

Atlas Nebula here, and after the massive success that was the "My Second Life" collaboration, I figured I'd do something very special for you all. You could say that Fallen Prime inspired me to do this, but I feel like going on a bit of a marathon. Sort of a riffing adventure, if you will. Four fanfics, all clop, from some famous/infamous authors on FiMFiction. Now that may not sound like much, but these fics that I've chosen are rather long for one shots. They're also rather . . . strange. Strange in that they have much more upvotes than downvotes, among other reasons.

In order of appearance, here are the specimens:

[Soaking Wet Takes A Shower](#) by castortroy, a second person one sided dialog clopfic.

[One Tight Knight](#) by Bronystories, a gangbang rapefic starring Fluttershy.

[The Weak and Useless Trixie](#) by RapeTrain-Express, a rapefic starring Trixie and Discord.

[rainbow / Dash](#) by darf, a second person human x Rainbow Dash clopfic.

I'd also like to thank NaturalGlitch for collaborating with me on this marathon of misery. Allons-y!

Atlas: You know that moment when everyone stops talking at the same time and there's this really awkward silence in the air?

Babs Seed: Aw yeah, tons of times. Like when ya think there's an extra step of stairs at the bottom you hit the ground really hard and everypony looks -

Atlas: Shh, do you hear that?

Babs: Hear what?

Atlas: Sorry, that was just my stomach.

Babs: Speakin' of which, do ya have anythin' for breakfast around here?

Atlas: Do pizza rolls count?

Babs: Isn't that the stuff that makes ya chubby?

Atlas: I'm not even fat!

Babs: Well, sorry! It's not like there's any pizza rolls around here anyways.

Atlas: I'm sorry too.

Babs: Sorry for what?

(Anon and Trixie enter the room while conversing with each other.)

Atlas: That. And something else.

Babs: Attly, what are ya plannin'?

Anon: (to Trixie) Look, I'm sorry about the cape.

Trixie: (to Anon) You used it as a towel! You wiped your nose and washed your face with it!

Anon: For the hundred, millionth time, I'm sorry. I didn't know it was your cape, honest! I even washed it several times after that incident.

Trixie: You did? Really?

Anon: Well, yeah. I even bought a ton of candy as an apology.

Atlas: (looks over to Babs) I didn't know she had more than one cape.

Babs: I thought she was homeless. No, wait, she's a wizard. Hey Trixie! You're a wizard, right?

Trixie: That's traveling arcane mage performer *extraordinaire* to you, uh... whatever your name is.

Anon: He's Atlas, and--

Trixie: Yeah, yeah.

Babs: Ya must be a nerd. Cuz mages are something out of nerdy games, right?

Trixie: ... okay, seriously, who is little foal suppose to be?

Atlas: She's Babs, the best crusader ever!

Babs: Buck yeah I am! And you're the mare who took two years to get two episodes.
Trixie: Well see here, you little welp! I--
Anon: Whoa, easy there Trixie. Wouldn't want to break something now.
Trixie: (grumbles something under her breath) Whatever. *harsh sigh* So, what is it that you need my-- I mean, *our* help with again?
Rainbow Dash: (from TV) Divine punishment! Basically, a really cruel prank.
Atlas: There's that something, Babs.
Babs: What kinda prank are we talkin' about?
Atlas: The kind that makes you want to kill yourself.
Babs: Ohhhh . . . I'm not familiar with that.
Anon: Wait, I can see a prank on Atlas, Trixie--
Trixie: *humph*
Anon: --and me, but Babs as well? With the stories we tackle, I'm not sure if--
Babs: I can handle it, big guy. How bad could this prank possibly be?
Trixie: I'm with... Babs, was it? I'm sure we can handle anything Rainbow Tra-- I mean, *Dash* will throw at us. Well, *I* will, anyway.
Rainbow Dash: (laughs as evilly as she can)
Anon: (audible gulp) I don't like it when she laughs like that...
Atlas: That was pathetic, RD.
Babs: I'd give that a 7 out of 10.
Trixie: (rolls eyes, magically hovers a sign that reads 6.5 out of 10)
(door locks)
Atlas: I immediately regret saying that.
Babs: I don't regret nothin'.
Anon: I regret everything--
Trixie: Save it for your head shrinker, Anon.
Pinkie Pie: (From TV) Oh you're gonna love this one! It's about a sex tea-
Atlas: Woah-woah-woah-WOAH! There's a filly with us!
Trixie: I second that. She's not mature enough for this kind of thing.
Pinkie Pie: (looks closely at Babs) That's a filly?
Anon: Ouch.
Babs: I'm gonna ruin your birthday, ya pink puff ball!
Atlas: We're gonna be going into this blind, aren't we?
Trixie: I'm ready for anything. Bring it on.
Anon: Wait, don't we get a--
(buzzer sounds)
All: We've got story sign!

Soaking Wet Takes A Shower

by

castortroy

Atlas: So she took her face . . . OFF?!!
Babs: Who's "she"?
Atlas: The author.

Babs: Uhhhhhh . . .

Anon: What the heck is a "castortroy"? Some kind of a demented casserole?

Trixie: Soaking Wet's brother is probably named Mud Puddle.

Yes, I am Soaking Wet.

Babs: I'm Babs. How's your day been?

Atlas: The usual. Getting regular nose bleeds. (nose bleeds profusely)

Anon: That's great... so, what's her name?

Trixie: She's Soaking Wet.

Anon: I see that, but what's her *name*?

Trixie: (face hooves)

You must be my eight o' clock. Please, come inside.

Atlas: A few sentences in and my mind is already going in weird places.

Babs: Like the dumpster?

Atlas: What are you? Psychic?

Babs: Ya like stallions.

Atlas: YOU CAN SEE INTO MY MIND?!

Babs: No.

Atlas: . . .

I know what you're thinking;

Anon: "I'm in your head!"

Babs: "I know where you sleep at night!"

it's okay to smile. I'm not sure what my mother and father were thinking, either.

Trixie: "They leave me the keys to the house, leave for a week, and *not* expect debauchery?"

Atlas: Nobody knows. Because nobody ever wonders why their name is Gerald. Yeah, I'm looking at you, Gerald!

Babs: Attly, what are ya pointin' at?

Atlas: Stuff.

When you name your only daughter that, then stifle her formative years with endless hours of etiquette classes, it should come as no surprise when that daughter becomes a master of sex magic.

Babs: Oh dear, this is the stuff that dad kept tellin' me about.

Atlas: What?!

Anon: Er... is that a thing, Trixie?

Trixie: How much would I need to pay you to stop that line of questioning?

Anon: ... you could just say "no."

Trixie: Oh. Well then, no, there isn't.

We are on much better terms now, but at the time, I resented how much my parents pressured me.

Anon: "They want me to stop partying and actually get a job!"
Babs: Is this one of those self insertion thingies?
Atlas: Maybe. As long as there isn't a human involved, then I'm good.
Trixie: I'm happy that there's no one I know in this garbage.

I refused to apply to the Canterlot School for Gifted Unicorns,

Trixie: There are unicorns that will literally give their left fore leg for a chance at the school, and you keep squandering it away?!

but the more they urged me, the more I felt powerless to disobey.

Babs: That's right, servant! Make me some pancakes! I command you!
Atlas: Of course you like pancakes.
Anon: Now I'm hungry. What'd ya say I whip something for us to eat when this is over?
Atlas: Aw great. Now I want pancakes.
Trixie: I'll have a quiche or a souffle.
Babs: Waffles, please? (puppy dog eyes)
Anon: How can I resist *that* look?

Thank Celestia I was so weak then, for that decision made me the mare I am today.

Atlas: "Now I work at a McDonald's on minimum wage and the boss gets to look at my rump all day!"
Babs: Did ya just rhyme? That'll cost ya a bit.
Atlas: I'd give you a bit but someone took my wallet.

And now I'm one of the youngest teachers at the CSGU,

Anon: "Let me say things you should know by now."
Trixie: Exposition. *sighs* Fantastic.

where I get to teach my true passion here at my alma mater.

Babs: I don't know what that means.
Atlas: You'll see a lot of stuff you won't get, Babs. But don't worry, cuz we're with you every step of the way.
Babs: Cool. I'll try to remember to come to your birthday party next year. And looking at the calendar . . . That's two years from now.
Anon: Don't worry, if the rest of the CMC can handle a riff, so can you!
Trixie: Gag me. When you fillies are done kissing, we've got a horrible fanfiction to savage.
Atlas: Uh, Trixie? Anon is, like, twice Babs' age. And now he feels old.
Anon: (cries a little)
Babs: Would it make ya feel better if I hugged ya, big guy?
Anon: ... yes. (hugs Babs)
Trixie: You can't be serious.
Atlas: Just let them enjoy it, Trixie.

But I apologize; I'm getting ahead of myself. Please, have a seat.

Babs: But we're already sitting. Whaddya want from us?

Atlas: It's gonna be one of *those* fics, isn't it.

Anon: "Please, take one with you. We have so many."

I'd like to start off by congratulating you on your admission into the CSGU.

Babs: I must've passed high school then! (does a victory dance)

Atlas: Hello, mysterious acronym! What is your name?

Trixie: It's probably one of those schools where they hand out passing grades no matter how bad the student actually does. It gives the school a good image.

I know from personal experience how difficult it is for any unicorn to get in.

Anon: Yeah, floating crap with your mind is really unfortunate.

Trixie: Only if you try to levitate something for a very long time or it is way out of your league.

There are many wonderful professors here, and I know we can all make your work here worthwhile.

Anon: "Here's your mop and bucket. Get to work."

Trixie: "We own you now."

Now, as for applying to my class, there are a couple additional formalities we need to take care of,

Atlas: Oh no. The boring part. Run for your lives!

Babs: But I want my education NOW!

Anon: I would take a nap, but I'm scared of what you guys might do to me.

Trixie: Don't flatter yourself.

but we'll get to that in a moment. Here, allow me to go and get you some tea.

Atlas: What if I don't like tea?

Babs: But ya do like tea, Attly. Maybe the author knows somethin' we don't.

Why, thank you. I love my cutie mark, too.

Trixie: "The censor bars are a nice touch, don't you think?"

Anon: So... this fic is just one big text box.

Atlas: Yes. Very original, I must admit.

Anon: That doesn't make it good.

Trixie: Like a bent fork, all twisted out of shape and useless.

Babs: I bet your motha's very original in the- (muffled by Atlas' hand)

The two little pink drops falling into a heart-shaped puddle.

Atlas: Still better than my OC's cutie mark.

Babs: (covers her flank and whimpers.)

Atlas: And now I feel terrible. *Just great.*

Anon: Her cutie mark implies love. Sex doesn't equal love, you know.

Trixie: That sentence reads like "we" can't think of anything nice to say about her.

It fits my name and my work quite well.

Trixie: Uh, of course it does. Any more annoying pointlessness you want to throw at your readers, author?

Anon: "Why yes, I *do* walk on my hooves. How did you know?"

I also love how it looks against my soft dark purple fur and brings out the pink highlights in my hair.

Atlas: Who talks like that? Seriously?

Anon: (raises his hand)

Atlas: Aside from Rarity?

Trixie: "Any mare with a modicum of respect and dignity will express verbally how marvelous their mane is."

Atlas: Shut up, Rarity.

Anon: That was a pretty good impression there, Trixie.

I know everypony has a story about when they got their cutie mark, but mine never fails to make me blush.

Atlas: I don't wanna hear it then.

Babs: (snore)

Anon: "It involves fire and brimstone."

Trixie: "The screams of the villagers were so cute."

If you'll indulge me, I'd love to tell it to you.

Trixie: *yawns* Yeah, sure, why not? I really want to waste brain cells hearing you yammer on and on.

I think freshmen like yourself can relate. Here's your cup.

Atlas: Now all we need is two girls!

Trixie and Babs: . . .

Atlas: Please don't make that actually happen.

Anon: You know there's a fic like that. I can *feel* it.

Atlas: Can you feel it in the water?

Trixie: You sure it's not indigestion, Anon?

It all began just a few years ago with a frustrating night of studying for the CSGU entrance exams at the Canterlot Library.

Atlas: "I remember there being a snapping turtle."

Babs: "I remember it like it never happened."

There were only a couple weeks to go, but nothing seemed to be sinking in,

Babs: Eva' tried quicksand?

Atlas: "We almost lost a couple of good horses!"

Anon: "I'm kinda thick headed."

not even the basics of levitating objects,

Atlas: I'm not a unicorn so I have no idea how hard it is to do that kind of stuff.

Babs: I just kick trees. And pick things up. And put things down.

Trixie: It's the easiest ability a unicorn can do. It may be challenging at first, but it's like walking - you have to crawl first before you can run.

Anon: That's... really insightful, Trixie.

and no one was there to help me.

Anon: Not even your mom and dad? Harsh.

Trixie: I find that unlikely.

Atlas: Highly improbable.

Babs: Next to impossible.

I was never very good at making friends,

Anon: Not even other geeks?

and though I thought my love for reading allowed me to make peace with my solitude, the cost of that lifestyle became painfully apparent.

Anon: Well, hello, emo Twilight.

Trixie: Want me to play the world's smallest violin for you, Soaking?

Anon: You can play the violin, Trixie?

Trixie: (rolls eyes)

My loneliness was unbearable.

Atlas: This is hitting a little too close to home.

Babs: Doesn't botha' me one bit.

Trixie: I meet plenty of ponies on the road. I'm even making friends now, the Ponyvillians are really forgiving and nice.

Anon: And I'm still hungry.

I took a break and wandered through the library, trying to take my mind off the anxiety.

Atlas: Because books solve everything.

Babs: Will readin' books help me get my cutie mark?

Atlas: Uhhhh . . .

Anon: Hey, it's nice to curl up with a good book sometimes.
Trixie: I hope you meant *reading* a book, Anon.

It was then when, quite suddenly, I felt a strange sensation from my horn.

Atlas: It exploded. That sounds more painful than it should.
Babs: How painful was it supposed to be?
Trixie: Never ending numbness and pain. Or so I hear.

It tingled a little at first, then more vigorously as I neared the entrance to the door to the basement. I remember being so scared about going down there,

Atlas: Looks like someone's played *Amnesia*.
Anon: Those doors! I can never opened them up right while being chased.
Trixie: You forget how to open doors when you're scared, Anon? Wow.
Babs: I feel like losin' my memory of this fic right now.

but the tingling felt so wonderful that pretty soon I was trotting down the stairs.

Anon: "If it feels good, it *must* be okay, right?"

My horn then glowed brightly, filling the basement with an eerie purple glow

Atlas: Getting *Amnesia* vibes right now.
Trixie: Is this a grimdark story? I might enjoy this, then.
Anon: You're into that kind of thing?
Trixie: No, but it sounds better than what this story is actually about, don't you think?
Anon: ... yeah.

that burned even brighter as I broke through the cobwebs and neared the darkest corner of the room.

Atlas: "And then sniffed some of the dust off the books."
Babs: "I've never felt so euphoric in my life."
Atlas: How do you know what that word means?
Babs: I read it off this candy bar wrappa'.
Trixie: "Suddenly, I was attacked by giant spiders!"

And it was there, where the tingling and the glowing were the most intense, that I discovered a strange book - "The Book of Unlawful Carnal Knowledge."

Babs: Sounds really cool.
Atlas: Don't you dare go near that book until you're older!
Babs: We're only a few years apart in age, Attly.
Atlas: Oh. Right.
Anon: So *neither* of you should go near it, then.
Trixie: I have a hard time believing such a book exists.

Within the pages of the book, I discovered the secrets of Equestrian sex magic.

Atlas: The Red Hot Chili Peppers would be all over that.

Babs: Sounds like spicy food.

Anon: What could possibly be in a book about magical pony mating?

Trixie: Why are you looking at me like that, Anon?

Much later, I learned the book had been lost for centuries, hidden in the aftermath of a great culture war that swept through ancient Equestria.

Atlas: Can we keep talking about that? I'm a lot more interested in that.

Babs: But ancient history is so [booring!](#)

Anon: It's not when you read it in Morgan Freeman's voice.

Trixie: It'll be better than *this* tripe, that's for sure.

Word by word, the hidden secrets revealed themselves to me, and I was stimulated in both body and mind, tantalized as much by a sense of purpose as I was by desire.

Babs: Can somepony explain this to me? Cuz I don't even.

Atlas: No!

Anon: I don't have a clue. Trixie, could you--

Trixie: Absolutely not.

As the examination approached, the book became my first true friend,

Atlas: Sounds like Twilight, if she was hornier. (ba dum tish)

Trixie: How does that... oh, wait. I get it. Anon, can you slap him for me?

and I learned from it everything there was to know about how mares and stallions enjoyed their bodies and embraced the most intimate of pleasures.

Babs: What the buuuuck?

Atlas: That's an excellent question. A question that I dare not answer.

Trixie: Where did you learn such language, young filly?

Anon: What's there to know? Intimacy isn't that hard to figure out, you've got to know how your and your partners bodies work, and--

Trixie: Please stop talking about that, Anon.

Atlas: Anon. You're single. I think I know why now.

Anon: I live in an writing studio/armory/theater, and the only female company I have are magical horses. It's not like I have many options, and--

Trixie: Stop. Talking. Anon.

Atlas: I live in a cave. A spacious cave, but a home for bats all the same.

And I made myself my first test subject, unlocking the secrets of my own marehood.

Babs: My mind is full of buck right now.

Atlas: (evil laughter)

Trixie: "Luckily, I found the key to my chastity belt."

In clandestine sessions in the library basement, I experienced my first orgasms,

Atlas: "I believe I used a carrot that faithful day. I think his name was Fred."

Babs: That's sounds *really* painful. I think I know what this is about now. I regret knowin' that.

Anon: She lost her virginity to a toy? That sounds... really pathetic.

Trixie: Seems the author and the readers have something in common, then.

then soon after savored the taste of my sweaty cunt

Babs: I like the sound of that word. Can I use it? (puppy dog eyes)

Atlas: Anon, help me out here! She's trying to hypnotise me!

Anon: (claps hand over eyes to block puppy dog eyes) If you use that word, no breakfast for you young lady.

Babs: Fine. I like waffles too much to ruin that.

Trixie: *I* can say it though, right?

Anon: No.

Trixie: Aw...

and the peculiar sweetness of my juice.

Atlas: Does it taste like vanilla?

Babs: *Whaaa~?*

Trixie: This Soaking Wet character needs help. No self respecting mare would ever... oh, right.

To this day, the basement still smells like me.

Atlas: Vanilla or milk chocolate?

Babs: Are ya okay there, Attly?

Atlas: (eye twitch) Totally okay.

Trixie: "I should really hire some cleaners."

Anon: Why does the words "Miss Me?" spring to mind, and why do I suddenly want to vomit?

Eventually, I was making so much noise that I was nearly discovered by the librarian,

Atlas: Twilight's cameo, everyone!

Babs: I heard those books sucked apples. Right?

Trixie: Even I hope that's all we'll be seeing of Twilight in this story.

Anon: Assuming it's her, of course.

so I snuck the book back home,

Anon: "They found me out by following the liquid trail I left behind."

Trixie: There's no way not one pony heard her climax in a library, and theres no way she didn't get caught. Soaking just said that the basement still smells like her.

where I played with myself in the comfort of my childhood bathroom,

Anon: As oppose to your teen and adult bathroom.

Trixie: Restrooms grow up so fast.

the only place where my parents never intruded.

Atlas: As opposed to the big girl bathroom.

Babs: One has a shower and one doesn't.

But it all nearly fell apart when my parents found the book in my bedroom.

Anon: The parents did the right thing and chastised her, right?

Trixie: You're way too optimistic, aren't you?

They were angry that I had squandered my study time and furious that I'd shunned their lessons of etiquette.

Atlas: Sounds like . . . Coal Buck. AHHHHHHHHH!!

Babs: Ya mean *that* guy. Oh no . . .

Trixie: As they should, you little... who's Coal Buck?

Anon: My brain suddenly hurts from hearing that name.

Trixie: What, Coal Buck?

Anon: Agh! (grips his head)

As punishment, they threatened to destroy the book by throwing it into our fireplace.

Atlas: They must throw it into the fires of Mount Doom to destroy it!

Babs: Sounds like fun for the whole family.

That familiar voice in my head told me they were right, that I deserved to be punished,

Anon: It's called a conscious.

but very quickly a new resolve took hold.

Atlas: "Kill your parents! Kill them all!"

Babs: "Hide yo' kids! Hide yo'- wait, you don't have any of those. Nevermind!"

I found myself yelling at them with all my might,

Trixie: Because that always works.

telling them how lonely I had been, and how happy the book had made me.

Atlas: (cries at the painful memories of Coal Buck)

Babs: ARGHHHHHH!!

Anon: (holds his head tighter) Why does that name hurt my brain so much?!

Trixie: What, Coal Buck?

Anon: *Gaah!*~ You're doing that on purpose!!

I told them I had already internalized everything inside those pages,

Anon: So why are you so mad that they're burning it?

and that if they really wanted to destroy all that knowledge, then they had to throw me in the fireplace as well.

Atlas: They should've. Would've saved us this tripe.

Babs: Would've been an awesome display of fireworks.

Trixie: Like clop writers know anything about parenting.

They looked at me with shock, then amazement, and they directed my eyes to my flank.

Atlas: "Look at dat ass!"

Babs: What's a donkey got to do with this?

Trixie: I'm confused as well.

Anon: Wait, what?

And it was then, through the angry tears in my eyes, that I first saw this mark.

Babs: What mark would that be? I can't remember. Already repressed that memory.

Today, the mare before you is the only professor of Sex Magic and Erotic Studies at the Canterlot School for Gifted Unicorns,

Atlas: Hey Trixie, maybe this class will suit your-

(Anon punches Atlas across the face)

Anon: Why did I do that? It was like a reflex or something.

(there's a magic glow around Anon's hand and Trixie's horn)

Trixie: (innocently whistling a tune)

and I have become much better at making friends.

Trixie: I'm surprised that the word *friends* isn't in quotes.

"The Book of Unlawful Carnal Knowledge," you may have noticed, now rests on that table in my living room.

Babs: Rip it to shreds!

Atlas: ~~TURN IT!~~

Anon: It must be purged!

Trixie: Prima donnas.

It is my most precious gift from Princess Celestia, which I received upon her granting of my tenure.

Atlas: That wouldn't happen. Or would it?

Trixie: Not in this or any other reality.

Babs: Don't know, don't care.

Anon: Because a world where friendship and love are literal prisms of power, and the ruler is the epitome of purity that--

Trixie: And I thought I was long winded.

Ah, I'm glad you enjoyed my tea.

Babs: I don't like tea. Root beer, on the other hoof . . .

It's my own special brew.

Anon: Uh oh.

Atlas: Sounds rapey, doesn't it?

Just set the cup right there on the table, that's fine.

Trixie: "Please leave. Never come back here."

Now, I am sure your residential advisor has showed you the ropes this week,

Atlas: Do I get to kick the chair?

Babs: What?

Anon: Bondage joke here.

Trixie: Sarcastic retort here.

but in case you are wondering, this humble home of mine is one of many belonging to faculty members just outside the campus grounds.

Atlas: We weren't interested. Stop talking already!

Babs: (snore)

Anon: Is boredom the new thing on FimFiction? Why are so many of these clop stories that try too hard to be something they're not so BORING?

Atlas: You're rambling again.

This part of the neighborhood houses the professors of the art department.

Trixie: Oh, don't even try to make this sound like it's an actual school. It's smut.

The house on my left belongs to Chiseled Stone.

Babs: No pony cares.

You saw his sculptures outside the main entrance to the School.

Atlas: We didn't see anything.

Babs: We didn't see nothin', bitch!

Atlas: (O_O)

Trixie: (shocked)

Babs: What? Isn't that what ya call a female dog?

Anon: Well, yeah, but... well, it's a girl dog that's only purpose is to get fuc-

Trixie: Don't you *dare* say such things around a filly, Anon!

Anon: Sheesh, okay, MOM.

On the other side, that's where Rhythmic Verse lives; she's an incredible poet,

Babs: "Which is why we're not reading any of her work."

Anon: I would so much rather read some poetry. I still have *Divine Comedy* to read through.

Trixie: Don't try to sound smart. It doesn't suit you.

and quite the intense young mare.

Anon: "She mountain climbs, rides kayaks in the rapids, water skies during the weekends..."

We get along quite well, the three of us. I like to invite them over for Hearts and Hooves Day to have a little fun.

Atlas: Just a game of Twister, right?

Babs: Bungee jumpin'. Callin' it now.

Anon: Because I want someone that actually has no real relationship to tell me how to make love. Yeah, that makes sense.

I do enjoy living here among such like-minded unicorns.

Trixie: "They're *much* easier to control."

Plus, there's the added benefit of being able to sleep in and take long showers.

Atlas: I'll agree with you there.

Babs: So ya don't sleep all night and work all day?

Anon: "I'm proud to be a slob."

Oh! That reminds me, I was planning on taking one right now.

Trixie: "I was wondering why you were gagging the whole time."

Anon: This fic should be called *Soaking Wet Talks Nonstop and then Takes A Shower*.

Here, follow me over to the bathroom and we'll continue our conversation.

Atlas: Noooo . . .

Babs: I dun want this!

Anon: What school does this? Who would allow this?

Trixie: Like these kinds of clop writers have any semblance of romance and logic.

Don't be shy, it's okay.

Babs: Sure as manure ain't!

Atlas: We're far from okay.

Anon: Don't ponies take baths together like it's no big deal?

Trixie: It's the *context* and *situation* that makes the difference, Anon.

As you can see, I've had the doors and curtains removed, and the shower fixtures are next to this large floor-to-ceiling window.

Atlas: Uhhhhh.

Babs: Good for ya, I suppose?

Anon: Does this pony ever stop talking?

I like to be watched.

Atlas: (Creepy face)

Babs: (Smug face)

Trixie: (Dumbfounded face)

Anon: (Hungry face)

That's it. Just stay right there.

Babs: "Come here, Stay."

Atlas: Thank you, Steven Wright.

Anon: "Ah ah, I didn't say 'Simon Says'."

Ahh, there we are. It's getting nice and warm already.

Trixie: And so is the shower.

Atlas: It's getting hot in here, so take off all your clothes!

Babs: But we're already naked.

Atlas: Don't remind me.

Anon: Want me to shave you bald so you'll *really* be naked?

Trixie: Would you really do that to the little filly?

Anon: ... no.

Mmm, I think I'll just climb right in—Ahh. Oh, yes.

Atlas: Oh no.

Babs: Tartarus no!

Trixie: This is like a dimension of just words. Nothing but words.

Anon: Sounds a lot like CAD.

Yes, how wonderful it is to get wet,

Atlas: I feel so unclean right now.

Babs: Would a hug make ya feel less like garbage?

Atlas: Heck ye- Hey!

Anon: This has to be the easiest way to "write" a story. Heck, even green text fics have descriptions and *actual* dialog.

to feel your fur become heavy with moisture.

Trixie: (bored look) Yes, that is what happens when you get in a running

shower. Good job on figuring that out.

How I love it when every drop of water slides over me, then drips off my belly.

Atlas: THE TUMMY MUST BE RUBBED! (rubs Babs' tummy)

Babs: It feels so weird. Why does it feel so right, though?!

Anon: Hey, Trixie, want me to--

Trixie: NO.

Ahh. Hmph.

Atlas: (fart)

Babs: Ewww! Smells like butt rock!

Anon: That needs to be a name of a energy drink.

Oops, did I get a little on you when I shook my mane? Good.

Trixie: She's not really good at this, is she?

Really feel it, my dear, don't brush it away. Embrace it.

Atlas: Soaking Wet is really Glassed in disguise. Meh.

Babs: Mine's got glass- Wait, we're talkin' about a person?

Trixie: *yawns* This is so fascinating...

Let the droplets slide down your flank and tease what lies beneath.

Anon: "I just want to take a shower, lady. Do you mind?"

That's it. Mmm, I knew you'd enjoy that.

Mmm. Do you like that smell? It's jasmine, my favorite.

Atlas: What does jasmine smell like?

Babs: Smells like your motha's va-

Anon: (loudly clears throat)

Babs: -ccum cleana'.

Ahh. Look how well the soap suds up on my fur. See how it bubbles all over me, how the foam falls from my sides.

Anon: Is this a PSA on good hygiene or something?

Trixie: Is this suppose to be boring?

Anon: This is no way clop.

It's important to slow things down, observe every detail.

Babs: "Because we're living in the Matrix."

Atlas: Is Soaking on drugs?

Anon: Ah, she's a hippie. Now it makes sense.

The magic is stronger that way.

Atlas: "Feel the force within you."

Babs: "I pick things up and I put things down." Silly unicorns.

Here, you grab up that other bar with your magic and rub it over my flank, just like I'm doing on my back now.

Trixie: Wash your own filthy flank.

That one right there, that's it.

Babs: But I ain't doin' nothin'.

Atlas: Neither are we.

Anon: How is anyone suppose to visualize anything without descriptions?

Trixie: How is this a story?!

Yes. Slower, baby, slower.

Trixie: The main character doesn't even get the dignity of a name.

Anon: It's suppose to be the reader, Trixie.

Trixie: That's... incredibly lazy.

Do it softly and make little circles.

That's right. Just like that.

Mmm.

Atlas and Babs: (share a bag of M&Ms)

Trixie: Pass those over, will you?

Anon: I've got some Reeses we can share, Trixie.

Trixie: Oh, fine, whatever.

Ahh, you're pretty good at this.

Babs: Pretty good at what?

Atlas: Jumping off a cliff.

Ah-AH! It's okay, baby, I'm—just—touching myself with my hoof. Uh-HA! Mmm.

Babs: We need more M&Ms ova' here!

Trixie: "Could you stop fidgeting? I'm trying to wash you here!"

Anon: *That's* the secret to sex? Washing each other? Who needs someone to tell you that?

Trixie: Or go to a school to learn it?

Oh, baby, start rubbing the side of my neck now.

Babs: "Too long, did not rub."

Atlas: tl;dr

Anon: Oh, what's next, is he going to wash her mane? The suspense is killing

me!

Lower.

Lower.

Atlas: ♪*Sonic! He's the fastest thing alive!*♪

Babs: I can't EVEN.

Atlas: I'm reading this fic in Doctor Robotnic's voice from *Sonic SAT AM*.

Right there, right there, stop. Yes.

Trixie: "My ankles and heels are aching like you wouldn't believe."

UNH!

Atlas: (summons a trash can and pukes into it)

Babs: (burps cutely)

That's the spot.

Babs: Can somepony rub my tummy again? That's a lot better than this fic.

Atlas: Anon . . .?

Anon: Go right ahead, Atlas. You know you wanna.

Atlas: Awesome! (Rubs Babs' tummy)

Babs: Now *that's* the spot.

Keep looking at me, baby. I want you to see me do this.

Atlas: I'm so bored right now. *Urgh*.

Babs: I need a bottle of root beer.

Trixie: So, when does the clomp start? This is getting really boring.

Anon: This *is* the clomp part.

Trixie: What?!

Here, let me turn and give you a better look.

Babs: How about I smack ya in the face first?

Atlas: That's the spirit!

Trixie: "Wow, you're *really* hideous, aren't you?"

Anon: I don't know, I think you're pretty cute, Trixie.

Trixie: What.

Anon: Well, if the reader is supposed to be in the fic, and you're doing the voice of Soaking, that means you think you're--

Trixie: Please, I implore you, STOP TALKING.

Atlas: I didn't think that Trixie would be shocked by a *compliment*.

Trixie: It was just a really roundabout way to say something *so* obvious.

Mmm, there you go, look at it. Those puffy lips between my legs. See how wet they are?
Mmm.

Babs: (Eats some M&Ms)
Atlas: (Eats some Junior Mints)
Anon: Does this mare ever stop talking?
Trixie: (gives Anon the death glare)
Anon: (smiles sheepishly)

Yeah, baby. Look at my wet pussy.

Babs: Why would ya want to lick a cat?
Atlas: Because of the reason.
Babs: I guess that's good enough for now.
Trixie: For a pony whose special talent is carnal desires, she's not really good.
Atlas: Would *you* know anything about-
Trixie: (smacks Atlas) Hush, you!

Oh, your suds feel so good. Rub me harder.

Babs: Maybe I'll give ya a buffalo burn.
Atlas: Ouch. But justified.

Harder!
Mmm.

Babs: Hey Anon, wanna gimme some Reeses?
Anon: Sure. Trade ya with some of those M&M's?
Babs: Yeah, sure.

Ohhh. FFFF.
UNH!

Atlas: (Barf)
Babs: (Burp)
Trixie: (Yawn)
Anon: (Snore)

Oh, baby.
I'm gonna—

Babs: "explode."
Atlas: That's not far from the truth, Babs.
Babs: What?

Oh—
I want—you to see—

Anon: I think the author is having a stroke!
Trixie: Serves them right.

how—*beautiful* I am when I—

Atlas: Is this supposed to be the clomp?

Babs: What's that? Whatever it is, I dun like it.

Anon: Even when Soaking is climaxing, she thinks of herself. Kinda like how Trixie--

Trixie: (smacks Anon) I asked you nicely enough times.

I—

AAAAH!

Babs: That betta' be pain or else I'll make sure that it is.

Atlas: I like that idea. I like it a lot.

Oh, oh baby, yes.

Mmm.

UNH!

Atlas: (takes a shot of vodka)

Babs: (douses herself in root beer)

Anon: (boops Trixie on the nose)

Trixie: (does nothing)

Anon: Wait, aren't you gonna hit me?

Trixie: Do you *want* me to or something?

Atlas: If you were Venetian, you would've . . . used tentacles. Yeah.

Oh, buck me, yes. Unh.

Babs: No, buck *you*! Ya waste of space!

Anon: What a waste of words this all is.

Mmm, that tastes so good.

Atlas: I know, right? Reeses is the best candy ever!

Babs: I like Twix more, but it's still pretty good.

So good—

Atlas: That sentence is false.

Babs: That sentence is a fraud.

You can stop rubbing me, that's okay.

Trixie: "But you're still filthy."

Mmm.

Babs: I like Gummy Bears too.

Anon: I once combined ice cream, gummy bears, caramel, and oreos into one bowl and ate it.

Trixie: How are you still alive after that?

Anon: It tasted like magic!

Atlas: Tasted like victory, I'm sure.

Ahh, let me turn around and wash all this off. Ahh.

Atlas: "Suddenly, I don't have to go to the bathroom anymore."

Babs: (deadpan) They're in a bathroom.

Mmm, it tingles when the lather slides off me. FFF. Unh.

Atlas: Sour Patch Kids are overrated anyways.

Babs: They make my tongue feel weird.

Anon: This wouldn't turn on one cell animals.

I love it when the spray splashes all over my ass,

Babs: Where's the donkey? Can ya tell us?

Trixie: She *owns* a donkey?! That's horrible!

Anon: You can tell an author ran out of ideas when they make the characters use human swear words.

water dripping down the insides of my legs.

Mmm, it's so warm. Ahh.

Anon: Is she in the shower or on the toilet?

Atlas: Shower. How would she be on the toilet if-

Trixie: Stop. Talking.

Give me that towel over there, baby.

Trixie: "And that diaper, and the baby powder to."

Babs: Is she gonna sniff it?

Atlas: For all I know, she might.

Thank you. Mmm.

I don't like to dry off that much, but I must say it's worth it to see my coat shimmer this way.

Trixie: Your poor hygiene skills is really irritating.

Atlas: Are you only irritated by this *now*?

Mmm.

Hmm-mmm.

Anon: [Hmph-hmph](#).

You like the way I look, don't you? My mane all tangled, my face blushing red from touching myself. Put your face up to my neck and smell that.

Trixie: She's very pushy, isn't she?

Babs: Push her back harder. Into a lake of fire!

Atlas: I like this pony.

Mmm-hmm, that tickles! Ahh. That soap is wonderful, isn't it?

Anon: ... what soap doesn't?

Atlas: Acid soap.

Babs: Molten lava.

Trixie: Lava soap? Are you--

Anon: That's a real thing, by the way.

Trixie: No way.

Anon: Yes way.

Now look at me.

Mwah.

Babs: . . . Was that supposed to be a kiss?

Atlas: I think it was. I think Soaking is part octopus.

That's a little "thank you" for being such a good observer.

Anon: "You're a good puppet."

Atlas: "You're a good slave."

Now comes your entrance examination. If you pass, you will be admitted into my class. Are you ready? Good.

