”

“It’s not that simple, baby.” Ruby stared hard at the floor and didn’t say anything. “Oh, honey, don’t be upset.” She just sighed, then got on her knees to try to look the young filly in the eyes. “I’ll do my best to always be happy from now on, okay?”

“I don’t believe you.”

Berry swallowed as her daughter turned and walked to the dinner table. Neither did she.

The bartender nodded when he saw her enter, and pulled down a bottle of her usual. Berry watched him set the golden liquid on the counter next to a small tumbler, feeling empty. She thought of another night, another pony buying her rounds, nose in her ear, whispering possibilities that made her giddy and nervous, white-blue tail softly swishing against her leg as they leaned on the bar.

She thought of that pony now, waiting for a soft knock, ready with a gentle embrace and a bottle of understanding. The bar was behind her before she knew it, and her feet found the way effortlessly. She knew what she needed, and it was behind that wooden door.

She pushed the tequila back toward the stallion behind the counter. Tonight was strictly a whiskey night, and she didn’t feel quite up to pretending. The kick of the rye covered the other feelings, and the numb of the alcohol soon had her too far gone to remember what they were about anyway.

Hangover for breakfast. She told herself it was reassuring. Status quo. Ruby was silent. She would come around eventually. It was for the best. This was all she needed, all she had ever needed. The other things would go away in time.

Part III

Berry Punch sighed bitterly into her drink. At least at night she had the bar, even if it didn't really help like it used to. But every day, all day, all she could think of was bristly blue fur under her tongue, hooves on her hips, lips teasing their way down her stomach. It was only compounded by the fact that she had to see her almost every day around town. She hadn't said a word to her since that night.

What hurt the most, though, was Ruby. She had hoped more than anything that she would quickly get over it, but her mother's trouble caused her more pain than she'd expected. Berry tried to explain, as best she could, that she was fine, would be fine, in time. The little filly would just pout and go to her room.

One thing after another, beget begat begot. She had enough secrets: adding a beautiful blue and white unicorn would be too much.

She waved to the bartender, and he poured another glass of scotch. She hadn't touched the tequila in days, just stared at it on the wall behind the counter. Without a thought, she brought the tumbler to her lips and swallowed a mouthful of liquid fire, only feeling the breathless burn in a far-off, disconnected way.

The warmth didn't spread. It died in her stomach, and she set the glass down. 'Drunk' was meaningless to her now. Instead, she just lost focus. Rather than ruminate intently on one thing about Colgate, she could think about all of them at once, fuzzy and undefined, until they melted together into a writhing pit in her chest, and still she stared blankly at the golden liquid on the shelf.

"I can buy you a shot, if you'd like."

Berry forced her attention back, tracing the origins of the soft voice to an anchor in reality. She blinked once, focusing her eyes, then turned.

"Hi, Berry. I was... hoping I could find you here."

"Col-gate?" she said slowly, making sure she got it right.

"I came to apologize." She continued, hesitating. There was no one near, and the bartender was busy with another pony at the end of the counter. "I know you have a... problem. And I shouldn't have taken advantage of it."

“No, don’t...” Reality was slipping between her hooves, like she might wake up any second.

The unicorn’s head was down. “I’m sorry. I’ll... leave.”

After fumbling for bits and throwing down what was probably much too much for what she had drunk, Berry took off after the blue pony as fast as she could manage. When she tried anything more than a slow trot, however, she just found herself lurching toward the ground. It took several long minutes before she reached her destination.

Through the window, she could see a light on deep in the house, in a room where they had made short memories in a long night. The old door stood before her, and she lifted her hoof without hesitation now, the wooden frame almost beckoning her to come in. Its master needed help.

There was a soft shuffle from inside at her knock, and she swayed slightly on her feet, anticipating. A quiet creak, then a troubled blue face appeared, brow creased.

"Berry?"

Colgate didn't have time to say anything else as a pair of forelegs was heavily thrown around her neck, lips silencing her confusion, pushing her back inside.

Berry didn't remember much about that night, except for a heave here, a gasping cry there. The next morning was clear, however: a face pressed into her neck, hoof across her chest, and the best hangover she'd ever had. A gentle nibble at her ear made her giggle huskily, even through the throbbing. The alcohol had let her come. This would make her stay.

She turned and tasted cool breath, and bit her lips closed when she realized what her own breath must smell like. Colgate just stroked her cheek, half-smiling, and Berry ignored the knifing pain behind her eyes for the duration of a kiss.

Looking down toward her partner’s chest, but still grinning, she ran an idle hoof in small circles through cerulean mane. “Do you... want to meet my daughter?”

Continuations, by chronology

[Night of Stories](#)

[Fifth of Memories](#)

[Handle of Doubt](#)

[Mouthful of Fire](#)

Possibly more to come