

## Chapter Six—Horsing Around

I don't know how long I was out, but I'm pretty sure I was the first one awake. And I woke up very, very pissed. Why, when Twilight and I were alive and victorious? I WAS A FUCKING PONY! *Oh, I am going to beat somebody to death for this. Or rather, I thought nastily, trample them to death.*

I don't know what the hell Trixie's spell was supposed to do, but it completely screwed everything up. Twilight, I saw—or at least, what I thought was Twilight—was now a human. A very cute, nerdy, *naked* human. Somewhat disturbingly, she still had a horn. Her hair was the same color as her mane, which I thought was a nice touch.

All of my clothes were completely destroyed, including my now worthless shoes. My cloak was fine, at least. And somehow I had fucking wings. So I wasn't turned into a pony, I guess, but rather a pegasus. And I swore that as soon as I got back to civilization and Twilight could get a letter to Celestia or Luna, that would change.

Of Trixie, there was no sign. She was just completely gone. There were a few shards of something on the ground, but that was it.

And when I cast my eyes around again, I noticed something very strange: some of the *stone* in the castle was on fire. It didn't seem to be spreading to the ground we were on, so I didn't think it would be too problematic for us.

I shakily stood on my new legs and tried walking around. It wasn't *that* hard, but it was a bit annoying, as I had to concentrate to not try to stand on just two. I also kept misjudging distances, since my eyes were in very different places. Once I got the hang of simple movement, I tried prodding Twilight with one of my hooves. I looked over to where Trixie had been, but decided not to go looking for her without Twilight's help.

I was about to prod Twilight again, but she suddenly stirred so I stayed my... hoof. When she tried to rub her head, she quickly opened her eyes, shouting in surprise. She leaned up and I swear to God, I tried not to look, but *damn* were those some nice titties! I remembered that she wasn't wearing any clothing when she was transformed, aside from the cloak that was now too small for her. When I was able to drag my eyes away from a pleasant sight I hadn't seen in a good long while, I saw her eyes were purple.

She looked over at me and hesitantly asked, "Navarone?"

"Guilty as charged, sadly," I answered, slumping my shoulders.

"What... what happened?" I could only shrug to that, because I had no fucking clue. "I... don't know what Trixie was trying to cast, but it definitely didn't work. What happened to her?"

"I don't know. All that's left is a few shards of... whatever that stuff is."

"After failing a spell like that, there's no telling where she could have gone... If she even exists anymore."

"Think we should look around?" I asked. "I mean, the fucking stone itself is on fire. I'm not sure staying around would be wise."

“...What?” I nodded toward the wall near us. Twilight slowly turned that way and gasped. “Sweet Celestia! That’s... actually not that implausible. Huh. It’s probably not safe to go inside right now, though. Especially without my magic...”

“You have a horn. You can’t cast anything?”

She shook her head, though she used one of her new hands to feel the pointy thing on her head. “After such a large magical disaster, it’s dangerous to cast any spells around here. It will be for some time, too.”

“So what, we’re stuck like this? How far do we need to go before you can turn us back?”

“I... can’t. I have no idea how to fix this!” At the look on my face, she hastily added, “But Princess Celestia will for sure! If not her, I’m sure Princess Luna will.”

“God, I fucking hope so! I could not live in this shitty body.” My mind was still reeling at my sudden transformation. I felt stronger, for one, and I really felt like I could run a hell of a lot faster. I was a sleek white pegasus with a dark brown mane, fitting my looks as a human, I suppose.

“It’s not *that* bad! And if it makes you feel any better, you’re definitely quite handsome.”

“It doesn’t. But to return the favor, either you’re really cute or I’ve just been away from other humans for too long.”

“...Thanks, I think.”

“So, what the hell do we do?” I asked, my eyes once more going to her nice and perky nipples.