Trixie: So, Soaking's special talent is being easy to lay. Now *that's* pathetic.

Atlas: More pathetic than having a bowling cutie mark.

Let me turn around for you.

Trixie: "Because you're totally inadequate to turn on your own."

Atlas: This is REALLY awkwardly structured.

Babs: Just like her face, I'm sure.

Now I'm going to squat myself down and show you my ass again.

Babs: Do I get to pet the donkey?

Atlas: Sorry, Babs, there is no donkey here.

Babs: Then what the buck is she referrin' to?

Atlas: Her butt.

Babs: (grumble)

Anon: An innocence is dying right in front of us.

I'll just move my tail out of the way and—ahh. Much better.

Trixie: "Turns out my tail is detachable."

Anon: She's a replicant!

Remember what I did in the shower? I need you to make me do it again. But you can't use your hoof or any soap.

Trixie: What about the tail? Is it okay if "I" breath?
Atlas: Would you like to go through with pleasuring Soaking?
Trixie: Of course not!

You must use your tongue.

Anon: "For you are Dovahkiin, dragon born!"
Atlas: "You must defeat me. John Romero."
Babs: "You must eat a barrel of rotten apples and then spin on your head."

Don't look at me like that. Remember that you are learning not only a new form of magic,

Trixie: What, the magic of insomnia curing?
Anon: How can it be magic if no magic is actually involved?
Atlas: I think the whole fic just collapsed in on itself.
Babs: At least it's almost ova'.

but a new form of social interaction.

Anon: No. This isn't something you just do with anyone and everyone you meet. It's called making love for a reason, you know.
Trixie: I'm betting Soaking doesn't even know this pony's name.
Atlas: Depending on what kind of social structure this version of Equestria has it could be normal to-
Babs: (snore)
Atlas: Ugh.

You cannot enter my class if you have not experienced what it is like to please me with your body.

Anon: "Uh... I just met you, lady."
Atlas: I have no mouth and I must scream.
Babs: [HATE!](#)

It's my first lesson and my only prerequisite - only mouths that can make me cum are allowed to speak in my classroom.

Trixie: Seeing as her name is Soaking Wet, I don't think that it will be hard at all.
Anon: The class will NOT shut up, like their teacher.
Trixie: I hope you're guessing there, Anon.
Anon: Of course not, I like *not* having STDs.
Babs: How about a class where we learn how to use fireworks?
Atlas: That would be most excellent.

Lick my pussy. If I squirt, you pass.

Trixie: "You'll be able to taste everything else that's been shoved up there all at once if I do."
Anon: *gags*

Atlas: I don't know what else could be in there.
Babs: She's not talkin' about a cat, is she.
Atlas: No, Babs, she's talking about her vagina.
Babs: I can feel my innocence dyin'. It doesn't feel very good.

You have two minutes. Begin.
Mmm.

Trixie: "That's good, you pass."

Mmm. Not bad, but try and start at the bottom and—AH!

Anon: "Why did you bite me?! That's later!"
Atlas: I like Milky Way. But Three Musketeers is better.
Babs: Reeses are more "mmm" worthy than either of those.
Atlas: Agreed.

Yeah. Like that.
Just like that. Mmm.

Trixie: "Uh, I'm just staring at you, lady."
Anon: "But it's such a sexy look- Hmph!"

Oh, baby, your tongue's so big. UNH!

Trixie: "It's the size of every tongue ever!"
Anon: "I would know - I'm a loss whore."
Atlas: I thought that tongues were all different in size-
Trixie: Shut up now!

Mmm.
I want you to try and pull the lips apart with your tongue.

Anon: Even in sex she will not SHUT UP.
Trixie: If Soaking is telling "us" how to service her, then it's not really a challenge is it?
Anon: I bet the main character is just some bum off the streets.
Babs: She won't shut her face even afta' she dies, will she.

UNH! Yeah, lick me there. Mmm.

Babs: Lick ya where?
Atlas: The spot that clop writers never seem to mention by name.
Anon: Probably because they've never seen one in real life.
Trixie: Obvious Anon burn here.
Anon: I *still* felt that.

Oh, baby, I'm getting so wet already. Taste my juice and eat it up.

Babs: Tastes like cranberry juice.

Atlas: Ewwwww.

Anon: "You could've had a V8, dummy."

Mmm. Lick it up for me.

Babs: How about no, ya crazy unicorn bastard?

Atlas: I doubt she knows who her real father is.

Babs: That's what I'm sayin'!

Trixie: "Do all of the work and please me!"

Anon: Well, if you insist, Trixie--

Trixie: NO!!

Eat my pussy, baby. Yeah.

Atlas: If I can get a snapping turtle, maybe I will.

Babs: (winces)

UNH!

Mmm, yes.

Trixie: "Well, maybe, perhaps..."

Now use your lips and—UNH!

Yeah—YEAH! Suck my clit, baby.

Atlas: Okay, so maybe this clop writer mentions it after all.

Babs: I don't even know what that is.

Atlas: GOOD.

Anon: Let's keep it like that.

Trixie: For as long as we can, anyway.

You know what you're doing.

Babs: I have no idea what I'm doin'.

Atlas: ~~DUST SHINE!~~

Anon: If "we" do, then why are "we" going to this school?

Right there.

Lick my pussy, baby. I'm so wet for you.

Atlas: Sounds like a typical chat on Omegle.

Babs: Is that a kind of fish?

Atlas: Noooooo.

Anon: I guess you can say that she's Soaking Wet.

Trixie: (caught completely off guard and starts laughing) That riff was so stupid, I can't help it.

Anon: (whispers to Trixie) Anything to make you happy, Trixie. *winks*

Trixie: Remind me to crush you later, okay Anon?

Drink me up.

Babs: (drinks a milkshake)
Atlas: HHHNNGGGGGGG.
Trixie: Hmph, I could be cuter than that.
Anon: Sorry, but there's no way.
Babs: Ya don't mess with the champ, Trix.

Unh. AAH!
Mmm.

Trixie: How is this even a story?
Anon: The flow of this fic sucks.

Yes. Oh, baby, stick your tongue inside me.

Atlas: Who talks like this? Seriously?
Babs: Maybe if I buck her in the head, she'll turn back to normal.

I need it in me.
Come on and—UNH!

Anon: And she farted.
Trixie: Oh, so gross.

FFFF—Yes!

Atlas: (Dresses up as M. Bison) Yes! Yes!
Babs: But Nightmare Night's been ova' for months now!
Anon: But Trixie's still dressed like Gandalf.
Trixie: ... who?
Atlas: Gandalf the Grey or the White?
Trixie: What?

Oh, baby, don't stop.
Lick me harder, baby, harder!

Trixie: "... I'm just standing here, miss. I haven't done anything."
Anon: ♪Harder Better Faster Stronger!♪

I can feel you inside me—your lips on my—UNH!

Atlas: Blargh!
Babs: Shark bait hoo-ha-ha!

UNH!
UNH!

Trixie: I hope it's a heart attack.

Oh, baby, I'm gonna cum!

Babs: But you're already here.
Atlas: (facepalm triple combo)
Anon: It's been less than thirty seconds, and Soaking is... wow.
Atlas: Didn't even need to finish that sentence.

UNH!
UNN-AAAH! I'M CUMMING!

Babs: Ya shook me there!
Atlas: I think that ejaculation just caused an earthquake.
Babs: Whaaa?~!
Trixie: I'm still trying to figure out what this has to do with magic.

Mmm.
Mmm.
Mmm—yes.

Anon: "Indeed, yes. Jolly good show, old chap."

Feel me squirt all over your face, baby.

Babs: I didn't know it could do that.
Atlas: BABS!
Anon: "Feel the acidic burns on your face."
Trixie: At least they're already in a shower.

Yeah.
Mmm.
Mwah.

Babs: Sound effect.
Atlas: Low brow comment.
Anon: Random non sequitur that hints at mental instability.
Trixie: Snarky response.

Congratulations, my dear. You passed.

Babs: (deadpan) Woohoo.
Atlas: Yay for nothing.

Our first class is next Monday at nine o'clock in the evening. Don't be late, now, okay?

Trixie: ... how can you be? It's the middle of the night.

You're so sweet. Really, the pleasure was mine.

Atlas: It's like she can read our minds.
Babs: This is about as sweet as a squirt of lemon to the eyes.

Now go back to the dorms and get some rest.

Anon: Wow, what a whore. She's not even tired from that.

Trixie: Or the author has no idea what sex actually feels like.

Anon: Hi-yo!

Atlas: I'm not so sure about that. She's kind of . . . lewd.

I hate to have you leave so quickly, but you just gave me some wonderful ideas for the novel I'm working on.

Babs: Thanks for tellin' me about your book so I can burn it.

Atlas: I will assist you in this book burning.

Anon: "It's about a changeling that takes over Equestria by making a fake school about love and... oops, did I say *that* out loud?"

Until we meet again, I shall see you in your dreams.

Atlas: Oh god that's creepy.

Babs: She ain't Princess Luna, so my dreams are off limits.

Trixie: "I'm forever in your head. You will obey! YOU MUST OBEY!"

Anon: Well, that wasn't so bad.

Atlas: Yay, we're finally done.

Trixie: Oh, so we can leave? Good, because--

(The door is still locked.)

Atlas: Okay, uhhhh . . .

Anon: Oh no.

Rainbow Dash: (from TV) You thought you were done, huh?

Atlas: Yes. Yes we did.

Pinkie Pie: (from TV) No, silly, you still have another one to go!

Babs: Ya serious?

Anon: You can't be. Please tell me--

Pinkie Pie: Mhmmm. And Anon is gonna LOVE this next one.

Anon: Wait, what--

Rainbow Dash: Bronystories! *Muahahahahahaha!!*

Anon: No!!~ You wouldn't! What did I do to deserve this?! I'm sorry! Please, don't do this to me!!

Trixie: Okay, now I'm getting worried...

Atlas: (skin turns pale)

Pinkie Pie: But of course we would, Anny!

Babs: Who the buck is Bronystories?

Trixie: Whatever it is, it's got Anon in a fidgeting mess on the floor.

Anon: No... no... no...

Atlas: An evil creature of clop and OOCness that I also happen to be friends with.

Anon: You're friends with that creature?! You must be purged!! (tries to attack Atlas, but Trixie levitates Anon in the air)

Trixie: I think you should save it for the riff, not the riffer.

Pinkie Pie: This one is a clopfic featuring Dashie and Fluttershy. Enjoy the show!

Atlas: No we will not-!

**Anon: There's a little filly with us! You can't--
(buzzer sounds)
Everyone: We've got story sign!**

One Tight Knight

by

Bronystories

**Atlas: AHHHHHH!!
Babs: Quit bein' such a pansy!**

King Sombra was temporarily thwarted by Cadance's

**Anon: There's already a typo. I feel so good right now.
Trixie: Get over it, Anon.
Atlas: I feel like my eyes are bleeding already.
Babs: I don't feel nothin'.**

protective shield, but the Crystal Empire was far from secure. As Twilight Sparkle searched for the crystal heart, her friends tried to buy her more time by keeping the crystal ponies entertained.

**Anon: Uh oh.
Trixie: So this cretin just uses what happened already and makes a clopfic out of it? How Lazy.
Atlas: Wait for it . . .
Babs: I dun wanna wait for it!**

A jousting tournament was starting soon and the ponies of the Crystal Empire had already begun to fill the stands.

**Anon: Can we watch that instead? Please? I don't want to be here...
Babs: I'm so bored already.
Atlas: I need a drink.**

Rainbow Dash donned her knightly armor as she prepared for the jousting event. Being somewhat of an attention whore,

**Trixie: She should take some medicine for that.
Atlas: That pun is bad and you should feel bad.
Anon: It's almost as bad as Neigh-sayers, huh, Trixie?
Trixie: Shut it, Anon.
Babs: Ugh. Get to the action already!**

she loved hearing the crowd cheer for her.

**Atlas and Babs: Ya don't say?
Anon: Who doesn't?**

The smiling faces of the crystal ponies reflected off of Rainbow Dash's gleaming armor.

Atlas: How do you reflect smiles?

Babs: Don't know, don't give a buck.

She felt strong and powerful, like a real knight of yore.

Anon: Because she's never done anything amazing in her life before this moment, right?

Atlas: Incorrect. You fail the test.

Babs: Awwwww.

There was something about the lance strapped to her side that made her feel more... dominant.

Trixie: Because Dash is usually the submissive type, right?

Atlas: I'm sensing bondage in the near future.

Babs: I can't believe I'm sayin' this, but I'm scared as to what that means.

Anon: DEEP HURTING.

The length, the girth and the firmness of her mighty phallic symbol

Babs: (Stares at the screen) What's that supposed to mean?

Atlas: I think it means penis. Don't hit me!

Trixie: Well, I was going to, but since you said so...

all resonated with Rainbow Dash on some primal level.

Anon: Okay, what the fuck is this?

Trixie: Anon! Did you--

Anon: (eyes are almost completely bloodshot from repressed anger) ...yes.

Atlas: I need canon Rainbow Dash.

Babs: I need a cannon.

Atlas: Bass or party?

Babs: Bass. Definitely bass.

Fluttershy on the other hoof, approached the jousting arena with fear and trembling.

Anon: Yeah, not trembling with fear, but fear and trembling.

Trixie: A clon writer that doesn't know how to write?! Surely, this can't be true!

Anon: Don't call me Shirley.

Her lance swung awkwardly and she was constantly tripping over it as she walked.

Atlas: I'm trying to brain but it keeps trying to kill itself.

Babs: Maybe ya should take a rest, Attly.

Atlas: No! I can do this!

Anon: I can *feel* the evil from this fic.

Trixie: You've got problems, Anon.

"I wasn't meant to be a knight," Fluttershy said pathetically, "Knights are brave and strong. I just wanted to run the petting zoo."

Atlas: GET THIS ABOMINATION AWAY FROM ME.

Babs: This is an insult to shepherds everywhere. Includin' that Jesus fella.

She let out a terrified squeak as an ominous rumbling noise was heard.

Anon: It's the sane people running away from this fic.

Trixie: Are you calling us - and I mean me - insane?

Anon: Yes. (pupils slowly slides off to the side) ttptptptpbuGFSNSj...

Babs: Are ya okay, big guy? Ya kinda look like a zombie.

What sounded like thunder was actually King Sombra attempting to penetrate

Atlas: (eye twitch)

Babs: That sounds terrible.

Trixie: It's not going to get any better, is it?

Cadance's protective barrier.

Atlas: Oh.

Babs: I don't know what's goin' on. Then again, I dun wanna.

Her defensive magic held him at bay for now, but Twilight's friends could tell that time was running out.

Atlas: So intense!

Babs: ZzZzZzZz.

Atlas: How did you do that?

Babs: The reason.

"Come on, Twilight," Rainbow Dash said, "We need you."

Anon: Can I actually go watch that episode instead? If I want to read retarded retellings from a failure of a writer, I'll read Mykan's fics.

Pinkie Pie dressed as a jester to distract the crystal ponies from the ancient tyrant that loomed just beyond Cadance's force field.

Trixie: Where she kept that suit is anyone's guess.

As King Sombra continued his assault on the barrier, Pinkie Pie blew the crystal flugelhorn, which officially started the jousting tournament.

Babs: I feel like this already happened before.

Atlas: That's because it *did*.

Upon hearing the sound of the horn, Rainbow Dash was off like a shot.

Anon: She hit the wall and burned and died THE END.

Trixie: Aren't you friends with Rainbow? Why would you--

Anon: Not *this* story version of her.

As she galloped towards Fluttershy, the tip of Rainbow Dash's lance bobbed in the breeze as she aimed for her target.

Atlas: The lance is supposed to represent a pe-

Trixie: (coughs loudly)

Babs: Symbolism won't save this.

Anon: Wow, Dash kinda sucks at this, huh?

The crystal ponies whispered to each other and watched excitedly as Fluttershy and Rainbow Dash charged in glorious combat.

Babs: Doesn't seem too glorious to me.

Atlas: (eats some popcorn)

Anon: (bored) "And the crowd goes wild."

Trixie: (deadpan) "Yay."

Fluttershy screamed as her opponent's lance forcefully connected with her armor.

Atlas: Okay, I KNOW I'm not the only one who thinks this has a double meaning to it.

Babs: Sure it does. It's boring and it sucks.

The impact sent her flying in a high arc as she cried pitifully.

Anon: That's an odd way of spelling "cutely."

Babs: Wanna see "cute"?

Atlas: LORD HAVE MERCY!

Trixie: Hey, I can be cute as well!

Atlas: Oh really?

Babs: Show me your moves, Trix!



Trixie:

Anon: (clutches chest) Hnng--!



Babs:

Anon: (clutches chest with other hand) Hnng--! (falls to the floor)

Atlas: Hnggggg! (falls to the floor as well)

Babs: Maybe we should call it a tie, huh?

Trixie: ... for now.

Fluttershy landed with a crash onto a pile of hay. The crystal ponies cheered for Rainbow Dash, the victor.

Trixie: No wonder this fellow writes clon - his writing style sounds so boring.

Anon: FimFiction 101: how to get noticed, write horrible clon stories.

Atlas: I'm already having *Apples at Sunset* flashbacks. Not good!

"Bravo, Knight Rainbow Dash!" the crystal ponies echoed from the crowd as they waved and applauded with their hooves.

Anon: As opposed to their hands?

Rainbow Dash waved back and acknowledged their accolades as she approached a whimpering Fluttershy.

Atlas and Babs: (deadpan) Boo.

Anon and Trixie: (bored) Yawn.

While catching her breath, Fluttershy soon noticed a long shadow being cast over her.

Anon: It's Slenderman! Run!!

When she turned around, she saw that it was a particularly smug-looking Rainbow Dash.

Babs: (Smug face)

Atlas: (Crazy face)

The thunderous sounds of King Sombra continued outside as the two pegasi stared at each other.

Babs: And then they kissed.

Atlas: That's later, Babs.

Babs: I was just jokin'!

Anon: I wish that's all they did.

Trixie: Oh, it can't be *that* bad.

Rainbow Dash started to speak to Fluttershy, when her words were drowned out by the roar of the crowd.

Anon: Even I know that's poor voice for a sentence, author. If you don't know what that is, then you're not really a writer.

Trixie: I'm not sure he ever claimed to be.

Anon: Oh, that makes me feel better.

Atlas: Kind of sounded like a dying walrus.

Babs: ROAR!!

The crystal ponies tensed up, as though they were anticipating the next phase of the tournament.

Trixie: Uh, for round two, right?

Expectant murmurings were whispered amongst the crystal ponies, before eventually growing louder.

Anon: "We want to see you dance!"

Babs: Back to the Clopfic 2: Electric Scootaloo

Atlas: Why does that sound familiar?

Anon: I would rather read *that* instead of this... thing.

Trixie: This was labeled as a comedy, right? Where's the jokes?

"Conquest! Conquest! Conquest!" The crowd chanted eagerly. Not having moved from their spots, Rainbow Dash and Fluttershy turned their heads to look at the crowd.

Anon: Wait, I don't remember this happening.

Atlas: Me neither, and I remember that episode pretty well.

Trixie: You two were there?

Anon: Uh, no, but... never mind.

"Pinkie Pie!" Rainbow Dash said, looking over at the jester, "What's this 'conquest' they're chanting about?"

Babs: Go fuck yo'self! Ya writa'!

Atlas: (Shocked face)

Anon: What have we done?! We stoled the innocence of a little filly!

Trixie: I blame you for that.

Anon: But I-I... Oh, it's true! (cries into hands) What have I done?!

"I'm looking," Pinkie Pie said as she skimmed the rulebook of Crystal Empire jousting, "It must be the next type of competition."

Anon: "It's something retarded that the writer stupidly tries to justify."

She read instructions for how tournaments were to be conducted, complete with illustrations of armored ponies wielding lances.

Atlas: This is a clopfic, right?

Babs: Maybe. (sniffles) Maybe . . .

Anon: Why wouldn't Rainbow and Fluttershy know about the competition?

They had a whole day to prepare.

"The next page is stuck to this one," Pinkie Pie said, "It's like the last pony who looked at the book spilled something sticky on it; like syrup or..."

Anon: Who would do that right *on* the book?

Trixie: There's no way it would only be a *little* sticky.

Atlas: Ew.

Pinkie went silent as she managed to separate the brittle pages. The pink pony blushed as she stared at the conquest illustrations.

Anon: Pinkie blushing? Has that *ever* happened?

Atlas: This is so OOC it's not even funny.

Babs: It was neva' funny to begin with.

Rainbow Dash left Fluttershy sitting in the hay, and walked over to Pinkie Pie to examine the book. The illustration showed the victorious knight sexually mounting the loser.

Trixie: ...to hug and congratulate them on a well made effort?

Anon: Yeah, let's go with that!

Atlas: Trixie. No. You're not helping.

Babs: I feel weird about this.

"Conquest! Conquest! Conquest!" The crowd chanted exuberantly.

Anon: Oh, fancy mancy words! This makes the fic so well written! DEER!~

Atlas: (spasms) So well written!

Babs: What does "conquest" mean?

Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie felt their hearts race as the crowd cheered for a display of sexual exhibitionism.

Trixie: Then they promptly said no because they have too much self respect?

Atlas: . . . Why?

Anon: In what sick dimension is this?!

Babs: Ugh. I hate this. So much.

"So that's what they mean by conquest," Rainbow Dash said, blushing.

"And these pages were stuck together with dried semen,"

Anon: In case the readers were too stupid to get that.

Trixie: It's *his* reader base, so maybe they need to be told instead of using their imaginations.

Babs: What do sailors have to do with this?

Atlas: . . . What?

Pinkie Pie said as she sniffed the brittle pages, "Who knew the crystal ponies were so horny?"

Anon: It's almost like that's not possible.

Atlas: My brain! ARGHHHHHHH!!

"Yeah," Rainbow Dash said, "They really put the 'lust' in lustrous, don't they?"

Trixie: Was that... a joke? That was worse than Anon's riffs!

Anon: Yeah!

Atlas: Maybe if I stay still, she won't notice me.

Casting aside any reservations she might have, Rainbow Dash licked her lips as she cast a hungry eye towards the naive Fluttershy.

Anon: (rolls eyes) Of course she does. It's the good old "everypony is actually a total slut because *shut up*, that's why."

Atlas: (Facefist)

Babs: (Milkshake) This isn't gonna turn into something more, is it?

Anon: You can hug me if it gets too much for you, Trixie.

Trixie: Stop trying to be creepier than the story, Anon.

"Well, we'd better give these ponies what they want," Rainbow Dash said with a smile as she gave Pinkie Pie a sly wink,

Anon: If you know anything about the show, author, you would know that Rainbow doesn't like public displays of affection - not even hugs - so why would she--

Atlas: Unless she's deeply in love. (winks)

Trixie: Like love has anything to do with this.

Babs: Do not want!

"It'd be a shame to break from tradition."

Atlas: Oh no.

Babs: They're gonna have sex in public, aren't they.

Atlas: OH NO!

Trixie: Why are they so okay about this?!

Pinkie Pie giggle snorted as the two pranksters disappeared into the supply tent to prepare for the next phase of the tournament.

Anon: Because they're both totally okay with raping Fluttershy, right?

Babs: Incorrect. Ya failed the test. Again.

Trixie: Is there ever a time you don't fail, Anon?

Anon: It's the one thing we have in common, Trixie.

Trixie: Hey!!

A few moments later they reemerged, with Rainbow Dash sporting a new attachment.

Anon: So this writing style is enough to get people all hot and bothered?

Trixie: It's almost like anyone can write clonp.

Atlas: It better not be what I think it is.

Babs: A flamethrower? It'd be nice to have one of those right now.

As it turns out, the supply tent had a whole box filled with toys and tools to be used during the conquest portion of the tournament.

Anon: How did they not notice them the first time they went into the tent?

Trixie: Why are you using logic?

Anon: It's my only weapon here!

Atlas: I'm gonna hate this more than I already do.

Babs: Is that even possible?

Rainbow Dash opted for a strap-on dildo,

Atlas: Damnit!!

Babs: (squirms a bit) Anon?

Anon: ... yeah?

Babs: HUG ME.

Anon: Only if you hug me first.

Babs: Deal.

Trixie: Oh, come on! (Anon grabs Trixie in a group hug with Atlas, Babs and himself) What the--?!

Anon: Embrace the love, Trixie.

Atlas: I'm not complaining.

which gleamed and sparkled in the sun like her armor.

Anon: What, it's made of steel or something?

Trixie: That's... quite horrifying.

It was held in place by black straps that connected to a black rubber thong.

Atlas: (Spasms in his seat) Make it stahp!

Babs: Is this real life, or is it fantasy?

The long end of the dildo hung between her hind legs, while the short end was inserted into her pussy.

Atlas: Oh fuck off!

Babs: Ya wanka'!

Trixie: That sounds more painful than anything else.

Anon: And again, Rainbow is okay with this?!

The dildo was 'L' shaped,

Atlas: L, you deserve much better than this.

Trixie: But why is it--

which stood for lesbian.

Babs: Rainbow must be in lesbians with Fluttershy.

Anon: Was... was that a joke?

Atlas: It's terrible either way.

Rainbow Dash sauntered back over to Fluttershy, who was looking particularly nervous.

Anon: GEE, I WONDER WHY.

Atlas: Maybe the reason is behind that mountain over there.

Pinkie Pie bounced over as well, balancing the jousting rulebook atop her head.

Anon: Hey, remember when Pinkie said to Rainbow that they shouldn't prank Fluttershy because she's too sensitive?

Trixie: I'm sure the author doesn't care.

Babs: Neither do we at this point.

Fluttershy was afraid that she would have to participate in another round of knightly combat.

Anon: Let the OOC commence!

Trixie: How about no?

Babs: I reject this thing you call "OOO".

"Isn't there somepony else who could take over the jousting demonstration with you?" Fluttershy asked in a frightened voice.

Trixie: Who else is there?

Atlas: No pony. That's why we're stuck with this.

"Don't worry," Rainbow Dash said, "We're finished with jousting..."

"Oh, that's a relief," Fluttershy said.

Anon: So, is Fluttershy just ignoring the strapon?

Babs: Stop sayin' that!

Atlas: So unclean . . .

"...because we're moving on to the next phase of the competition," Rainbow Dash said as she showed her flank to Fluttershy.

Trixie: Her hip? Big deal.

Anon: Clap writers think that the flank is the... er, rump.

Trixie: You're joking.

Atlas: We're not.

Babs: (facehoof)

The demure pegasus gasped as she saw the ten inch long

Anon: Because why use imagination when you could just tell us, author?

chrome horse cock dangling between Rainbow Dash's hind legs.

Anon: The "L" shaped 10 inched dong.

Trixie: Ouch.

Atlas: I need a shower.
Babs: I need some M&Ms.

Pinkie Pie threw the jousting rulebook at Fluttershy's hooves.

Anon: And it landed right in the middle! That's worth 100 points!
Atlas: Boom headshot!!

It explicitly detailed, in pictorial form, what happened to the loser of the jousting competition.

Trixie: They had to read insipid fanfiction and riff on it.
Atlas: Sounds familiar. I wonder why.

"Conquest! Conquest! Conquest!" The crowd chanted fervently. Fluttershy felt her heart beating fast in her chest. Her breath was coming out in shallow gasps.

Anon: That's when an alien bursted through her rib cage.
Atlas: THE END.
Babs: We ain't done here, though.

"Conquest?" Fluttershy whispered fearfully.

Atlas: "Kill the heretic!"
Babs: "Use her skin for expensive clothing!"
Atlas: What?!

Pinkie Pie ran over to the stands and danced around while blowing

Anon: Oh, you son of a bi-
Babs: -tch!
Atlas: Totally not weird or anything.

the crystal flugelhorn

Anon: Oh. Okay then...
Babs: We've been saved by a mediocre instrument! Yay!
Atlas: For now.

to further incite the crowd into a frenzy.

Trixie: Poorly, I might add.

The crystal ponies were cheering and growing wild with anticipation.

Anon: Some even rioted in the streets.
Atlas: Because the author needs to stop doing what he's doing.
Babs: I support this riot.

Fluttershy sat there quivering as she covered herself with hay in a childish attempt to hide.

Trixie: The author isn't a fan of Fluttershy, is he?

Atlas: To be fair, neither is MA Larson.

Anon: The guy that wrote that Discord episode and *Sonic Rainboom*? Are you kidding? Fluttershy was a *boss* in those!

Babs: Who?

Atlas: Doctor.

Babs: What?

Rainbow Dash rolled her eyes and tried to guilt Fluttershy into complying.

Anon: I know what you're doing, author. You're using that *one* scene where Rainbow gave a little push to Fluttershy to comply with the jousting. Why people claim that to be OOC is beyond me, but--

Trixie: (taps her hoof on Anon's side)

Anon: Right, shutting up now...

"Tch," Rainbow Dash scoffed, "The FATE of an entire empire rests on us showing these ponies a good time."

Atlas: What if I told you that the author wrote this whole clopfic based on just that one line?

Babs: You're kiddin' me. Right?

Anon: This isn't Rainbow Dash.

Trixie: So, if *killing* the loser of the jousting competition was part of the tournament, would she do that as well?

Fluttershy poked her head out of the hay and looked like she was going to cry.

Anon: This is labeled as a comedy? Are ya laughing yet, folks?

Trixie: I may never smile again.

Tears filled her eyes as she stared at the manipulative Rainbow Dash.

Atlas: So much hate!

Babs: Enough to fuel a rocket.

Anon: Go to hell, author.

"But, you know," Rainbow Dash said, disparagingly, "if that isn't important to you."

Anon: Look, Rainbow knew that Fluttershy can handle the jousting event and knows that she needs a little push sometimes, and would never actually hurt--

Trixie: Do you love the sound of your voice or something?

Anon: Likewise.

Fluttershy put her head in her hooves and whimpered pathetically. Rainbow Dash gave an exasperated sigh.

Atlas: This was taken right out of the episode. You pathetic person.

Babs: You're the son of a thousand fathas. All bastards like ya!

Anon: Oh, such pretty prose and imaginative descriptions! It's like I'm right there watching this in person!

"Okay, okay," Rainbow Dash said, "I'll take it easy on you..."

Atlas: He's gonna do what I think he'd gonna do.

Babs: Maybe this fic will end right here. Right?

Trixie: And all of you say *I* was too optimistic.

Anon: Yeah, that's *my* thing!

Fluttershy gave a weak smile before Rainbow Dash added more to her statement.

"...but not too easy," Rainbow Dash said as she trotted away from Fluttershy, "I've got a reputation to maintain!"

Atlas: As a slut?

Babs: She's not a slug, Attly.

Atlas: How did you even get that out of-

Anon: Real Rainbow, no, but this... thing that calls itself Dash? Yes.

Trixie: Why isn't this story labeled as an AU?

Rainbow Dash's lengthy dildo swung like a pendulum

Anon: ... how? It's not facing the ground. Wait, I'm thinking of one of Edgar Allen Poe's stories.

Atlas: A dildo is the new Hypnotoad. Just great.

Babs: I feel so privileged right now.

as she headed towards the crowd.

Atlas: And away from Fluttershy. Why?

Babs: Because we might get lucky.

Fluttershy hung her head despondently and followed Rainbow Dash over to the center arena,

Anon: Because we know how easy it is to get Fluttershy to do something she *really* doesn't want, right?

Trixie: But didn't that happen in the--

Anon: It's NOT the same thing. The author is just a lazy son of a bitch.

where Pinkie Pie had set up a cushion for the two knights to lie on.

Babs: What's the point?

Atlas: Was there ever a point to this?

Babs: Probably not.

The crowd cheered as Fluttershy and Rainbow Dash sat next to each other on the cushion.

Anon: At least they're taking this slowly...

Rainbow Dash's fake cock protruded out from her as she absentmindedly rubbed it while

waving to the crowd with her other fore-hoof.

Atlas: My head hurts from all the OOCness.

Babs: My head hurts from eating all these M&Ms.

"You're not really going to stick that... thing inside me, are you?" Fluttershy asked as she stared horrified at the dildo.

Trixie: Again, the "L" shaped one.

Atlas: How does an L shaped dildo even function?

Babs: Dun wanna know. Eva'.

"You mean just shove it in?" Rainbow Dash said, incredulously, "I wouldn't dream of doing that..."

Anon: "Everything else, though, yeah, that's okay."

Atlas: Really unclean.

Babs: I gotta wash my mouth out with chocolate.

"Thank Celestia," Fluttershy said, before Rainbow Dash finished her thought.

"...I'd never do it without lubing up first," Rainbow Dash said, "That would just be cruel."

Anon: That... was nice, I guess?

Atlas: (facepalm ultra combo)

Babs: Please let that lubrication be gasoline.

Fluttershy's heart sank like a stone as she whimpered pathetically.

Trixie: "Have I used that word enough times?"

Atlas: "I am such a pathetic path."

Babs: I have a larger vocabulary than this guy.

Oblivious to Fluttershy's morose mannerisms,

Anon: Because Fluttershy was sending mixed signals here.

Atlas: She was speaking in morse code.

Babs: 010110/10011101/01011

Atlas: I don't know what that means.

Babs: Now ya know how I feel.

Rainbow Dash watched Pinkie Pie as she skipped around the arena blowing her crystal flugelhorn in anticipation of the next event.

Anon: I've got a feeling that this Pinkie knows how to blow real good.

Trixie: Anon! I'm shocked at you.

Anon: That thing isn't Pinkie. Not. At. All.

Atlas: You're shocked at Anon now?

Trixie: He seems too sincere about it, though...

"You there, Jester," Rainbow Dash shouted to Pinkie Pie, "Get your bell-jingling butt over here

and put that blasted flugelhorn down. I've got something else you can blow."

Anon: Called it!

Trixie: This is pretty predictable, isn't it?

Atlas: This is getting redundant.

Babs: This is getting redundant.

Rainbow Dash leaned back which allowed her dildo to stick up at an angle. Pinkie Pie bounced over and eagerly began sucking on Rainbow Dash's proxy pole.

Anon: Yeah, the mare that still does the chicken dance and act's like a seven year old totally knows how to give blow jobs.

Atlas: The OOC is strong in this one.

Trixie: Wouldn't there be actual lube in that tent?

Fluttershy blushed as she stared at the flagrant act of fellatio

Babs: I wonda' why.

Atlas: Maybe she's thirsty.

occurring right in front of her. She could feel her wings start to tense up from sexual excitement.

Anon: Can't have rape fantasies if the victim actually likes it.

Atlas: That would be NORMAL.

Babs: But still not any good.

Anon: And can't have pegasus have sex without mentioning the wing boners.

Trixie: How is that a thing?

The crowd cheered for Pinkie Pie as she prepared the gallant knight's tool of conquest.

Atlas: You keep using that word. I don't think it means what you think it means.

Babs: Domination!

Anon: "I will never stop killing you."

Once the faux phallus was slicked with spit, Pinkie Pie removed her lips with an obscene slurping sound.

Trixie: It made a quack noise for some reason.

Anon: Oh, that silly Pinkie!

Atlas: ~~HATE~~.

Babs: Enough to gain eternal life. Okay, not really.

Fluttershy gulped nervously. Pinkie Pie then looked up seductively at Rainbow Dash. "How about a kiss for good luck, my valiant and virile knight?"

Trixie: "No thanks, I've seen where your mouth was used last."

Atlas: Lesbians. Lesbians everywhere!

Anon: And that's totally how lesbians act like, right?

Babs: They must be natives of Lesbia.

Atlas: What?

Pinkie Pie said as she scrunched her nose seductively while leaning forward.

Anon: Saw that coming a mile away.

Atlas: Was that supposed to be a pun?

Anon: What was-- oh. Oh *no*! I made a pun! I shamed my riffer ancestors!

Trixie: You're nuttier than a candy bar, you know that?

Catching Rainbow Dash by surprise, Pinkie Pie planted a sloppy wet kiss on her friend's blue lips. The two held the kiss as the crowd cheered and whistled.

Trixie: "There was a monkey doing flips just to the right of Dash."

Atlas: "But nopony paid any attention to it."

Babs: Not even the fireworks?

Fluttershy watched her two friends kiss open mouthed. She could see their tongues as they darted back and forth while coiling around each other like amorous slugs.

Anon: Nothing turns on the readers like the word "slugs," am I right?

Babs: Incorrect. Unleash the timberwolves!

Atlas: ~~SOUNDS DELICIOUS.~~

After a few moments, the spontaneous make-out session ended and Pinkie Pie retracted her flexible tongue.

