

As Rarity might say, the hot spring waters were [i]divine.[/i] After being baked all day, Twilight wasn't so sure about having a dip in a pool full of hot water, but it was just what she needed. There was a splash as Rarity kicked out her legs and got a little more comfortable, and Fluttershy yawned. The water had an eggy, coppery smell, and Twilight had been certain that Rarity would have complained, but there had been not so much as a single peep as of yet.

Her eyes closed, Fluttershy let out a sigh and relaxed her wings, allowing them to fall open. The pegasus mare's pale yellow stomach was visible just below the surface of the water, and she floated with a pegasus pony's natural buoyancy. Twilight, distracted, could not stop looking at what Fluttershy was showing, as there was something appealing about the drenched, wet flesh on display.

"Rarity..."

"Yes, Twilight?"

"Do you... do you..." Twilight stammered, and then she paused to steady herself. "Do you really think that Seville is a good match for me?"

Opening just one eye, Rarity looked at Twilight as she shifted her bulk around to get comfortable. "Darling, why do you ask?"

"It's been what, five or six years now? Seville and I have been close... so very close. I trust him implicitly because he is so discreet, and also because Celestia, Luna, and Gosling all trust him. I have to confess though, I've never seen him as more than a very close friend." Twilight, resting against the hot, sloped stone, pressed her front hooves together. "Rarity, I don't know my type... to be honest, I don't even know if I'm gay or not. I haven't thought about it much. I was in love just once, and I got so hurt from that... that... that I just sort gave up on it altogether."

"Ah yes, the as of yet unknown that broke your heart by marrying another," Rarity breathed in reply.

"Yeah." Ears drooping, Twilight slid down the sloped stone side of the basin and submerged more of herself in the water. A few stray fine lavender hairs floated in the water around her. "Please don't laugh... I know it seems silly, but it really hurt me. I was so certain that we were meant to be together."

"Darling, crushes crush, that is why we call them crushes." Reaching out, Rarity placed a hoof on Twilight's foreleg, and gave her friend a gentle, sincere caress. "You were young, a very tender age, and you had your heart crushed. Some of us can deal with that, it happens, and we move on. Some of us have very tender hearts though... like you."

Twilight let out a sigh of relief, because Rarity was now more herself and a lot less catty.

“Darling, honest question...”

“Okay.” Twilight sucked in a deep breath and waited.

“Do you find Seville attractive?”

“Well, I don’t know... maybe? Truthfully, I just try to ignore it. But I have found myself distracted by him though.”

“Now, tell me, Twilight... do you find [i]mares[/i] attractive?” Rarity asked, her voice taking on a sultry quality.

“Well...” Twilight drew out the word, allowing it to linger on her tongue. “I keep finding myself distracted by Fluttershy right now.”

“Meep!” There was much splashing as Fluttershy flailed around in the water.

“Well, Fluttershy does have a perfect pair of teats, oh, how I envy her natural assets. Well centered, firm, with taught, flawless, but supple skin...” Rarity’s words trailed off into an appreciative hiss.

A nervous, coquettish giggle escaped from Fluttershy, who was trying to cover herself with her hooves. She had turned a bright shade of pink that clashed with the soft pastel pink of her mane. “I’m a supermodel,” she whispered to her friends. “It’s all very flattering.”

“I feel guilty for looking.” Twilight, already dark from being wet, turned a little darker. “I’m sorry Flutters, but you’re kinda, well, distracting.”

“Thank you.” Fluttershy’s demure squeak made both of Twilight’s ears perk.

“Even very shy mares want to know that they are pretty,” Rarity said as her own eyes lingered on Fluttershy’s body as it bobbed in the water.

“Rarity and I, we, uh, we still get together for, well, uh...” Fluttershy’s hesitant stutter cut off and she collapsed into giggling as she covered her face with her sopping wet forelegs, leaving her underside exposed.

“Are you two—”

“No, darling,” Rarity cut in. “Fluttershy comes to my boutique for some very [i]private[/i] photography sessions. She poses and I take pictures. It’s become quite a thing for Fluttershy,

and it is how she expresses herself.” Rarity began fanning herself with drenched hoof and she batted her eyelashes.

“You could join us, if you’d like,” Fluttershy offered in a very coy voice from behind her forelegs. “I wouldn’t mind you looking... I’d like that... a lot, actually...”

“Okay... maybe?”

[hr]

Sumac was alone, and that suited him just fine, though he was a little miffed that Boomer had gone off with Applejack, Pinkie Pie, Spike, Pebble, and Rainbow Dash. He had the entire stone basin to himself, free to do as he pleased. It felt [i]good[/i] to be away from the giggly, gossipy mares that ruled his life.

Alone, he was free to do as he pleased. Why, he could fart in his bathwater if he wanted to, with no consequences, because he was alone, and he was free to do as he pleased. He did so, but it was a half-hearted (or in this case, would that be half-farted?) effort. There was nopony around to be offended, so it wasn’t nearly as fun. Boomer wasn’t here to join him.

The colt, feeling a bit lonesome, thought about swallowing his pride. It was a tough thing, hard to swallow, but the awful feeling would go away and he would have somepony to talk to. He didn’t like being alone as much as he thought he might. He was just about to pull himself out of the basin when the door opened a bit.

“If you’re in there wanking off, I’m going to run away. I’m too young for magical colt custard.”

Ears burning, Sumac sat up in the water, too embarrassed to reply as Pebble slipped into the small room built around the stone basin. He grinned so hard that the muscles in the corners of his jaw ached and he could feel the tension in the back of his neck as his scalp went tight. Pebble looked nervous and she wasn’t doing anything to hide it. In fact, she looked downright scared.

Sumac wondered what was up.