“Get back to Ponyville and write Princess Celestia a letter, and hope she can fix this. I still have my horn, so I can probably do magic, but I have no idea where to even look to find a spell to fix... this!” She waved her arm over us, encompassing us both. Then she suddenly shivered, realizing how nippy it was out. “Oooh, this is so cold! No wonder you always wear clothes!” With that, she sadly covered herself with my old cloak.

Since we decided to leave, I offered her a hoof to help her stand. She looked at it and grabbed it, pulling herself up to stand on two legs. She was very wobbly and had to hold a hand on my back to steady herself as we walked to my ruined clothes. “Can you go through my pockets and grab everything?” I asked. “I would, but...” I sighed, looking at my hooves.

*Dammit, those were my only pair of jeans...*

She did so, frowning at some of what she pulled out. “Why are you still carrying these gloves?” she asked.

“I worked on a farm for a while. You never know when you might need gloves.” I kept a commentary going as she pulled out more stuff. “That’s a lighter. You saw me use it earlier on Trixie. That’s my knife, used to cut a number of things in its long life. That’s a flask of spirits from Applejack. Be careful with that; we might need it again.”

When I explained that one to her, she looked at me oddly. “Spirits? This is the same stuff you gave Rainbow Dash?” At my nod, she eagerly opened the bottle and, before I could stop her, drained half the remaining stuff before recoiling so badly I thought she was going to drop the

bottle. “How on Equestria can you drink that stuff! It’s absolutely disgusting!”

“Because,” I said through a grimace, “by the time you drink as much as you just did, you usually don’t care about taste anymore. Close that thing up and don’t waste any more! God, what came over you?”

“Rainbow Dash told me about the experiment, in exchange for enchanting something for her a while back.” I snorted at that, thinking of the slab Dash used on me in her house. “I always wondered, after that, what some of this stuff would be like. If it’s anything like that, I don’t know how you got Rainbow Dash to drink it!”

“Well, we used better distillation methods when we made it the first time. It tasted a lot better.”

“If you say so. Is there anything else you want from this pile?”

“Grab your old cloak. If we’re going back to town, we’re probably going to want to hide my blank flank.” She nodded, throwing the cloak from the ground onto my back.

“Anything else?” she finally asked.

“Is my belt any good? I’m not about to leave one of my final remaining ties to humanity behind.”

Turns out that somehow it was. I don’t know how it didn’t break like everything else, but Twilight looped it around her cloaked form and cinched it tight.

She gingerly picked up the crossbow and the quiver of remaining bolts. She looked at them oddly before hanging them both over my neck. “I don’t think I could use something like that if I wanted to,” she whispered, then looked at what was left of Trixie. She shuddered, but a thoughtful look came to her face. She pulled me over toward where the fragments are to look them over. “Hm... alicorn?” she mused aloud, bending down to grab it. “I’ve never been able to do studies on that!” That said and her excitement made clear, she bent down and grabbed the fragments before dropping them into a pocket on the cloak.

“So now what?” I asked as she straightened.

“I would like to search the rest of the castle to see what Trixie left behind, but...” We both looked over to the main entrance to see that the fire was spreading. “...That would be a bad idea. We really should get out of here before it’s too late.”

“Agreed,” I said with a nod, turning to the castle gates.

That presented us with a new problem: the portcullises were still down, lowered by Trixie and never pulled back up. Thankfully, that was fairly easily remedied; the gear to raise them both was right next to the large gatehouse. Since it was made for ponies, I was easily able to turn it until both were fully raised.

As we left, another problem popped up: Twilight had no shoes. She suffered in silence for a minute before she stepped on a thorn in the grass. After that, she was riding on my back. She folded the cloak that I didn’t really need into some manner of blanket or something to cushion some of the pain of riding, but I knew she would still be feeling plenty on the long walk back.

“You know,” I said while plodding along, “this is going to be very awkward to explain to

your friends. They're going to be laughing for quite a while when they see us."

"At me, maybe. They'll probably be too busy blushing at you to laugh."

"Don't even start. God, I can't wait to turn back."

"Who knows? Maybe you'll find you like being a pegasus," she said, patting my back.