Trixie: I bet that tongue gets a good workout daily.

Atlas: Gene Simmons wants his tongue back.

Rainbow Dash stared into Pinkie's eyes and suddenly realized that the large purple star painted over her left eye was surprisingly sexy.

Anon: What is that? What even *is* that?

Trixie: Is the comedy suppose to come from his terrible writing?

Atlas: This has a comedy tag?

Babs: I wouldn't have known if ya hadn't told me.

"Wow, Pinkie," Rainbow Dash said, breathlessly, "Where'd you learn to kiss like that?"

"Tongue twisters aren't just fun to say," Pinkie Pie said, while winking her left eye, "They also help make your lips limber."

Anon: They do? Is that why you roll your "R"s so much, Trixie?

Trixie: Is that your thing? To get your co-riffer mad so they hit you?

Atlas: I think it is. (whispers to Trixie) It turns him on.

With her instrument now fully slicked, Rainbow Dash instructed Fluttershy to lie down on her back. The demure pegasus complied...

Trixie: As much as I hate to say it, but can we get the clop part so this can be

over with already?

Babs: So bored. Can't even. Eat more M&Ms. Must have CAKE.

but kept her hind legs crossed. Rainbow Dash stared at her in disbelief.

Anon: Fluttershy acting shy. Who would've thought?

Babs: I thought her name was Flutterbrave.

Atlas: I thought her name was Fluttershutter.

C'mon, Fluttershy," Rainbow Dash said as she tried to pry Fluttershy's legs open,

Anon: Who knew Dash was so weak?

"Are you trying to make me look bad in front of the crystal ponies? I won the jousting competition, so it's time to claim you as my prize."

Babs: I spit on your grave!

Atlas: I prefer to piss on it.

Anon: I'll kill the author, use black magic to revive him, then kill him again.

"Conquest! Conquest! Conquest!" the crowd cheered. Fluttershy turned her head to her left and stared at the crystal ponies.

Babs: Redundancy killed the kitty.

Atlas: Repetitiveness killed the squirrel.

King Sombra pounded against the barrier, causing the crystal ponies to gaze up in fear and alarm.

Trixie: He wanted in on this action as well.

Anon: King Sombra: "This is sick. I should leave and never come back."

Rainbow Dash looked over at the fragile barrier, then at the crystal ponies. Finally, she looked at Fluttershy with a look of sincerity.

Babs: I sincerely hate your guts.

Atlas: I sincerely need to fa-ht.

"Twilight is risking her neck to save the Crystal Empire," Rainbow Dash said,

Trixie: No amount of justification makes this right.

Anon: I'm not sure the author gives a crap. He's just stealing lines from the show and perverting them.

"Our job is to keep its citizens distracted until the crystal heart can be found. I'm willing to do whatever it takes to stop the crystal ponies from panicking.

Trixie: "I want to publically humiliate and belittle you in the process."

Anon: This thing that calls itself Rainbow just wanted an excuse to rape Fluttershy.

Are you?"

Atlas: "Only you can help prevent forest fires."

Babs: I dun wanna be a Canterlot guard though!

Not wanting a riot on her hooves, Fluttershy gave a melancholy sigh

Atlas: I believe the correct term is "melancholic".

Babs: It's elementary, my dear Twatson.

and complied with the crowd's demands.

"For the Crystal Empire,"

Atlas: For Sparta!

Babs: For Manehattan!

Fluttershy said, as she reluctantly spread her legs.

Anon: Is this the funny part?

"That's the spirit!" Rainbow Dash said, enthusiastically, "It'll all be over soon.

Anon: That's a... sweet gesture?

Trixie: More like a boldface lie.

Just lie back and think of Canterlot."

Atlas: I wanna go to my happy place.

Babs: (hugging Atlas) Me too!

Anon: (looks over to Trixie, spreading his arms) You know you want a hug as well.

Trixie: Oh, all right.

Anon: Ha ha-- wait, what? You actually- (gets hugged by Trixie) ...huh.

Now that Fluttershy was willing to cooperate, Rainbow Dash was determined to show these ponies a good time.

Babs: You're failin' so hard that even you parents will wish ya were dead!

Atlas: What the fuuuuu-

"I, the valiant knight, Rainbow Dash, have tracked the dragon back to its lair!"

Anon: ...what are you doing, Rainbow?

Atlas: The sword is the dildo. Isn't it obvious?

Rainbow Dash said as she used her fore-hooves to spread Fluttershy's pussy lips.

Trixie: Ow!! That sounds so~ painful!

Babs: I wanna go to my happy place!! (sob)

The blue knight sighed deeply after inhaling Fluttershy's scent.

Atlas: It better smell like vanilla.

Babs: WHY?!

"Must be a seafaring dragon," Rainbow Dash said jokingly, "I'd recognize that fishy smell anywhere."

Anon: What the hell?!

Trixie: I was kidding about the public humiliation joke I said earlier, but here it is.

Atlas: What the shit?!

Babs: I don't even!

Fluttershy blushed as members of the audience snickered.

Anon: That was suppose to be funny?

Atlas: How do penises laugh?

Trixie: What.

"Now roar for me," Rainbow Dash whispered to Fluttershy.

"What?" Fluttershy asked, surprised.

"Roar for me!" Rainbow Dash repeated sternly, "We've got to put on a good show for the crystal ponies, so roar like a dragon!"

Trixie: I'm pretty sure they just want to see you two rut like rabbits. They shouldn't care about some stupid act.

Anon: Can we get this over with already?

Atlas: Get on with it!

Babs: End our sufferin' already!

Fluttershy made a mewling noise which sounded more like an injured cat than a ferocious dragon.

Anon: So, is the author just going to rip off that cheering moment in *Sonic Rainboom*? He can't be *that* lazy and attention seeking, right?

Rainbow Dash did a facehoof and gave an exasperated sigh.

Atlas and Babs: (facepalm/hoof)

Anon and Trixie: (exasperated sigh)

"Obviously the dragon is trying to lull me into a false sense of security by sounding weak and pathetic,"

Atlas: He's using that word again. Take a shot!

Babs: NO!

Rainbow Dash said, as she gave Fluttershy an annoyed look, "Well, it won't work! I know your

game, dragon! You won't terrorize the Crystal Empire while valiant Knight Rainbow Dash is around!"

Trixie: Crowd: "Get on with it!"

Babs: Aren't they supposed to fuck and that's it?

Atlas: Every time you use that word, my soul dies a little.

The crowd cheered and applauded vigorously.

Anon: There were fireworks going off at the other event, and the crowd saw their brilliant lights.

"Conquest! Conquest! Conquest!"

Atlas: Team deathmatch!

Babs: King of the hill!

Anon: Firestorm!

Trixie: Uh... tag?

they shouted. Feeling emboldened by the praise, Rainbow Dash proceeded to move forward with the performance.

Atlas: About time.

Babs: (looks at her watch) I don't even have a watch.

"Time to explore the dragon's cave for treasure," Rainbow Dash said as she started

Anon: "--ripping open Fluttershy's stomach."

licking Fluttershy's labia.

Atlas: Even I don't know what that is.

Babs: Welcome aboard, Attly.

Anon: Well, it's-- (muffled by Trixie's magic)

Trixie: We're doing enough damage as it is, don't you think?

The timid mare let out a squeak as her friend's tongue slowly circled her pussy's perimeter.

Atlas: She must construct additional pylons.

Babs: She has to strengthen her defenses.

Rainbow Dash nibbled and sucked on Fluttershy's plump, juicy lips.

Anon: Wow, she's kinda bad at this, huh?

Trixie: How would you know?

Atlas: I guess you could say she sucks.

Babs: That was awful.

No treasure at the edge of the cave," Rainbow Dash said, coyly, "What if we explore deeper?"

Atlas: How about no?
Babs: Ya crazy blue bitch?
Trixie: Now see here, you little--!!
Anon: Babs means the fake Dash in the story.
Trixie: Oh.

Pressing her lips against Fluttershy's cooch,

Anon: I didn't know Fluttershy could dance.

Rainbow Dash circled around the entrance to her friend's wet love hole,

Trixie: Rendering that whole Pinkie fellatio scene entirely pointless.

before sticking her tongue inside and wiggling it around.

Atlas: Like a worm.
Babs: Like a snake.

Rainbow Dash could feel Fluttershy's muscles tighten in response to the stimulation.

Babs: Wanna know what else is stimulatn'? Electrocution.
Anon: And Fluttershy farted.
Trixie: Don't give anyone ideas.

Wet, sloppy sounds could be heard as Rainbow Dash messily ate out Fluttershy.

Babs: Where's my milkshake?
Atlas: I ate it.
Babs: WHAT?!
Atlas: I was really hungry.
Trixie: I don't think I'll ever drink anything again.

Her blue lips rubbed and bumped against Fluttershy's clitoral hood, eliciting an erotic response from the timid mare.

Anon: It's clear that the author never actually had sex before. It would be sudden sharp--
Atlas: Neither have you, Anon.
Babs: Neither have any of us.
Anon: And that's why I don't write about it.
Trixie: That's the *only* reason?

"Oh," Fluttershy moaned, "That's good."

Babs: No it ain't. It's horrid.
Atlas: Nothing more true has ever been said.

"You like that, huh?" Rainbow Dash asked between licks.
"Oh yes," Fluttershy whispered, "More please."

Babs: Fuck you!

Atlas: I feel like quoting Vaas, but Babs already kind of did it for me.

Anon: I still can't believe a little filly is using human swear words. What have we done?

Atlas: I blame you for this. Again.

All of the stimulation caused Fluttershy's clit to swell until she was fully aroused.

Babs: Is it *supposed* to do that?

Atlas: Let's skip that question.

Trixie: And never ever bring it up again.

"What's this?" Rainbow Dash said, "A hooded figure in the dragon's lair? Could it be?..."

Rainbow Dash spread Fluttershy's clitoral hood, exposing her swollen joy buzzer.

Babs: (stares at the screen in confusion)

Atlas: Science!

Anon: I hope it literally fries them alive.

"Behold!" Rainbow Dash shouted, "It's the Crystal Princess!" The crowd cheered as the knight lapped at Fluttershy's clit, causing her to moan with pleasure.

Babs: (sigh)

Atlas: This is like the infinite staircase, isn't it.

Anon: Well, get more Power Stars and it wouldn't be a problem.

"I shower the Crystal Princess with knightly affection," Rainbow Dash said while kissing Fluttershy's bulbous bitch button.

Babs: (gigglesnort) What the buck?

Atlas: Well isn't that some flowery language ya got there, Bronystories?

Anon: And this is considered good writing?

Trixie: Like anyone has any standards when it comes to these stories.

The unexpected surge of pleasure causes Fluttershy to release an embarrassingly loud queef from her winking vagina.

Atlas: ~~STRONG URGE TO KILL~~

Babs: This is . . . indescribably bad. I can't even.

Anon: Is *this* the funny part?

Trixie: Who likes this literally stool, little amoebas?

"The roar of the dragon!" Rainbow Dash said, "It's coming to thwart our escape! Stand aside, princess! I'll slay the foul beast!"

Atlas: RagingSemi would be proud.

Babs: Proud of what? Who is he?

Atlas: Hopefully, you'll never find out.

Anon: Those two would get along so well... at the bottom of a well, torn apart

by animals.

Rainbow Dash pressed her sterling stallionhood against Fluttershy's slick slit.

Atlas: Trashcan time!

Babs: Gimme that once you're done.

Trixie: I hope Fluttershy isn't a virgin here... this would be a horrible first time...

She screamed as Rainbow Dash found her mark.

Anon: Her bladder.

The brash pegasus roughly spread Fluttershy's feminine folds as the strap-on plumbed her moist depths.

Babs: ♪We all live in a yellow submarine♪

Atlas: We live inside Fluttershy's cooter? AHHHHHH!!

Rainbow Dash humped Fluttershy's luscious labia with reckless ferocity, all the while remaining in character.

Anon: (holding his gut) HAHAAHAHAHAHA!! (wipes a tear from his eyes)

Now *that* was funny!

Atlas and Babs: (bored laughter)

Trixie: (whispers something in Anon's ear)

Anon: What do you mean it's serious?!

"I repeatedly run the dragon through with my lance!" Rainbow Dash said, "The great beast is weakening."

Trixie: "The sane readers are crying."

The crystal ponies in the audience cheered for Rainbow Dash and encouraged her to pump faster and harder.

Babs: Where's Daft Punk when you need them?

Atlas: How do you know that?

Babs: Anon.

"You're doing great," Rainbow Dash whispered to Fluttershy,

Babs: Funny typo, huh?

Atlas: About as funny as a kidney stone.

"Now squirt for me." Fluttershy closed her eyes and nodded.

Trixie: That's not something you can command, you know.

Anon: It's a guy writing a lesbo rape scene. He doesn't know what the hell he's doing.

Atlas: "Bleed for me."

Babs: "I am your god, bring me your virgins!"

"I'm cumming," Fluttershy said weakly. Her entire body shook as she quietly climaxed.

Anon: "Yay."

Rainbow Dash's dildo was coated in her squirting feminine ejaculate.

Atlas: You could've said something simpler.

Babs: Or better yet, nothin' at all.

Grinding against Fluttershy was bringing Rainbow Dash to the point of orgasm. After driving her dildo in to the hilt,

Trixie: OW!! Ten whole inches from an "L" shaped dildo?! How is she not dead?!

Atlas: Because clon.

Rainbow Dash shouted as she came, spraying the inside of her thong with femme lube.

Anon: As oppose to *masculine* lube?

"In the name of the Crystal Empire, I have slain the dragon!" Rainbow Dash said as she soared on winds of bliss, "I saw! I conquered! I came!"

Anon: Great. Can we go now?

Babs: Let us out!

The crystal ponies in the grand stand whistled and cheered. They had also grown horny from the obscene display and had all started to clon. Stallions sat stroking themselves while mares stood rubbing their nubs.

Anon: Uh oh.

Trixie: This doesn't ever end, does it?

Atlas: There seems to be no happy ending in sight.

Babs: I wasn't prepared for this!

As Fluttershy was coming down off a delicious orgasm, Rainbow Dash directed her friend's attention to the crystal ponies in the stands.

Anon: "Debauchery. Debauchery everywhere."

Trixie: Maybe they should let King Sombra have this kingdom.

Babs: He can have it for free.

"Look at them masturbate,"

Atlas: *masturbating.

Babs: There was this one time, at band camp . . .

Rainbow Dash said pervertedly as she turned Fluttershy's head toward the gawking crowd.

Anon: They're never getting rid of that smell.

The timid pegasus blushed and shut her eyes.

"They're watching you while shamelessly clopping," Rainbow Dash said as she pulled her dildo out of the wet cunt.

Anon: "I'm telling you things that you already know about."

Atlas: Redundancy is redundant.

Babs: Pain is painful.

She then pressed her slick dildo against Fluttershy's clitoral hood and rubbed it back and forth.

Trixie: Does this clop of an author know *anything* about sex at all?!

Anon: I'm pretty sure he and his readers don't care.

Atlas: Neither does the honey badger.

"How does it make you feel to know that so many are masturbating to you right now?" Rainbow Dash asked, "Doesn't it make you wet?"

Anon: And now the OOC is going at full power.

Babs: AHHHHHHHH!! (hides under Anon's arm) Help me!

Anon: Don't worry, I got ya. Atlas, Trixie and I will help you keep the monsters at bay.

"Yes," Fluttershy said

Anon: What?!

Trixie: This can't be for real.

Atlas: This is a nightmare. It has to be.

embarrassed as fresh lube flowed freely from her puffy pussy lips.

Babs: Slides off the slippery side of my tongue.

"They want to bathe you in their cum," Rainbow Dash said, "but they can't. Not yet. You're still my prize as the victor and I'm not through with you yet."

Anon: Changelings. It has to be. This is so OOC, I can't stand it.

Atlas: My head feels like it's about to explode.

"Okay," Fluttershy said, timidly as she stared transfixed at the obscene clopping crowd.

Anon: "There was so much blood."

Trixie: They're walking in place?

Somewhere along the line, Rainbow Dash had gotten swept away in the power of her position.

Anon: She held the one ring.

This wasn't just about the crystal ponies anymore. In Rainbow Dash's mind, she owned Fluttershy's body, by right of conquest.

Atlas: (rubs his temples)

Babs: This is a load of cow manure.

Trixie: I didn't know that Dash was mentally defective. Who knew?

The cocky pegasus was determined to eke out as much pleasure as she could.

"After all," Rainbow Dash thought, *"when in the Crystal Empire, act like the crystal ponies."*

Anon: Wow, even I know that you don't need quotation marks for thoughts.

Atlas: . . . Why?

Trixie: It's because, how you say, the reason.

Anon: I feel sorry for anyone that's playing Fallen's drinking game right now.

Babs: Cuz they're all dead by now.

Pinkie Pie had torn the crotch out of her colorful patchwork jester's costume and inserted the short end of the crystal flugelhorn.

Babs: Ow!

Trixie: I take it back, *Pinkie* is the mentally defective one.

Anon: Nothing is right here.

Atlas: Everything is wrong and nothing is right.

Expelling small bursts of air, Pinkie Pie was attempting to play the Crystal Kingdom anthem with her queefs.

Babs: What's a queef?

Atlas: It's a pussy fart.

Babs: (shocked face)

Anon: You didn't need to be so blunt, Atlas.

Trixie: So, is *this* suppose to be the funny part?

"Hey, Pinkie," Rainbow Dash called out, "Come over here and help me with Fluttershy. She's looking a little hungry. Why not give her a slice of your pink pie?"

Anon: "But, I didn't bring any pies with me."

Trixie: "No, I mean... just get over here."

Pinkie Pie giggle snorted while removing the flugelhorn.

Anon: The point of that was...?

Babs: Flugelhorns are bad instruments.

"I'd be happy to, Dashie," Pinkie Pie said as she sauntered over

Trixie: Alliterations, my horrible writer. Use them.

Atlas: The author can't hear you, Trixie.

Babs: Maybe if I can figure out where he lives . . .

to the two sweaty knights.

Rainbow Dash had Fluttershy stand up so that the crowd was to her right.

Atlas: That detail is pointless.

Babs: Almost as pointless as the author's existence.

Pinkie Pie turned around and lifted her tail, exposing her glistening cunt to Fluttershy.

Anon: It still has several other horns stuck up there.

Pinkie Pie then backed up and mashed her privates against Fluttershy's face.

Atlas: HATE!

Babs: Is there a reason for any of this?

"Mmm," Pinkie Pie said, "Jostle my juicy jizz junction."

Babs: (eye twitch)

Atlas: My tongue feels all tied up.

Anon: Susie sells seashells by the sea- *blagleh*. I still can't get that right.

Trixie: Like this story.

Trying to replicate what Rainbow Dash did to her, Fluttershy began lapping at Pinkie's fun folds.

Anon: Her love handles?

While Fluttershy was occupied with Pinkie's pie,

Babs: Fuck you, Mista'.

Atlas: Fuck you very much.

Anon: (RGP's rampages through his brain) AHHH!!~ Make it stop!

Trixie: If only we could.

Rainbow Dash was running her tongue in tight circles around Fluttershy's sphincter.

Atlas and Babs: (barf)

Anon and Trixie: (cringes)

The rimjob caught Fluttershy by surprise, who let out a gasp.

Atlas: Her anus wasn't prepared.

Trixie: Literally.

Babs: But . . . But you poop from there!

"That tickles," Fluttershy said, "What are you doing back there?"

Anon: Horrible, soul crushing clonk.

"Something you're gonna be feeling in the morning,"

Atlas: It doesn't bloody end, does it.

Babs: Did I do somethin' terrible in a past life?

Rainbow Dash said eagerly. Once her yellow back door had been successfully loosened, Rainbow Dash rubbed her rod against Fluttershy's dripping pussy for good measure.

Anon: Fluttershy needs to see a plumber.

After a few moments, Rainbow Dash positioned her well-lubed tool over Fluttershy's anus.

Trixie: So, the fellatio scene really was pointless.

Atlas: Are you saying the rest of this has a point?

Trixie: To hurt us?

"I've conquered the dragon's lair," Rainbow Dash said, "Now it's time to vanquish the brown cyclops."

Atlas: I'm scared.

Babs: I need a hug!

Anon: That wasn't a joke, but an incredible simulation.

Trixie: If this was actually funny, we would be entertained.

Fluttershy's eyes went wide as the lubed dildo slid effortlessly inside her rectum.

Anon: The more I read, the more obvious it becomes that--

Trixie: --the author knows nothing of sex, we know.

Pinkie Pie's moist muff muffled Fluttershy's scream.

Atlas: AHHHHHH!!

Babs: Muff muffling the mad mare's marehood.

Rainbow Dash passionately pumped her friend's poop chute

Anon: Okay, that was a bit funny, only because that's suppose to be turning people on.

while Fluttershy distracted herself from the pain by continuing to eat out Pinkie Pie.

Atlas: My tongue is numb.

Babs: We're rhymin' without even tryin'.

Trixie: Or she could say that it hurts.

Anon: Like that would stop this Dash.

Rainbow Dash did a reach around and began rubbing Fluttershy's hood.

Anon: With the hoof that was used as a hammer.

Trixie: I'm getting phantom pains just reading this.

She tried to enjoy the sensation of her pussy being played with as she nibbled on Pinkie Pie's swollen clitoris. The party pony could feel her orgasm building within her.

Atlas: Pinkie was filled with C4 explosives.

Babs: Sounds like a really fun type of firework.

"Ooo, you're good," Pinkie Pie said.

Trixie: Or she's easy.

Atlas: Definitely the latter.

The three ponies continued to grind away at each other for a while. Pinkie Pie eventually became distracted and started compulsively telling jokes.

Anon: Shouldn't the word *jokes* be in quotation marks?

"Hey, Rainbow Dash!" Pinkie Pie said, "Why don't lesbian clowns eat each other out?"

"I don't know," Rainbow Dash said while bugging Fluttershy, "Why?"

"Because they taste funny!"

Atlas: I'M GOING TO KILL YOU.

Babs: I'll help ya with that.

Anon: ... how was that a joke?

Trixie: I bet the author will claim to be ironic or something to save face.

Pinkie Pie said, cracking up. In her fit of mirth, Pinkie Pie queefed on Fluttershy.

Atlas: (gag)

Babs: Smells like roses.

Anon: Can someone explain to me how's that funny?

Trixie: Do you think farts are hilarious?

Anon: No...

Trixie: *That's* why we don't find this funny.

The startled pegasus scrunched her nose in surprise, but reluctantly resumed servicing Pinkie Pie.

Anon: In case the readers have forgotten that this is rape.

"Pinkie, that joke was awful,"

Atlas: It was so bad that it-

Babs: -killed everypony. THE END.

Rainbow Dash said, "Let's hear some of your tongue twisters instead."

Babs: No, thanks.

"Okie dokie lokie," Pinkie Pie said, "Here's one of my favorites."

Trixie: "I'm a whore. Wait..."

Atlas: I always knew Trixie was a-

Trixie: ... Anon, if you wouldn't mind...

Anon: Oh, come on, it was just a--(he involuntarily smacks Atlas' face) What the?

Trixie: (her horn powers down) Oh, that's so sweet of you to defend my honor like that, Anon.

Atlas: Maybe Anon will get lai-

Anon: (punches Atlas in the stomach) That was all me. And you say getting hit turns *me* on.

Atlas: Defeating a sandwich only makes it tastier. *Gah-ohhh!*

"Mrs. Pinkie Winkie has a square cut punt.

Not a punt cut square,

Just a square cut punt.

It's round in the stern and blunt in the front.

Mrs. Pinkie Winkie has a square cut punt." Pinkie Pie said.

Atlas: My brain!

Babs: My tongue!

"Pretty cool," Rainbow Dash said.

Atlas: Is it Sub-Zero cool?

Pinkie Pie turned her head around and stared at Fluttershy, who was nose-deep inside the pink pony's rosy pussy.

Babs: I didn't think Pinkie would be that flexible.

Atlas: I need an anatomy chart, cuz this is confusing as hell.

Anon: How is she even breathing?

Fluttershy didn't look up, as she was too engrossed in her task.

Atlas: She was really dedicated to her job.

Babs: Now if only we could figure out what that job was.

Trixie: Making the readers throw up?

Looking behind her timid friend, Pinkie Pie watched as Rainbow Dash reamed Fluttershy's rectum raw

Babs: Maybe some Junior Mints will clean her mouth. After three months.

Atlas: Where did you even get that big bag of candy?

Babs: I have my sources.

while also teasing her yellow happy hood.



Atlas:

Babs: Are ya tryin' to give me a heart attack or somethin'?

Anon: (falls to the ground)

Trixie: I'm not resuscitating him.

"What about yourself?" Pinkie Pie asked Rainbow Dash, "Know any good tongue twisters?"

Anon: This is so engrossing and worthwhile.

"Yeah," Rainbow Dash said as she continued thrusting, "One of the counselors at Junior Speedster flight camp taught us this one."

"One-One was a Wonderbolt.

Two-Two was one, too.

When One-One won one derby,

Two-Two won one, too," Rainbow Dash said.

Trixie: This clop has everything... all wrong.

"Wow!" Pinkie Pie shouted, "Your tongue's incredible!"

Atlas: We're almost at the end! Hooray!

Babs: That tongue twister was pitiful.

"It's a little tricky to say," Rainbow Dash said, modestly, "I don't know if I'd call my tongue incredible."

Atlas: Get this fake Rainbow Dash out of my sight!

Babs: Throw her into a pit of fire!

Anon: The tongue twister section would be nice if you forget that they're assaulting Fluttershy.

Trixie: Then it would just be boring instead of horribly insulting and terrible.

"Not your tongue, silly!" Pinkie Pie said as her back arched, "I'm talking about Fluttershy. Oh, buck me!

Anon: "Buck" is not synonymous with "fuck." It makes Applejacks livelihood sound horrible. Wait, did I just swear in front of a kid?! What's wrong with me?! What has this fic done?!

I'm cumming!"

Babs: But you're already there!
Atlas: The walls were shaking and the earth was quaking.
Trixie: And I hope we're leaving.

As Pinkie Pie climaxed, her slimy slit secretions smeared Fluttershy's snout.

Anon: *gags* How's that suppose to be sexy? Is that all there is to clop writing?

Pinkie Pie collapsed to the ground as she reveled in her orgasm.

Babs: We're all organisms, aren't we?
Atlas: That's not what she said, Babs. She said-
Anon: (coughs and hacks loudly) Man, I keep choking on these candies.

Picking up the pace, Rainbow Dash slammed harder into Fluttershy's posterior.

Atlas: 'Tis a section south of the abdomen.
Babs: Je n'aime pas.
Trixie: I hope there's no blood involved in this.

Each slap sent waves of pleasure through both pegasi.

Trixie: If this is her first time getting sodomized, then it wouldn't be pleasurable. If it's not her first time, then she has other problems.
Anon: Logic? This fic has none. And the author is proud of that. Hurray for him?

Fluttershy stood and panted during the unrelenting sodomy.

Atlas: I was wondering when that word was gonna be used.
Babs: She was bombarded by incomin' mortars.
Anon: Because that sounds sexy, doesn't it?
Trixie: There's not enough no in the word "no" to express the no-ness of my answer.

Her legs shook as though they were about to give out.

Anon: Legs: "We quit!"

"Rainbow Dash," Fluttershy said, breathlessly, "I'm gonna cum again!"

Atlas: I don't remember her cumming the first time.
Babs: Already repressed that memory.
Trixie: The author didn't bring much attention to it, so I don't blame you.
Anon: Most clop writers don't care about the females in their "stories."

"Me, too!" Rainbow Dash said, "Let's cum together!"

Atlas: ♪*Come together, right now, over me.*♪
Anon: I will never hear that song the same way again.
Babs: They then head butted each otha'.

Rainbow Dash buried the full length of the dildo inside

All: Ahh!~
Anon: Does Rainbow want to kill her or something?!

and rubbed her thong-covered clit furiously against the base of Fluttershy's pink tail.

Atlas: Anyone turned on yet, aside from Anon?
Anon: (gives Atlas his best death glare) I'm... just... fine, Atlas.
Babs: I'm really hungry now. That's about it.
Trixie: When do we get a break?

"Ah, yeah!" Rainbow Dash said as the familiar euphoric feeling of an orgasm permeated her body.

Anon: (singsong voice) Someone owns a thesaurus~

The squirts of her second climax soon filled her thong.

Atlas: Do ponies even wear thongs at all?
Babs: I usually don't wear anythin'.

In the midst of her orgasm, Rainbow Dash kept rubbing Fluttershy's hood until she eventually came.

Atlas: Which took about three hours.
Anon: Assuming that Fluttershy doesn't cry and bleed all over the place.
Trixie: Your riffs aren't helping at all, Anon.

Her second climax was much louder and messier.

Anon: Because that sounds really sexy, right?
Trixie: Why do you keep doing that?

Fluttershy squeaked loudly while spraying her slit splooge all over the ground and on Rainbow Dash's hoof armor.

Babs: I feel sorry for the janita'.
Trixie: I feel sorry for *us*.

Physically exhausted from her second orgasm in under an hour, Fluttershy collapsed where she stood.

Anon: Does it end now?

Rainbow Dash's dildo slid out of Fluttershy's bottom as she fell to the ground. She lay there

utterly exhausted and completely spent.

Atlas: My mind is spent.

Babs: (going through her bag of candies) I'm all out of Reeses.

Anon: We're done now, right?

Trixie: I won't lie to you.

Rainbow Dash stared at the crowd. They were all aroused, but none of them had cum yet. It was almost as though they were saving their orgasms for something...

Atlas: Don't you DARE do what I think you're gonna do!

Babs: Help us!

Anon: No no...

Rainbow Dash gave a devilish smile. She knew exactly what the crystal ponies were waiting for. They wanted a turn with the loser.

Atlas: (maniacal laughter)

Babs: Noooooooooooooooooooo!!

Trixie: Fly, Fluttershy! Fly for your life!

Anon: There aren't pegasi crystal ponies, so that could work.

"I think this crowd is eager for a little audience participation!" Rainbow Dash shouted, "What do you say, crystal ponies? Wanna gangbang Fluttershy?"

Anon: What the flying fucking hell?! Are you serious?! That wasn't-- you can't-- it could've been avoided-- it was Rainbow's idea... GAHH!!~

Atlas: Why . . . Why? WHY?!

Trixie: (utterly stunned)

The stands erupted with exuberant cheers, as the horny crystal ponies stampeded out of the grandstand.

Babs: They're like zombies.

Atlas: I need a gun. Or a baseball bat.

Anon: Or, a gun that shoots out baseball bats that explode.

The crowd didn't need another invitation as they gathered around where Fluttershy was laying.

Babs: This is like a really bad dream. There's no other way.

Atlas: Where's Luna?

Anon: I'm *really* hoping this is a *Walking Dead* crossover right now.

She looked around and gulped nervously as she was surrounded by thirteen horny stallions.

Atlas: Because the number is very important.

Babs: We're very unlucky in that sense.

Trixie: This is going to be bad...

More ponies were crowded around them, and all were eager to take their turn with Fluttershy.

Anon: Hey, do STDs exist in Equestria--
Trixie: Don't finish that sentence.

"So, who wants to follow me back to the petting zoo?"

Atlas: "Who wants to sink the western United States into the Pacific?"
Babs: West coast punks!

Fluttershy said nervously, hoping to tempt the randy ponies to pursue other interests,

Anon: "Actually, that sounds really fun. How about we all do that instead?"
Trixie: I would laugh if that was the actual ending of the story.

"We can take turns feeding the tiny ewe-OOOOS!"

Atlas: EwWwWwWwWw.

Fluttershy's offer was interrupted by a burly crystal pony lifting her up off the ground and sliding his girthy horse pole

Trixie: Hey, do human erotic stories say "girthy ma--"
Anon: Don't finish that sentence.
Babs: Thanks for that, big guy.

up her ass.

Atlas: That sounds more painful than the drippy dragon.
Babs: What's the drippy-
Anon: Hey look, Babs! I've got a whole bag of Mini Snickers!
Trixie: ... how come she gets all the candy?
Babs: Cuz mages don't get candy.
Trixie: Hmph. I'm watching my figure anyway.

The stallion lay back on the pillow,

Anon: That poor, innocent pillow.
Trixie: Because we needed to know about that.

with Fluttershy enveloping the length of his cock and laying with her back on his chest.

Trixie: She doesn't even try to get away.
Anon: This is so~ Sluttershy. I'm calling it now.
Atlas: Sluttershy, who is the opposite of Autumnshy.

Bucking his hips forcefully, the stallion anally impaled Fluttershy repeatedly.

Atlas: Ow.
Babs: I feel weird.

Atlas: (O_O)

Anon: Maybe you've been eating too many candies, Babs.

Babs: Probably. (barfs into the trashcan)

"Oh my," Fluttershy thought, *"This is so much bigger than Rainbow Dash's dildo!"*

Anon: What's with male authors writing how big the penises are?

Trixie: How is it bigger than-- how is she not in pain-- how-- why-- This is stupid!!

Atlas: Even my anus is getting phantom pains from reading that.

"We don't have to do this," Fluttershy said as she bounced along to the stallion's thrusting motions,

Trixie: Yep, she's totally used to this.

Anon: Hate...

Babs: Enough to feed an entire city.

"I hear there's a nice basket weaving booth in the town square."

Atlas: How is she still talking?

Babs: Maybe this is all a dream, right?

Atlas: Keep telling yourself that and it might come true.

"Buck the baskets,"

Anon: Basket fetish people look down casted at this point.

a slender crystal pony stallion said, "Your box is all I'm interested in."

Anon: "My juice box?"

Trixie: "In a way, yes."

Anon: "But, I didn't bring any juice with me."

Trixie: The stallion face hooves.

The slender crystal pony then proceeded to stick his shaft in Fluttershy's sopping snatch.

Anon: This is what happens when you're raised on hentai and nothing else.

This second pony wasn't as girthy as the one in her ass, but he compensated by being one lanky son of a bitch.

Atlas: Must. Repress. Memory!

Babs: Must stop reading!

Trixie: That doesn't sound impressive at all. If anything, the two stallions should switch.

"It's so deep!" Fluttershy said, "No pony's ever been so deep inside me before!"

Anon: Oh, so *this* Fluttershy has been violated before.

Trixie: Their shafts are almost as long as their bodies! This is horrifying!
Atlas: Tell us something we don't know.

The other eleven stallions sat on the ground around Fluttershy in a semicircle; which was appropriate, because they were all semihard.

Babs: As opposed to . . .
Atlas: I have no idea.
Anon: Author: "Me make joke you laugh now!"
Trixie: "But it wasn't funny--"
Anon: "YOU LAUGH NOW!"

The seated stallions all began masturbating together. Beyond them, an even larger circle of mares were standing around the stallions.

Anon: Why don't they just screw each other instead of Fluttershy?
Trixie: Even with clop logic this doesn't make sense.

The crystal pony mares watched the show while standing on three hooves and jostling their genitals with the other hoof.

Atlas: Fuck you for telling us that. Fuck you very much.
Babs: As if we needed to know that.
Anon: That sounds painful.
Trixie: Can someone explain something to me?
Anon: Er...
Trixie: How is this titillating at all? How is stupid humor coupled with terrible clop suppose to be good and arousing?

The lanky and bulky stallion alternated their thrusting motions and soon found a groove that worked for them.

Anon: "They were looking into each other's eyes, imaging that the other stallion was the one they were mating with."

No sooner would one dick retract, before the other would slam back inside.

Babs: Since when did a rooster get involved?
Atlas: That sounds even MORE painful.
Anon: Can you imagine the beaks?
Trixie: (Visibly cringes)

The semicircle of crystal pony stallions strained themselves as they fapped furiously over Fluttershy.

Atlas: He just said "fapped". (facepalm killer combo)
Babs: Does this have an ending to it?
Anon: Okay, I'm actually getting bored now.
Trixie: But not offended?
Anon: There's no way this is Fluttershy, so I don't care. They're all cardboard

cutouts.

Trixie: Or changelings trying to run a smear campaign.

"This isn't gay, is it?" one of the crystal stallions asked while jerking off.

"Nah," another crystal pony replied, "We're just a bunch of stallions masturbating in a close circle. It doesn't get any straighter than that."

Atlas: (stares at the screen in disbelief)

Babs: So I take it they ain't happy?

Anon: "Why are you looking at me like that?"

Trixie: "I was, uh, comparing size?"

