

Magic is the lifeblood of the universe.

Many people don't know this, but magic is also infinite, and thus if that which powers all realities is infinite then reality must as well be infinite. With this knowledge we can easily deduce that there must be more than one universe, as magic cannot be contained by a single reality. Building on that, it isn't hard to go a few steps further and realize that since all possible realities exist, that there are alternate versions of everyone out there.

Such as the one we are about to look at today, wherein our hero, Twilight Sparkle was born with, and as, a dick.

Birth defects are weird in Equestria.

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Twilight hummed thoughtfully as she trotted deeper into the dark forest, her assistant padding alongside her with a frown on his scaly face. Above them hung a full moon, which cast the many towering trees in a strange light, creating deep shadows. Behind them, the lights of Ponyville winked out, one by one, consumed by the many branches which obscured the friendly town.

"You know, I'm kinda surprised no one offered to help save Celestia," Twilight remarked quizzically. "I mean come on. Don't they know that we kind of need the sun, and will die without it?"

Spike sighed heavily. "It probably has something to do with the fact that you sexually propositioned every single one of them. Sometimes two at a time, like how you suggested Applejack and her brother turn you into and I quote, the world's creamiest apple pie."

Twilight chuckled. "That woulda been hot you have to admit. I'm not one for studly stallions but he was just the right kind of beefcake. I bet he's got a hell of a soft side. I wonder if he'd let me fuck him."

Spike rolled his eyes. "At least you didn't suggest that he would look even hotter with your cum dripping down her face like when we met Fluttershy."

"Wait, which one was Fluttershy again?" Twilight questioned.

"The one with the birds that was actually interested in talking to me before you scared her off," Spike deadpanned.

"Ahh right," Twilight muttered.

"Let's just hope the elements of harmony work with just the two of us," offered Spike.

"That's the spirit Spike. At least I still have you," Twilight proclaimed, grinning.

"You wouldn't, had you not tricked me into signing away my body and soul at age six," Spike murmured bitterly.

Twilight snickered. "Who would have guessed that equestrian law classified dragons as semi intelligent lizards which allows them to ignore age restrictions around legal documents, but still allows them to sign said documents."

"You did remember?" Spike began, glaring at the unicorn. "You know every loophole in the whole damn legal system."

Twilight smirked. "Guilty as charged. My encyclopedic knowledge is useful though."

"Like how you've managed to get out of a dozen public indecency charges because you got your dick legally declared a historic landmark," Spike pointed out.

"God I love the equestrian legal system," Twilight proclaimed in a wistful tone. "A dozen different duchies all making their own rules that apply to everyone on top of a legal system inherited from unicorn supremacists."

Twilight chuckled. "You know I could probably kill an earth pony in cold blood so long as I could convince the court that they looked at me funny."

"I know," Spike deadpanned. "You've told me that like seven times."

"And I've also told you that I would cut off your allowance if you don't act surprised every time I told it," Twilight added.

Spike gasped, and clapped his hands against his cheeks. "Oh wow, really?"

Twilight nodded. "That's more like it. Now come on, let's go save the world."

Spike merely grunted, and together the pair continued to walk in silence.

"Say, do you think that if I do manage to get her sister back and save Celestia from wherever she's been trapped that she'll finally suck my dick?" Twilight asked.

Spike sighed. "I doubt that."

"What did you just say Spike?" Twilight replied, eyes narrowing.

"Nothing, nothing at all," Spike murmured.