"I don't have thumbs! And I don't have any magic to use instead!"

"Thousands have gotten by before you without them. I don't see why you should be any different."

"Because I would know what I was missing. And what about you? Maybe you'll decide you like being a human."

"Is that a hint of a blush I see?" she coyly replied, bending over to get a peek at my cheeks.

"N-no!" I stammered. "This fur, it's just hot! I don't see how you ponies stand it."

"Riiight. And if I do... this?" I looked back and saw that she let the cloak drop a little. I turned beet red and stumbled, causing her to almost lose her balance. She just laughed.

"You're drunk!" I accused. "And let's see how you'd react to being in your prime as the only member of your species, when you suddenly found someone of the opposite sex there!"

"I'd like to think that I would handle it better than you are."

"Yeah, but he sure as hell wouldn't!" She laughed at that, too. I was tempted to 'accidentally' drop her, but knew that would only make it worse.

A few hours later, she said, "We could just sneak in under cover of darkness and get Spike to send a letter to Celestia. He wouldn't tell anypony if we asked him not to."

"Nay," I said, and heard it come out very elongated, causing me to blush again. "No," I tried again. "We don't want to risk her taking too long to respond and having your friends rush off to your rescue. They'd be pretty upset if they ran that far just to find some smoldering ruins."

"Yeah..."

We made camp about halfway there. My back was unused to carrying the burden of a person and her body was unused to riding, so it was a mutual agreement. She had considerably fewer reservations than I did about cuddling to keep warm. I did my best to pretend to not notice it, with decidedly mixed results.

A few hours into the next day, she started testing her fingers out. "Twilight... What are you doing?" I asked as I felt her fingers in my... my *mane*.

"I just noticed how much I can feel with these things!" she merrily said, gently scratching the back of my head.

"Yeah, fingers have a lot of nerve receptors. Do your best not to hurt them, because any cuts there really hurt." Her fingers moved up to my ears and started scratching those. I lowered my head to try to get away from her questing fingers. "Stop it!"

She pulled her hands back. "Does that hurt?" she asked.

“No, it feels good,” I said, bringing my head back up. Her hands went right back to my ears, scratching them gently. “Quit it!”

“Why, if it feels good?” she asked.

“Because... I don’t like it,” I finally managed to say.

“You don’t like things that feel good?” she asked, not stopping.

“It’s demeaning!”

“You do it to us all the time. And it’s just me and you here, Nav. No pony’s judging you.”

“If I knew how to use this body I would buck you off right now.” I settled for lowering my head as far as I could. Even my ears flattened against me somehow.

She leaned over and continued. “You’re just giving me more surface area to work with, Nav,” she giggled.

“I don’t like being touched, dammit!” I finally yelled. “And if you don’t knock it off you can walk the rest of the way back!”

She finally relented, pulling her hands back. “You don’t like being touched?” she asked. “Why not?”

“How do you explain a phobia? Or something that just doesn’t feel right? It’s impossible. All that matters is that I don’t like it.”

“But... I’m sitting on you right now. Doesn’t that bother you?”

“Not really. It’s like wearing a backpack. It’s just different.”

“Why haven’t you mentioned it before? I know some of us have touched you in the past. Pinkie definitely likes her hugs.”

“They were fleeting touches, nothing lasting. And none of you have ever had fingers until now, so they felt less like touches. Usually it’s just something I deal with or get the other person to stop on my own. You’re the only person I’ve ever told, and the only reason I told you is because there’s not much I can really do to stop you.” I sighed. “And now Pinkie is going to be touching me every time she sees me. Fuck.”

“The only way they’ll know is if I tell them. And why would I do that?”

“I don’t know why you would. I just know that you probably will. At least when I’m a human again I can stop her.”

“After so long, you still trust me so little?” she asked, sounding hurt. “I can keep a secret, Nav!”

“Yeah. You *can*. But will you? I suppose time will tell.”

We walked in silence for a few minutes. Finally she spoke up, “You know, the best way to get rid of a phobia is to confront it.” She gently put her hands on the sides of my neck.