Anon: "You haven't even laid eyes on the mare *at all*."

Trixie: "... I like the color of your sha--"

Anon: Okay, enough of *that*.

Having already served its purpose, Rainbow Dash removed her strap-on dildo.

Anon: Strap-on dildo: "Freedom!"

Trixie: How would a strap-on even sound like?

Anon: *shrugs* Gurgling noises?

Trixie: ... what's this story doing to us?

The inner part of the toy slid from her slit with a wet popping sound.

Atlas: We don't need to know that.

Babs: We don't *want* to know that!

Sitting off to the side of the action, Rainbow Dash started mashing her privates as she watched the stallions hammer Fluttershy's lower holes.

Anon: Uh, couldn't she just use the strap-on for--

Trixie: Could we never bring that up again, please?

The voyeuristic pegasus was breathing hard and her face was flushed as the thick stench of sex invaded her nostrils.

Atlas: I didn't know sex had a smell.

Babs: Maybe it smells like something nice. Like strawberries!

Anon: Don't shower for a few weeks, then run for a few hours straight. That's how it must smell like.

Trixie: Do you think about these types of things a lot, or...?

"Hey, Rainbow Dash!" Pinkie Pie said, seemingly appearing from nowhere.

Anon: Or the author is a lazy son of a bitch.

Rainbow Dash made a sound of complete surprise.

Atlas: No pony expects the Spanish Inquisition!

"Pinkie Pie!" Rainbow Dash said, "Don't sneak up on me like that!"

Trixie: Where would Pinkie go?

Anon: She went somewhere?

"Oh sorry," Pinkie Pie said, "Are you busy?"

"A little," Rainbow Dash said as she gestured to her genitals, "Do you mind?"

Atlas: We mind. A lot.

Babs: I stopped giving a buck.

"Not at all," Pinkie Pie said. The hyperactive pony then dove headfirst into Rainbow Dash's puffy muff and started slurping on her slit.

Anon: Because we haven't read enough cunnilingus as it is.

"That's not what I meant,"

Trixie: She's getting tired of this almost as much as we are.

Rainbow Dash said as she leaned back contentedly, "but not unwelcome either."

Atlas: Words cannot express how OOC this all is.

Babs: Terri-bad would work nicely.

"This is one tight knight,"

Atlas: Title drop. Take a shot!

Babs: (chugs a bottle of root beer)

the burly stallion said, "I'm gonna bust a crystal nut!"

Anon: I hope something breaks.

Trixie: Can that happen?

Anon: We can hope.

The large stallion groaned as he filled Fluttershy's ass with his essence.

Atlas: What is he gonna do next, fuck Fluttershy in the aura?

Anon: Maybe he'll gather his energy for several episodes first.

Trixie: Then we'll *never* get out of here!

Copious amounts of glittering crystalline cum seeped out of her sphincter

Anon: (dopey voice) "Dat's real sexy rite dehe. Duh her!"

Trixie: Were you doing a voice? I couldn't tell.

as the stallion filled her to overflowing.

Babs: My root beer doesn't taste so good now. (throws away bottle)

The bulky pony pulled his spent shaft out of her blasted asshole,

Babs: It was a blast from the ass.

Atlas: I'm not even bothered by you cursing anymore.

Anon: Her parents are gonna kill us.

Trixie: Oh, please. This story will end our lives first.

allowing his spunk to spill out. The stallion pounding Fluttershy's pussy was nearing his orgasm as well.

Trixie: I'm sure that it will be described in the most boring and straightforward way possible.

"After one thousand years trapped in suspended animation,"

Anon: But, to them, it was only yesterday. Literally.

the lanky stallion said, "finally being able to blow my wad is going to be pure bliss!"

Atlas: Because rape is pure bliss. HATE.

The stallion wiggled his rump as he unloaded the contents of his shiny balls

Atlas: Why would you tell us that?!

Babs: He kept his marbles in his pocket.

Atlas: What.

Anon: (laughs a little too loud) Oh, that Babs.

Trixie: But, I'm doing a good job too... right?

Anon: Of course, Trixie. (about to put his hand on her mane to ruffle it)

Trixie: Touch the mane, you die, got it?

Anon: Your mane isn't that bad. (gets slapped by Trixie) Worth it.

into Fluttershy's cunt. Sparkling, off-white semen traveled through his long shaft before splattering inside Fluttershy.

Anon: And now she's pregnant. It's time to get that little operation again.

What's a few foals' deaths in the name of sex?

Babs: How could ya say that?!

Jizz oozed from her cooze

Atlas: Yeah, fuck you too.

Babs: Go get run ova' by a carriage.

Trixie: Repeatedly.

as the lanky pony pulled out.

Anon: "-- of the driveway, getting hit by a truck."

Fluttershy's crotch and ass were dripping with thick cum as she lay there, surrounded by horny ponies.

Anon: Uh oh. Again.

She was too exhausted to move.

Atlas: This fic is exhausting us.

Babs: It doesn't know when to die.

Suddenly, the stallions surrounding Fluttershy all reached their opalescent orgasms simultaneously.

Trixie: There's several mares right behind them. Couldn't the stallions just rut them instead?

Anon: (sarcastically) But then it wouldn't be the author's vision!

Trixie: Good.

Like a viscous, sticky rain, Fluttershy was soon covered head-to-hoof in crystal pony semen.

Atlas: I wish I had a joke for this but I don't care enough to.

Babs: ♪Chocolate rain, some stay dry while others feel the pain.♪

Cum clung to her knightly armor and her exposed belly was drizzled in glittering jizz.

Anon: Okay, was *that* the funny part? That sounds way too stupid.

She closed her eyes as stallions aimed their spurting streams towards her head.

Trixie: "And opened her mouth."

Anon: I wouldn't put it past *this* Fluttershy.

Ribbons of goopy paste crisscrossed her face until it formed a spider-like web of stallion sauce.

Atlas: The author is trying to make art out of this. How cute.

Babs: No, not cute!

By this point, Pinkie Pie and Rainbow Dash were eating each other out in a sixty-nine position.

Anon: Author: "Instead of describing the position, I'll just generalize it. It's not like I have any artistic merit as a writer."

Trixie: But then the story would be longer. Do you really want that?

Anon: His ineptitude is saving our sanity in a way.

They were too engrossed in their own orgasms to focus much on Fluttershy.

Babs: I forgot about those two. Darn.

Atlas: I was hoping we'd never see them again.

However, when they heard the collective groan of nearly a dozen stallions cumming

simultaneously, that piqued their curiosity.

Trixie: "Should they all be melting into a gooey puddle?"

Rainbow Dash was on bottom and tilted her head to watch as the stallions came buckets all over Fluttershy.

Atlas: Hey Anon, remember when you said that stallion exert buckets of cum?

Anon: Fluttershy will never be clean. Ever.

Babs: Doesn't matta'. This will be ova' soon.

Rainbow Dash's view was suddenly obscured by a thick, girthy cock and a pair of opulent balls.

Anon: Seriously, it's like the author is projecting himself into the story. Why do we need to know how well hung this stallion is?

Trixie: Or it's the readers' self-inserts.

Anon: (cringes) Please don't say that again.

The burly pony who recently came in Fluttershy's ass was hard again and ready for another round.

Atlas: That's *not* how the male reproductive system works!

Babs: I need an adult.

Trixie: It's... it's not how it works?-- I mean, of *course* not. I already knew that.

"Why should Fluttershy have all the fun?" the large stallion said, "What do you say, Knight Rainbow Dash? Think you can handle my lance?"

Atlas: "Show me your moves!"

Babs: Rainbow then Falcon punches the stallion into oblivion. Yay!

"Kinda busy at the moment," Rainbow Dash said as she went back to licking Pinkie Pie, "Maybe some other time?"

Anon: Hey, if you're perfectly okay with making your friends get ganged bang, then prepare to suffer the same fate.

"There's no time like the present!" the burly pony shouted as he shoved his slick dick up Rainbow Dash's ass.

Trixie: But, he's the burly one. Wouldn't--

Anon: Ahem.

Trixie: Oh, right.

"Hey! I said not now, you jerk!" Rainbow Dash shouted angrily, "Pull out or I'm gonna tear you a new crystal cornhole!"

Atlas: Could it be? A moment where RD is . . . IN CHARACTER?

Babs: I doubt it.

Anon: Nah, she's just being a selfish asshole. Get it?

Trixie: ...

Anon: Get it? Because she's--

Trixie: Yes, I get it, Anon.

Pinkie looked down and stared mesmerized as the cock slid seamlessly in and out of Rainbow Dash's sphincter.

Atlas and Babs: (snore)

Anon: "Why is it all spotted?"

"Ah, lighten up, Dashie," Pinkie Pie said, giggling, "It's all in good fun."

Trixie: Is that all it takes for Pinkie to be in-character in these horrible stories?

"You wouldn't think it was so fun if he was railing into you," Rainbow Dash said while wincing in pain, "This iridescent dick cheese is gonna split me in two!"

Anon: Go die in a hole, Dash. This is what Fluttershy felt--

Trixie: And is still feeling.

Anon: --when this happened to her. Twice. I hate this Dash so much.

"Don't worry," Pinkie Pie said earnestly, "I'll take your mind off your poor pummeled pooter."

Babs: What.

Atlas: That's it. Let the confusion flow through you.

Trixie: Where's the comedy, author?! I'm waiting!

She then resumed sucking and tickling Rainbow Dash's clit.

Anon: "That's your solution to everything."

Pinkie's eyes suddenly opened wide as she heard her costume tear.

Babs: Wasn't it torn already?

Atlas: Can't remember, can't give a damn.

The lanky pony had ripped off the patch of clothing covering Pinkie's ass. Before she had time to fully process what was happening,

Anon: This Pinkie really should be used to this kind of thing.

Trixie: I guess changelings can't act worth a flying feather.

she felt his knob pressing against her fudge factory.

Babs: (gets out a bag of fudge)

Atlas: Are you trying to mess with my head?

Babs: Chocolate or peanut butta'?

In one smooth and steady motion, the lanky stallion slid his entire length up Pinkie Pie's butt.

Anon: Because that's how anal sex works. No, wait, it doesn't.

Trixie: Do you really want to read about something like that?

Anon: Of course not--

Trixie: And how would *you* know, anyway?

As the shaft worked its way inside, Pinkie Pie kept waiting for the stallion to bottom out, but it never seemed to happen.

Anon: His shaft was a mobius strip.

Trixie: Well, I'm going to be having nightmares now.

Anon: Hey, maybe you can get Luna to help you--

Trixie: You want me to turn you into a puddle of ooze?

Several times, she would think that he couldn't possibly go any deeper, only for him to surprise her with a few more inches.

Atlas: OW!

Babs: My rump feels sore. For no reason!

Trixie: Ow ow ow!!

Anon: This is actually pretty painful to read.

"Holy moley!" Pinkie Pie exclaimed, "That's a long-ass poley!"

Atlas: This Pinkie Pie is a fucking abomination.

Babs: That bitch needs to get out or somepony's gonna get all their hopes and dreams crushed. In a *nanosecond*.

Anon: ... how's she even talking?

Once the two stallions had firmly inserted themselves up the mares butts, the four resumed their little orgy.

Atlas: As opposed to a moderately sized orgy.

Babs: Don't know what an orgy is, but I don't care at this point.

Trixie: Yeah, let's keep it that way.

Anon: Well, an orgy is-- (gets kicked in the stomach by Trixie) I... I deserved that.

Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie continued to eat each other out, while the stallions rammed the mares' respective rectums.

Atlas: . . . How?

Anon: Effort?

"I hope he cums soon," Pinkie Pie said, "Even I can't keep this party going forever."

Babs: Is this gonna be ova' now? Pretty please? (puppy dog eyes)

Anon: You're all hypocrites. Not a likable one among you.

The other stallions were taking a moment to recover, allowing the crystal pony mares to encircle Fluttershy.

Trixie: (rolls eyes, then claps hoof to her face) Can this story just end?!

The mares faced away from the cum-soaked knight, while standing on three legs and teasing their clits with their other fore-hoof.

Atlas: Dejavu?

Babs: Oui.

Anon: How is climaxing on someone exciting?

Trixie: *shrugs*

One of the mares let out a gasp when she realized she was going to cum.

Anon: Meanwhile, everypony else is battling an epic war against King Sombra.

Squatting down over Fluttershy's face, the mare mashed her pussy lips until her dam burst.

Atlas: No survivors.

Babs: I'd read *that* with a smile on my face.

Having been in a state of suspended animation for one thousand years, the crystal ponies had stored up an inordinate amount of fluids and the mares were no exception.

Atlas: Science!

Babs: Don't be a geek, Attly.

Atlas: Awww.

Anon: That's not how suspended animation works!! Not at all!!

Trixie: Remember to breathe, Anon.

When the mare came, she came hard,

Anon: She exploded? Like, literally?

drenching Fluttershy's face with her sloppy orgasm. Copious amounts of female ejaculate coated Fluttershy's mane and face.

Atlas: Anyone turned on yet?

(crickets)

Atlas: I thought so.

Anon: I just hope it's only her "juices" that are coming out and not piss.

Before Fluttershy had time to recover, another mare began rubbing her cunt vigorously against Fluttershy's helmet.

Anon: Why would Fluttershy need to recover from being jizzed on?

Trixie: Who would rub themselves all over a metal surface?

Anon: And why do we keep forgetting that there's a filly with us?

Babs: Because ya have selective memory. I don't blame ya.

She cringed as the mare gave a satisfied sigh when she came, spraying Fluttershy's helmet with femme jizz.

Atlas: Fluttershy's helmet.

Babs: Witty remark.

Several mares came at once, screaming in orgasmic pleasure as they leaked their lusty love liquid all over Fluttershy.

Atlas: There is no love here. Only boredom.

Babs: And lots of candy.

Anon: Can we move this along? I've got a suicide note to sign.

The large pillow was soaked with a mix of mare and stallion ejaculate.

Trixie: Oh, right, the pillow! I was so~ worried about it! Thank you, author, for clarifying that for us.

"I've never been raped by an entire empire before," Fluttershy said.

Atlas: (stares at the screen)

Babs: That line is so bad that words can't even describe its terribleness.

Anon: That implies that Fluttershy has been raped before... (steam blows out of his ears)

Trixie: That can't be healthy.

Her entire body reeked of sex. Fluttershy's pink flowing mane was now sticky and matted. Her armor, which had once been bright and brilliant, was now greasy and tarnished.

Anon: Are ya turned on yet, dear readers?

She wiped the cum out of her eyes and stared blearily into the eyes of a grinning crystal pony stallion.

Atlas: "You stupid mare! Ya made me look bad!"

Babs: "Ooga-booga!"

Fluttershy looked behind him and saw that most of the crystal pony stallions were now waiting in line.

Trixie: This... this is utterly horrifying.

They were eager to take turns plugging Fluttershy's holes.

Atlas: For the love of all that is decent, end this!

Babs: My brain is tinglin' just lookin' at it!

She slowly sat up, causing the layer of semen and female ejaculate to slide down her yellow

chest and onto her crotch area.

Anon: Wow, how do you make this sound so boring?

Trixie: At least it's easier to bear.

Fluttershy took a deep breath as she prepared for another round.

Atlas: GOD DAMNIT!

"Oh, I have to remain tight. Yes, because they're so horny,"

Anon and Trixie: What.

Anon: Wait, how do you remain--

Trixie: I DON'T KNOW, OKAY?!

Fluttershy sang weakly, "I can save the crystal ponies with my wet pussy..."

Atlas: (eye twitch)

Babs: Go fuck yo'self, autha'!

Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie soon lost interest in cunnilingus.

Atlas: What.

Babs: Maybe they're half as bored as we are.

Anon: The author knows how to spell. I'm surprised.

With the severe pounding their asses were receiving, they were more focused on maintaining consciousness and breathing as opposed to giving each other pleasure.

Atlas: (gets out a pillow)

Babs: (gets out the bass cannon)

Anon: You know, for two ponies who were okay with giving their friend off to get gangbanged, they sure can't last very long themselves.

Trixie: That's also pretty pathetic. In more ways than one.

After several minutes of agonizing sodomy,

Anon: Oh, so *now* it's agonizing?

Trixie: Only when it happens to them, I suppose.

the stallions were finally ready to cum.

"Switch holes!" the burly stallion said as he slid out of Rainbow Dash's gaping blue buttohole

Atlas: (facebook)

Babs: Why won't this die already?!

Anon: You can't kill something that has no shame.

Trixie: Is that why you can't die, Anon?

and shoved his girthy cock down Pinkie Pie's throat. The party pony could barely wrap her lips around his massive member.

Atlas: This Pinkie is terrible at giving blowjobs.

Babs: I'd give her a 2 out of 10.

Atlas: What.

Anon: So, his girth is bigger than his hoof. And he stuffed it in her--

Trixie: We get it, it doesn't make sense! Stop with the mental images, Anon, please!

The smell and taste of Rainbow Dash's ass permeated the cock like a gastrointestinal

Atlas: WHAT.

Babs: Somepony's been usin' a thesaurus.

glaze. These odors were soon replaced with the overwhelming stench of the stallion's semen as it filled her mouth.

Anon: How'd you like it now, huh?! Not as much fun when it's happening to you, is it?!

Trixie: Uh... you okay there, Anon?

Anon: I. Will never. Stop. Killing the author.

Trixie: ... okay then...

Cum poured from Pinkie Pie's lips and onto Rainbow Dash's twat.

Atlas: What's going on?

Babs: And I said "Heyayayayayayay!"

As Pinkie Pie struggled to swallow the deluge of semen, she felt a chill run up her spine as the lanky stallion pulled out of her ass,

Anon: It took three hours.

before shoving his purple python down Rainbow Dash's throat.

Babs: I'd rather have it be an anaconda.

Atlas: Did you realize what you just put in my head, Babs?

Babs: Uhhhh-

Atlas: A MENTAL IMAGE!

Anon: Purple python? *Purple?*

Rainbow Dash gagged immediately as the long schlong tickled her tonsils.

Trixie: Of course they're that big.

Anon: It's a good thing Dash and Pinkie don't have a gag reflex.

The lanky stallion humped her face as he came down her throat. Rainbow Dash had no choice but to swallow all of his semen as it filled her stomach.

Atlas and Babs: (barf)

Trixie: Well, she could gag and die.

Anon: There ya go, Trixie!

When their orgasms had subsided, the two stallions pulled out of the mares' mouths. Pinkie Pie lay breathlessly on top of Rainbow Dash as a mixture of cum and drool leaked from her mouth.

Trixie: How are they not dead?

Anon: Cartoon pony physics?

Trixie: What now?

Rainbow Dash sputtered and coughed while gasping for air.

Atlas: Feel the burn!

Babs: Choke on 'em!

Anon: May you feel the same pain we have!

Trixie: What goes around comes around. I would know.

Anon: I wished you phrased that better.

Trixie: Get some soap to wash that brain of yours.

The burly and lanky stallion sat down on the grass and gave each other congratulatory pats on the back.

Atlas: Whyyy~?

Babs: Because of the reason, Attly.

They took time to recover as they watched the other stallions advance on Fluttershy.

Trixie: Is that still happening?

Cum dribbled out of her pussy and ass as Fluttershy got to her feet.

Atlas: ~~HOVES~~! (eye twitch)

She wobbled and shook. Her knees buckled a couple of times, but she managed to stay standing.

Babs: Well ain't she a troopa'.

Drawing inspiration from Rainbow Dash, Fluttershy decided to do some light role-play with the crystal ponies.

Anon: She's completely broken. We just watched an innocence die today.

She flexed her vaginal muscles,

Atlas: I don't think that's how va-

Babs: LALALALALALA! I CAN'T HEAR YA!

allowing more semen to spill out.

Trixie: If you ask me if that's possible, I'll--!!

Anon: I wasn't going to.

Trixie: Oh.

Atlas: I was, but nevermind.

"Well, mighty barbarian," Fluttershy said seductively, "Don't you want to lay siege to my slimy, sweaty snatch?"

Atlas: (steam blows out of his ears)

Babs: This ain't Fluttershy. This ain't Fluttershy *at all*.

Not wasting any time, the crystal pony stallion mounted Fluttershy and after a few thrusts, came inside her.

Anon: Finally, even the author knows how boring this is turning to be.

Atlas: Well that was anticlimactic. No pun intended.

When he pulled out, a healthy stream of fresh semen splattered on the ground.

All: (gags)

Atlas: Fucking hell, man!

"Next!" Fluttershy said, "Somepony else pillage my puffy pussy!"

Trixie: What is this thing that calls itself Fluttershy?

Babs: A dragon. I think it went by the name of "Smaug" before.

Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie watched in awe as Fluttershy satisfied pony after pony.

Anon: It's completely possible to have a clop that's in-character, author.

You're just too stupid and lazy.

Atlas: Take *Xenophilia* for example. And a few others that I can think of.

A line of mares formed in front of Fluttershy and they took turns spraying her face and body with a second helping of their slimy pussy punch.

Anon: That is not a thing! That *can't* be a thing!

Babs: This thing that does the other thing in which stuff happens.

While this was happening, stallions took her from behind; one right after another.

Trixie: Wasn't there something about a King? And a empire being controlled by--

Atlas: Can't remember, can't give a single fuck.

Some stallions liked to alternate from her cunt to her ass and back again. Most of them came inside her,

Trixie: Well, she's definitely pregnant.

Atlas: Unless ~~ESTRUS~~ is involved.

Trixie: Then they wouldn't be having sex in the first place.

Anon: Is that a thing, Trixie?

Trixie: Do you fling your filth, swing on vines, eat termites on a stick, and are hairier than a pony? What do *you* think?

Anon: ...no?

Trixie: We have a winner! What do you want your prize to be?

Anon: ... hugs?

Trixie: Too bad.

Babs: I'll give ya a hug if ya want.

Anon: Sure! (hugs Babs) Why can't we be like this, Trixie?

Trixie: Enjoy feeling up little fillies?

while others preferred to pull out at the last second and give Fluttershy's rump a fresh coat of their own personal glittering glaze.

Babs: This ain't no art project, fucktard!

Atlas: Uhhhhh . . .

"Wow," Pinkie Pie said while munching on popcorn,

Anon: "This taste saltier than usual..."

"Those stallions really like basting Fluttershy in nut butter. Shouldn't we go over and help her?"

Atlas: What do YOU think?

Babs: I'm goin' with D. D is right most of the time.

Anon: Oh, *now* they care?

Rainbow Dash stared at Fluttershy as more ribbons of crystalline cum were ejaculated onto her tarnished armor.

Atlas: That's what's been happening for how long now?

Anon: The author is repeating himself. Again.

"I think Fluttershy can handle it," Rainbow Dash said, hesitantly, "Besides, what would you suggest we do to help?"

Trixie: Do the thing you forced her to do? But no~

Atlas: Go do that voodoo that you do so well!

Pinkie Pie looked at Fluttershy, who had three mares rubbing their pussies on her face and shoulders while a stallion came inside her ass.

Anon: I'm feeling queasy...

Trixie: Don't you dare touch my cape.

"Well, she doesn't look comfortable in her armor," Pinkie Pie said, "Maybe we could stop the orgy long enough to help remove her protective plating?"

Babs: Stop the presses!
Atlas: Stop everything!

"Nah," Rainbow Dash said, "When she's having sex with that many stallions, it's a good idea for her to wear protection."

Anon: ...
Trixie: ...
Babs: ...
Atlas: ...
All: That's not funny.

Pinkie Pie shrugged her shoulders as Rainbow Dash reached into Pinkie's bag for some popcorn.

Atlas: FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFUUUUUUUU-
Babs: -UUDGE!

All Fluttershy seemed to care about was making everypony cum as much as possible.

Anon: She could always get an abortion later.
Trixie: I don't know what that is, and I don't want to.

She acted like a sexual machine that was only programmed to show the crystal ponies a good time.

Atlas: So the author defended this, huh?
Babs: OOCness . . .

"Gotta keep 'em happy," Fluttershy thought, "*Besides, if they're sexually exhausted, they'll be too tired to panic.*"

Anon: Make sense, damn it!!
Trixie: This isn't cute, author.
Atlas: It will *never* be cute.

As time wore on,

Anon: (very angrily, frowning) HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA THIS IS SO FUCKING FUNNY!!
Babs: Does somepony need another hug?
Atlas: I think he's hungry, to be honest.
Trixie: (hugs Anon)
Anon: What--? Uh, thanks, Trixie.
Trixie: Don't mention it. To anypony. Ever.

the combined payloads of more than a dozen stallions oozed from Fluttershy's holes.

Trixie: Even her ears?
Anon: What about her eye sockets?

A wet puddle of various fluids had formed below her as she managed to satisfy their every carnal desire.

Anon: Wasn't there something about a jousting competition?

Jizz and vaginal secretions dripped off of her body like rain.

Atlas: This is really repetitive.

Babs: This is really repetitive.

Fluttershy was the last one standing,

Atlas: "Now we must drink the blood of our enemies!"

Babs: "Now we shall have a hearty breakfast!"

amidst a sea of sleeping and satisfied ponies. All the crystal ponies who came for the jousting competition also came *on* the jousting competitor several times.

All: We know!

Fluttershy had lost count of how many times she had been climaxed on or in.

Anon: Sounds like Twilight in SwiperTheFox's HiE fics. Holy crap, are those really stupid.

Trixie: Worse than this?

Anon: Hmm... huh, I don't know.

She stunk of semen and shame, but she had done her job.

Trixie: Well, at least her bones aren't going to be all crickly.

Despite the personal sacrifice, Fluttershy had managed to show the crystal ponies a good time.

Atlas: Up your ass with broken glass.

Babs: Ya rumphole!

Slowly, Fluttershy stepped over the slumbering ponies and walked over to where Pinkie Pie and Rainbow Dash were sitting.

Trixie: So... before, Fluttershy was so exhausted she couldn't move. Now she's having no problems.

Anon: Go suck on a live grenade, author.

With each step, she left greasy, cum-stained hoofprints.

All: Ewww!

Rainbow Dash and Pinkie Pie nervously watched her approach, unsure of what she would say.

Anon: They didn't give two shits about what they did to Fluttershy at all.
Trixie: Just think of them as changelings, and some of the hurt will go away.

Fluttershy stopped in front of her friends and stared at them without saying a word. Pinkie Pie and Rainbow Dash thought about how they had both sat idly by while Fluttershy was violated for hours on end.

Atlas: They should be burned at the stake.
Babs: They oughta have their bones crushed by timberwolves.
Anon: Hours?! It's been going on for *hours*?!
Trixie: With friends like those two, who needs evil, vengeful, horrible villains?

Neither of them could read her current expression. This was partially due to the fact that her face was half-covered in jizz.

Atlas: We know that already. Stop reminding us.
Babs: Already repressin' this memory as we speak.

"Hey, Fluttershy," Rainbow Dash said as she awkwardly broke the silence,

Anon: Why? You weren't being coy about what you did to Fluttershy. Don't try to act like you care.
Trixie: Is there a joke somewhere in your whining?

"Pinkie Pie and I would've helped you out, but it looked like you were handling things fine on your own. No hard feelings, right?"

Babs: (writes a list of ways to kill them)
Atlas: Can I see that?
Babs: Lata'.

Without saying a word, Fluttershy turned around and pointed her ass at Rainbow Dash.

Anon: You leave Cranky Doodle out of this!

Scrunching up her face, Fluttershy farted loudly.

Atlas: Was it a queef?
Babs: Maybe it's poison gas.
Trixie: Why not both?

Her gas expelled the stockpile of sparkly splooge that had been stored in her ass from more than a dozen different crystal pony stallions.

Atlas and Babs: (barf)
Anon and Trixie: (faces turn sickly green)

The loud, wet flatulence soon covered Rainbow Dash in glittery goo as it sprayed from Fluttershy's fart factory.

Anon: The Rainbow Factory's retarded cousin.

As the last, lingering traces of shimmering semen dribbled out her ass, Fluttershy lowered her tail and started walking away from her friends.

Babs: Revenge stinks sometimes.

Atlas: Of course you would know.

Pinkie Pie was trying her best not to laugh as she stared at a cum-covered Rainbow Dash. "Not. One. Word. Pinkie," Rainbow Dash said.

Trixie: How about a few thousand words describing how horrible this was, hmm?

Babs: We kind of documented the whole thing.

As she spoke, sperm sprayed from her mouth like spittle. Pinkie Pie snorted and stifled her laughter.

Atlas: AREN'T THEY SUCH GREAT FRIENDS?

Anon: Almost over... almost over...

Fluttershy gave a vindicated smile as she walked towards the jousting arena showers. It was time to take off her armor and clean up.

Trixie: You'll never be clean. Never.

"No hard feelings, Dash," Fluttershy said, "I'd say we're even."

Anon: Not even close.

Atlas: (jumps out of his chair) It's fucking over!

Babs: Holy motha' of Celestia it's finally over!

Trixie: Well, *that* was an ordeal to say the least.

Atlas: Holy shit that was a borefest!

Anon: *That's* what you're complaining about? Not everything *else* that's wrong?

Atlas: YES!

Trixie: I think it's an apt complaint. On top of everything, this story manages to be quite boring. Even with some *gigantic* logic holes--

Anon: And OOC ponies.

Trixie:-- the biggest crime here how boring and unfunny it was, even with us yelling at it's stupidity.

Anon: I hope the author doesn't take that as a challenge. Why didn't Fluttershy do The Stare if she didn't want to get ganged raped is--

Babs: I feel like my innocence died, but aside from that, I'm okay.

Atlas: Now we can finally get outta here!

(The door is still locked.)

Atlas: (faints)

Anon: Oh, come on!

Trixie: That shouldn't surprise us anymore.

Rainbow Dash: (from TV) You're not going anywhere. Not until you read another one.
Pinkie Pie: (from TV) We're not quite happy with the result for this one so here comes another fic!
Trixie: Can't you just tell us how many we're doing?
Atlas: Fuck you two . . .
Anon: Hey, save it for the riff.
Rainbow Dash: This next one is a rapefic starring . . . Trixie!
Trixie: Wha... WHAT?!?
Anon: Aw, come on! Really?
Babs: I'm scared . . .
Trixie: (hugs Anon too tightly)
Anon: Can't... breath...!!
Rainbow Dash: Yes really.
Pinkie Pie: But this one is much shorter though.
Atlas: Well at least we have tha-
(Buzzer sounds)
All: We've got story sign!

The Weak and Useless Trixie

by

RapeTrain - Express

Atlas: Oh no . . .
Trixie: I am *not* weak and useless!
Anon: Still can't... breath... darkness!!
Babs: I have a very bad feeling about this.

"Why is the sun and the moon switching out so much?"

Atlas: Because they do.
Babs: Next question, please.

Trixie said as she poked her head out of her tent

Trixie: I have a *caravan*, thank you very much.
Anon: Aren't you glad that canon sucker punches fics like these?
Atlas: Hooray?

to watch the sky switch from day to night in short erratic bursts.

Anon: Oh no. I think I know what's going to happen.
Trixie: ...what?
Anon: One word: Discord.

"Hmph, seems Princess Luna and Celestia are fighting again like in the legends. Wonder who will win this time around. I would really like Luna to win though,

Atlas: Hell yeah!

Babs: (eating a brownie) Celestia eats too much cake.

Anon: "I really want the world to end in a never ending night, the lands turning into cold tundras, and no vegetation could be grown. I MAKE PRETTY LIGHTS!"

Trixie: I do *not* sound like that!

Anon: But you *do* make pretty lights.

Trixie: Well, yes, but...

all of my shows look better at night! If could perform that is..."

Atlas: Who is this?

Babs: A mage who goes by the name of Trixie, I think.

Anon: The only reason why the author wrote that Luna remark is to please the hive mind and that's it.

She said as she continued to watch.

Anon: I already read a rape fic starring Twilight and Discord, why not one with Trixie as well?

As she watched she flared her horn up and levitated a bag of moldy bread to where she sat.

Atlas: Gollum would like some of that.

Babs: How does she get bread in the middle of a forest?

Trixie: I bought it with money?

Anon: You shouldn't personify yourself into the story, Trixie. It'll just end badly.

Trixie: How would you know?

Anon: Do you know how many fics star a nameless anon character?

"Look at me. Mother would be ashamed to see her little filly like this.

Atlas: Coal Bu- Owwww! (grabs his head) Why does it hurt to say that?!

Anon: Deep, searing *pain*!!

Living in a stupid forest with nothing but a tent over my head,

Trixie: Do people think that's what happened to me? Really?

Anon: This fandom loves melodrama bullcrap, so yeah. Anything to make the horribleness happen.

living like a mud trotting earth pony.

Babs: Yeah, buck ya too.

Anon: I didn't know you were a racist, Trixie.

Trixie: Neither did I.

Stupid Ursa had to destroy my travel cart and make me look like a failure! Ugh why me!?

Atlas: Is this supposed to be Shakespeare in the park?

Babs: More like Shakespeare in the woods.

All my family possessions and even my performance hat and cape were in my home before it got crushed!

Trixie: Who am I talking to?

Anon: Yeah, in a world where parasprites ate Applejack's barn-- and she barely blinked an eye-- I doubt Trixie would care about that caravan.

Trixie: It was a nice one, though.

Anon: And we know she still has her stuff.

Atlas: Logic. Let's fuck it!

Babs: How about no?

I hate being naked, I hate being dirty!

Atlas: (creepy face) Who's a dirty dirty kitty?

I hate feeling like those stupid earth ponies! Why did this happen to me!!?"

Anon: Is the author trying to make us hate or like you, Trixie?

Trixie: Heck if I know.

Babs: I vote for Neither.

Atlas: I vote for Cave Johnson.

She said shouting into the sky out of frustration for her lament.

Atlas: She seems to have been infected with the EMO.

Not far from her position the ears of a certain Draconicus heard the shout

Anon: Of the Dovahkiin.

coming from the nearby forest as he sat in an apple tree eating an apple core backwards.

Trixie: Commas? What are those?

Atlas: Like Co- ARGHHH!!

Babs: Are ya constipated or somethin'?

Atlas: Pain. So much of it!

"What's this? Hmmm...I sense a mix of emotions from that voice. A voice that sounds like it's from a once proud unicorn.

Anon: These characters sure do talk to themselves a lot.

Atlas: Reminds me of . . . No, fuck it, I'm not saying his name.

Babs: He who shall not be named, huh?

Maybe I'll play with one more pony before I see if Tia's

Anon: Gee, I wonder why this got featured?!

Trixie: How did he hear me, uh, I mean, *story me*, anyway?

Atlas: Prepare your anus. That's all I got to say.

Trixie: (nervously grabs her tail and curls up in her seat) I wonder if this is how Fluttershy would have felt if she read the last story we did...

little Elements of Harmony can still be friends as they continue to fight." Discord said

Trixie: To no one.

Atlas: I'm reading this in Sean Connery's voice. Doesn't make it much less painful.

as he discarded the now round green apple to the ground and

Anon: It exploded.

Babs: Fireworks now?

Trixie: I could put on a show when we're finally out of here. You know, to celebrate.

Anon: Oh, and mixed with what I'll be cooking, it'll be the best thing ever!

floated through the air to see the source of the voice.

Trixie stared on as she grabbed a piece of moldy bread out of the bag and began to eat it slowly,

Anon: Like a movie villain.

Atlas: Menacingly.

as she tried to stomach the foal taste.

Babs: Please tell me that wasn't supposed to be a pun.

Atlas: We're off to a good start, eh?

Trixie sighed as she turned her eyes on a dark night and then watched it turn to a clear sunny sky.

Anon: I bet that would give you the biggest case of jet lag ever.

Her mind began to think about her life and how she got to this point.

Atlas: Because I do that whenever I get raped by the god of chaos.

All: (inches away from Atlas)

Atlas: Sorry, I farted.

Suddenly she noticed a pink cloud zoom overhead causing her thoughts to break before they even began.

Anon: "Beep beep, I'm a cloud."

Atlas: "Beep boop, son. Beep boop."

"A...pink cloud? Is the weather machine in Cloudsdale acting weird as well? This day is making less and less sense with every passing moment."

Trixie: "And I'm totally not phased by it."

Babs: This is already boring me.

Atlas: Do you *want* to get to the rape?

Babs: NO!

Anon: Are you okay, Atlas?

Atlas: (eye twitch) I'm perfectly fine.

She said as she finished her meal off and turned for her tent to try and take a nap.

Trixie: Wow, story me really doesn't care, huh?

Atlas: Story you doesn't give a shit.

