

The sun over Canterlot was bright, and powerful. That was to say, it was a normal day, and one made comfortable only by the city's high altitude allowing for an almost constant breeze to blow through the streets. Nothing too heavy, it would only ruffle a page or two from an open book, but otherwise, it was like the soft kiss of the wind as it passed by, leaving the ponies and others pleasantly cool, rather than cold.

Here, the various peoples that called the city home made their way through those streets. Some were rushing about their business, others strolling along, seemingly oblivious to the world around them. A few years ago, these people would have been ponies, and even then, mostly unicorns, as earthponies tended to not like living so far from 'good soil' that could easily grow plants, and pegasi just didn't like living on the ground more often than not.

That was years ago, of course, before the palace remodel, before the treaties and contacts had been made. Now, not only were there more of the other tribes, and even some of the more distant cousins like thestral, and crystal ponies, but there were also yaks, dragons, changelings, and even some griffons. That last was most shocking, if only due to some old tensions between the pony and griffon states dating back since long before the founding Equestria itself.

Of course, mixed in with this lot, that other than a few of the dragons tended to stand around the same scale, there were smaller beings. One would think, given the world, that those of a more diminutive size would be breezies, a distant cousin, even more so than others, to the ponies own, descended as they were from the old flutterponies, who's magic had waned in the millennia they'd lived in their sealed off realm.

Instead of gossamer winged tiny ponies, however, there were bipeds of about the same height, some even smaller really. They were doing everything from cleaning the paws of the various other creatures, to taking orders, and even a few on patrol in those crystal armor golems they'd designed, the shimmering stones nearly blinding as they heavily walked over the streets of Canterlot, occasionally chipping the pavement with their footfalls.

Blueblood didn't notice most of this, of course. He walked these streets every day, after all, and the changes had been gradual enough that, honestly, he couldn't recall when all this had happened. Oh, the humans he remembered, after all, it's hard not to notice when a new species literally pops up overnight, but the rest? They just sort of trickled in, until they were as much at home in the city as the autocrats that made their palaces here.

One of the latter passed him, Fancy Pants, and his wife, Fleur de Lis, the second of the pair being the more memorable of the two. That was both because of her body, and because of her very high success rate as a 'Princess' Champion', a role not many were successful at for more than one

mission, let alone the dozen or more she herself had been on, before settling down with the stallion on her shoulder.

The Prince nodded, and smiled warmly at the pair, Fleur looking him up and down, likely spotting a few of his hidden weapons in his suit as she did so. She visibly...well, visible to one who knew to look for it, tensed at the sight of them, but then relaxed as he gave a certain twist to his hoof, a sign that not only said he was who he said he was, but also marked him as someone allowed to carry such arms in the city.

He passed them by without a word, and without Fancy being any the wiser to the brawl that had been about to erupt between them. Such was the way of it. Fleur was a warrior, after all, and such had a tendency to look down on soldiers like himself. Not that Blueblood would have called himself that, he would have preferred the term Sky Marshall, or perhaps just Commandant, as he was the head of Equestria's air forces...well, the non-pegasi ones anyway.

At his command, he could launch a fleet of airships, bearing the latest arms from the institutes of magi-technology that dotted Canterlot. In a day, they could have been out of the country, and brought to heel any of the great powers he saw walking these streets, as even the mightiest of dragons, or largest army of griffons would balk at the sight of a hundred gunned warship bearing down on them, each weapon tipped with magical crystals that shot everything from lightning, to fire, to ice, to just gravity.

The Wonderbolts, and the other military pegasi organizations like the Cloudsdale Militia would have said that such ships were unnecessary. After all, a good battlecloud, built from the same clouds as the pegasi's homes, could move faster, and supposedly hit harder than any of the ships in his fleet. They would supposedly be the only force needed should Equestria fall to a villain.

Of course, that ignored threats like the Storm King, Sombra, and a dozen more, all of which had bested the pegasi, or just been too swift to be countered, as even if the battleclouds were fast moving, they took too long to build, several weeks to lay down the right structure, and while his ships could be maintained, those things were as self sufficient as the clouds they were made of, breaking apart without constant maintenance.

Truth to tell, if his aunts had not constantly pulled his leash, they would have ended the threats to his homeland within hours. He'd planned and plotted assaults on the Badlands of the Changelings and Dragons home, the Nest Cities of the griffons. He'd even mapped out a way to take the battle to those minotaurs, who lived in valleys surrounded by huge peaks, using special balloons for extra lift, and to burn them to ash.