“I don’t want to get rid of it! Take your hands off of me.”

“Oh come on. I’ll be gentle, I promise!”

“How about this: You take your hands off me and you can continue riding on me.”

“I just want to help you! How’s that so bad?”

“Because it’s something I don’t like! Drop it. And your hands, while you’re at it.”

“Ugh! Why are you so difficult, Nav?” She let me go again, though.

We walked in silence for a bit longer. “I don’t think you would make me walk,” she finally said. “You know what it’s like walking barefoot far more than I do. And if you’ve already carried me this far, I think you sympathize enough to carry me the rest of the way. Especially if either way I can touch you.”

“You know I don’t like being touched. You know this, because I told you. And yet you still seem so adamant about touching me. What kind of friend does that?”

She was silent for a little while. “You’re... You feel nice,” she finally answered.

“Well, save it until we get to Ponyville. You can pet Pinkie all day; her fluffy hair is really soft.”

She decided to try a different tactic. “How do you ever plan on getting a special somepony if you are afraid of being touched?”

“Uh... I don’t?”

“What?” I think she was surprised at my answer.

“Twilight, I thought we had been over this. The thought of sex with a pony almost makes me sick. I might be able to fall in love with one, but taking it further would be difficult, and I think I would be hard-pressed to find a chick that doesn’t want any sex at all.”

“Oh, right! The whole bestiality thing. You know we’re not animals, right?”

“We’ve had this conversation before. My position hasn’t changed.” Though to be quite honest, I knew it very well might in the future. After so long... Well, there’s no telling what might happen to change my mind.

She sighed. We walked in silence for a bit longer. After a while she let out a frustrated groan. “I just got these fingers, Nav! Everything feels so wonderful! Can I *please* just stroke you?” I felt my body stiffen before I realized what she meant.

I growled lightly but stopped after a moment, sighing. “If you stop when I tell you to stop, okay.” *I’m going to regret this.*

She giggled with glee and began toying with my hair again. I dealt with it as well as I could. Then her hands moved down to the sides of my neck. And then under my neck. One of her hands went to scratch me under the chin while the other reached lower.

I don’t know what she was doing, but my mind felt clouded when her hand started scratching my chin. I didn’t notice where her other hand was until I felt her somehow rubbing my belly. I stiffened up immediately. “Enough!” I told her. She kept going. “Twilight, stop it!”

She flinched and pulled both hands back quickly. “What?”

“That’s enough,” I quickly answered. “If you start doing that again, keep it at my back and neck.”

“Don’t you want to know what belly rubs feel like? You know how much everypony likes them!”

“Abso-fucking-lutely not. You start touching me down there and I’ll tell everyone you’re molesting me.”

“What?!”

“Joking,” I replied with a smile. “But seriously, you start reaching down there and I’ll kick you.”

“Ugh. You’re so difficult!”

“Yeah. Isn’t it great? Don’t worry about it too much, though; it won’t matter at all once Celestia turns us back. Thank God, too; being a pony sucks.”

“But you haven’t even experienced any of it yet!”

“Nor do I really want to. I know you know how odd it feels for you, being a human when used to a pony body. I feel entirely *wrong* like this.”

“Well... Yeah. Your eyes are all beady and in the wrong places. But don’t you want to fly?”

“Hell no. Fuck heights. I’d really rather just turn back immediately.”

She groaned again. “Are you really going to let your fears conquer you like this, Nav? I thought you were stronger than this!”

“Then I guess you thought wrong. No reason to conquer a fear since I won’t ever have to face it. Once I get turned back, flying will almost definitely be a nonissue.”

“Why do you have to be so... ugh!” *Ugh? A fitting description at times, I suppose.*

Most of the rest of the walk back was in silence, until we got to within view of Applejack’s ranch. We decided we might as well get it over with, and walked or rode down to meet her.

Applejack did not much know what to think of us when we found her. She looked at me and said, “Twilight?”