"What's the fun in things making sense?"

Anon: For a spirit of chaos, he sure does get mad pretty easily when his plans get screwed up *and* is a bit of a control freak.

"Who's there!?" Trixie said as she stopped and turned around at the sudden voice trying to find it's source.

Anon: "Hi, I'm a traveling salespony. Want a new vacuum cleaner?"

Atlas: "Garbage day!"

Babs: But today's monday.

Atlas: Ahhh . . .

Her purple eyes scanned the area in hopes that she could see who was spying on her but after minutes of silence she thought she was starting to hear things and turned back for the tent.

Trixie: Should I be out of breath from reading that?

Atlas: Once story you gets one to the bunghole, you will.

Babs: But she poops from there!

Anon: This is to badly written to take seriously.

As she turned around she let out a loud scream

Anon: "Ahh! I hit my leg against a rock!"

Trixie: I often twirl around, yelling at the top of my lungs.

and tumbled backwards at the odd creature lying on a blanket she managed to make from a bunch of leaves, giving her a creepy smile.



Anon:

Atlas: Let me see your war face!

Babs: Argh!!!!

Atlas: I can't hear you!

She had never seen a more twisted creature in her whole life.

Trixie: Well, there was that stallion who keeps sending pictures of his hooves to me.

Atlas: I didn't know you had admirers, Trixie.

Trixie: Oh, I do, and some of them are a bit... weird... Something about how I used magic to make Rainbow's wing gigantic, and he wanted me to enlarge his—

Anon: *WOW* these Rollos taste really good!!

It had the long body of a snake, the left arm of a lion and the right talon of an eagle, and many other abnormalities about it.

Trixie: "It was like a chimera, only sillier."

Atlas: This is definitely not *Fullmetal Alchemist*.

Babs: Or anywhere near good for that matta'.

"W-who and what are you!?" Trixie said in a panic as she backed up to get away from the creature.

Anon: Story Trixie is doing the backwards Sweetie Scoot. Let's see how she does.

Discord simply smiled as he snapped his fingers making a mud puddle form behind her and lifter

Trixie: What the heck is a lifter? Some kind weird catapulting elevator?

Anon: Maybe it's a new ride at the carnival?

up a large rot to trip her into it. Before Trixie could react right, her back legs hit the root she went upward and fell backwards into the mud.

Trixie: "You look pretty dirty, Trixie."

Anon: "Oh Discord, I'm even prettier when I'm clean!" (bats eyelashes)

Atlas: Dirty dirty kitty . . .

Babs: (slowly inches away from Atlas)

Trixie stared at her azure

Anon: ... her azure what?

Atlas: Something.

in shock as mud covered most of her body.

Anon: Her azure what?! I have to know!!

Atlas: It's her va-

Babs: LALALALA!

She quickly got back up and shook most of it off before it started to cling to her fur.

Anon: "Shake it like a saltshaker!"

Trixie: Well, okay...

Anon: Wait, wha-- (Trixie uses her magic to pick up Anon and waggle him around)

Trixie: You're a weird one, Anon.

Babs: I always knew he preferred shaken ova' stirred.

She wanted to scream but kept it back so she could not show any weakness.

Anon: She has a mouth, but chooses not to scream...

Trixie: If no one else thought Discord was scary, why would I-- uh, story me?

Atlas: It's only a matter of time . . .

Babs: Should we be worried about Attly?

"Greetings my dear. You can call me Discord." Discord said giving the pony a suave look.

Trixie: Hopefully with only his eyes.

Atlas: What else would he . . . Oh no.

"Well then Discord you may refer to me as The Great and Powerful Trixie!"

Trixie: The fireworks set off, hitting Discord and burning him away?

Babs: Fireworks? Where?

Trixie said as she didn't know what the creature was capable of and wanted to try to dazzle it in hopes it would be awed by her magics.

Anon: "I can has magics?"

Atlas: "No, but you can has cheezburger."

"Hmmm...a pony with a Superiority complex.

Anon: And that's all you need to have Trixie in-character, right?

Trixie: (grumbles under her breath)

This is going to be easy."

Atlas: Well, Trixie DOES have a-

Trixie: Hey, I'm doing a lot better now, all right?! You try to-

Anon: Hey, does anyone want to trade me some KitKats?

Babs: I got some Junior Mints and a ton of Snickers bars.

Discord said taking a good look at her before snapping his fingers.

Babs: Oh thank Luna, I thought he snapped his private parts for a second there.

Atlas: (winces)

Anon: How hilarious would it be if it turns out that Discord is actually female?

"What are you- wha!? What the!?" Trixie said as the surrounding area turned into a school house.

Babs: Not just any school house eitha'.

Atlas: What if I told you that someone once used "Magic Schoolbus" as a euphemism for penis?

Anon, Babs and Trixie: (stares at Atlas, then to each other, then back at Atlas)

Trixie look a long look around herself to see where she was. A large wooden desk rested in front of her eyes that had a big red apple on it.

Atlas: Eat the poisoned apple, story Trixie, eat it!

Anon: There's a bottle next to the apple labeled "Drink Me."

Behind it stood a large chalkboard. Trixie gasped as she saw the words *MAGIC KINDERGARTEN* written in chalk.

Babs: As opposed to bein' written in blood.

Atlas: The blood of our enemies!

"Is this some kind of joke!?" Trixie snapped as she started to move.

Anon: She started to breakdance to the music.

Babs: ([bobs her head side to side](#))

Atlas: Good god that's weird.

Trixie: Well, I've been known to cut a rug, as they say.

"Miss Trixie Lulamoon!

Anon: "I will pet her and care for her and call her Lulamoon!"

Atlas: "And she will be mine and she will be my Lulamoon!"

Babs: Lulamoon, I choose you!

Watch your tone young lady!" A scornful womanly voice echoed from the desk.

Trixie: "Could you open the desk and free me? I'm kind of stuck."

A second later a white unicorn with a brown tied back mane who wore a pair of big gray glasses appeared at the desk.

Anon: Wow, this seems to be the most boring use of his powers so far.

Atlas: I'm unimpressed.

Trixie quickly recognized her as HER old kindergarten teacher.

"M-Mrs. Cramer!?" Trixie said shocked to see her.

Trixie: Cramer? Really?

Anon: And here I thought their names were suppose to be whimsical and related to their talent.

Trixie: She could be a cram teacher, I guess?

Babs: I don't like her already.

"Miss Lulamoon! Are you ready for your final test? If you passed this you'll end up going to the next grade.

Anon: What does this have to do with Trixie's talent? That's what he did with the others.

Trixie: What do you mean?

Anon: Discord used representations of the main six's cutie marks to psychologically brainwash them into contradicting the elements they represent.

Trixie: So, he basically inverts his victims? Huh.

Atlas: And YOU know what that means!

(crickets)

Anon: ... Story Trixie won't be racist?

Babs: We can get out of here?

Atlas: NO! Raaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa~

I know you had trouble with this spell but all you need to do is turn this circle block...Into a square."

Atlas: Oh my god that sounds so difficult!

Babs: Surely Trix will conquer such a pitiful foe!

Anon: I wonder what kind of cutie mark ponies would get if they were good at block morphing.

Trixie: I bet that pony's name would be Blockhead.

The teacher said as she lifted her elegant hoof and put a black circle on her desk.

Anon: Wow, that's quite a trick! How do you lift a hoof to put something down? Tell me your secrets!

"What is this nonsense!? I passed this class years ago?" Trixie said getting annoyed.

Trixie: "I said that last part as a question?"

"Really? That isn't quite right. Last time I checked you were only 5."

Atlas: Last time I checked, I was sane.

Babs: Now THAT'S a funny joke.

The teacher said as she adjusted her glasses.

Atlas: (adjusts glasses) I prefer Green Day's earlier work.

Babs: (adjusts glasses) I don't even need these, but I'm wearin' them anyways.

"What are you- AHH!" Trixie started to say but suddenly noticed she was a filly.

Anon: This is something you would expect from Freddy Krueger, not Discord.

She didn't even notice her voice was higher pitched

Trixie: I'm pretty sure she does now.

and her body was smaller and she was sitting in a small wooden desk surrounded by other fillies that were all pointing and laughing at her.

Anon: I did not see any commas there and I think there should be and what do you guys think? (out of breath)

Atlas: (pointing at Trixie) Look! She's wearing clothes! Laugh!

Babs: Ha ha ha ha ha.

Trixie: (overly hammy) Oh, woe is me! I am clothed! What was I thinking?! (fake cries)

"What are you laughing at!?" Trixie snapped as she looked around.

"Seems Trixie is having a bad horn day!"

Atlas: Trixie is now Conker. Someone write a fic about that!

Babs: How do ya have a bad horn day?

Trixie: Maybe their horn is inverted backwards into the skull.

Anon: Reading this makes it seem like someone is stabbing me in the brain.

One filly remarked.

Atlas: "That's what." - She Said.

Babs: Cleva' retort.

Trixie quickly turned her eyes up and gasped again.

Anon: That because the rest of her head didn't go up with her eyes.

Her slightly smaller horn was hanging limply from her head.

Atlas: This better not be what I think it is.

Trixie: Wait, if I have horn rot, what am I doing in class trying to do magic?

Anon: Is this a flashback or something? This is so not Discord's forte.

Erectile horn dysfunction

Atlas: ~~FUCK!~~

Babs: Isn't that what happens when your pe-

Anon: (hacks and coughs loudly, face turning purple)

Trixie: Hey, I didn't know you could change colors, Anon. (we hear a loud thud) Why are you on the ground twitching like that?

Atlas: I think he's happy. Let's just leave it at that.

was a serious thing for unicorns and though it was not very common but still a big thing.

Atlas: Der-hurr.

Babs: It's like they're talkin' about pen-

Trixie: Hey, wait a minute! If the little foals know this, then why wouldn't the teacher?

Anon: (slowly crawls back to his seat) Thanks... so much... you guys...

Having a floppy horn meant that had you were not very skilled with magic and were a disgrace to unicorns everywhere.

Atlas: wut.

Babs: That doesn't make any sense!

Anon: I think that "the author just makes up bullcrap" is going to be a theme here.

It was something that a rare amount of fillies got but it was the bane of them.

Babs: This fic is the bane of my existence.

Atlas: (puts on Bane mask) Only when we're done do you have my permission to die.

Anon: I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that. Could you repeat that, muffled sounding Sean Connery?

"Wow Trixie, I knew you didn't have that much skill but I didn't know you were a floppy!" Another filly said from behind her.

Anon: "You're still using floppy drives? Loser!"

Atlas: I'd put my floppy in her hard drive . . . Okay, I take that back.

Trixie: What was that?!

Babs: What's a- Ya know what? Forget about it.

Anon: You like your fillies young, don't ya Atlas?

Atlas: (counting on his fingers) I'm not old enough to be considered a pedophile, so may-

Anon: Yeah, but a five year old filly? Really?

Atlas: No.

Babs: (sighs in relief)

Trixie: (inches away from Atlas)

Atlas: Now I feel terrible.

"Oh dear, if you're unable to cast the proper spell then I'm afraid you're going to have to stay back a year."

Atlas: "Muahahahahaha!"

Babs: Story Trixie has a sucky life, huh?

Anon: "You have a debilitating disease, but we're not going to go easy on you at all."

Trixie: Is this story implying that I'm so terrible at magic that I needed to pass a test to go up a grade?

The teacher said as she grabbed a large stamp

Anon: With her nose.

and pasted a large red F on her final grading paper.

Atlas: In the blood of our-! (explodes)

Babs: What the fuck?!

Anon: Gah! Dude, my mouth was open!

Trixie: Is... is that normal?

Before Trixie could respond the school faded and she ended up in a black void.

Anon: She ended up at the gates of Kingdom Hearts.

"You think that's funny!? Come out you stupid creature and Trixie will show you she is no floppy!"

Atlas: Sounds like a hairstyle. Or a type of dildo.

Babs: HOW THE BU-

Anon: He got better?

Atlas: I still can't die. *Excellent*.

Trixie screamed wanting to hurt the creature for making her remember that year in school.

Anon: Wait, so it was a flashback? How... boring.

Trixie: And untrue.

Anon: Well, yeah, that's a given.

Atlas: I found my ear over here.

Babs: Not in the fudge bag!

Atlas: Also, for a rapefic, this is pretty boring.

Anon: At least Chaos got right to the point.

"Quit you're whining!"

Atlas: He used the wrong word. Why am I not surprised?

Babs: Because terri-bad.

Anon: *This* got featured?!

Atlas: Yep.

Trixie: You humans have got some weird taste in literature.

Another familiar voice rang out.

Anon: Sniper! Get to cover!

"You!" Trixie said as she turned again and saw the figure of Twilight Sparkle.

Anon: "Why did I buy a life size doll of you?!"

Trixie: Twilight Doll: "I'll see you in your dreams."

Atlas: Canon really fucks this over, doesn't it.

Anon and Trixie: Thank goodness.

Babs: The autha' needs a time machine to fix this. And to prevent his own birth.

Atlas: Do you *want* to cause a time paradox?

Babs: Sure.

Atlas: (stares at Babs)

Babs: Okay, maybe not.

Anon: Yeah, our time machine's busted anyway.

"Look at you, before I just felt sorry for you as I watched you fail horribly at getting rid of that teddy bear." Twilight said giving her a cold look.

Trixie: "But it was so cute! How could I vanquish such an adorable little thing?"

Atlas: (grabs Trixie by the cheeks) She's so cuuuuuute!

Trixie: I'll give you the count of three to let go.

Atlas: Awww! She's so adorable when she's annoyed! (silly face)

"You're not real! You're just some stupid illusion!" Trixie snapped.

Atlas: This whole fic is stupid.

Anon: "You're not real, and neither is that rock, that sky, and this cliff!" She jumps off of said cliff to her doom.

Trixie: What, did I land on a rock farm?

"Oh? If I'm fake then how can I do this!" Twilight said as she fired a bolt of lightning at Trixie.

Anon: "Aha! The real Twilight would fire TWO bolts of lightning!"

Before Trixie could react the bolt hit her and she felt nothing but pain.

Trixie: Story Me is going to need a week to comb her mane back.

It took her a few minutes to recover from the shoot before she got up and realized everything was real.

Atlas: This isn't Discord. You're dumb.

Babs: And so's your motha'.

Anon: "The aliens in her head were right!"

"As I was saying, how can you call yourself a unicorn!?"

Trixie: "You're not nearly as horny as I am!"

The only thing you can do is cheap magic tricks that no one cares about.

Atlas: "You're a conjurer of cheap tricks!"

Babs: "You sit on a throne of lies!"

Anon: But, I like the pretty lights...

Trixie: By doing "cheap tricks" with magic is sort of the definition of a unicorn, is it not?

Do you have any worthy spells in your small head?" Twilight said as she walked over to her.

Trixie: "No! They're in my horn!"

"I'll show you!"

Babs: BROOKLYN RAGE!

_____**Atlas: (fanboy squeal)**

Anon: ♪"The world!~ Shining, shimmering, splendid!"♪

Trixie snarled as she tried to light up her horn for a spell.

Anon: Or she's lighting another hit.

Trixie's horn made a bunch of sounds like a bunch of fireworks went off

Trixie: "And a bunch of other things happen in a bunch of different ways.."

but quietly died out making her not able to cast anything.

Atlas: I forgot that this was a clopfic.

Babs: This is a clopfic?

Atlas: You forgot already. I don't blame you.

Anon: Did that sentence make sense to anyone?

"How sad, you can't use magic because of your horn.

Anon: "Ha! You're going to have to wait for your magika to recharge!"

Been awhile since I saw a floppy."

Anon: "-disk! Seriously, how much space is in those things?"

Twilight said as she brought her hoof to her face and laughed at the sight of the limp horn.

Atlas: Limp dick.

Babs: The back of my skull's tinglin'. Is that normal?

Trixie: Perhaps it's your brain trying to break free.

"Be quiet! I'll show yo- ahh!" Trixie started to say but was cut off when Twilight held her down with magic.

Atlas: (puts on helmet) Incoming rape!

Babs: Protect me, Anon!

Anon: (hugs Babs) Protect me, Trixie!

Trixie: Oh no, once was enough, and- (gets caught in group hug) Gah!

"Hmph, I'm using the kindergarten variety of the holding spell and yet you're still pinned from it.

Anon: Because that's totally a thing, right?

See? You're nothing but a weak and pathetic unicorn who doesn't deserve her horn!

Trixie: What does any of this have to do with my cutie mark?

You don't even deserve to be called a unicorn. You're nothing but an embarrassment!"

Atlas: Uhhhhh . . .

Babs: Can I go to my happy place?

Anon: "You're just as pathetic as those earth ponies!"

Trixie: Is the author implying that unicorns are all racist?

Twilight said to her with a sick smile on her face.

Atlas: (crazy face)

Babs: (disturbed face)

Anon: Twilight, you're drunk. Go to bed.

Suddenly images of fillies from the school image started to pop up around her and starting chanting:

Trixie: "Pattycake, pattycake..."

Anon: ♪"No one mourns the wicked!"♪

"Weak pathetic little filly~ Weak pathetic little filly~ Weak pathetic little filly~" Over and over again.

Anon: Wait, could you repeat that?

"Weak...pathetic...little...filly...."

Atlas: I'd rather watch *The Shining*, thank you very much.

Twilight said as she backed away and the mob of fillies started to circle Trixie.

Trixie: "Let's get her autograph!"

Anon: "Let me touch her skin!"

Trixie tried to fight the holding spell but she couldn't move.

Anon: "The magic was clearing her sinuses."

For what seemed like hours the chanting continued to torment her and start to eat away at her psyche.

Babs: Story Trix is very weak willed like that.

Atlas: Almost as weak willed as Coa- Argh! (grabs his head)

Anon: I feel my brain throb horribly when... *that* name gets uttered.

Trixie: What, Coa-

Anon and Atlas: Deep pain!!

"Go away....Leave me alone!"

Trixie: "Oh, okay."

Anon: And they vanished right then and there.

Trixie cried wanting the voices to stop getting more and more depressed by the words.

Atlas: Reminds me of *Background Pony*, now that you mention "depressing".

Babs: What's that about?

Atlas: A fanfic about Applejack, if I remember correctly.

Anon: Go to hell, Atlas.

Atlas: We're beyond hell by this point, Anon.

Anon: Abandon all hope ye who enter here...

"I'm disappointed in you Trixie..." A cold yet familiar said behind her.

Atlas: Can someone make sense of that sentence? Cuz I sure as hell can't.

Babs: Where are all the commas?

Trixie: "The ice box is talking to me!"

Trixie's heart sank

Anon: "When it collided with an iceberg."

hearing the familiar voice of her mother.

Trixie: "You never gave that one nice stallion a call, you never write..."

As laid on the ground she saw the figure of her glaring at her as she walked through the crowd of kids to stand before her.

Anon: I feel like I ran a mile reading that.

She knew it was indeed her mother

Atlas: Well that's funny.

Babs: Funny in that it sucks so bad.

from the colors of her coat and mane.

Trixie: But not from her face, eyes, voice, and-

Anon: The sense. It's gone.

Cerulean fur, along with a silver mane and a pair of ice cold winter eyes seem to glare into her soul.

Atlas: What the hell kind of description is that?

Babs: Can ya give us an eye cola' or somethin'?

Anon: She's a walking freezer.

"You can't be here...you're dead..." Trixie said scared to see her.

Atlas: Use commas!

Babs: It's not that difficult!

Trixie: "I smothered you in your sleep and buried you!"

Anon: Trixie's mom: "You never were very good at anything, huh?"

"You dare call yourself a unicorn? I'm ashamed to even look at you!"

Anon: "With my eyes being ice cubes, it's sorta difficult to look at anything."

You look like one of those mud trotters with your fur covered in mud and your mane that you dared to resemble as mine is nothing but a wreck.

Trixie: Uh, duh, she fell in the mud.

Anon: What does any this have to do with Trixie superiority complex? (Trixie mutters something) That she had humble beginnings? This isn't how Discord works!

Your father was right to leave you.

Anon: "He was too old for you anyway. And he was married to me!"

I only took care of you because I felt sorry for you, and look where it got me! Because of your uselessness I died in that forest!

Trixie: "Why did you cover me in honey and throw me into an ursa major's cave?!"

It's your fault I'm dead you no good failure!!"

Atlas: (O_O)

Babs: Misuse of quotation marks. Ya fail the test!

The image of her mother said to her as she turned into a pile of decaying bones and faded into the darkness.

Babs: Where's the rape?

Atlas: What?!

Anon: Well, she's being mind raped.

Trixie: How's that a thing?

Atlas: One word. *Evangelion*.

Trixie stared shocked at the darkness above her.

Anon: Seriously, how is this not a Kingdom Hearts crossover?

The small fillies resumed their chanting and Trixie started to understand just how useless she was.

Atlas: No comment.

Anon: I wonder what I would be like if I was, uh, discorded...

Trixie: A Mary Sue?

Anon: I'll become Coal Buc-- aaAHH!! My head!

Trixie: Scream in somepony else ear, okay?

Babs: (inches away from Anon)

She did fail magic kindergarten once in her life.

Trixie: *yawn* Yeah, sure, whatever. Can we get on with this?

She couldn't outshine Twilight

Anon: Get it? GET IT?

Babs: Nah. Don't care enough to.

no matter how hard she worked at magic, and lastly...it was here fault that

Atlas: A wild typo appears!

Babs: Magikarp, use splash attack!

her mother was dead.

Trixie: "From boredom. She was the proofreader of this story."

Trixie started to accept the words being chanting into her mind. She was truly...weak and useless...

Babs: False. The correct answer is D.

Trixie knew her mother was dead but hearing her voice and her distaste for her,

Anon: "Who would waste good Luna sauce on sweet and sour potato chips?!"

hurt her in some many ways.

Trixie: "Like a bee stinging your tongue."

Atlas: Not the bees!

As her mind swelled from the

Anon: "Tumors in her brain."

words of the fillies she didn't notice a white hand appear above her and touch her head as the dark world and the fillies shattered like glass and she returned to the real world.

Babs: Is this real life?

Atlas: Is it just fantasy?

Trixie: Discord: "Tag. You're it."

Anon: She entered a random battle.

Trixie didn't even notice her once splendid azure fur

Atlas: We finally figure out what that azure something is.

Babs: The mystery's been solved!

Anon: Finally! (tries to hug Trixie, but she easily evades it) What the--

Trixie: Ha! You're going to have to try better than that!

slowly shifting to a dull and mundane gray and she returned to her proper size.

Anon: Wait, so she was a filly the *whole* time?

Her depressed state really made her feel weak and powerless.

Atlas: She is now a crystal pony.

Babs: Is she horny like one too?

Atlas: (shocked face)

Anon: Well, not anymore, anyway.

Even though she was back in the forest at the camp, the small fillies continued to laugh at her in her head

Trixie: "And some of the other fillies laughed at her in her hoof. It's been a weird day."

and call her a talentless pony and she started to cry as the words started to get craved into her mind.

Atlas: The word of the day is "comma". Can you say "comma"?

Babs: Sounds like "coma". Somethin' I'd like to be in right now.

Discord simply smiled as he watched the broken mare start to cry from her weakness.

Anon: Really? That's all he did? I expected him to dance the La Cucaracha or something.

He was happy to be back after 1000 years of captivity in a rock

Atlas: (adjusts his glasses) Actually, he was imprisoned in stone.

Anon: Like clop fanfic writers know anything about the show.

Trixie: That also applies to most fanfics in general.

and never lost his touch for spreading chaos and disharmony. However more...primal thoughts,

Atlas: All of my nope.

Babs: Nonononoononono!

started to surface in his mind as he watched the young mare break down.

Trixie: And he didn't feel this way from the others?

Atlas: This fic just shot itself in the foot. Then in the other foot.

Being a chaotic creature excelled at spreading seeds of chaos, there was also a different seed that he liked to plant...

Babs: Sunflowa' seeds?

Atlas: You know that's not gonna happen, don't you.

Babs: I can dream, can't I?

"What's wrong my dear? Ashamed to be weak and powerless? How can you live with yourself?

Anon: Who knew this guy was so long winded?

Trixie: I guess a millennia in stone makes spirits really chatty.

Atlas: ♪Everybody must get stoned!♪

Weak, talentless, useless, and so on. A pathetic unicorn like yourself doesn't deserve to be praised for what you are,

Anon: "Tossing you in the air, ponies cheering your name!"

you just deserve to be pinned against the ground and held against your will..."

Atlas: This isn't Discord.

Babs: This is somethin' I had for breakfast.

Anon: This is something I splattered into my toilet.

Discord said as he curled his long body around her discorded body and grabbed her neck.

Trixie: "With his hair."

"Just leave me alone. I'm just a useless pony who doesn't deserve anyponies attention!"

Atlas: (facepalm 4x combo)

Babs: Maybe he'll give her a lollipop. Right?

Anon: Now *that* would almost be in-character.

Trixie cried out as she tried to struggle, but the talon and Discords body held her perfectly still.

Anon: "Where he got the spaceship is anyones guess."

"Well my dear, that's where you're wrong, you do deserve attention but only as a much wanted release!"

Babs: He's gotta fa-ht. Really badly.

Atlas: Speaking of which-

Babs: No!

Discord said as he let her body go to unwrap his body and pushed his eagle hand into her throat

Trixie: "And accidentally decapitated her."

pinning the broken mare to the ground.

Trixie didn't even attempt to fight back after that.

Anon: Uh... it's good to know that she would've fought back if she was normal?

She was too lost in her own misery to even bother.

Atlas: The emo is quite contagious

Babs: It surrounds us and penetrates us.

Discord however smiled as he used his other hand to push her silver tail out of his line of sight to see his real goal.

Anon: Her calf muscles.

Trixie: The perspective of the fic is giving me whiplash.

1000 years of being trapped in a statue can be very stressful on wanting to have a simple release

Anon: "From being trapped in stone."

Trixie: Well, duh.

from perverted thoughts that wandered into his twist mind,

Atlas: I like Twist. She reminds me of my grandma.

Babs: Sounds like a dance move.

making him feel the need to use the mare to his advantage.

Anon: I said this once, and I'll say it again: Discord will never *physically* harm anypony.

Atlas: This [song](#) pretty much sums up Discord.

Babs: That's a lot more threatenin' than *this* Discord. For sure.

Trixie: That song sounds like a machine that's trying to die.

With a small grin he brought his hand forward and rubbed her dry pussy.

Atlas: And THIS is when shit gets awkward.

Trixie: But, I don't own a cat.

Anon: (pats Trixie on the head) D'aw, isn't that precious?

Atlas: Maybe we'll give some of her "innocence" to Babs.

The feeling of another body after so long was a rush in its own right.

Anon: He came immediately.

Trixie: It was taffy. Literal taffy.

The broken mares dull azure fur was soft, despite being a bit muddy and almost mind tingling to him

Anon: "She's so fluffy that I'm gonna die!"

as he pushed his lion paw into her privates and groped her without any hesitation.

Atlas: He also goes by the name of Childs Mo' Lester.

"Ooohhh! This is going to be fun..." Discord said picturing what he was going to do to her.

Atlas: Instead of just doing it.

Babs: Don't hate. Procrastinate!

Trixie: I wouldn't be surprised if actual pictures shot out his mouth.

Trixie felt no simulation from the groping she was receiving.

Anon: Discord is out of practice.

Trixie: Assuming he got any in the first place.

Anon: Also assuming he would *want* any.

Even though her mind was broken her body was still functioning as it should be.

Anon: Yep, blinkers still work, along with the parking brakes.

As Discords fat meaty finger slowly went into and out of the azure ponies sex

Atlas: This has the grammar of a trollfic.

Babs: The autha' has an obsession with "azure".

he felt it slowly loosening and starting to get wet.

Trixie: "From the mud. Discord is really new to this whole sex thing."

Anon: Maybe she peed on him.

All she felt was sorrow and misery as she just laid on the ground taking it.

Anon: Even she's bored.

All she wanted was to fade away into nothingness and cease to exist forever.

Babs: (snore)

Atlas: I'm actually kind of bored by this. What the hell's going on?!

Babs: Redundancy is redundant.

The only thing that went through her mind was the words of the fillies chanting...

Anon: "*By the power of the Sun / And His cleansing flames / By the burning breath of the One / The evil is now tamed. / By the changing Moon / And Her secret ways / By the mystic hands of the One / The evil bound shall now fade!*"

"Weak pathetic little filly~ Weak pathetic little filly~ Weak pathetic little filly~" Rang in her head non-stop.

Trixie: "Is was like one of those infernal alarm clocks."

Trixie just stared at the sky as the sun and moon continued to switch around as tears and ran down her face.

Babs: Just die already!

Atlas: Uh, Babs, she's right next to us.

Babs: I forgot.

Trixie: We're all born to die, little filly.

Anon: Oh no, the emo has got a hold of her!

Babs: How intimidatin'.

"The truth hurts doesn't it my little pony?"

Anon: Title drop!

You're nothing but a stain on the soil and that's the only good thing about you..."

Atlas: She's kind of hot . . .

Trixie: Well, the AC is pretty terrible in here.

Atlas: So take off all your- Oh wait..

Trixie: Whoever manages this place doesn't do a good job.

Anon: Hey, I work hard fixing this place up! Sure, I get hurt a lot...

Discord said as he moved his long body over hers and looked at her point blank.

Atlas: BOOM HEADSHOT!

Trixie: What does that even mean?! "Point blank"?!

Atlas: Say hello to Mister Shotgun, Trixie. Fallen let me keep him.

Trixie didn't answer back but only started crying more when the fillies voices started calling her a stain on the ground.

Babs: A blood stain.

Atlas: Because that would end this story.

Anon: Did her body just stop working?

The words pierced her mind like a drill screwing in a screw.

Trixie: Gently and carefully?

Anon: This imagery is so random.

She could feel her mind descending into nothing but madness.
Madness...

Atlas: Must be some kind of [madness](#).

Babs: Repetitive repetitive repetitive~

Madness is what Discord loved to feel.

Anon: So Story Trixie's real name is Madness?

It's what aroused him greatly.

Trixie: His hoof would *not* stop getting stiff.

It's fueled him to be him and made him want to break her until nothing was left.

Trixie: "He wouldn't get desert if he didn't."

Not losing a beat he pulled his finger out and positioned his horse like dick

Atlas: (deadpan) Here we go.

Babs: Is somethin' happenin'?

Atlas: Yes, Babs, something is happening. *Something*.

Anon: For some reason, it had a smiley face.

Trixie: It's actually a banana.

in front of her pussy ready to break her.

Atlas: Physically or mentally?

Babs: Better not be the forma'.

"Makes me wonder...is the weak pony still a virgin?"

Atlas: Silly Discord. We all know that if anyone is gonna deflower Trixie, it's gonna be Anon!

Trixie: What?!?

Anon: And get beaten to death by several thousand bronies? No thanks.

Trixie: That's the *only* reason? Wait, what am I saying?!

Atlas: Because Seth is gonna fight Anon for your virginity!

Anon: Hey look! A distraction!! Let's all look at that thing over there and forget this conversation! Yeah!

Babs: I need an adult.

Atlas: I have no regrets.

Do you still have it considering how useless you are?....ooohhhh, would you feel that...Seems you're not.

Anon: Stop. Talking!!

Looks like the attention seeking pony wanted more attention than most other ponies.

Babs: She's gotten betta', ya know.

Atlas: She's like the Robert Downey Jr. of ponies.

Trixie: Like everything else in this story, the author gets that wrong.

Anon: Yeah, who would be so suicidal to want to stick around *you* long enough to form *any* kind of connection?

Trixie: (eyes tear up a bit, lips warble)

Anon: Uh, I was just kidding, Tri-

Trixie: (cries in her hooves)

Atlas: Aw shit.

Anon: Well. Now I feel like trash.

Babs: Want me to hug ya, Trix?

Trixie: (hugs Babs so much there's a squeaking noise)

Babs: It's okay, Trix. (gasp for air) I got ya.

What was your first time like?

Atlas: And this is where I taunt the living shit out of Trixie and then cry on the inside.

Trixie: (still bawling)

Atlas: Okay fine. Want me to give you a compliment?

Trixie: *sniff* ... maybe

Atlas: You're really cute.

Anon: And, uh, I really like the way you roll your "R"s.

Babs: (still in Trixie's death grip) Help. Me. Out!

Trixie: (tearfully) Oh, you're all so sweet! (grabs everyone in a group hug)

Anon: Brain.. losing oxygen... but don't care...

Atlas: Ribs. Cracking. But. So. Happy!

Was it on the cold streets of Manehattan?

Anon: "Or was it another silly rename of a human city?"

Babs: Oh fuck off, ya west coast pansy!

Atlas: East side for life.

(Atlas and Babs bro-hoof)

Anon: Hey, Trixie, how about we-

Trixie: Rainbow showed me how to do this. (pulls hoof almost impossibly back)

Bro...

Anon: No, wait, stop-

Trixie: HOOOF! (she *slams* her hoof into Anon's shoulder, and we hear a loud cracking noise)

Anon: I would scream... but it would hurt too much...

Trixie: Did I do that right?

Babs: I'd give that an 11 out of 10.

Atlas: I didn't know that scale went to 11.

Trixie: *smiles* I knew I would.

Anon: PAIN.

Did you whore yourself out for a simple bite to eat after a bad turn out from your magic show?

Babs: How should we know?

Trixie: "No."

Anon: "Oh. Sorry about that."

How pathetic, you lost your virginity for a simple apple pie that night...and a lot of chocolate too.

Atlas: Hey! She's not fat at all! In fact, she's quite fit!

Babs: I'm chubbier than her, for cryin' out loud!

Trixie: Why, thank you. I do try to take care of myself.

hahaha..." Discord said as he pushed in and felt no resistance at all and peered into her mind for the memory of losing her v-ring.

Atlas: What.

Babs: Double what.

Anon: I heard of a V-card, but not *that*.

Trixie started to remember that night as well. It was one of her first shows she put on after she ended up living on her own.

Trixie: "Doing a show for a bunch of trees was a bit of a mistake."

She hasn't eaten very well and made barely any bits from her acts.

Anon: "Maybe she should show up and actually perform a little."

She was desperate to eat and attempted to steal some food from a bakery in a rundown area of the big city.

Babs: Because that always works out, right?

Atlas: ~~Wrong!~~

Sadly she didn't notice the owner was a green unicorn who was more skilled with magic than she was.

Anon: Yeah, you don't mess around with bakers. They're all freaking ninjas, man! Donut Joe sometimes scares me...

Trixie begged that she was very hungry and the owner offered to give her food if she consented to his dark deeds.

Atlas: Seeing as how Trixie has had a faster heart change than Thorin, I'll defend her honor and say that you're a liar and a fiend.

Babs: And a punk-ass-bitch.

Trixie: There are ponies like that? Really? And here I thought the worst thing that would happen is she would have to work at the bakery to pay it off or something.

Anon: How did you make a compliment sound like an insult, Atlas?

Atlas: Because I'm talented like that. Right?

Babs: Probably not.

Trixie started to break some more at the vile memory of it.

Anon: Did you know that Trixie is made out of porcelain? It's true!

She remembered the vile unicorn coating his dick with chocolate and ramming into her virgin pussy

Babs: Doesn't sound tasty. Do not want.

Atlas: Good. You shouldn't.

Trixie: Did he heat up the chocolate first, let it cool, coated it on his--

Anon: That just sounds even more improbable and painful than anything in this fic.

and then eating her out like a starving pony.

Trixie: What a waste of chocolate.

Anon: Wait, I thought Story Trixie was the starving pony here.

Not stopping there the unicorn made her stick a piece of cake in her mouth while he made her give her a blowjob.

Atlas: (grabs his head) What?!

Babs: Somethin' happened. I don't know what, but it happened.

Anon: [What the fuck](#)?!

The taste of chocolate and semen forever put her off from chocolate that day.

Trixie: "But for that day only."

To her it was the most disgusting thing anyone could do to her.

Atlas: Now Trixie, we all know there are much worse things than this.

Trixie: Like reading terrible erotica with a bunch of strangers? And get repeatedly hugged by them?

Anon: "It was second only to the pain of listening to that new boy band song."

Atlas: Almost as painful as listening to Nickleback.

"Weak and pathetic then, and even now it seems.

Anon: "Hey, that flashback was private!"

I'm surprised a failure like you is still alive."

Trixie: *I'm* surprised that people *like* this.

Discord said feeling her mind descend further into madness.

Babs: Ya keep usin' that word. I don't think it means what ya think it means.