Before Sumac could assess the situation, Pebble took off her one-piece swimsuit, slipping out of it with a practiced ease, and before he could even register that she was [i]naked[/i], she slipped into the water with him, giving him an awkward, burning stare. Quailing, Sumac realised, much to his own existential horror, that he hadn’t seen Pebble’s cutie mark during the few brief seconds he had seen her nude.

His mouth fell open and a strange, creaking squeak came out.

"This was a bad idea," Pebble said in a somewhat fractured deadpan. Some very noticeable cracks could be heard in her voice.

"Why?" Sumac asked, sounding very much as though he was five years old again.

"Because I have body image issues, you twit, and now you can see how gross and chubby I am. Ugh!" Pebble ducked down into the water until only her head was visible. "I thought this was a good idea, but then I realised that you might throw up if you saw my flabby filly flaps!"

Not moving, Sumac wondered what might happen if he got a little closer to Pebble.

"Fronk, I'm naked and I don't like it."

"I'm naked too," Sumac said, trying to be helpful.

"But you're almost always naked, so that's normal." Pebble's voice was now a nasal, whiny monotone. "And other than being a skinny little stringbean, you're attractive. You've got nothing to worry about."

With what could only be described as suicidal bravery, Sumac edged forwards in the water, moving with exquisite slowness so he wouldn't spook his prey. All those hunting lessons from Megara were about to pay off. There was a strange, delightful tension in his belly, and he liked it. He felt it more and more when he looked at Pebble, and he was feeling it now as he thought about her nakedness.

"There is nothing wrong with being pleasantly plump," Sumac said, his words bearing the weight of magic. He was emboldened when he saw Pebble's ears perk and her nostrils, a mere inch above the waterline, flared at his approach.

Now was not the time to think about how much Pebble looked like a hippo in the water.

"You know, Mrs. Cake found a husband... and he's a skinny stringbean." Sumac, free to operate without consequences with no adults around, pressed his advantage with the hopes of pressing his body up against Pebble. "Mrs. Cake is kinda good looking, too." Saying this earned him a nervous giggle from Pebble, who splashed water at him.

Without warning, Pebble lunged, and Sumac let out a startled yelp of surprise as Pebble's forelegs wrapped around him. He had a terrifying moment of awareness that they were now belly to belly together, with no clothes in between them. Pebble's body was hard, but also soft and plush. Beneath her well cushioned curves was a bedrock of solid, unyielding muscle,

which no doubt made her look much larger and bulkier. Parts of Pebble were much, much hotter than the hot water, and Sumac's brain had trouble dealing with all of these new sensations.

Clinging to Pebble, Sumac planted a somewhat slobbery peck upon the corner of her mouth, and he could feel the fuzziness of her muzzle against his, which sent little tingles of electricity running up and down the back of his neck. He ran his forelegs down Pebble's sleek sides, relishing the sensation of her bare body, now free of clothes.

It was as glorious as he imagined it would be, and he had spent a lot of time imagining it, when he could get just a few minutes alone.

Pebble nibbled his lip, which made him feel shivery all over. He could feel her flat, hard teeth pressing into his flesh, and she gave his lower lip a tug as he continued to grope her. Leaning in, he gave Pebble his best fuzzy-wuzzy-muzzle-nuzzle, a move they had practiced quite a few times, and there was a feeling almost like static electricity as they rubbed together.

"Sumac," Pebble moaned in an almost breathless whisper.

"Yeah?" Sumac responded, now breathing into Pebble's damp, fuzzy ear.

"Tell me I'm pretty and that you want me..."

[hr]

Pinkie's Pinkie Sense tingled alarmingly and she sat upright with a splash, feeling alarmed. Her ears pivoted around, she sniffed, and the muscles in her neck pulled taut. Eyes narrowing, Pinkie's brows furrowed with worry and she stood up in the water.

"Pinkie?" both Applejack and Rainbow Dash said together.

"I gotta go," Pinkie replied, sounding distracted. "An Apple and a Pie are thinking about making a hot, sloppy, sticky dessert together and I can't let that happen!"

"What? You mean—OOF!" Rainbow Dash let out a wheezing gasp as Pinkie stepped on her stomach in her hurry to leave, and Rainbow's eyes went wide with pain. "Applejack, I've gone blind! She stepped on my teats!" Rainbow clutched her stomach as Pinkie stomped to the door, dripping and leaving puddles in her wake.

"Rainbow, talk to me, can you feel yer hind legs?" Applejack asked as she shook Rainbow, who was doubled in half from pain.

Pinkie stormed through the door and it slammed behind her.

“Jackie, Jackie, help me, I can’t breathe, Jackie!”

[hr]

Stomping through the hallway, her hooves clopping against the stone, and her lips moving as she mouthed silent profanities, Pinkie Pie moved to intercept. Maud and Tarnish had trusted her, left her responsible, and she had given them her Pinkie Promise that she would be a good and attentive aunt.

No pony breaks a Pinkie Promise, and most certainly not Pinkie Pie.

She rounded the corner, snorting and chuffing like a sexually frustrated locomotive, and slammed right into another pony, almost bowling them over. It took her a few moments to regain her senses, precious moments, now lost in time like cheese sprinkles on spaghetti.

“Pinkie!”

“Cheese...”

“My Cheesy Sense told me you’d be here and I thought I’d come and find you—”

“Hold that thought, Cheese! I have to go and save two foals from making an awful mistake, and I have to save myself, because I made a Pinkie Promise! Tarnish is scary, but Maud is scarier!”

“Hmm, my Cheesy Sense is tingling... I think I’m about to get to throw somepony a ‘Hey, You Lost Your Virginity Party!’ Those are always fun—”

“[b]NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! [/b] Pinkie howled as she went streaking off in a pink blur that smelled like pink frosting, panic, and mineral water.