“Up here,” she answered from atop my back.

“...Navarone?” Applejack slowly asked, looking back at me.

“The same.”

I almost thought she was going to dispute it, before she said, “I really hope y’all put a hurtin’ on Trixie for doing that to you.”

“I don’t think she’ll be bothering us again,” I replied.

Applejack had no idea how to respond to that, so Twilight said, “We didn’t exactly know how we should go about approaching the town. There will be some... confusion, I believe.”

“I’ll say...” Applejack answered before going silent for a moment. “Why not just wait until dark, wrap that cloak around you, and saunter in like you own the place?”

“That was our plan, but we also didn’t want all of you to go rushing off to rescue us in case Celestia couldn’t change us back right away,” Twilight said. “Navarone here thought the first thing you would do upon seeing us would be to rush off to tell the rest of our friends so they could see us before we changed. I told him you were more loyal than that.”

“Now, in my defense,” I said, “that isn’t exactly how I put it.”

“Well now, y’all know Rainbow Dash is the loyal one...” Applejack said with a smirk. I

felt Twilight slump before Applejack ran off, snickering.

“Dammit, I told you!” I said as she disappeared. Twilight and I both sighed. “Well, nothing for it now,” I said, beginning the walk into town.

We got some odd looks, I’ll admit. More, I soon realized, directed at me than at her. I flicked my new ears and picked up some of the horrified whispers: “A blank flank, at his age? What is the world coming to?” “Look at him! Never seen one quite like him before...” It’s not something I’m entirely proud of, but Twilight actually was correct when she said I would get more blushes than laughs.

Even Scootaloo, when we ran into her, seemed shocked to see me. She was more shocked at my lack of a cutie mark, though, and completely failed to notice Twilight on my back. She also completely failed to notice she was going very fast on a scooter and just barely managed to stop before crashing. “Mister, why don’t you have a cutie mark?” she asked. Twilight sniggered. I shifted, making Twilight flinch to adjust herself so she didn’t fall.

“Because I only just turned into a pony about a day ago,” I told her. From there, it didn’t take long to click.

“...Navarone?”

“Guilty.”

“Guilty of that and more,” Twilight quietly laughed aloud. I shifted again to shut her up.

“What happened?”

“A spell gone wrong,” is all I said. She took that information and sped off, probably to find her two little friends.

As we neared the tree house, I saw signs of hurried occupation and a few eyes peeking out windows. I let Twilight down off my back and she opened the door for the first time with actual hands.

Twilight’s fanfare was a lot louder than mine. As soon as she opened the door and walked in, she was hit by a number of unsuppressed snickers. She bore it with decent enough grace and beckoned me forward.

I could tell they wanted to laugh. But they... couldn’t. I mean, I’m not a handsome human, at least not as far as I know. I have no reason to think I’d be a handsome pegasus. I honestly found myself surprised at my reception, which was covered by at least three blushes and one quickly suppressed snicker when she realized she was laughing alone. Spike had no such reservations, and laughed aloud at my discomfort.

“What? Do I have something on my face?” I asked.

With that, the spell was broken, and there was a tirade of questions. Most were directed at Twilight, but Pinkie Pie hopped over to me and said, “So, how about those dance lessons?”

“I was rather hoping to change back before too long, Pinkie.”

“You’re changing back?” she cried. “Why would you want to do that?” Her outburst got everyone’s attention.

“Because I don’t have thumbs, for one thing,” I weakly replied.



“Thumbs?” Applejack scoffed. “I’ve done just fine without them. We all have!”

“You also never had them to lose. Spike, how would you feel if you suddenly lost the use of your hands?”

They all turned to him. “Hey, I want no part of this. I’m just gonna go write a letter to Princess Celestia real quick.” *So much for bros before hos...*

“Humph. If you ask me,” Rarity haughtily said, “you just want to be different for the sake of being different!” *Well, nobody asked you.* “You look just fine the way you are!” *Extra emphasis on fine.*

“If you don’t believe me, ask Twilight,” I said. “She’s had to use her hands a few times since we changed.”