Anon: This guy's got nothing on Sheogorath.

The madness drove his body to go harder and faster into her small frame.

Trixie: Oh, so she's actually a carriage. Now it all makes sense.

She start to sob uncontrollably as the words he spoke hit her harder then everything else.

Atlas: We made Trixie cry before Discord did. We aren't proud of this fact.

Anon: Not even a little bit.

Babs: I'm guilty of nothin'. I give out free hugs. Cuz the hug life chose me.

Trixie: Oh, you guys.

He was right; she was weak then and even now.

Anon: "She could barely do three pushups!"

For the second time in her life she felt violated and there was nothing she could do about it.

Babs: Except for, well, somethin'.

Atlas: I just realized the fic's almost over. Yay.

Trixie: Maybe she'll give out a big, wet fart and kill the mood.

Anon: Or make the fic several times more horrible.

"Please...stop..." Trixie begged as she continued to cry not wanting to hear it anymore.

Anon: "Continue to rape me, sure, but can you just stop speaking?"

"I'll stop when I get what I want..." Discord said as he rocked his snake like body into her soft yet dirty fur.

Anon: Ponies don't have a fur coat. It's called hair. Did I just blow your mind, author?

Atlas: (runs a hand through Trixie's mane) More like hair, really.

Trixie: Hey, stop that! I spend a lot of time getting my mane to curve the way I like it.

Atlas: Okay fine jeez.

Trixie could hear the wet sound of his member getting thrust into her

Anon: She barely paid attention to it at all. That must be a big hit on Discords ego.

and she even felt his body push against her flank.

Anon: Wow, there really *are* so many people that think the flank is the ass.

Trixie: We're not being facetious anymore, are we?

She wanted to fight back, but without her magic, she couldn't do anything.

Babs: As an earth pony, I'm offended by this.

Atlas: As a creature with legs and arms, I'm offended by this.

She just laid there and begged that the creature would quickly finish

Trixie: "She has more important things to do, like eat moldy bread."

and leave her to die in her misery.

Anon: "She had some *Lincoln Park* to listen too."

What saddened her even more was that her body was enjoying the fucking it was getting.

Trixie: Really? You didn't seem to mind at all, and your thoughts even drifted into something else.

She could feel the heat building upside of her and wanted it to go away.

Atlas: Go away, Estrus, no one likes you.

Babs: Is that a mare ya know, Attly?

Anon: At least it's not using electricity analogies.

Trixie: Story me is actually an oven. It is now canon!

Atlas: ♪You didn't have to cut me off!♪

Discord loved the feeling of violating the small mare.

Anon: "He loves to stand way too close to her in subway stations."

He didn't want to stop at all and every thrust was like a decade of waiting time snuffed out.

Trixie: Sort of like reading through this marathon.

The clock was counting down to this moment for him and he planned to enjoy it.

Atlas: He soon dies of ass cancer.

Babs: What.

Atlas: It's cancer . . . in your butt.

He started to pick up speed as his chaotic being caused the air around them to distort and bend wildly.

Trixie: Reality is breaking from how impossible this all is.

He could feel his body building up for that long overdue release and after a few more thrust he got what he wanted.

Atlas: Congratulations! You won a new motorbike!

Babs: Ya won a chair and rope!

Thanks to Discord genetic makeup he was compatible with nearly all the beings across Equestria and the world.

Atlas: Why didn't he impregnate one of the mane 6 then?

Babs: Cuz it makes too much sense, Attly.

Anon: Wouldn't that mean he would be sterile if he was just a mishmash of other creatures?

Trixie: Like mules?

He could make any being pregnant and have them bear a child of chaos.

Anon: It's not of this world!

Trixie: Is this sequel bait?

Trixie stopped crying and stared into his red eyes as she felt his warm juices ejaculate inside of her.

Babs: Lava juice.

Atlas: That would be a hilariously graphic death.

She wanted to scream but her words didn't not come out of her open mouth.

Atlas: Already made that joke. Don't feel like doing it again.

Anon: "Instead, she yawned."

For the second time in her life her fur

Babs: It's hair, ya dumb twat!

Atlas: Getting creative with our cursing aren't we, Babs.

Babs: Hell yeah!

felt like it was crawling

Anon: ♪In my skin! These wounds will not heal!♪

as the almost live seed

Trixie: Ew.

Anon: "Was planted in the garden, later becoming a magnificent tree."

Babs: Maybe it's a Weepin' Willow.

flowed up her body and then feeling the overflow of the creatures seed spill out of her as his member

still stood in its place.

Trixie: Oh, right, there's a rape scene here.

Anon: How do you make a worse rape fic than *Chaos*? How?

Atlas: With effort. Or lack thereof.

For the second time in her life she would have to go against how she was raised and find a doctor to make she wasn't pregnant.

Anon: "Me not know how to form words to make what I say make sense okay bye."

Babs: There's a word missin' in that sentence. Can ya spot the missin' word?

Her voice started to come back as the creature started to pull it's softening member

Trixie: "It's"? So even the author forgot that Discord is male?

Atlas: The author suffers from short term memory loss.

out of her abused pussy.

Babs: That poor kitty.

Her body slowly curled up as she put her hooves between her legs to nurse the pain and tried to scoop out the juice left behind.

Anon: "Why does it feel like Elmers Glue?"

Trixie didn't notice that her gray fur had started to get duller..

"That was much needed. Thank you my dear, we should do this again sometime. Grahahahaha!!"

Anon: If this doesn't stray *too* far from canon, then we know how this ends.

Atlas: Canon? What's that?

Babs: It's the thing where the stuff happens.

Discord said as he decided to fly back to Ponyville.

Trixie just stayed still.

Trixie: "Maybe they won't see me."

The voices had finally stopped tormenting her but she felt dead inside.

Anon: "Looks like I've got a bell tower to climb."

Atlas: The emo is strong in this one.

The only thing she felt was the creature's seed seeping out of her hole. She wanted to cry again but all her tears were gone from her system.

Anon: "She needed to be rebooted."

Atlas: Damn Windows 98!

Babs: She was a robot the whole time. What a twist!

She just wanted to lay there and rot...

Trixie: And it's done!

Atlas: I think that calls for a break.

Babs: (spills her M&Ms) Finally!

Anon: I think my brain is melting.

Babs: I can't even feel my brain.

Trixie: (stretches her hooves) This feels like getting hit with a train right to the skull.

Atlas: Oh come on, it wasn't THAT bad, was it?

All: (loud grumble)

Atlas: Okay, it was. And something tells me we're not even done here.

Babs: I'm startin' to miss my teddy bear.

Atlas: I didn't kno-

Babs: Don't. Tell. Anypony.

Anon: Well, I bet Atlas could be a decent teddy bear replacement. Isn't that right, Atlas?

Atlas: Does that mean free hugs?

Babs: I didn't choose the hug life. The hug life chose me.

Trixie: (shakes head) Gah, I *still* can't get those images out of my head.

Anon: I think I feel my brain's going numb.

Trixie: You wouldn't act any different regardless.

Atlas: Does Trixie give free hugs now?

Babs: Maybe she ain't the bitch we thought she was.

Atlas: "I", Babs. Speak for yourself.

Trixie: Do you two have something to say to me?

Atlas: (looks from side to side) Nope!

Anon: (his body sways from back and forth) Seriously, I can't feel... anything. I feel so light headed now...

Atlas: Maybe you should have a salad every once in awhile.

Anon: I-I can't... N...never touched salad... a-a big guy like me needs...(collapses to the side of his seat, his upper half crushing Trixie) Ugh...

Trixie: H-Hey! Get off of me!

Pinkie Pie: (from TV) Awww! How cute!

Atlas: That's not even-

(Anon's passed out body is magically flung across the room.)

Trixie: No means no, Anon.

Rainbow Dash: (from TV) Say uhhh, do any of you know who darf is?

Anon: (still on the floor, slowly regaining consciousness) Now I'm *really* sick...

Atlas: (skin turns pale) You mean *that thing that calls itself a human*.

Babs: Hew-man is a funny word. I like it.

Trixie: What in the world is a darf?

Atlas: (experiencing 'Miss Me?' flashbacks) AHHHHHHH!!

Anon: The human equivalent of a fart... (slowly gets back to his seat) We need a real break in these little break segments...

Rainbow Dash: So you're already familiar with him, huh? Well, the next fic is a clopfic starring . . . me. (grumble)

Atlas: I suppose karma really does exist.

Anon: I feel bad for Rainbow, though. darf isn't... sane in his clopfics.

Trixie: It can't be worse than what we've already read... right?

Babs: So what's the title of it? Ya didn't tell us last time. Or the time before that. Or the ti-

Atlas: We get it, Babs.

Pinkie Pie: *rainbow / Dash.*

Atlas: Yes, I know, that's the pegasus next to you, but what's the name of the fic?

Pinkie Pie: (facehoof)

Anon: Huh... why does that sound fam-

Trixie: Is there a reason why it's called that? It doesn't seem very imaginative.

Rainbow Dash: Grammar errors that were made on purpose, according to the author.

Anon: Oh... kay...

Atlas: wut.

Babs: That's friggin' lazy, ain't it.

(buzzer sounds)

All: We've got story sign!

rainbow / Dash

by

darf

Atlas: It's that name. That name that steals people's souls.

Anon: I once let out a giant darf when I ate too many tacos.

Babs: Sounds like somethin' that belongs in a toilet.

Trixie: We're off to a great start, aren't we?

The doorbell jolts you out of your almost sleep.

Atlas: Such a good start!

Babs: He was about two thirds of the way asleep.

You'd spent most of the day in a state between anticipation and forced nonchalance,

Anon: Oh, come on, darf! Another 2nd person story?! I would never do any of these things! Even though I have no idea what's going to happen...

Trixie: Wait, so this is suppose to be an anonymous human?

Babs: Correct. Onto the next course in your studies!

Trixie: Now, where have I met someone like that...?

Anon: (looks around nervously)

and in the excitement of the coming evening,

Atlas: ♪*I can feel it coming in the air tonight.*♪

Babs: Doesn't look excitin' to us.

your brain started to fatigue itself from the run through of what was to come.

Babs: This fic already has a similar (burp) effect on me.

Atlas: I can literally feel the intensity!

The distinctive sound of chimes through the house is enough to bring you back to reality,

Trixie: The main guy starts off groggy and can barely move. This is truly the tale of the ages!

Atlas: *War and Peace* ain't got shit on this!

and a surge of new energy flows through your veins,

Anon: Don't do drugs, kids.

Babs: Don't have to tell me twice.

Atlas: I forgot that there's a kid with us.

accompanied by rapid blinking of your eyelids as you feel wakefulness return.

Trixie: Read in awe as the main character blinks!

she's here, and the evening is ready to begin.

Atlas: I see a shit storm coming this way.

Babs: I see a storm full of shit headin' this way.

You catch yourself trying to give your composure a once over before you open the door,

Anon: "It's a good thing that you have this net to catch yourself."

and have to remind yourself there's no need to do so.

Atlas: You're kinda dumb like that.

Babs: Ya tend to forget stuff. Like how to breathe.

Trixie: I'm surprised there isn't a 300 word description of him breathing.

Part of your mind always has trouble making a transition between the way you know you should be thinking,

Trixie: "Babies are for nursing, not food."

and the way you're used to.

Babs: What?

Atlas: This isn't gonna end well, is it.

It's something that comes more and more naturally with time, but it does require the occasional self-reminder.

Anon: Pants.

You'd count on her to remind you, but she's not often in any state to give direction, or even

suggestions.

Babs: Cuz she's a walkin' corpse.

Atlas: Where's Daryl when you need him?

Anon: I guess you could say that she was dead on arrival.

You take a deep breath, and open the door.

Atlas: How riveting.

Babs: Needs more explosions.

A face hidden by a bright multicoloured mane greets you.

Trixie: That narrows it down to... half of the world.

The pony on your doorstep is a bright cyan blue, and her eyes are locked firmly on the ground at your feet.

Anon: "Where are your shoes?"

Her wings are ruffling nervously on her back,

Trixie: She really needs to see a doctor about that.

the way you might tap your fingers against each other if you were anxious.

Atlas: Does anyone really do that?

Babs: I don't have fingas so I wouldn't know.

Even though the air inside your house moments ago was warm and inviting from the scent of a freshly prepared dinner,

Anon: Aw, maybe this will be all romantic and sweet!

Trixie: With someone named darf writing this?

Anon: ...

Atlas: Nooooo.

you feel as though your breaths are sharpened when the outside air creeps in.

Anon: That's why you have your frost breath set to reserve!

You can hear her breathing: it's high-pitched and more laboured than seems necessary,

Babs: Cuz of the reason.

Trixie: Does she have a cold or something?

dragging in oxygen as though it's an effort that requires permission. You smile.

Anon: Oh no.

Atlas: This guy is giving me the creeps.

"Come inside, rainbow dash."

Atlas: Oh god the punctuation! (foams at the mouth)

Babs: As long as ya don't explode on us, we're fine.

The pegasus gives a response somewhere between a bow and a nod,

Trixie: "Her head just kind of shakes in place."

which results in her legs twisting over each other as she makes her way inside.

Babs: "Ow my bucking legs! Arghhh!"

Anon: Legs: "How'd you like that?!"

Normally so graceful, she almost trips over herself on her way into your house.

Trixie: The piles of junk in his house must be enormous.

Her movement is hurried, taking every pain to enter as fast as possible.

Atlas: Are we on earth or in Equestria?

Anon: Is this guy Rainbow's cider dealer or something?

There was no undue insistence in your tone when you spoke,

Anon: "Because you're actually Helen Keller."

but that doesn't seem to have a bearing on her behaviour. Your smile widens.

Babs: Dat creepy face.

Atlas: >:)

Anon: I bet he's feeling... [naughty](#)...

dash's gaze is still locked on the floor.

Atlas: Maybe she's a weeping angel.

Babs: Sounds like a really weird kind of angel.

Trixie: Is she ashamed about the drapes or something? What's going on?

She's rocking back and forth on her hooves anxiously, refusing to look you in the eye.

**Anon: "Hey... Ilikeyou doyoulíkeme ofcourse you do I'm awesome
but I think you're reawesome too and WHY CAN'T I STOP TALKING!!"**

Being so much smaller than you, that means you don't get even a single glimpse of her pretty face

Babs: Jeez that's creepy.

Atlas: Almost as creepy as Coa- ARGHH! (falls to the floor)

Anon: Then kneel down and meet her fa-AAGHH!

Trixie: It's like they never learn.

- but you can see her neck through the haphazard sprigs of her rainbow hair jutting out from her head.

Atlas: darf sure doesn't like to use pony terminology, does he.

Babs: I take it you're familiar with him.

Atlas: Unfortunately, yes.

Anon: (whimpers)

It's thin and blue, just like the rest of her lithe athletic frame.

Trixie: "Which earned her the nickname 'Pencil Neck'."

At the base of her neck where it meets her chest, dash is wearing a black leather collar,

Atlas: Fuuuuuuck!

Babs: What is she, a dog?

Anon: Oh, she's just in her emo phase.

with studs fitted evenly around the length, and a single hoop ring at the center right below her chin.

Atlas: How kinky.

Babs: Maybe she needs a massage if she's feelin' kinky.

Atlas: Not *that* kind of kinky.

Anon: "Hi, I'm Rainbow Dash. I don't like ponies touching my hooves and displays of affection, but I'm a-okay with being treated like a pet."

You close your eyes for a moment, and inhale slowly.

Trixie: How are breathing exercises going to help us?

The scent of dinner in the other room is almost drown out

Atlas: Tense fail. And this is totally unnecessary.

by something else, an imperceptible and hesitant electricity.

Anon: That's not Rainbow, it's Pikachu!

Her breathing is still there, loud and laboured.

Babs: Maybe she's preggas'.

Atlas: THAT'S EVEN WORSE!

You open your eyes again. she hasn't moved.

Atlas: Don't. Blink.

Trixie: "She peed on the floor."

Curious, you raise your right hand experimentally, holding it above your shoulder.

Atlas: If you raised it, it would be above your shoulder anyways.

Babs: I oughta take a pair of scissors to this fic.

Anon: "The hand began it's righteous mission by strangling you."

Even though her eyes are glued to the floor, you can feel dash suppress a flinch, and her breathing quickens.

Babs: Why is her breathin' quick?

Atlas: Because she's probably aroused.

Babs: Why?

Atlas: Because if she isn't then the readers can't cum.

Babs: Why?

Atlas: Because they want to see Rainbow act like a slave.

Babs: Why?

Atlas: Because they like slavery.

Babs: Why?

Atlas: Because they're sick fucks.

Babs: Why?

Atlas: Because they are!

Babs: . . . Why?

Atlas: (facepalm)

You notice her left shoulder jitter ever so slightly inward towards her body.

Anon: Dash is literally about to explode! Run!!

"Is something the matter, dash?"

Atlas: What do YOU think?

rainbow dash shakes her head very fast, high-pitched breaths coming through her nose,

Trixie: Is this Rainbow or a squeak toy?

Atlas: I've seen Rainbow be both. At the same time.

mingled with what you now realise is an anxious whinny, like the sound she might make if she was threatened with her life,

Atlas: Gee whiz, I wonder why.

Babs: Hew-mans ain't THAT scary.

Trixie: Strong smelling, but not scary.

Anon: ... yeah...

an unseen attacker poised to strike her across the face, or pressing a knife to her throat.

Anon: Bilbo uses the one ring while he's drunk again.

Babs: As opposed to thousands of different rings.

A very lovely demonstration.

Trixie: "She's ready for her role in the play."

Anon: Nameless human: "Okay, you play the part of a frightened dog, and I'll be a horrible person."

Atlas: Sounds like an even worse version of "The Room". How's that possible?

"Come on, didn't you come over tonight to *relax*?"

Atlas: "Would you like some cyanide with your salad?"

Babs: (evil laughter)

You end your sentence in a smirk, emphasizing the last word.

Anon: "Why don't you feel RELAXED?!?"

Atlas: It's bolded. You don't need to tell us something we already know.

Babs: Courtesy of the Department of Redundancy Department.

Trixie: Is that a code phrase or something?

Dash's body stiffens visibly,

Trixie: "For she is part goat from her mothers side."

Anon: Rainbow's name is suddenly capitalized... huh.

her limbs held stoically static for a moment.

Anon: "Man, the receptions busted. Why did I go with a dish?!"

Her breathing changes, switching from rushed and almost terrified hisses to a longer sound, slow and steady gulps of air taking their place.

Trixie: It seems that Rainbow has forgotten how to breath properly.

Atlas: She's been reverted to a primitive fish.

Dash raises her head as she breathes, and you see her face for the first time tonight.

Anon: "Pinkie?!?"

Babs: What a twist!

Her eyes are closed. She takes several more breaths, and then opens her eyes.

Trixie: Does Rainbow regularly walk around with her eyes closed?

Anon: Dash: "Hey, who are you and how did you get inside my house?!"

Atlas: I'm trying to make sense of this, but I'm failing.

Babs: But you'll always be *our* failure.

Anon: It seems he's using code words to control Dash. Sicko.

Her mouth twists into a nervous smile.

"Ready for dinner?" you ask.

She nods, much more composed than before.

Anon: Is a gun being pointed at her or something? Did somebody threaten to kill her friends if she didn't go to dinner with this guy?

Atlas: I'm so confused right now.

Babs: What's a gun?

Anon: It's that boom stick Fallen gave Atlas.

"...Yeah... it smells really good." Dash's voice still isn't quite normal.

Anon: This Dash is an automaton, and it's malfunctioning. That's how this works.

Trixie: Or a changeling using this poor sap as a living battery.

Atlas: It was only a matter of time before we mentioned changelings.

It sounds younger, on the verge of cracking with every word.

Anon: I think the author is confusing two different fetishes here.

Atlas: Is he comparing a mare to a child *again*?

Babs: She must be Sweetie Belle in disguise. Why, I haven't a clue.

The way her cheeks flush along with her youthful annunciation sends a tingle through your body,

Trixie: "Or it could be the expired food flushing through your system."

Anon: "The thought of a younger Dash reverberates through your mind. It is then you figured out that you're a pedo."

Babs: Is a pedo a type of bear?

Atlas: Uhhhhh-

coursing through your fingertips from a location below your belt.

Anon: His knees?

Trixie: You know, I'm surprised that you're not mad, Anon.

Anon: What do you mean?

Trixie: Well, the protagonist is an anonymous human.

Anon: ... yeah?

Trixie: So, his name would be Ano-

Anon: *HEY!!* Who wants the last KitKat bar?!

Babs: I do!

You try to put it out of your head for the time being.

Anon: How'd he get his knees inside his skull?

Trixie: Effort and determination. And scissors.

Smiling, you extend your hand to Dash, and she meets your fingertips timidly with her hoof.

Atlas: This is NOT Rainbow Dash.

Babs: Ya just figured that out?

You don't feel her stereotypical confidence behind her movement - instead, it feels like guiding a dependent towards the kitchen, sheltering and ferrying them through a harsh storm.

Atlas: Give us a reason why she's like this, dammit!

Babs: Or else we'll snip your pee-pee.

Anon: "I guess stabbing Rainbow in the brain by 'accident' wasn't so bad."

She keep her gaze averted for the most part,

Trixie: Wow, Anon must be hideous in this story!

Anon: ... wait, was that a roundabout way to say that I'm *not* hideous *right now*?

Trixie: You keep believing in that. You might not cry yourself to sleep tonight.

Anon: (genuinely smiles)

Trixie: You're weird, you know that?

but every few seconds will force you a glance and a nervous grin, as though she's reminding herself.

Atlas: Remind herself of what?

Babs: How to use her lungs.

Anon: Dash: (dumb) "Will you take me to the big place?!"

The fingers on your free hand feel tense, and you clench them into your palm, staring at the collar around her neck as you pull her chair out.

Trixie: "The hand wanted you to be polite and pull Rainbow's chair out for her, but you're not exactly a gentleman."

Pretenses sometimes seems unnecessary, but the waiting makes things much sweeter.

Atlas: No fuck you it doesn't work like that.

Babs: Sweetness? I don't see any candy around here.

Dinner is a pleasant distraction. You don't pride yourself as a masterful cook,

Anon: "Ordering pizza can be brutal!"

but you're more than skilled enough to put together something that's to Dash's liking, and your own as well.

Atlas: At least this guy is a step above the Anon from '*Miss Me?*'.

Trixie: Was Rainbow so nervous because Anon is usually a bad cook?

Anon: Hey, I may not pride myself as a masterful cook... wait a minute...

Trixie: 3... 2... 1...

Anon: I'm *not* the anon in the story!

Atlas: Correct. You would molest some other pony.

Anon: (scrunches up his face, pouts, and slumps in his seat) Hmph.

As the meal goes on, you catch glances of a lighter attitude breaking through Dash's restrained demeanour.

Anon: "This pisses you off to no end."

Her laughs sparkle in the otherwise quiet dining room, and when she smiles now, she looks sincere, beaming at you with her eyes wide and bright.

Babs: Still ain't in character. How do ya mess up twice?

Atlas: Just like how you can explode twice.

Anon: I still like this Dash over the "too stupid to walk and breath at the same time" one.

But, you catch yourself teasing her in conversation.

Trixie: "Those hunting classes were helpful in catching yourself."

At random intervals, certain words intoned sharply,

Anon: No, those were the knives she threw at his neck.

glances to her eyes and collar that mean more than a simple look.

Babs: The Anon must be a robot, cuz he keeps makin' these faces.

Atlas: Faces are like sentences. Simple and complex.

You feel almost giddy when she jumps from her casual laid-back attitude to moments of almost panic, her eyes widening, and her breath quickening ever so slightly for a moment before she realizes you're just taunting her.

Atlas: "I fart in your general direction!"

Babs: "Your mother sucks lollipops in Tartarus!"

Trixie: Is she having a heart attack?

Anon: You know, I would much rather read about Rainbow and her date actually talk and have fun during dinner, and that's all that happens.

Trixie: That way, you could project yourself as *that* protagonist and pretend you actually have dates?

Anon and Atlas: (sad face)

She doesn't object in the slightest, rolling along each instance in stride,

Trixie: Her attitude did such a 180, my mind is having trouble processing it.

and averting her eyes when she hears the force in your voice when you choose to provoke her.

Babs: Is Rainbow a pony or a lion?

Atlas: "I will name her Richard and she will be mine and she will be my Richard."

Anon: And here I am, sitting here with no more Skyrim jokes.

The way she jumps back and forth between both states is intoxicating, an overwhelming sense of control and purpose.

Atlas: You're starting to sound like the Anon from *Apples at Sunset*.

Babs: Is that supposed to be a cousin Applejack fic?

Atlas: *Supposed to be.*

Trixie: "It's like she only has two switches."

Anon: "I guess it's back to the factory with this unit."

You find yourself finishing dinner faster than you would normally,

Anon: "By slamming your face into the dinner plate and inhaling deeply."

ignoring whatever amount of hunger your body is actually insisting in favour of clearing away the meal and making your way to the rest of the evening.

Anon: "*Worlds Dumbest* is on in five minutes!"

Dash eats demurely,

Atlas: I don't know what that word means.

Babs: That makes two of us.

Anon: Demurely: 1) Modest and reserved in manner or behavior. 2) Affectedly shy, modest, or reserved.

Atlas: Sounds like Fluttershy, who *is not* Rainbow Dash.

Anon: It could even be Rarity--

Trixie: Are you some kind of dictionary or something, Anon?

maintaining proper table manners in a way that seems unexpected given her usual brashness.

Trixie: "Usually, theres a fork stuck in her ear during dinner. Now it's only in her nose. We're making progress with the Dash clones."

Things are different when she's around you - most of the time, anyway.

Babs: 60% percent of the time, she's in character all the time.

Trixie: But only on Tuesday and Thursdays.

Dash clears the table when you push away your plate.

"Did you enjoy your meal?"

Babs: "Do you like getting pet pets?"

Atlas: (pats Babs on the head) Who's a good kitty cat? You are!

Trixie: (sits idly, then stares at Anon, eyes narrowing) Aren't you going to try to--

Anon: (looks at Trixie) Hmm? Nah, I don't feel like it.

Trixie: Oh. Well then.

you ask her as she picks up one of the serving dishes between her hooves.

Anon: I want all the humans reading this to try to lift your plate up while your hands are balled up like fists. Then walk around like that.

She looks up at you when you speak.

Trixie: "Rainbow chucks the plate right at Anons neck."

When her eyes meet yours, you narrow your gaze, hardening the intensity of your look to unforgiving steel.

Atlas: The reason being . . .?

Babs: The Anon just evolved into Iron Anon.

Anon: "Iron Anon uses 'OOO Wave' on Dash! It's super effective!"

She looks away almost immediately, locking her eyes firmly on the floor.

"Yes, i did, M-"

Atlas: "-enstruation."

Babs: "-agnet."

Trixie: "-arbles."

Anon: "-angenta."

she starts the word, but catches herself,

Trixie: "Anon showed her how."

her lips sputtering the syllables into nothingness.

Anon: Dash is now Donald Duck.

As commanding as your gaze might have been, there are thing left unsaid.

Atlas: "Hulk like Rainbow Dash. Hulk want to take Rainbow Dash to see cheesy movie."

She swallows, and looks up at you again, her eyes twinkling with nervousness. "Yes, I did. It was delicious, thank you."

Babs: Who the buck is this?!

Atlas: This is Patrick.

Trixie: Wow, how bad is your cooking, Anon?

Anon: I keep telling you, that's not--

Trixie: (giggles) They were right, teasing you *is* fun.

Anon: Well, at least I made you laugh...

Atlas: At least that giggle was insanely cute.

Some ponies would have paid good bits to hear Rainbow Dash speak in such a cordial manner.

Babs: Nah, we'd just burn your house down.

Atlas: With lemons!

Anon: Which ponies? Dash's parents?

You simply grin to yourself,

Trixie: Because Anon is the only friend he's got.

and wave Dash towards the sink with your hand. She hurries off with the plates and glasses she's collected,

Anon: The mental image is hilarious to me, only because I can imagine some of the slapstick that would happen.

getting to work on the cleaning without even being asked.

Anon: Is she your pet or your mother?

Babs: What if she's his sista?

You don't need to tell her to hurry, but you find yourself willing her to work faster.

Babs: Cuz you're an impatient bastard.

Trixie: I don't think that staring at her will make Rainbow work any faster.

Anon: Hey, why don't you help her, you lazy moron? It's your house for crying out loud!

You stand behind her as she works at the sink, watching her legs extend to place the dishes on their drying rack.

Anon: Okay, how is she washing the dishes? Is Dash dunking her head in the water, dishes in her mouth, and using her tail to scrub them?

Her body bends as she washes,

Trixie: Even though she's way too short to reach everything.

Anon: She could be flying, I guess?

and your eyes trace over her,

Anon: "Hold still, would ya? I'm trying to trace you with this marker pen!"

starting from her hooves along the floor and snaking upwards,

Trixie: Did he literally pull out his eyes and swirl them around Rainbow's back? Ew.

over her taut hindquarters and her folded wings coated in delicate feathers.

Atlas: I feel like I should be reading a good romance story with Rainbow in it, and Anon knows what I mean by that.

Anon: It pretty much destroys all the myriad of clopfics like this one with it's pure awesomeness.

Babs: There's a *good* one? Can I read it?

Trixie: I hardly doubt that such a feat is possible.

Atlas: Oh, but it is real. And so awesome!

Your stare lands on her neck,

Anon: "You suddenly think of a giraffe."

covered by the taper of her rainbow mane at the back, but not covered enough to hide the black leather of her collar completely.

Trixie: Yeah, a giant round black thing around a light blue coated mare is *really* hard to notice.

You feel a tingle under your jeans, and your fingers tense again.

Atlas: I forgot about the absurd fetish. Thanks for reminding me. ~~PRICK~~.

Anon: "You then begin to shake uncontrollably, urinating yourself in the process."

"Don't take too long," you say, keeping your tone of voice as casual as possible "and meet me in the bedroom when you're done."

Anon: Ass wipe.

Trixie: Stool sniffer.

Babs: Penis licker.

Atlas: Butt taster.

"Ye- okay, sure thing." Dash catches herself mid-sentence,

Atlas: What's the bloody difference?

and nods without turning as she busies herself with the rest of the dishes.

Anon: What's the point of nodding if no one's going to see it?

You make your way to your bedroom, unable to wipe the smile from your face.

Babs: I fucking hate clowns!

Atlas: You and everyone else.

You're lying on the bed, sprawled out with your head on the pillows

Anon: "Trying desperately to suffocate yourself."

when Dash shows up a few minutes later. She looks hesitant for a minute, but floats over with a light flap of her wings when she sees you smiling at her.

Atlas: "Let's put a smile on that face!"

Trixie: "She lands on your stomach with the might of a boulder squashing a watermelon."

Her body lands softly on the mattress and blankets besides you, and you turn as she touches down, laying your arm across her shoulders. She's facing away from you, snuggling the back of her body into you the way she's used to. You pull her close, and she sighs, closing her eyes and snuggling her warmth against you.

Babs: Maybe this will be romantic for once. Right?

Trixie: A *romantic* clopfiction?

Atlas: Let me show you both the good clopfiction after this is over, okay?

Her wings are folded up against her back, and they press into your chest when you hold her, tickling you ever so slightly through the fabric of your shirt.

The two of you lie there for a moment, embracing and reveling in the closeness of your two bodies.

Atlas: Maybe this won't be so bad after all.

Anon: Aw, that actually kinda sweet.

Dash's breathing is soft, and you trace your fingers through her hair as she sighs quietly. You run one of your fingers behind her ear and playfully along the back of her neck, causing her to shiver slightly. She presses herself closer to you, and her hips push firmly back against your jeans. It's an inevitability of spooning like this,

Atlas: This is so pleasant.

Babs: I ain't even mad.

Anon: Let's enjoy this moment.

Trixie: This is nice.

and a firm reminder of what's been on your mind the whole evening.

Atlas: ~~FUCK!~~

Anon: "Cheesecake. But enough about that."

You want to make it just a little more fun before things change, though.

Atlas: ♪F is for friends who do stuff together / U is for you and me / N is for anywhere, anytime at all / Down here in the deep blue sea!♪

"So," you begin, your voice casual and cheerful. "are you glad you came over to see me?"

Anon: "I am, because you did my chores for me!"

"Of course I am." Dash answers.

Babs: "I am a robot."

Atlas: "Beep boop, son. Beep boop."

She turns her head and gives you a playful smirk.

Trixie: "But she's keeping the sly smile for herself."

While her voice isn't the full on tomboyish gravel

Anon: What is that even suppose to mean? I can't tell if that's an insult or not.

Trixie: I had no idea Rainbow eats rocks for dinner.

that she uses in normal conversation, it's closer, and your mind spins for ways to prod her into perfect normalcy.

Atlas: Normalcy? She's wearing a spiked collar!

Babs: She's normally tomboyish, ain't she?

Anon: What did he do to Dash that made her this way?

"You did a good job with those dishes. Are you sure you're so keen on getting into the Wonderbolts? You'd make a good maid, or a housekeeper."

Atlas: Now I keep thinking of Rainbow in a maid outfit. It's not a bad image, per se.

Anon: I suddenly want to punch you AND the anon in the story right on the mouth.

Trixie: You really shouldn't hit yourself, Anon.

Atlas: I didn't do anything. The images plant themselves.

Dash catches your mischievous grin and matches it, turning around and giving you a playful shove in the shoulder with one of her forelegs.

Anon: Her fifth one.

"Hey! That's different... the faster flyer in Equestria

Atlas: "Faster flyer". What.

Babs: The author might've accidentally a word there.

isn't gonna wind up doing dishes for the rest of her life. I'm gonna be on the Wonderbolt team some day, and you know it."

Anon: Canon shits all over this fic. And it's awesome.

Atlas: By this point, canon shits all over 90% of fanfiction.

Anon: And it is *glorious*.

"What, as their janitor?"

Atlas: They love each other SO MUCH!

Babs: Can we read that good one now? My head hurts from readin' this.

Atlas: As soon as this is over, we will.

Babs: Hooray!

Dash's mouth drops in incredulous shock, and she shoves you with both hooves, tossing you onto your back.

Trixie: Is Rainbow going through mood swings?

Anon: Did the company ship a defective product, or did the main guy do this himself?

You laugh as she lands on top of you, tackling you against the bedsheets. Her hooves rest on your shoulders, and she grins as she pins you to the mattress.

Anon: "Where and how she found that luchador outfit was beyond you, and you don't really care at the moment."

That's the Rainbow Dash you were looking for.

Babs: Angry Rainbow Dash? I suppose ya found her.

Anon: Why did it take this long to get Rainbow to be playful?

Trixie: I still can't get my wrap my head around how different she's acting compared to the beginning of this story.

The air between your two bodies is charged again, electric from a combination of playfighting and the thoughts in the back of both your minds since the evening began.

Babs: I was neva' a fan of electric types.

Atlas: Enter *Static Shock* reference here.

You can see a spark in Dash's eyes as she stares down at you, locking her gaze to yours.

Anon: The Pokemon jokes just write themselves.

She's grinning in the cocksure way

Atlas: I didn't know that was a word.

Babs: She's sure as a roosta'.

she does to everyone else, challenging the world to send something her way she can't handle.

Trixie: "Like algebra."

Rainbow Dash has always prided herself on her intomitable spirit,

Atlas: Now we must seek the aid of Anon the walking dictionary.

Anon: I don't know what the hell an *intomitable* spirit is, but *indomitable* means impossible to subdue or defeat.

Babs: I knew we could count on ya, Sweetie Belle!

feeling like no challenge is too big to take on.

Atlas: No good deed goes unpunished!

Unfortunately (or fortunately) for her, there's a very particular vulnerability inherent in trust, and Dash has given you a great deal of that.

Trixie: "So you're going to misuse that trust maliciously."

You grin wider as she smiles down at you.

Trixie: Then the awkward silence sets in.

Anon: Preceded by farts. Lots and *lots* of farts.

"Come on Dash,

Babs: Why do I feel like there's a comma missin' there?

don't be like that. You know I'm just joking... I'm sure you'll make a ***fantastic*** Wonderbolt."

Atlas: Oh outdated fanfic. You so silly. :P

Babs: Is Attly okay?

Anon: The bolded words are the code phrases that change Dash's personality! That bastard!

The air changes in an instant,

Anon: Good, the Neurotoxin is working.

still tingling with electricity you can feel on your skin, but shifting in temperature, from hot and airy to cool, and intentional.