Not that he'd been allowed to do any of that. He'd even been ordered, ORDERED!, by some lowly Lieutenant to stay away from the city after the Storm King's invasion, saying it had something to do with a plan approved by the Princesses. Sure, it had worked, his Auntie's plans always seemed to work, but it was galling that the one time in his life he'd likely have been able to lead a full fleet to fleet engagement, it had been taken from him.

That last thought made him fume a bit as he walked up the path to Canterlot Castle...or Canterlot Palace. He'd heard it called both, especially of late given the remodeling done to give the place a more 'prestigious air'. He couldn't argue that the darker tones looked more regal, but still, it was quite annoying to have to find his wing now, as he ascended the stairs that should have taken him there, only for them to lead to one of the many libraries the palace contained.

He soon was placed back on track by finding a familiar set of paintings, and he walked forward, opening his door with a gentle application of magic, and then stepping through into an opulently appointed suite. The walls were white as his coat, with golden inlays in most of the corners, and a nice bed that took up a large section of the front room, a place that would make it easy to entertain mares in the evening.

The place should have, of course, been empty, as the castle servants knew he took care of all his own cleaning, a habit he retained from his training days. As such, he was shocked when he saw he was not alone, as one of the dressers was currently shaking slightly, showing something was moving inside, and making him quickly draw on his magic, ready to fire a bolt at the intruder.

Then he got a second shock, as one of the dresser's drawers popped open, and out of it came...well, it was a human, one dressed in such a way that he appeared to be a member of the castle staff, at first glance. His tunic was slightly off color, and the collar on his neck, actually a safety device to keep track of him, was dead magically, showing it was one of the ones already used.

Blueblood felt himself fume a little at the impetuosity of the little person's gall. He had obviously inserted himself into the staff of the castle, and had been going through the rooms. The scheme was easy to see, after all, as humans tended to work odd jobs here inside the walls, either cleaning or collecting things. They were paid rather handsomely for such work, a bit more than the Prince felt was needed, but it wasn't like his Aunties didn't have the bits to burn.

Of course, this one was no such staffer, and on his back was a broach, one carved from a rather large, precious stone, and inlaid with metals that gleamed brightly. It had, Blueblood noted, been a gift from some Saddle Arabian princess after the pair of them had enjoyed a night of each

other's company, with him offering her a peytral of similar worth before he'd left, and he doubted they'd spoken since.

Still, as much as he was not attached to the item, he was also much less forgiving of someone stealing his possessions, and with a flick of his head, he shot out a pulse of magic. As if he'd been slapped by some massive hand, the tiny human sailed away from the broach, left to clatter from his back onto the wooden dresser top. The human, for his part, couldn't let out a cry loud enough for Blueblood to hear, as he watched him fly, landing lightly on the bed in the room's center.

"A thief should know better than to steal from their betters, especially one such as ourself," he said, in his most regal voice, as he sauntered up to the bed, his hooves clapping against the floor heavily as he put as much weight as he could into each stomp, watching as the human's expression drooped as he drew closer, until finally the massive white stallion stood above him, his dark shadow cast over the little one.

"It is lucky for you, our auntie has decreed that even when you are engaged in felonious activities, we are to show mercy, as befits those of a larger persuasion to the smaller, such as with our breezie cousins," he said, and lowered his face, his muzzle pinning the tiny human against the bed sheet, so his nostrils could flare right against his body, blowing hot air over him, and making the human visibly sweat.

"That is, of course, not to say that one such as you can escape justice! After all, do the gods of old not punish those who seek to steal fire?" he asked, and then slid his muzzle around the bed, dragging the human to the edge of it, before standing up, smirking down at the tiny little thing, feeling the heat from that small body, as fear and arousal seemed to mix in the air around him.

With a swiftness that belied how much larger he was, Blueblood switched so that his rear end was facing the tiny human now, his tail raising upwards a bit, showing the break between the cheeks, which he rubbed heavily against each other for a moment, filling the air with the sound of skin pushing against itself. He could almost hear the human's heart thudding in his chest as that sight held itself in the air in front of him.

"What do you think of yourself, then? Of such a small thing, trying to pilfer from one such as me? Is that not an apt way to describe the action? A mortal stealing from the heavens? One such as I, a god to you?" he said, and then smirked as the human's eyes began to dark around, obviously looking for escape, and finding nothing but that huge rear end hanging above him, seemingly filling the sky.