They all looked to her. “He does have a bit of a point. If I didn’t know I was going to have magic to go back to as a unicorn, I would be somewhat hesitant to change back.” They scoffed at her answer.

“Believe me or not,” I said. “It matters little to me. Celestia will soon be here, and will hopefully be able to change us both back.”

Spike came back in with a scroll, cutting everyone’s retort off as he read it aloud. As he went through it, I saw Twilight’s face grow slightly resigned, ponies grow somewhat smug, and I felt rather than saw my face droop. Celestia had no idea how to fix us, but she did know it was possible. But she was busy with something big that impacted the realm as a whole and was unable to help us for at least a week. Luna was on the case, looking for the spell.

Which meant I was stuck. As a pony. For who knows how long.

*Well, shit.*

“Twilight,” I found myself saying, “would you kindly remove this crossbow and the bolts from my neck? I think I’d like to go lie down.”

“I’ll take them off you, but you’re not going anywhere.” I sighed, noticing how much louder it sounded as a pony. “No, we’re going to stay here and deal with this.”

“Uh, Twilight?” Spike said. “There’s another part of this letter that I think you should see.”

She grabbed the scroll and read it to herself, then reread it. She looked at me, and recited aloud: “Do not let Navarone get a cutie mark. I do not know if I can turn him back into a human if he obtains one, or at least, if I can, it will be considerably more difficult. I have never tried it before, but many transformations are especially difficult should a pony find his or her true identity. For many ponies, this comes when they find their cutie mark. So warn him that I may not be able to help him if he has a cutie mark when I get there.”

I won’t repeat my string of expletives. “So,” I said when I was finished, “I just do nothing for a week?”

“Not necessarily,” Twilight said. “Getting a cutie mark takes most ponies several years to do. I would be careful to avoid doing anything you much like, though.”

“Pinkie Pie, good news!” I said with false enthusiasm. “The dancing lessons are back

on.”

“REALLY?” She didn’t even catch the insult.

I sighed and turned to Twilight, “Unless I’m needed for anything else?”

“Nothing I can think of,” she replied with a smile. “Try not to have too much fun.” *No chance of that happening.* Yes, I have had a few dance lessons in the past. No, I didn’t enjoy any of them. And dancing as a pony? No, there was little chance I would enjoy the coming torture.

And I’m not going to lie, Pinkie Pie’s showgirl outfit did *not* make me feel any better about dancing with her. How did she even put that thing on? Better question, who makes something like that for a pony?

Rarity decided to follow us to Pinkie Pie’s rented room at Sugarcube Corner. Of all Twilight’s friends, she was the only one that actually didn’t have anything better to do than watch me embarrass myself. Even Fluttershy had to go back to helping her animals. In Rarity’s words, “I just have to see this for myself.”

It started awkwardly but slowly got better. I had no idea how to balance weight on my two back legs and use my two front legs as focus points against her, so she had to show me how to do that, and it took longer and was full of more innuendos than I ever suspected any of these ponies to use. Rarity finally threatened to leave if Pinkie Pie didn’t knock it off, which thankfully put a stop to it.

After that, it went much smoother. Pinkie Pie made a professional, if slightly silly, teacher, and my past experience helped at least a little. I didn’t leave as a pro dancer, but I would have been able to hide on a dance floor.

All in all, it really wasn’t that bad of an experience. Not something I’d do if I had another choice in the matter, mind, but it was a worthy way to pass some time.

As I prepared to leave, Pinkie Pie said, “Just think, Nav! If you don’t change back, we could open a dance studio! And Rarity could design our outfits and Twilight could plan showings and Applejack could make money on the side selling concessions and Rainbow Dash could make dramatic weather and Fluttershy could talk some birds into doing... whatever birds are supposed to do at times like that!”

“Lofty dreams,” I replied. “Something to think about, but not, I think, enough to tip my hand. Waltzing is an interesting hobby, I admit, but it’s definitely not worth the cost.”