Atlas: What?

Anon: I think someone needs to see a doctor.

Dash doesn't move her gaze, but her eyes change, the spark in them fading to soft, subservient ice. You lock your eyes to hers, and blink once.

Atlas: (O_-)

Babs: (-_O)

Trixie: (to Anon) How are they doing that?

Anon: (shrugs)

She snaps her head to the side as though she's been struck.

Anon: Bilbo strikes again!

"Oh! I... i'm sorry..."

Atlas: For what? Being OOC?

Dash's breathing is quickened again.

Trixie: Quick, she's going into labour!

Atlas: (A Serbian Film flashbacks) AHHHHHHHHHH!!

You're still wearing your grin, but it's twisted slightly, from lighthearted to a more devilish intent.

Babs: Make the bad man go away!

Atlas: He's wearing a clown mask. I hate clowns!

Anon: "Your smile somehow inverted itself vertically. You need medical attention."

"I beg your pardon?" you say.

"Ah! i m-mean, i'm sorry, Master."

Trixie: So, that punctuation thing is on purpose, right? But, how does that make

sense to *them*? Is Rainbow talking quieter when she's referring to herself?

As Dash's words leave her mouth, you lay one of your hands on her back, rubbing languidly against the feathers of her wings.

Anon: Like you would a dog.

Atlas: Well, she does have a collar.

Babs: Which makes her a bitch, right?

She isn't looking at you now, instead opting to stare furiously at

Trixie: All the typos and punctuation mistakes?

the wall on the other side of the room. You weave your fingers through her wings,

Anon: "It's a good thing you fingers are like little sewing needles."

and lift your other hand, letting it rest on her shoulder, and sliding it slowly towards the collar around the base of her neck. Her breath is hot against your hand as you slide it underneath her chin, pressing your fingertips into her collar.

Atlas: What's going on?

Babs: I need an adult.

Atlas: I'm not an adult either. Anon, being old as dirt however, is.

Anon: And I... am going to hug my pillow and cry.

Trixie: So, a typical Saturday night for you?

Anon: Likewise.

Anon and Trixie: (sulk)

Babs: Feels good to be a kid.

Atlas: Enjoy it while it lasts.

Babs: Why's that?

Atlas: (puts a hand on Babs' shoulder) Because sooner or later, you're gonna start bleeding from your vagina.

Babs: (shocked face)

She's hardly moving. Despite the volume of her breathing, you can only just detect the motion of her chest as it goes up and down.

Anon: Why do people love boring, pointless filler in their fics? I'm not saying I want a really short story, but there's such a thing called *brevity*. Making it long winded doesn't make it good, you know.

Atlas: Coming from the guy who's rambling.

Anon: (about to say something, his eyes widen a bit, then he lays back into his chair)

Her limbs are locked rigidly in place as you continue running your hand in circles over her wings.

Trixie: Looks like she needs to see a physical therapist.

The electric tingle of yearning in your fingertips has intensified to an almost burning sensation as you

trail them above her collar,

Anon: Static electricity can be a deadly thing.

Babs: Does this guy have a thing for electricity?

Atlas: Oh, you're still awake. Well, you see, when a daddy plug and a mommy socket love each other very much . . .

feeling the softness of her skin and fur against your touch. You lick your lips as you part your fingers,

Trixie: "You still have some food stuck around your mouth."

guiding them to circle around as much of her neck as you can take in your hand. Your motion is careful and measured, with no rush or undue intensity.

Anon: Kinda like the pace of this fic.

You want to breathe in the moment, and savour every twitch of rainbow dash's body

Atlas: Here we go with the punctuation again.

Babs: And a whole lotta nothin' is happenin'.

as you continue touching her. You feel her breathing intensify as your grip tightens ever so slightly around her neck.

Trixie: Did Rainbow collide with a rock, and that's why she's reacting so much to his massage?

It's a perfect fit to your hand, just the right width to wrap your fingers around, but not quite have them meet at the back.

Babs: Why would we wanna know that?

Anon: Just why.

dash is watching you out of the corner of her eye. her limbs are still in place, but they're shaking,

Atlas: She's made of legos.

Babs: She's made of really cheap wood.

especially her hind legs, propping her up off the softness of the mattress. You move your left hand to the base of her wings, kneading the firmness of her joints before sliding higher,

Anon: So, if this is pet play, does that mean this guy does the same thing to his cat?

to the back of her neck. You run your palm over the fingers of your other hand on your way up, eventually letting your hand rest atop her head, tracing your fingers through her disheveled rainbow mane.

Atlas: Oh god, a darf fic is making me bored. Where the hell's my crystal meth?



Babs and Trixie:

You keep your hand locked around her neck as you pet her hair.

Anon: Because he's going to choke her like you would a pet. Wait...

dash is silent but for the sound of her laboured breathing.

Atlas: I'm getting *Preggity* flashbacks. That's really weird for me.

Trixie: I won't ask.

Your grip isn't tight enough to provoke even the slightest loss of oxygen, but the way she's hissing through her nose with every intake of breath sounds like she can barely breathe.

Babs: Cuz strangelin' your lova' is a good thing to do, right?

Atlas: I don't know. I've met some girls that are kinky like that.

Anon: Maybe, but I doubt that the choking thing was Dash's idea.

You spot a bead of sweat collecting on her forehead, and both her hind and front legs are shaking in earnest.

Babs: When ya gotta pee, ya gotta pee.

You relax the grip on her neck and she draws a huge breath,

Trixie: "And chokes on a fly."

her eyes widening as she feels the muscle tension in your arm. she bites her lower lip, and braces herself-

Atlas: Shut up, Eddard.

"Ah!"

Babs: "You sunk my battleship!"

Instead of clenching down on her neck as she expected, you ball your other hand into a fist, grabbing as much of her prismatic mane as you can, and tugging it sharply.

Trixie: (slouches down, putting her forehooves on the top of her head, wincing) OW!

Anon: How do you grab something while your hand is a fist?

You pull her off your body, and move yourself sideways as you change the direction of your tug, using it to throw rainbow dash down onto the bed beside you.

Trixie: Manure eater! I can *feel* that! You're *really* mean in this story, Anon!

Anon: I'm not-- (slaps his face) Never mind...

she huddles in the sheets for a second before turning promptly to face you. her face is tucked in toward her body, making her look like a frightened kitten.

Atlas: I keep thinking of something cute. So here's something.



Anon: Aww! Look how *cute* they are! And that's a lovely shade of red, Trixie.

Trixie: ... thank you?

she doesn't dare look you in the eye.

Anon: "Her shame hits her all at once like a snowball made of slush and icicles."

Atlas: More like a rock.

Babs: It was a big rock.

You grab one of her legs and lift yourself off the bed at the same time, pulling her towards, and then underneath you.

Anon: Like how you would a pet. Have we stressed that enough?

Trixie: Rainbow is actually a toy made sentient with dark magic. Yeah, let's go with that.

You prop yourself up on your hands and hold your body over her. she's practically panting now,

Trixie: Being tossed around like a ragdoll does that.

Babs: I like to think that this Rainbow Dash is a robot.

Atlas: She reminds me of an android in a hentai that I saw.

and she lets out a soft whimper as she feels the looming presence of your much larger

Anon: "But *far* weaker."

Atlas: "-penis." This just turned into a futa in-

Babs: LALALALA!

frame overtop her soft, feminine body.

Anon: I've never really looked at Dash' - or *any* ponies, for that matter - as attractive and feminine in the slightest, so I'll just take the author's word for it. Cute? Sure, but sexy? Not happening.

Atlas: I'd beg to differ but I don't wanna get stoned.

Trixie: Wise move. Maybe you'll even learn to not traumatize a little filly some day.

As much as she might protest the definition, dash is the picture of sultry female sex-appeal,

Anon: (sputtering a laugh in his palms) No, keep going with your silly clop. Don't mind me.

Atlas: Incorrect. Spitfire is the picture of female sex-appeal!

Anon: (falls on the floor, still laughing) Yeah, the way she just stands there looking bored is so~ hot!

Atlas: Would you rather have me say Trixie?

Anon: Go for it, man! She's sitting right there! Make your move while you go the chance, bro!

Atlas: (looks over to Trixie)

Trixie: (gives Atlas the ultimate death glare, clenching her teeth) Don't you even dare.

Atlas: Because being called sexy is an offence so great. Throw me a fucking bone here!

Anon: Isn't that what Babs is for? (still laughing)

Atlas: You won't be laughing when I bring out the drippy dragon, Anon.

Anon: (suddenly sits very still and quietly in his chair)

Atlas: That's what I thought you said.

Trixie: What, it's over already?

Babs: (eating a Twix bar) Aw, I thought there was gonna be an explosion or somethin'.

Anon: I already exploded in my pants from how sexy this fic and Trixie are.

Trixie: *WHAT?!?*

Anon: Got ya! (finger guns)

Atlas: Could've been worse. He could've said that Babs was sexy.

Anon: Oh, that goes without saying. (hugs Babs with one arm) Isn't that right?

Babs: (blush) Uhhh . . .

Atlas: Not sure if I should scold Anon or collapse from the cuteness. Whaddya think, Trixie?

Trixie: (about to pass out)

Atlas: Maybe this'll wake her up. Hey Trixie! You're smokin' hot, gurl!

(An awkward beat passes. Then everyone but Trixie starts laughing their heads off.)

Trixie: ... you're all messing with me, aren't you? Is this part of a riffing initiation or something?

Anon: Oh, it *is* fun being the pranker and not the prankee for a change.

a quivering helpless pegasus collared and shuddering underneath her Master's every touch.

Trixie: "You never did warm up your hands."

her hind legs are crossed together, and she's rocking her hips enough for you to notice the movement.

Anon: "She's shaking more than a pencil sharpener."

Smiling, you reach down and pull them apart, wasting no time in moving your hand between.

Atlas: Are we actually getting to the clop now?

"Ah!" dash lets out another gasp, and her eyes close for a moment as you slide your hand along her slit.

Anon: She should see a doctor about those cuts.

she's soaking wet, as expected.

Atlas: Rainbow Dash = Soaking Wet. Now I'm starting to see a connection.

Babs: (still being hugged by Anon) I need an adult!

Anon: I AM AN ADULT.

Trixie: I should've guessed you were into the younger ponies, Anon.

Anon: Oh, how could I forget about the grown and fully blossomed mare next to me? (hugs Trixie with his other arm)

Atlas: I'm just over here, being the normal one. (whistles casually) Pretend that I'm not here.

Trixie: (pushes Anon away from her) What has this fic done to Anon?!

Babs: (hug tackles Atlas) There's no way I could forget ya, Attly!

Atlas: Don't worry, Babs. I won't let the creepy man touch you anymore.

You trace along her lips, feeling the wetness of her arousal coating your fingertips.

Anon: (in a deep, throaty tone) Yes... do it slowly...

Trixie: ... I like the old Anon better.

Babs: He's lost his marbles, hasn't he.

Despite her quivering and attempts at silence, you feel her push in to your touch.

Anon: This is SO HOT!!

Trixie: I want the other Anon back!

Atlas: I want our less creepy creeper back!

Babs: I want more candy. And a soda.

"You always do enjoy having my hands around your neck, don't you?" you ask as you continue sliding your hand up and down dash's dripping wet cunt.

Atlas: Some punctuation would be very nice. Or at least some cake.

Babs: And some M&Ms.

Anon: Does anyone want to see *my* candy? Let me just take off my pants and-- (A loud *THUNK* sound rings out. Anon collapses on the ground in a heap.)

Trixie: (holding a large baseball bat with her magic) I'm not sure if he was just trying to creep me out, but I wasn't going to take any chances.

Atlas: Thank you, Sean Connery!

she shivers at the sound of your voice.

Anon: (still sprawled on the floor)

Trixie: ... he's going to wake up soon, right?

Atlas: I got my cricket bat at the ready, Trix.

"yes, i do, Master..."

Atlas: But what about the Doctor?

Babs: We're all gonna need a docta' afta' this.

she murmurs through her panting. dash's voice is still filled with its characteristic gravel and tomboyish smirk,

Atlas: You keep saying that. Do you not like the Dash?

Babs: Ugh, this is so unrainbow!

Trixie: Again with the gravel! Does she stuff her maw with coal as well?

Anon: (gets up with a start) Coal Buck?! Where?!

All: Ahhhh!

Trixie: And it lives!

Anon: Oh, hi guys. What's up?

Atlas: You're in a room with a half-demon, a filly, and a magician.

Anon: Awesome! Did I do anything weird?

Atlas: You might have tried to molest Babs here and suck on Trixie's horn. Oh, and you shoved a sword up your ass. But don't worry, cuz you go better. (pause)

Actually, you shoved the drippy dragon up your ass.

Trixie and Babs: (giggles quietly)

Anon: (blushes madly) W-What?! I did *what*?! Oh, I'm so, so sorry for my deplorable behavior! That's... that sounds so horrible! Is there anything I can do, Babs and Trixie, to make it up to you?

Atlas: (whispers to Babs and Trixie) Make him pay a fee for every hug he gets.

but it's painted over by a much different tone. dash sounds like she's a filly, begging her mother to avoid a punishment -

Atlas: Enough with the child comparisons! Geez, you're almost as creepy as Anon was a few minutes ago!

Anon: IT RUBS THE LOTION ON ITS SKIN OR ELSE IT GETS THE NOSE AGAIN.

Trixie: Nope, not going to bother me anymore.

Anon: Aww... well, there goes my fun for the day.

or, even stranger, as though she's on the verge of asking for one.

Anon: That is mighty strange. You have to do something to get punished for first. Like hiding the remote!

As you continue sliding your hand over her soaking slit, you move your body up the bed, and sit with your hips by dash's shoulder.

Babs: Silly hew-mans. That's not how our anatomy works!

Atlas: The anon's such a [loser](#).

Trixie: Is he going to crush her face with his body?

Your reach is more than enough to make the position comfortable.

Anon: We'll take your word for it.

dash is looking in your direction now, but her eyes are planted firmly on the thing nearest,

Atlas: Yoda, she is not.

which is the noticeable bulge in the front of your jeans.

Anon: His flashlight.

Atlas: How about them *fleshlights*, Anon?

Anon: ... (reaches into his wallet) So, how many hugs will this get me?

Trixie: Uh... just, keep the money. But you still owe us a *big* meal, got it?!

Atlas: Waffles for everyone!

Babs: Yay!

she doesn't balk even slightly when you grab her hoof with your free hand and guide it forward.

Anon: (makes gear shifting noises)

she rubs eagerly at your cock behind the material of your clothing,

Atlas: Sexeh tahm.

Babs: How did he fit a roosta' in his pants?

Trixie: "She accidentally slices your shaft into little pieces."

Anon and Atlas: AHHHHHHH!!

pressing her hoof hard onto the length of your member hiding away from her touch proper.

Anon: Dash: "Why are your pants already wet?"

Your hand is drenched. dash is dripping onto your fingers like a faucet, and pawing hungrily at your jeans.

Atlas: [Hey, look at the cute kitten!](#)

Babs: Awwwww!

Anon: Now *that* is cute!

Trixie: Not bad.

"you're soaking wet," you announce.

Atlas: "You are an equine. I forgot how to walk and talk at the same time."

dash hisses an intake of breath as you speak,

Anon: A hiss is an *outtake* of breath. The words you're looking for are "sharply inhales" or some other variation.

dragging your finger up over her folds and rubbing it lightly against her clit.

Trixie: I wonder - what did the dinner scene before this exactly establish?

"Are you really that eager for your Master's cock?"

Anon: "But, we're nowhere near AJ's farm!"

The question is rhetorical, for the most part.

Atlas: It's 75% rhetorical.

Babs: Seaweed. 50% sea. 50% weed.

"Yes, yes, please, Master..." even though you've only been touching her lightly, dash's reply is already a depraved begging.

Anon: Because someone she likes - for some reason - is touching her in a way she really enjoys. I would know, I have a degree in rocket surgery.

her body is arching to meet your caress.

Babs: I don't even know.

Atlas: Well you see, Babs, when a man is attracted to a woman . . .

"Then show me."

Atlas: "Show us all!" And I just quoted somepony sitting in the same room as me.

Anon: (points to himself) Me?

Trixie: You're not even a... *sighs harshly* ... it's nice to have you back, Anon.

dash obeys immediately. she replaces the hoof on your jeans with her mouth, which she uses to skillfully undo your zipper.

Trixie: "And you're junk gets caught in said zipper."

Atlas and Anon: (visibly cringes)

You pull your hand from between her legs, and though you can feel her legs twitch at the sudden absence of sensation, she doesn't protest.

Anon: "She left her signs and the picket lines back home."

Babs: She ain't got a mouth and she must scream.

Your pants button follows next, and as dash tugs your jeans down,

Trixie: Wait, I though Anon was on top of Rainbow. How does that even--

Anon: Ha! I totally know you don't actually mean *me* this time!

Trixie: ... good for you, Anon.

your erection springs upward to meet her,

Atlas: Penis: "Hi there! What's your name? My name is Richard!"

Babs: Cool. I don't need sleep anyways.

pointing outward obscenely underneath your boxers.

Anon: Ah ha! I usually wear boxer-briefs! See? It's totally not me.

Atlas: Nobody wants to know that. Boxer-briefs for the win, by the way.

Trixie: (holding her ears, clutching her eyes shut) I didn't need to hear that, Anon.

Babs: What?

dash grips the waistband in her mouth and slides your underwear down as well.

Anon: "She bit the head of your shaft by accident and pulled down to hard, and--"

Okay, I'm not going to finish that one.

her mouth practically waters when your cock is finally in plain view.

Trixie: That's her liquefied brain oozing out of her mouth.

she's on it instantly, slathering your shaft in saliva with her tongue,

Atlas: And nothing else.

Babs: Instead of her hooves.

keen to prove her eagerness.

Trixie: The mind control chip is doing it's job effectively.

dash spends a minute coating every inch of cock

Babs: I don't think chickens like to be bathed.

before she takes it into her mouth.

Anon: "She then takes a knife, places your cock on the cutting table, and--" Why do I do that to myself?

Atlas: Thank you for not finishing that sentence.

her lips are gentle at first, wrapping around your head before she moves her mouth forward,

Trixie: "She ignores the warts that line up the sides of your shaft, the hair tickling her tongue."

taking half your shaft in a single gulp.

Atlas: (winces) That sounds even worse somehow.

she bobs her head up and down on the sizable length several times,

Anon: All three inches of it.

moaning softly every time the tip parts her lips. her vigor is impressive, especially given the size of your cock in relation to her mouth -

Atlas: (in a singsong voice) *Somebody's stroking their ego~!*

Anon: This guy's junk is bigger than a hoof. That's.... horrifying.

but you can think of something you'd enjoy more.

Babs: A giant Reeses cup!

Trixie: Speaking of which, pass those along, will you?

Babs: We're all outta Reeses, Trix.

Atlas: We're all outta gum too. (sad face)

dash is halfway down your shaft, humming

Atlas: Like a buzzing bee.

Babs: She then stings him in the pee-pee.

with her eyes closed as you move your hands.

Anon: Dash: *Dumdidum, I'm sucking on his junk, dumbdidumb...*

One of them atop her head, and the other one on her neck. Before she can open her eyes, you grip her mane and pull her towards you, using your hand on her neck as leverage.

Trixie: "I can't have my partner enjoy this at all."

The sudden force startles her, but even if she could muster the presence of mind to protest,

Babs: Do we eva' get a reason for this?

Atlas: I don't think we do. She's just one step above a blow up doll.

you're much stronger than she is.

Atlas: HOW?!

Anon: What a load of bullshit.

In an instant, she's choking on your cock, the full length buried in her throat.

Atlas: Like the alien buried in your chest.

You can feel her neck tensing, trying to pull her head back,

Trixie: "Abusing my lover sure is a good and normal thing."

but you grip the metal hoop at the front of her collar with two fingers in a circle, holding her in place.

Anon: Dash broke a tree to pieces by kicking it.

Trixie: Unless... this was her idea.

Anon: I refuse to believe that.

The feeling of her throat convulsing on your erection is ecstatic,

Babs: Cuz havin' your girlfriend choke on your wee-wee is very excitin'.

and you let out a low groan as she sputters and gags, struggling to breathe and to pull herself backwards.

Anon: (angrily) Kinda like a pet, huh?!

Atlas: I bet this Dash would make a very good cat. I'd adopt her.

Tears are welling in her eyes as she chokes,

Atlas: I hate the anon's guts now.

Babs: Ya didn't before?

Atlas: Who the hell treats their loved ones like this?!

and she pounds at the bed frantically with her hooves, scrabbling for something to hold on to, to pull herself away, anything to bring the oxygen back.

Trixie: Did the story get switched with a grimdark one? What is this?

Atlas: What if I told you that this turned a lot of people on?

Her struggling grows weaker, though her throat continues its frantic convulsions,

Anon: As she vomits all over him, right?

fighting desperately to expel the head of your cock sandwiched as deep as you can manage.

Atlas: I'm gonna call child services. This Rainbow Dash is obviously a filly. And this fucker needs to ~~BURN IN HELL~~

As her hooves on the bed fade to almost nothing,

Trixie: Is she fading away?

Anon: It was all in the anon's mind.

Atlas: This [tune](#) is currently playing in the anon's head.

you release your grip on her collar, and pull her head back by her hair, throwing her backwards onto the bed.

Atlas: We need to perform an exorcism.

Babs: Isn't that the procedure where they snip the end of your pee-pee?

Atlas: Oh, right. We need to perform that as well, but on the anon.

her cheeks are washed over with tears from her eyes watering,

Anon: Ah, young love!

Trixie: (gags)

and she coughs loudly, wheezing and gasping for breath.

Trixie: She forgot her scuba gear.

You can feel a glare behind her eyes as she looks up, still averting her gaze from your face.

Atlas: How can you tell if she's glaring if she isn't looking at you?

Babs: It's like this fic empties my brain and fills it with stupid.

It's one of the things you still adore about her - as quiet and subservient as she is at your commands,

Babs: For Luna knows what reason.

there's still an unbroken spark that shows up most of the time when such direct aggression enters the picture.

Anon: You were choking her with your dick, asshole! She couldn't breath!

The loss of oxygen is an entirely separate entity from something like forcing her down on your cock, especially without warning.

Trixie: All of her brain cells are dead and gone by now.

You can sense a spark in her sometimes, the burning presence of her every day personality that burns brightest sometimes at the most inappropriate times; it makes beating her will down all the more satisfying.

Atlas: WHAT THE FUCK?!

Anon: The windigoes could choke on the hate in this room right now.

Babs: Does some hew-man need a hug?

Atlas: Yes! (hugs Babs a little too tightly)

Babs: My. Spine!

Trixie: Uh, you would never do something like, would you, Anon?

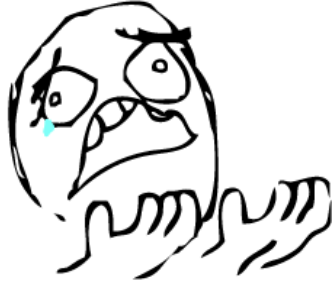
Anon: (dead serious) Not even if you paid me.

Trixie: (wipes her brow) Hey, Babs, you okay over there?

Babs: Help! Must need! (gasp for air)

Speaking of which-

"That was very well done, but it hasn't made me forget you're due for a dose of punishment."



Atlas:

Babs: (tearing up a little) People didn't actually enjoy this, did they?

Anon: "I'm going to make you fold my socks! Muhahahaha!"

Trixie: "Noo!~ Anything but that!"

dash's eyes widen, and you see a red flush along her cheeks. she's biting back a retort, you can tell.

Anon: She almost was in-character, but the authors sick hold still permeates her mind, filling it with darkness.

"i... punishment for what?" she asks. her voice is biting slightly, like she's in the pre-spar at the schoolyard waiting to get into a brawl.

Atlas: I wouldn't know what that sounds like. Please, tell us more, Oh Wise One.

Babs: Shower us with your "wisdom".

Trixie: Maybe she'll rip him to pieces.

Anon: I feel like I should go *Alan Wake* here and rewrite reality.

You can't help but smile. she's always more cooperative when you're touching her,

Anon: Asking what's wrong with you is competitive?

which means that when you stop, "what? i - Master, punishment for what?"

Atlas: Now *there's* the million dollar question!

Trixie: "You hid my away my shoes."

After being so rough without provocation, it's not uncommon for her to get a little riled up - all part of proceedings, in your mind.

Atlas: (stares at the screen in disbelief)

Babs: Looks like the fic finally broke him.

"For your very flagrant breaking of the 'no eye contact rule' after you were directed to switch."

Trixie: Is there a breathing rule as well?

"Wha- I looked at you for a second!" You notice an extra change in her speech. The defiance is what you expected, but you're not unprepared.

Anon: "She's being reasonable. Let's put a stop to that."

"Did I ask for your input on the situation?"

Atlas: Rainbow: "Beep boop. I am a robot. I require input. Beep boop."

Dash feels the cold tone in your voice, and subdues her grumbling. Despite her protests, you can feel a hesitation in her movements, halfway between her usual self-assured swagger



Anon:

and bending to the steel of your speech.

Babs: For you are Iron Anon!

She doesn't muster a proper answer, instead planting all four legs on the bed and turning away from you to face the far wall,

Trixie: "Go sit in the corner. You're going to have a time out."

assuming the position she knows you're going to want her in.

You remove your belt with a clink of your buckle, and step out of your clothes,

Atlas: I'm trying to make sense of that sentence. So far, no such luck.

Anon: So his clothes just slide off?

lifting your shirt off and throwing it beside the bed with your jeans and underwear.

Trixie: "You take a shower, put on your jammies, kiss Rainbow goodnight and go to bed"?

Babs: Awwwwwwwww!

Atlas: We can only dream, Babs.

You fold the ends of the belt together and take hold of the buckle, feeling its heft in your palm.

Anon: Uh oh. The rush of darkness is unstoppable now.

You give the length of leather an experimental swing,

Atlas: He's not gonna do what I think he's gonna do, right?

Babs: Why does he need a whip? I'm scared . . .

and you feel Rainbow Dash jerk slightly against the bed as the sound whizzes by her ears.

Anon: Oh please, it'll be like a literal pap on the shoulder for her.

"Five should be suitable for such a simple transgression, don't you think?"

Trixie: "Five bits just for a transaction?! I was only going to withdraw three!"

Dash mutters under her breath, but nods obligingly. "...yes. 'should be fine."
You smile, and hold the end of the belt in your other hand, and pull it together with a snap that makes Dash jump.

Babs: In front of a passin' train.

Anon: The train was derailed.

"Better make it ten then."

Even though you can't see her face, you know Dash isn't happy with the increase.

Trixie: If she really doesn't like it, then why... *sigh* Forget it.

As tough as she might try to be most of the time, punishment has never sat well with her:

Atlas: Then why are you doing it?

Babs: Cuz of the reason.

partly due to the response violence has on her bravado, and partly due to the fact that she has a particularly sensitive set of hindquarters.

Anon: "They were almost as sensitive as her hooves."

You lay the leather of the belt along one of her rear,

Atlas: "This here is the Rainbow Dash with seven asses."

sliding it softly over her taut backside. Dash shivers when the material runs along her skin,

Trixie: "Seeing as she's shaved bald."

and you catch a surprised gasp as you slide the belt between her legs, touching against her slit ever so slightly.

Babs: Is this supposed to be the punishment?

It's enough to get her back legs to quiver again.

Anon: There's only so many times I can make fart jokes.

"Remember to count, so I can be sure you understand the extent of your punishment."

"Fine..."

"Excuse me?"

Atlas: "Sphincter says what?"

Dash tightens her muscles when she hears the edge in your question, bordering on insulted anger.

Atlas: "I'm mad at you but I'm not offended."

Anon: This may be pet play, but this guy seems WAY too into it and he seems to be genuinely mad and physically hurtful towards Dash.

She might be defiant, but

Trixie: "--that would contradict the beginning of this story."

there are rules in place she's treading dangerously close to breaking, which would mean more punishment.

Anon: "No more hugs for a week!"

Trixie: "Noooo!"

"I mean... Yes, Master, I'll remember to count."

Babs: 1 + 4 = Oranges.

You love the way her voice breaks into a higher register when she's behaving herself.

Anon: Wow, that sounds pretty douchey.

Trixie: You know what would make all of this work?

Anon: Uh...

Trixie: If Rainbow and this nameless person acted like people at the beginning and *then* slowly transferred over to the clomp.

Anon: Huh, so, like, if they just had dinner, talked for a bit, *then* got ready for, uh, "intimacy" and acted their roles?

Trixie: Instead of having those two act that way for the whole story, yes.

The transition from low gravel to whimpering filly's voice is delightful.

Atlas: Okay. That's it. I have no doubt in my mind that this guy is a pedo.

Anon: "Her grass stained vocal cords cry out in a crescendo of melodious tones when she burps."

With the mood she's in right now, you can see things going either way - or rather, you could, if you didn't know exactly how to remind Dash where her state of mind should be.

Atlas: It's obviously not the Empire state of mind.

You lift the belt over your shoulder and hold it there for a minute, letting Dash tense in preparation for the blow.

Babs: I can't watch!

Atlas: Don't worry, Babs. We'll protect you.

Trixie: Her mother is so going to murder us.

She's shivering, knowing that if she flinches, she'll get a second strike on top of every one she's owed.

Anon: "Or you put the AC to low."

You take a deep breath, and feel the ethereal weight in your arm,

Anon: "For it was enchanted with +12 fire damage."

and swing the belt down rapidly, slamming it against Dash's flank with a crack.

Babs: (whimpers from the phantom pains)

Atlas: Ow!

Anon: "As instinct suddenly kicked in for Dash, she rears her back hooves, then *slams* them into the anon's knee caps."

Trixie: Dash: "Oops, sorry. Hey, why are your legs split in two?"

"Ahh!" Dash hisses in pain,

Anon: So she said "Saahhhssss!"

and her body arches, jutting her hips down into the bed. It could be either a positive or negative response,

Atlas: (angrily) What do YOU think?!

either grinding her hips forward or trying to get away from the stinging sensation on her rear.

Trixie: "There was a bee in the room, and it unfortunately landed on Rainbow's backside."

Dash's eyes are closed, and she's biting her lower lip,

Anon: Then how did she say "Ahh!"?

trying to restrain herself from a more vocal protest against her punishment. The first few times, she almost resorted to blows,

Anon: Gee, imagine getting hit would make that person mad.

before you taught her how to behave in a more proper fashion.

Babs: She's gotta wear a uniform and everythin'.

Apparently there's still a lot to learn.

Atlas: You scare me, author.

Trixie: Manipulative little gnat.

Dash's eyes flicker open in remembrance,

Anon: "When she wasn't in this fic, still covered in a coat of hair, and NOT a filly."

and her mouth parts with labour.
"One..."

Trixie: There's nine more of these?

Atlas: It was difficult reading just *one*.

You can hear the resentment, and it's exactly what you want.

Atlas: Well ain't this young love!

You pause a moment before raising the belt. The second blow is faster, and harder.

Babs: (cries into her hooves)

Anon: Here Babs, have a candy apple. It might--

Babs: (sobbing) It's so painful to read!

"Ahhh, ff..." Dash quells a burst of profanity as her back arches again.

Trixie: I'm going to assume that there's going to be plenty of that later.

The second blow leaves a great red mark on her right haunch, standing out perfectly against the blue of her coat. "Two..."

Babs: Not anotha' one!

Her breathing is loud as you run the belt over her ass again,

Atlas: Human terminology. Again. Either that or the author really likes donkeys.

Anon: I think the last thing I want is for the author to try to be cute.

sliding the leather against her soft fur. You lift it just a little bit once or twice, giving her the lightest taps, teasing her with gentle almost smacks.

Atlas: Which is about a 50% smack.

Trixie: "Order now and get your next smack half off!"

You catch her moving back into the mock blows, caught in anticipation of the next proper swing, but enjoying the sensation of tender taps on her rear.

Anon: "You know this because you're a mind reader."

Trixie: Thrill as the nameless anon taps Rainbow repeatedly with a belt!

You transition seamlessly from one tap into a full swing, slamming the belt down on the same spot as the last blow.

"Fuck!" Dash can't restrain her exclamation this time.

Babs: !

Atlas: How the hell . . . ?

Anon: "That hurt, asshole! At least aim for a spot you didn't already hit!"

The way the strike catches her off guard crumbles what's left of her composure,

Anon: How can Dash be caught off guard if she knew she was going to be hit?

and you can feel the maelstrom of emotions mixing in her head, torn between full blown anger and ashamed arousal.

Atlas: Is it weird that this is pissing me off more than Bronystories ever did?

Trixie: That story was just amalgamation of stupidity and idiocy that's hard to take seriously. *This* one, however, is trying to be serious and artsy.

Anon: And failing, *hard*.

"Three!" She practically spits the word, jerking her head down and gritting her teeth. You don't leave her time to collect herself,

Anon: "Because she was falling to pieces on you."

and slam the belt down on her left side this time, prompting her hips to arch away in response. "Four..." she says plainly,

Trixie: "Are we done yet?"

Atlas: "Don't make me turn this fanfic around!"

grumbling it low under her breath.

"Too hard for you?"

Atlas: (his face a few inches away from the screen) Burn in hell, scumbag.

Dash's body freezes, and you're certain she's going to jerk her head around, look you in the eye, and spit in your face.

Atlas: Which would be a very reasonable action.

Babs: I can sympathize.

She keeps facing forward, but can sense the glower in her eyes when she speaks.

Trixie: What's a "glower"?

Anon: "She's about fire her eye lasers!"

"No. I'm fine... Master."

The last word is practically a taunt, the way she says it with so much venom.

Trixie: "Rainbow is part serpent from her father's side."

The build up is too much fun sometimes.

Atlas: The fact that this has a romance tag makes me want to strangle kittens.

Two more blows in succession, neither of which prompt a yell in Dash's previous volume.

Anon: If the characters in the fic don't care, why should we?

She can't help but yelp, but the sounds are quiet, as though she's trying to prove to you that she's not really hurt.

Babs: You're gettin' whacked with a belt!

Atlas: On the flank, no less.

You're not even swinging at half strength though, and you can tell her rear is already sore.

Trixie: "That's when you bring out the giant paddle with holes drilled into it."

"Five. Six."

The counting is a good system.

Anon: "I's can count the numbers nicely good, Mastah!"

Atlas: (doing his best Samuel L Jackson impression) Them mothafuckas ain't here for no lovin'! They here for a good whippin'!

It's exactly what you explained it to be; a reminder with every blow of the extent of the punishment.

Trixie: Not only to Rainbow, but to the reading audience.

The numbers mean Dash has to keep thinking about how many times you've hit her,

Anon: Wow, you *think*?!

and how much she's stinging from every lash of the belt.

Atlas: As if that had to be explained.

You give her a light one next, barely a tap landing almost in the center, a little bit higher on the small of her back.

Trixie: "That bee keeps coming back."

Part of you hopes she'll be so offended she turns and glares at you,

Anon: "And beats you into a bloody slab of meat on the ground."

but instead she simply gives the next number.

"Seven."

Time to make things more fun.

Atlas: Lord have mercy!

Babs: I'm sorry for everythin' bad I've eva' done!

You feel your shoulder tense as you raise the belt to its highest point, and swing it down with what

feels like enough force to pull a door from its hinges.

Anon: "You held down the triangle button for three seconds."

The sound of the leather against Dash's ass is as loud as a gunshot.

Babs: (bawling) Make it stop!

Anon: See what you did to the little filly, story?! Just end!

"Gahhhh!" Dash practically falls off the bed,

Anon: He must've gotten a critical hit.

pulling her body as far forward as she can, struggling to get away from the pain coursing its way through her nerves.

Trixie: Romance! Such sweet, loving, warm and happy romance!

You smirk in contentment as she grinds her hooves into the bed-sheets, trying to clear her head from the freshly developing stinging welt on her left cheek.

Anon: Is everyone getting aroused yet?

Dash buries her face in the bed for a moment, biting down hard on the blankets.

Anon: This is the mare that barely noticed one of her wings was under a giant boulder.

Atlas: Silly Anon. This isn't the Rainbow Dash we all know! This is Fluttershy disguised as Rainbow Dash! Actually, I take that back. This is a filly in a very convincing Rainbow Dash costume.

Eventually, she manages to pull herself upright, but her legs are shaking,

Anon: "Dash thought she heard the whinny of the Headless Horse."