Blueblood, for his part, was finding this to be quite the interesting turn on. His anger and frustration with recent events was ebbing away into something warm, but not burning hot. Where before he'd held back a raging fire, now it was a pleasant warmth, and he found his shaft vibrating a little, his balls shaking in the view of the human as he pressed himself down towards him, as if presenting his tail hole to him.

“But then, what punishment is fitting, for such a crime?” he asked, rhetorically of course, as he used his magic again, this time grabbing the human in its pearly glow. He was not gentle, either, as he yanked the human into the air by his collar, holding him only enough to keep him level, rather than supporting him as he would normally. He still felt every little motion the human made, including a hard swallow as he was brought right up towards the anus of the Prince.

“The underworld, is normally where such criminals are sent, is it not?” he asked again, and then, with a gleeful smirk, he slapped the human against his buttocks. The sound of flesh taking the impact sent a shiver up Blueblood's spine, making him knicker a bit, despite himself, as he felt the small human's hands rubbing and scrambling for purchase on the skin, trying to prevent himself from sliding down.

Not that he had much luck, as Blueblood's magic still held him, and he began to rub him against his anus, moving that squirming, wriggling body over the whole of his cheeks, tickling at places no mare had dared to touch him, and giving himself quite the boner in the process, his eyes almost going cross when one of the human's legs instinctively kicked out, slapping hard against his tailhole.

“Ye-yes, tha-aaH!-t's the wah-hay!” he said, a bit of a stutter coming into his speech as the human continued to writhe against him, trying to pull himself out of the magical grip. Then Blueblood's eyes saw the clock on the wall, and his mind told him he needed to hurry. So thinking, he considered, for just a moment, setting the human in some cage or trap for now, and keeping him for later.

Then his face curled back, a grin of far less warmth spreading over his lips as he licked at them in anticipation, a rather cruel idea coming to mind. As the human's muffled protests continued, the Prince's magic slowly worked him around the butthole, the tail lifting up higher so he could rub him at the edges of the fleshy ring, working him into a spiral pattern, before finally pressing him firmly against the center of it.

The human must have, at some point, realized what was going on, but by that point, he was far too late to escape, as Blueblood pressed him tightly against the ring of flesh, the center of it pulsing with each heartbeat. Even still, the renewed vigor of the resistance made Blueblood's

whole body shiver with delight as he began to squirm the human into the puckered hole, the thing resisting his ingress.

It took a bit, and more than a little force, to get the hole to open wide enough, but with a bit of effort, he was able to make the human's feet slip inside, and that nearly made him buck, his hooves kicking at the air a bit, even as he forced himself to remain level, wriggling and squirming inside him tickling at a cavity he'd never had touched before, making explosion of pleasure go off in his brain.

Following his feet, his legs went in easily enough, the thin limbs worked in, and then the waist above them, letting him kick and pound against the walls within, only making Blueblood's tongue lick at his lips again, pulling some of the sweat from them. Another push and he got the hands caught in there too, tiny fingers moving against the sensitive pucker, and almost swooning Blueblood for a moment.

When at last, there was only the head outside, the Prince nearly relented. This seemed enough of a punishment, after all, but then, without warning, his body clenched itself, hard, and with a pop noise, the human was shot inward, moving towards the center of Blueblood's body, and making the stallion finally give in, bucking upwards, and giving out a loud whinny, as he felt himself release for a moment.

When it was over, he was very much embarrassed by his actions, namely letting himself be overcome, but he couldn't quite bring himself to pull the human from within him. It just felt far too good to feel him moving inside his tailhole, as the Prince recovered, breathing heavily, and sweat pouring off the sides of his coat, giving him an almost waterlogged look in a nearby mirror, making him grin at the image of himself.

When his heart stopped thundering in his chest, despite the human's best efforts to excite him...or escape, either way really, Blueblood finally started to clean himself. In the span of a few minutes, he made himself presentable again, and then left the room, trying to hide the jolts of pleasure that passed over his body, as his tiny prisoner continued to move within him. He'd release him, obviously...but later.

Within him, the human was trapped in a tight tube, the flesh around him alternating between soft as a cloud, and hard as a rock, neither allowing him to move much, as the world shook and vibrated with each step the stallion around him took, making breathing hard, but not impossible, as he endured the torture of being within this living being, having the skin rub his body all over with every shuddering motion from outside.