“Waltzing isn’t the only kind of dance out there, you know! I know several I could teach you!”

“We’ll see,” is all I answered. “For now, I’m tired. Taking care of Trixie was tiring in itself, and finding myself in a new form hardly helped, nor did having to tote Twilight all the way back.”

With cries to ‘think about it’ following us, Rarity and I departed. When we were far enough away from the shop, Rarity said, “I’m somewhat impressed, Navarone. I never thought you would be much of a dancer, though it did take you a while to measure your steps.”

“I think I did rather well, for just having learned how to walk a day or two ago. Though to be fair, I’m honestly still not that good. But Pinkie Pie is a surprisingly good teacher.”

“Yes, she does have her occasional moments of lucidity. So, what are your plans for the rest of the week?”

“My main goal is, as it is every week, to not die. That aside, I plan to do my best to not get into any situations I can’t talk my way out of. I will only have this body until Celestia or Luna shows up to change me, and I really, really don’t want anyone to get any ideas about trying to force or convince me to stay this way.”

“Is that body really so displeasing to you?”

“It is not as bad as I feared, I will admit. However, it feels... *wrong*, like I’m constantly about to fall over, or like I’m on my hands and knees. I keep trying to stretch my fingers, only to realize that I don’t have any. My ears keep twitching and I’m hearing things that as a human I never would have picked up. My eyes are in the wrong places. And my nose... for some reason, as soon as I got near town, I started smelling... something new. No clue what it is, but it’s annoying.”

“Well, I can’t say that I’ve ever been a human, so I wouldn’t really know the difference. But at least you aren’t just going to be a recluse all the time, it seems.”

“There are plenty of things I’m really not a fan of that can keep me occupied. Enough to pass some time and not get me an ass tattoo.”

“So vulgar,” she sighed, shaking her head.

“Not all of us can be such beautiful examples of decorum,” I replied before even thinking about what I said. “Wait, did I just call you...”

“You most definitely did,” she said with a smirk. “You know, I’m sure we could find a few... things to do together. Things that would keep us *both* occupied...”

That tone she had started to make me worry. “I uh... I’m not sure...” Some very dark part of me was whispering for me to jump on that opportunity, but I was trying to ignore it.

“After all, I’ve always wanted a nice looking stallion to model some clothes for me. You wouldn’t mind, would you?”

A sigh of relief escaped me and I nodded. “If it’ll pass the time, sure. But it’ll have to be tomorrow. I meant what I told Pinkie about being exhausted.”

“Hm, very well. It is getting rather late, it seems. I’ll come by first thing in the morning to collect you, then! Maybe we can find something to cover that blank flank of yours so you can walk around in the town without attracting much attention.”

“That... actually would be pretty nice. I’ll see you in the morning, then.”

“Goodnight for now, Nav,” Rarity replied with a nod, turning off to go down a side road. I watched her for a few seconds, for some reason hypnotized by the sway of her flank.

*God, stop that! What the hell is wrong with me tonight?*

After shaking myself to dispel the strange thoughts I was getting, I continued on my way to the library and an early bedtime.

Rarity came by shortly after I woke up to collect me. “Are you ready, Nav?” she asked, stepping into the library proper.

I wasn’t doing anything at the time, since hooves are shit for holding anything. “Yeah,” I answered. “Not sure it’ll be fun, but at least it’ll pass some time.”

“Oh, I’m sure you’ll enjoy yourself,” she said. “Now come along! Ooh, there are so many outfits to try!”

“Where are you going?” Spike asked, popping his head out of the kitchen where Twilight was driving him like a slave.

“Nav here agreed to model for me!” she answered with a large smile, wrapping a leg around my neck and pulling me close.

Spike’s smile from seeing Rarity almost instantly died. I don’t think he was happy that I was macking on his honey. But since he never asked her out, that was decidedly a *him* problem. “Oh. Can I come?” he asked.