Trixie: What, where?!

whether from anger or response to the pain.

Atlas: Well, no shit.

"...Eight..." she eventually manages, the sound forced through her clenched teeth.

"Did that one hurt?" you tease, running the belt along her ass, paying special attention to the spot you just hit.

All: >:(

Dash doesn't turn, but you can feel her fuming.

"Yes, of course it did, d-... Master."

Trixie: "Rainbow was about to call Nameless by his true title of *dork*."

On the verge of insults now, this is getting fun.

Babs: The sadist is strong in this one.

Atlas: He's a sadist even by *my* standards. You have no idea how scary that is.

"Do you need me to stop? We can just make it eight if you're not feeling up to the last two..."

Atlas: (jumps out of his seat) Halle-fucking-lujah!

Anon: Oh, he so doesn't mean that.

"Just get it over with, for Celestia's sake!" Dash grinds her hooves into the bed.

Trixie: You're suppose to wipe your hooves on the welcome mat, not the bed sheets.

Just a little more prodding and you're certain you could push her over the edge into trying to throttle you;

Anon: He's actually a motorcycle. For it is written, so it shall be!

it's exactly where you want her.

Atlas: Then why don't you just ask her to?

Babs: That's all ya gotta do. Have a nice dinna', cuddle a bit, and do whatever adult couples do togetha'.

Trixie: At the very least segway into the role play.

You let the fact that she's just given you a direction slide for the moment. She'll get more than her comeuppance

Atlas: We need help from the walking talking dictionary once again! (looks over to Anon)

Anon: (clears throat) Come-up-pance: Noun - A punishment or fate that someone deserves.

Babs: Why does she deserve this?

Trixie: Because... uh... hmm.

in a little bit.

Blow number nine is medium-strength, and Dash arches away from it stronger than before, likely feeling the combined sting of the previous strikes.

Anon: This... I actually feel really bad for this pony, even if it falsely calls itself Rainbow Dash.

Atlas: This isn't erotic, author. This is fucking depressing. And Sad. And melancholic. Shall I go on?

Trixie: Oh, and you're both fine with the one about me?

Anon: No! No, of course not. I'd hate to see *anything* bad happen to any of you.

Atlas: It's just that this takes itself so damn seriously and the anon is being such a monumental bastard to Rainbow.

She's confessed to hurting for days just from a light smack on the ass before - you can only imagine how sore she'll be after this.

Atlas: Then why are you-! I'm going in circles, aren't I.

"Nine."

Ten is uneventful, not wanting to push her over the edge into rebellion.

Anon: "Dash might think she's a person or something."

Dash seems surprised at the relative lightness, but she doesn't protest.

Atlas: You're acting like that's a *bad thing*.

Babs: Go buck yo'self.

"Ten," she counts simply. She's shuddering enough for to notice, and she's still standing with her hind legs spread.

Trixie: Wait. You mean that... Rainbow *likes* this?! Honestly and truthfully likes this?!

Atlas: Kind of, and yet she's in tremendous pain.

Anon: (farts) I needed to lighten up the mood a bit.

Trixie: Gah! (holds her nose) It smells like hot sick!

Babs: Smells like Granny Smith. Ewwww.

Atlas: (chuckles) As long as it distracts us from this, then I'm okay.

You lower your hand between then, and give an experimental touch to her vagina. Your hand is soaked instantly,

Atlas: I think she needs to go see a doctor. For a few reasons.

Anon: "Dash's so wet in fact, that she shriveled up like a raisin and died."

like plunging into a pool of her arousal.

Trixie: "Cannon ball!"

She's dripping on the bed sheets, and the insides of her legs are damp with the effects of the whipping.

Babs: I'm assumin' that's blood then.

Atlas: Yeah, sounds about right.

Dash tries to hold back her response to your touch, but you can hear her muffled moan come through as she bites her lip.

Trixie: "Her *top* lip."

Anon: Dash: "Der-hur hur hur."

"You seem excited. Did you want me to touch you some more?"

Atlas: Oh god that sounds creepy!

Babs: And really bad.

Atlas: Well, yeah.

"Yes, please... Master." Dash is torn between the persistence of her resentment for her punishment, and her body urging her to give in to your touch.

Anon: ♪You've got the touch! You've got the power!♪

As much as she might protest, she can't hide the fact that every minute of submission, regardless of its sincerity, gets her more turned on than anything else.

Atlas: . . .

Babs: I can't even.

Atlas: WITE!

"Do you want me to touch you?" you ask as you rub your fingers along Dash's slit, coating your digits in her wetness.

Trixie: That must be a really bad bug bite with the amount of pus that's pouring--

Anon: Bleh! Don't say that again!

"Or," you begin as you rub her clit with your palm, provoking an audible gasp "do you want something else?"

Anon: Dash: "I want to leave."

As you finish your sentence, you move your body against Dash's rear, pressing your hardness against her.

Babs: The anon is made of rock. And so's his heart.

Dash grinds her hips back in response immediately, along with a low moan.

Trixie: Her hips are very vocal.

"Yes, please," she says again, pressing herself against your erection, moving her hips from side to side in an effort to get your cock inside her.

Atlas: We couldn't fit it all in.

"Are you sure?" you tease, rubbing your head along the outside of Dash's hole.

Anon: It's a par three course.

"You want your Master to fuck you and fill you up with his cock, and pound you until you cum?"

"Yes, Celestia, yes, put it in, please..."

Atlas: Put the chocolate pudding in with the vanilla, mix it in a big bowl, and then chug it like a champ!

"You don't sound sure..."

You move your hand from Dash's pussy,

Trixie: I'm sure Rainbow has a pet turtle.

Anon: Tortoise.

Trixie: Whatever.

taking one end of your belt in each hand and raising them over your head.

Atlas: Not again!

Babs: All I want is some waffles!

"For fuck's sake, I'm sure, just fuck me already!" Dash yells.

Anon: This is the same mare from 'Miss Me,' isn't it?

You lower the circle of belt over her head before she notices your movement.

Trixie: This nameless *thing* sure knows how to choke ponies, doesn't he?

Her eyes open as she feels the length of leather around her neck just above her collar.

Atlas: He's not gonna strangle her, is he?

Babs: I wanna give her a hug!

She opens her mouth to protest, but your hands pull together instantly, tightening the belt around her throat, and pulling her upright and backwards in the same motion.



Babs:

Atlas: (hugs Babs) Don't cry, Babs. It'll be over soon.

Babs: (speechless and on the brink of tears)

You can feel the panic in her body as the belt squeezes the air out of her lungs, and as you lower your face next to hers, you can hear her wheezing for breath through your grip.

Anon: This is scarier than a lot of dark stories I've read...

Trixie: Aww~, is the little Anon scared?

Anon: Yes.

Trixie: You-- you are? Huh.

Atlas: This should have a sad and dark tag. No doubt.

"I'm sorry, was that a request, or a command?" You whisper into her ear.

Anon: Bad fanfic! Make it go away, Trixie!

Atlas: (still hugging Babs) Think of the children!

Dash struggles against your restraint, but you're stronger than her even when she's prepared,

Trixie: That's a bunch of horse apples. I know how much of a weakling Anon is.

Anon: Yeah! We've seen pegasi lift half a *ton* with *just* their wings, and Rainbow is *much* stronger than that!

Atlas: This guy is NOT stronger than an athletic pegasus. No Siree!

Babs: I need waffles. And some hot chocolate . . .

Anon: If we make it out of here alive, consider it done.

and right now she's struggling to breathe through the choking length of leather squeezing her windpipe.

Anon: I bet this guy does this to all of his friends.

"Because," you say, tightening your grip "I was under the impression that one of us was the one to give direction, and the other one was meant to take direction. Isn't that correct?"

Atlas: What the fuck's going on anymore?! This guy's taking this role playing way too far! And he's seriously hurting Dash!

Anon: And THAT sums up what's wrong with the author - he takes these fetishes, strips the ponies of their characters, and goes WAY too far with them.

Dash can't answer. Her eyes are almost rolling back in her head, and she's scrabbling at nothing with her forelegs, her body screaming at her for even just the smallest gasp of air.

Atlas: I would be trying to make a joke out of this, but then I'd feel like a major asshole for doing so.

Babs: I'm tryin' to rememba' what my happy place is.

And, despite the belt around her neck,

Trixie: "Her face can't turn any bluer."

Dash's hips are still pressed against your cock, and they're grinding back furiously with as much strength as she can muster as the fade into unconsciousness starts.

**Atlas: ♪And I don't ever wanna feel like I did that day! / Take me to the place I love!
/ Take me all the way!♪**

She's dripping on your shaft, coating your member in the slickness of her arousal.

Anon: "Now Dash needs to add the primer."

Your voice is a low hiss

Trixie: That word is used a lot, I noticed. Weird.

Atlas: Because the anon is a snake. It all makes sense now.

in Dash's ear as you feel the final throes of her resistance diminishing.

Anon: It can't be the fact that you're literally killing her.

Babs: It's not like she can *breathe* or anythin' like that.

"This is a reminder you seem sorely in need of, that you are my pet, and I am your Master. I hope that you won't forget again so easily."

Anon: [Why? Why?!](#)

Atlas: (tearing up) What's the bloody point?!

You give a final tug on either end of the belt, squeezing Dash's throat of the last remnants of air, and then release it.

Trixie: Her windpipe is crushed, so it's a useless gesture.

Anon: "[Brewhahaha!! Brewhahaha!!](#)"

With nothing holding her up, dash falls forward and lands face first into the bed.

Babs: How lovin' and carin'.

Immediately, her breathing resumes, a series of loud, wheezing gasps, fighting as hard as she can to get as much air as possible.

Trixie: Because this is so erotic, right?

Anon: Isn't the point of role playing is that it's a *safe* kind of danger? He's actually *really* hurting her! Is... is *that* the appeal of this fic?

Atlas: He's an inch away from killing her, so where the hell's the love, man?!

You give her a few seconds to regain consciousness properly,

Anon: Five second rule!

then slide inside her without warning, slamming the full length of your cock all the way inside her, slamming your pelvis against her ass with a smack.

Atlas: You could've told her first . . . or done something decent for once in your life.

"Ahhhhh!" dash moans loudly, managing unprecedented volume despite her lack of oxygen.

Anon: He *literally* took her breath away.

Trixie: I hope this part signals the end of the story.

Atlas: Sorry, but no, Trixie. We still have awhile to go.

Babs: AHHHHHH!! (hides under Anon's arm)

You leave yourself buried in her for a moment, feeling her walls clench and squeeze around your shaft.

Anon: I hope he doesn't have the *drive* to continue... get it?

Babs: Not really.

her cunt feels like a warm, hot vice. It's tighter than you remember, almost good enough to make you abandon the pretense of your control and simply start railing her.

Atlas: Because that would be a decent thing to do, but the readers can't cum if it isn't a near death experience for Dash.

Trixie: I have a feeling these people get all weird around roller coasters.

But, there's still more fun to be had.

All: (hateful groan)

Slowly, agonizingly slowly, you pull out, every inch taking the span of almost half a minute.

Anon: So, only two, maybe one and a half minutes?

dash's face is still planted on the bed, and she's giving a long continuous moan, moving her hips backward in an attempt to follow your cock as it slides out of her.

Trixie: Because agonizingly slow seems to be a theme here.

You place your hands on her ass and hold her back,

Anon: Wait, that doesn't make sense. Who's surprised there?

Trixie: Wouldn't the use of "flank" be more appropriate here?

Babs: I can't even pretend that it's a donkey anymore.

smirking as she draws an intake of breath at the feeling of your fingertips on her sore skin.

Anon: The one time that using her rump as bongos would be excruciating.

Finally, the head of your cock slips out, despite her every attempt to clench around you as hard as she can.

Trixie: Except for kicking him in the face.

Fully withdrawn, you press the tip of your head against her entrance again,

Atlas: He's gonna dive into her snatch head-first and take a look around.

Anon: "Oh, so *that's* where I left my keys!"

Babs: (winces) Doesn't sound pleasant at all.

sliding it back and forth over her soaking pussy lips.

"Do you want to try asking again, pet?"

Atlas: Hate. Let me tell you how much I've come to hate you since I started reading this fanfic. There are over 15,000 trees in the Everfree Forest. If I was to engrave

the word "hate" on every branch of every tree in that forest, it would not equal one one billionth of the amount of hate that I feel for you right now. For you! Hate! HATE!

"Oohhhh..." dash moans into the bed, and grinds her hip backwards in an attempt to drive you inside, but you move your hips with hers, keeping yourself just at the threshold of her dripping hole.

Trixie: Should I get a doctor on the line? That doesn't sound healthy.
Anon: This fic is already flatlined.

"Please, Master, please, i need it, i need you inside me..." dash's voice has lost the last muster of its resistance,

Anon: She forgot to use the shift key on herself.

the whole of it driven from her with the last gasp of air your belt squeezed from her lungs.

Atlas: Yeah, thanks for reminding us, jackass. Actually, "jackass" is too kind a word for you, so I'll risk losing hug privileges and say that you're a maniacal cunt sandwich on a stick. (pause) Hmm, even THAT sounds too kind for you.

she's begging you properly, remembering her place, and asking for something exactly the way she should be.

Atlas: Seriously, treat her like an equal, dickhead. I have a feeling you like owning slaves. Perhaps Vaas will even be disgusted by you and chop off your dick.
Anon: Vaas: "He wants peace? I want that fucker in pieces!"

"What do you need inside you, pet?" you ask,

Trixie: "A nice, wholesome slice of cake."
Atlas: Still better than this fic. And that's not saying much.

lowering one of your hands to the top of dash's pussy and rubbing against her clit in quick circles. she moans loudly, her voice cracking.

Atlas: Uh, guys? Babs passed out.
Trixie: I knew this was going to be too much for her. I don't blame her, really.

"Your cock, i need your cock inside me, i need you to fuck me, please Master. Fuck your pet, i want to feel you fuck me so badly- Mmmnh!"

Atlas: No I will NOT fuck my cat. Or any of my pets for that matter.
Anon: I wonder what this guy did to Tank.

dash muffles her moan in the bedsheets as you slide inside her again, moving just as slowly as you did when you pulled out.

Trixie: This could easily be read as a knife being plunged into Rainbow's neck.
Anon: Is Babs okay? She hasn't woken up yet.

Atlas: She's okay. The less she sees, the better.

The way her pussy squeezes around your head and then the whole length of your shaft as you push forward is exquisite, an amazing combination of tight and wet.

Atlas: I guess you could say she's (puts on shades) Soaking Wet.

Anon: YEAAHH!~

dash's back is arched high as you push inside her, and her front hooves are pressing hard against the bed.

Trixie: Her spine breaking in the process.

You rest for a minute again, all the way inside and revelling in the sensation of dash clenching around your cock.

Anon: If Babs was awake, she would probably mention something about chickens here.

she's murmuring a steady stream of moans under her breath, but they're more than loud enough for you to hear, and every one makes your cock twitch in response.

Anon: What, no electricity allegory?

Time to make things more fun.

Atlas: I will never be able to look at the word "fun" the same way again.

As you slowly pull out again, you reach to the side of the bed and pull open the drawer of your bedside table.

Trixie: "You decide to catch up on some reading."

dash is too distracted by the feeling of your cock inside her to notice anything else you're doing, so she doesn't bat an eyelash when you pull two things out of the draw,

Atlas: Oh no . . .

Anon: How can she bat an eyelash if her eyes are closed? SIR, I FOUND AN ERROR IN YOUR BAD EROTIC FANFICTION.

Trixie: I forgot that this was meant to be erotic. (groan)

setting them on the bed softly before pushing the drawer shut. You're still half way inside when you pick up the first object, a small plastic bottle filled with a clear liquid.

Atlas: Oh no!

Trixie: Uh... this guy sure can multitask, huh?

Anon: "This pony drives me to drink."

You press down on one side of the top with a soft snap, and then pick up the second object: a long, narrow thing, widened at the bottom with a flat base.

Anon: "A Wii-mote"

A toy about the size of your cock,

Atlas: Someone's stroking their ego again.

if maybe just a little bit smaller. Holding the plug in one hand, you turn the bottle over and drip a liberal amount of the liquid onto the tip of the plastic object, coating it in the slow moving sticky fluid.

Trixie: Well, at least he's preparing the plug.

After a satisfying helping of lube, you snap the lid of the bottle closed, and place it on the bed.

Anon: As stupid as everything is, I'm glad that he at least lubed that thing.

You're almost all the way pulled out, with just the tip of your cock inside dash's hole.

Atlas: Which hole? The world may ever know. Not like it *wants* to know.

You don't take any time thrusting in again, but at the half way point, you place the tip of the toy in your hand at dash's other entrance, her tight little asshole wagging in front of you

Atlas: How does an asshole wiggle? Don't tell me, cuz I don't wanna know.

from your perfect view of her toned backside.

Anon: Her red, bleeding, welting backside.

Amidst her moan, she makes a noise of mild curiosity, but you bottom out your cock in her pussy as you slide the toy inside,

Trixie: "A Rainbow Dash doll."

Anon: Excuse me, they're called *action figures*.

and her inquiry is buried in a stream of moans,

Atlas: ♪*The river of deceit flows down / The only direction it flows is down*♪

doubled in intensity as her asshole opens to the well-lubed plug. It's not as though you hadn't used it on her before, in any case.

Anon: "It's been used on the cat several times."

"Ohh, fuck, Celestia, so good, fuck..."

Atlas: "My love for you . . . is like a truck. *Berserker!*~"

dash is babbling deliriously with your cock inside her and the toy buried in her ass.

Trixie: "You're going to need a shovel to get it out again."

Anon: "We will bury you."

she's so loud you're surprised the walls aren't rattling.

Anon: "She roars like a timberwolf."

You pull your hips back quicker this time, groaning as her insides pull at your length.

Trixie: "Her spleens are greedy that way."

As you do so, you pull the toy back as well, and slam it forward with the movement of your own thrust, filling both of dash's holes at once.

Atlas: Ow!

"ohmygoshohmygoshohmygosh-" dash has lost all semblance of coherence. You've abandoned the pretense of slowness,

Anon: "You don't have to pretend to be slow."

and are pounding her properly now, bottoming out against her ass with a smack as you fuck her with the plastic shaft in her other hole.

Trixie: I have trouble picturing that. I think that's a good thing.

Anon: And it's in second person, so I've got to imagine what the human looks like. Bleg.

Every time you feel your skin against her fur, her pussy clenches, so tight it feels like a fist around your cock.

Atlas: OW!

Anon: Maybe it's gonna punch his dick off.

Trixie: Okay, is Babs really going to sleep through this?

Atlas: From the looks of it, yeah. I'll wake her up when we're done.

You can't help but let out a few grunts as you pound her,

Anon: "Like you would a big chunk of cooking dough."

but they're drowned out under dash's constant moaning, a slur of noises and vulgarity and half assembled words, begging for more with every thrust.

Trixie: So romantic!!

Atlas: (eye twitch)

"Remember you're not to cum before your Master," you remind her as you bottom out inside her cunt again, a particularly hard thrust pushing her head forward into the bed along with a high-pitched squeal.

Anon: Don't worry, you'll probably kill her anyway.

"Y-yes, M-master..."

Atlas: I feel like my faith in humanity died from reading this. The only way to revive it would be by listening to Queen for two hours straight.

she manages amidst the sounds of her pleasure. Despite her compliance, you're sure she's already on the verge of a climax,

Anon: "Because you're just so awesome at having sex with horses."

and likely has been since you started. Fucking her in both her holes must have her on the edge,

Trixie: "Her nose and her ear."

which means everything thrust is a blow against the field of her resistance.

Atlas: Use the force, Rainbow Dash!

With a devilish smirk, you move your free hand around her side and lower it between her legs, feeling her move with every thrust as you find your target just above her entrance.

Anon: I guess you could call it her on switch.

Trixie: That... that was terrible.

dash clenches extra hard as you rub her clit, and you feel her body tense as you massage her button.

Anon: Well, at least the alliterations aren't retarded.

Trixie: Just boring.

"Ohhh, no, please, can't, can't stop, don't-"

"Don't you dare," you grunt, slamming yourself inside Dash while you play with her clit, still fucking her ass with the toy in your other hand.

Atlas: Isn't this just romantic? They love each other ~~SO MUCH!~~

You don't blame her for having trouble holding out.

Anon: "You *did* drug all of the food she ate."

dash's moans aren't helping you either, and you can feel a tingle starting to grow in your balls.

Atlas: To put it rather bluntly.

Trixie: "They swelled right up, turning purple in the process."

You could easily cum just like this, blowing your load inside your pet while she cums from your three pronged assault - but you can think of something more fun.

Atlas: (brain freeze)

Without warning, you pull out completely, withdrawing your hand from Dash's sensitive nub as well, but leaving the plug inside her ass.

Anon: She is going to be hibernating for the winter, so she'll needs to be properly plugged.

Atlas: What.

dash whimpers loudly as you leave her slit, but you imagine she's grateful for the brief reprieve, helping her follow her Master's instructions.

Trixie: "But you're dead wrong."

"I want to finish on your face. Kneel down by the side of the bed," you direct, and dash nods, springing upwards despite the shakiness of her legs.

Trixie: Then get the AC fixed!

she takes the position as instructed, and you lower your legs over the side of the bed, your cock now perfectly level with her waiting mouth.

"Sit," you command.

Atlas: "Play dead. (strangles Dash with a belt) Good doggy."

dash bites her lip, but isn't able to hold back her high-pitched moan as she plants her ass on the ground, sliding the toy inside herself all the way.

Trixie: I envy Babs right now.

Atlas: I pity her for being here in the first place.

she closes her eyes for a moment, panting, and opens them to find your cock inches away from her face.

Anon: "She boxes your wang a few times."

It's slick with her juices, and standing rock hard waiting to be serviced.

Atlas: Even his dick is an asshole.

"I want you to touch yourself while you suck me off," you say,

Anon: ♪I don't need anyone else / When I think about you I touch myself!♪

and delight at dash's expression. she seemed grateful for the brief respite, giving her a chance to wind down from her arousal in an effort to follow your instructions -

Trixie: You're repeating yourself, author.

having something buried inside her ass while forced to pleasure herself and her Master at the same time is likely to put her back on the edge again.

Atlas: Good for you . . . I guess?

she balks for a moment, but collects herself even in the haze of arousal clouding her decision making - Master's orders come first, no matter what.

Atlas: Otherwise you get thrown to the timberwolves.

Anon: I wouldn't doubt that's real.

Without further hesitation, dash opens her mouth wide and takes your cock between her lips. she moves her hoof down between her spread legs,

Trixie: Gah! She's going to cut herself so bad doing that!

and you feel the hum of her mouth on your aching hard member as she moans.

Anon: She's humming a song to herself.

her hips are rocking back and forth, moving from side to side on top of the rod buried inside her.

Atlas: I'll use my trusty spade to dig it out.

dash's blowjob is eager and enthusiastic, desperate to please despite her mental focus not to cum.

Anon: "This android may be defective, but it sure can suck."

she seems more collected now that she has a task, and is putting an attempt at her fullest attention into slobbering all over your dick.

Anon: SO HOT. (gags)

Trixie: You know what's not titillating at all? The word "slobber."

Atlas: Because dogs are soooo sexy. (barf)

her fellatio is messy, adding a healthy dose of saliva to the other fluids already coating your shaft.

Anon: "Like cheese."

This time, she's able to take the full length after a moment's concentration, and you groan as you feel the tip of your cock poking against the back of her throat.

Atlas: Gag reflex? What's that?

her hoof is a blur between her legs,

Trixie: I hope she doesn't get rug burn from that.

Anon: Gotta go fast!

and she moans loudly as you bottom out in her mouth before she moves her head back, bobbing up and down on your rod with a slurping sound.

Atlas: My head hurts from that image.

A sudden inspiration strikes you. As amazing as dash's mouth feels, you can think of something to make it even better.

Atlas: No! No more ideas coming out of that hole in your face!

You reach your hand back to the bed, and fumble blindly amidst the blankets for a minute before the clink of the belt buckle tells you that you've found your target.

Anon: "The electric cattle prod."

Babs: (wakes up) Is it ova' yet?

Atlas: Sadly, no. But we're almost done!

Babs: Ugh. (gets back in her seat)

Anon: Just keep thinking about those waffles, Babs.

Babs: Alright, big guy.

dash is too distracted to notice your movement, torn between her blowjob and the feeling of the toy inside her along

Trixie: Hopefully it won't break into tiny little pieces.

with her own hoof working on her clit. she does open her eyes when she feels the belt around her neck though, just above her collar.

Babs: AHHHHHHHHH!!

Atlas: Good to have you back, Babs.

Anon: Again with the belt!

"Don't stop," you say, and grasp both ends of the belt as you twist it around her throat. dash makes a choked gasp as you pull the ends tighter -

Trixie: I wonder how many brain cells she lost doing this. It might explain a few things.

Atlas: I still feel sorry for her.

Babs: That makes two of us.

not tight enough to rob her of air completely, but enough to make breathing a challenge.

Atlas: Totally not harmful or anything. Nope!

she hesitates for a moment, but you use your grip on her neck to force her head forward.

Anon: The key word here is *forced*.

she takes the direction, and swallows as much of your cock as she can, though her eyes are watering as she does so.

Atlas: Well, this fic is good at one thing. It's good at making me feel like utter shit.

her frantic moaning is tempered by her struggle to breathe properly,

Anon: If she dies like this, how will this guy explain to Dash's friends what happened?

Trixie: Now *that* would be an awkward funeral.

but her hoof doesn't stop for a moment, and she keeps rocking back and forth on her plug, following direction even though she's been precariously on the edge for what feels like forever.

All: Tell us about it!

The tingle in your hands and chest as you tighten the belt around dash's neck is an indescribable feeling -

Anon: "They have to invent new words about the kinds of fucked up shit that's going through your head."

it's almost like a scent, something in the air you can sense and feel,

Trixie: Wait, let me guess, it involves electricity.

that sends sparks up your spine.

Trixie: Called it.

The way her eyes widen with panic, and the way she's so powerless at your hands, completely robbed of her strength, entirely at your mercy.

Atlas: So you enjoy robbing her of what makes her Rainbow Dash. ~~HATE!~~

It's a feeling on par with dash's excellent oral attentions, or the feeling of being buried inside her tight pussy -

Anon: But nothing about how much you love her or care for her. Nope, it's all about how much you can use her.

Babs: Cuz romance works like this, right?

which means the combination is enough to put you at the edge.

Atlas: . . . I'm gonna have to revise my list of the worst HiE protagonists.

Unfortunately for dash, it seems like the combination is taking toll on her as well.

Atlas: No shit, Sherlock.

she was already near the verge of disobedient orgasm before you lowered the belt around her neck,

Trixie: What's the big deal?

Anon: He wants power over her, *that's* the big deal.

and now the same thing that makes her feel submissive and subservient is accompanied by attention to her Master's cock, and the faux-member in her ass, which she's riding like a depraved slut.

Babs: Rest in peace, Innocence. It was nice knowin' ya.

Anon: Waffles, Babs.

Babs: We'll all have waffles. And some hot cocoa.

Of course, you expected that might be the case - and even though you can't feel her clench around you like before, you can feel dash passing the point of no return.

Trixie: "She dies. It's more of a sweet release for Rainbow, freeing her from the grasp of this horrid human."

"Mmmmmnnnnhhh!" dash moans obscenely onto your cock,

Anon: "Biting it off completely."

Atlas: (winces) Ow.

the motion of her head stopping as her body shudders. her hoof doesn't stop moving for a second, rubbing frantically at her clit.

Trixie: "And slices it off."

Anon: Okay, that hurt *me*.

You decide to display a bit of benevolence, and tighten the belt around her neck, choking her harder and forcing her eyes closed with the sudden loss of oxygen.

Atlas: If she dies, then I'll have your balls removed using only a pair of bricks and some scissors.

Anon: And I'll help.

As she cums, you pull your cock out of her mouth, and tug the ends of the belt even tighter.

Anon: Her eyes bulge out of her head.

her hoof is still moving, and her moans and panting have dimmed to desperate sounding squeaks as she gasps for air,

Atlas: I don't think that works for females, does it?

Trixie: I think the belt and collar around her neck is doing that.

but you notice her shuddering harder, following her first orgasm immediately with a second.

Anon: How can you possibly tell?

Trixie: Why was that little tidbit necessary?

she cums until you let go of the belt ends, letting it fall to the floor, leaving dash teetering preciously on the verge of collapsing as she gasps for air.

Anon: And then the shame sets in.

Atlas: If we're lucky, he'll castrate himself.

The sight was enough to put you at the edge as well,

Babs: Cuz almost killin' your loved one is really pleasin' to the senses.

and with a single tug of your cock, you feel yourself cumming, spraying a huge load onto dash's face as she kneels in front of you.

Anon: Can someone explain to me the appeal of doing that to your partner?

Even on the edge of unconsciousness, dash has the presence of mind to accept her Master's cum,

Atlas: I blame that on lack of brain cells. And I blame lack of brain cells on the belt.

and she parts her lips and lets her tongue hang out as you coat her face in sticky white strands.

Trixie: "Of cake frosting."

dash manages a half-conscious moan through her squeaking attempts to breathe.

Babs: Drinkin' stuff doesn't help with the breathin', by the way.

You groan as your balls empty,

Anon: "They suddenly invert, creating a wormhole inside of yourself."

collapsing back onto the bed as you finish. dash does the same in her own direction, falling hard and landing on the carpeted floor.

Trixie: "The floor collapses under the force."

Both of you take a moment to catch your breath, dash's rasping gasps far louder than your simple gulps of air.

Atlas: Not having both a collar and a belt around your neck kinda has something to do with that.

"That was... very good...pet..." you say between breaths. dash doesn't manage to respond, still struggling to convince her lungs she's fully capable of breathing again.

Trixie: That doesn't sound healthy at all.

The praise isn't just flattery - dash behaved exactly they you expected her to, and exactly the way you wanted her too.

Babs: She even ate like ya told her to. Wait, that wasn't a joke.

Even the bursts of insolence made everything better.

Atlas: Go fuck yourself, dickweed.

You sit up on the bed and look down at rainbow dash, taking in the sight of her.

Anon: "You're a horse! Ahh!~"

she still has the toy inside her, and her body is soaked in sweat, the fluid of her own arousal, and the deposit of cum you left on her face and mane.

Trixie: I feel like I need to take fifty showers.

her eyes are closed, and she's breathing heavily, her chest rising and falling high with every inhale. there's a red ring around her neck,

Anon: "Dang it, now I'm going to get a new Rainbow 360."

above the fitted collar with a single ring hanging in the center. she looks beautiful.

Atlas: It's the end of the fanfic and you're only telling us that *now*.

Babs: Respect. Who needs it?

"Alright, Rainbow Dash, you can *relax* for now."

Anon: "The code word turns off the bug in Dash's head, returning her to normal."

Trixie: "It also erases Rainbow's memories of when she was under it's control."

Anon: Wow, that was dark.

Atlas: He's using correct punctuation when addressing her now!

Dash's eyes open, and she sits upright, staring at you like a foal in headlights.

Atlas: The child comparisons won't stop, will they.

More specifically, staring 'towards' you, but not at you, putting her gaze squarely on your shoulder instead of your face. She looks timid, almost afraid.

Babs: She has quite a few reasons to be like that.

Anon: He literally broke her mind.

Trixie: It's almost over...

"Yeah, I, um..."

Her voice is back to it's normal brash grittiness, but it feels different than usual - sort of forced.

Anon: Maybe it has something to do with her not being able to breath for most of the fic.

And she still won't look you in the eye.

Trixie: I'd have trouble looking at anypony after reading this.

Babs: Even me?

Trixie: Well, I guess I can make an exception with somepony that has seen what

we've seen.

Babs: Does that mean we can hug?

Trixie: ... you know what, why not?

(Babs and Trixie hug each other, both smiling)

Atlas: Well that's a calming sight, ain't it.

Anon: It makes reading these fics worth it.

Your mindset changed the same instant you directed hers to do so, and seeing her behave as anything other than normal is cause for concern.

Anon: That's not playing a role, that's brainwashing.

Trixie: He warped his own mind?

"Dash? Are you okay?"

Atlas: ... PLEASE LET ME KILL THIS MAN.

Babs: Let me count the reasons why she WOULDN'T be okay.

Dash moves her head, about to shake it, but then lowers it back to her chest, and bobs it from side to side.

Anon: Is she a bobblehead?

Trixie: It's the new action Rainbow Dash! Now with head bobbing action!

"I... would be okay if we stayed, like that? Just for a little while?"

Babs: (still hugging Trixie) Can we?

Trixie: (hugs Babs closer) Sure. Until we have waffles, of course.

You blink. You can't count even a single time Dash has wanted to stay broken and submissive after one of your 'sessions',

Anon: Why is that in quotations? What are you trying to hide? We read everything!

Atlas: Why do these sessions even exist?

as much as you might like to tease her with her triggers and gestures on a day to day basis.

Trixie: So, they see each other daily? So, where was Rainbow before the beginning started? Why was the human sleeping before this? Why--

Anon: It's for us to ponder forever.

Dash has her hooves at her collar, and is playing idly with the single loop, clinking it against the leather.

"Please, Master?"

Atlas: I like the Doctor more. Especially the 11th one.

You nod slowly, and dash smiles, still looking away from your face. she

Trixie: And she falls back into the lowercase Dash.

lifts herself off the floor with a flap of her wings, removing her toy and leaving it on the floor as she floats over to the bed.

Anon: Bad mental images! Make them go away!

Atlas: Since this is the end of the fic, and because of its title, [this song](#) fits pretty well, I think.

You shift to one side, and lift the blankets after a quick reorientation, letting dash glide under them and lay beside you.

Babs: She's still covered in all that junk, ain't she?

All: Eww~

she curls up face you, and nuzzles her face into your chest as you wrap your arm around her shoulder, pulling her close as she sighs in contentment.

Anon: Aww, how cute. Bleg.

she's a mess: sticky, and probably sore all over.

But, right now, she's yours, and that's all that matters.

Anon: And with that, this fic leaves a rock in my gut.

Trixie: Finally! I thought this would never end.

Babs: It's ova'? It's ova'!

Atlas: Never have I been so relieved that a fic ended.

Anon: What a huge load of pretentious bullcrap.

Trixie: They were all awful, and they somehow got worse with each one.

Atlas: That last one made me want to hang myself at some points. That says A LOT about how it failed miserably.

Babs: Does this mean that we can go now?

Rainbow Dash: (from TV) Well, we were going to force you through another one but after seeing that, I think you've earned it.

Pinkie Pie: (from TV) We didn't wanna make you guys all saddy-waddy! Primey thought it was a good idea for you to have a marathon anyways.

Anon: I actually felt bad for Dash in that last one...

Atlas: Yeah, speaking of which.

Rainbow Dash: Atlas, what are you planning?

Atlas: Can I go into the control room?

Rainbow Dash: Sure . . . I guess?

(Atlas walks out of the room and disappears)

Rainbow Dash: Where'd he- (gets hugged tightly by Atlas)

Atlas: This calls for victory waffles!

Babs: Yay!

Trixie: (giggles)

**Atlas: Now *there's* the sound of an angel!
(door unlocks)**

Anon: Well, what are we waiting for? Come one, let get some grub!

(Everybody walks towards the door, but Anon stands in front of Trixie, stopping her in her tracks.)

Trixie: What--

Anon: Surprise! (he hands Trixie her cape back, clean and firmly pressed) See? I told ya I cleaned it.

Trixie: Wow, I.. thank you, Anon. I thought you tossed it away or something.

Anon: What? (smiles) Nah, I'd never do that. So! (claps his hands together) How about we get started on those waffles?

Trixie: (laughs a little) Yes, lets.

(Trixie walks out of the room, Anon staying behind for a little while)

Anon: Well, Dash and Pinkie, wanna join us? Come on you two, it's time to chow down! (he exits the room)

Atlas: Hey, Babs.

Babs: Yeah, Attly?

Atlas: You seem kind of tired. Wanna hop on my back?

Babs: Buck yeah! (jumps onto Atlas' back and grips him by the shoulders)

Atlas: I think I can smell breakfast already. Allons-y!

Pinkie: Oh, those waffles smell so yummy! (trots out of the control room) You coming, Dashie?

Rainbow Dash: Oh, yeah, let me just push the button real quick.

(We see the six rifiers all sitting at a table, with a huge stack of waffles, eating and laughing their troubles away.)

(The TV goes off with a blip.)