“You have to help me!” Twilight said from behind him. “We’re looking for that spell in the library today. Nav can’t do much since he *somehow* can’t figure out how to hold anything with his hooves.”

“But—”

“And it smells like something’s burning,” Twilight added.

“My pancakes!” Spike rushed back into the kitchen as Rarity pulled me to the door.

“Don’t you worry about breakfast, Nav,” Rarity said when we were outside. “I’m sure I can find something for you in my house.”

“Is it part of you?” I asked, once again before I could stop myself.

She chuckled, swishing her tail against me. “Only if you ask nicely,” she replied.

“God, why do I keep saying these things?” I asked, lifting a hoof to try to face-palm before remembering I didn’t have palms. “What the hell is wrong with this body?”

“Oh, nothing at all!” she replied, snuggling against me in a way that I regret to say felt rather nice. “Maybe you’re just finally starting to see ponies as more attractive, hm?”

I shivered involuntarily, disgusted at the thought. She noticed, but didn’t comment. “Do you really have to be so close?” I asked after a few seconds of her still standing right against me as we walked.

“For your sake, yes,” she answered, pulling away slightly. “It’s never mattered for you before, but you don’t want to be a new, single stallion in a mare-heavy town like Ponyville. At least, *you* don’t want that. They’d be all over you. I’m just doing you a favor.”

“How generous of you,” I flatly replied. “But are you sure you didn’t just want an excuse to rub against my apparently sexy body?”

Once again, she chuckled. “Oh Nav... I wouldn’t need an excuse! Now let’s speed it up, shall we? It might not be wise to let too many ponies see you without a cutie mark just yet.”

“I don’t know if I can do fast in this body yet,” I replied, starting to jog next to Rarity.

“You’re doing just fine. I bet by the time you can turn back, you won’t even want to!”

“Doubt it.”

“Hm, we’ll see...”

When we got to her dress shop, she dragged me to the kitchen. “So have you tried any flowers yet?” she asked, forcing me into one of the seats.

“No, and I’d really rather not. I know you ponies can eat them, but just the very thought of it makes me feel sick.”

She rolled her eyes and said, “You don’t even want to try them? Just think of all the new flavors you might find!”

“I’m perfectly fine with keeping to the old flavors. But something I haven’t had in a while would be nice. I don’t suppose you know how to make crepes?”

She blinked in surprise before smiling. “I didn’t know you knew about those! No pony in Ponyville has ever mentioned them! My, you manage to surprise me all the time, Nav. Making them would take some time, but I suppose it’s a fair compensation for assisting me as a model.”

“If that’s too problematic, there are plenty of other things—”

“No no, it’s no problem at all! Cooking is one of life’s simpler pleasures, one I admit to partaking in. Just sit back and relax, Nav. Of course, I just hope a certain *sister* of mine didn’t waste all of my ingredients...”

Thankfully, Sweetie Belle didn’t. Not too long later, I had a plate of lustingly cooked crepes in front of me.

And, after realizing I didn’t have fingers anymore, no way to eat them. “Fuck,” I sighed, looking at my shitty hooves.

“What’s the matter?” Rarity quickly asked, jumping next to me to examine the plate.

“I have no idea how to eat with these,” I said, lifting one of my hooves. “I don’t know how you ponies hold things with these, so I can’t do it. You don’t mind if I waive manners for a few minutes and just eat directly off the plate, do you?”

“Hm, that simply won’t do,” she replied, taking a seat across from me. “I’ll just have to feed you.”

“What.” Her horn lit up and the knife and fork she set down next to my plate lifted on their own accord. For some reason, I couldn’t see the aura that was usually around them. “This is... unnecessary,” I nervously said, watching the knife cut some of the food off.

“But fun,” she replied with a smile. “Now open wide!”

I sighed and did so, allowing her to place the very good food in my mouth. Since I was hungry and she had the means of feeding me, I didn’t fight back. It wasn’t fun, but I bore the indignity quietly enough.

“There now, wasn’t that fun?” she asked when the last bit of it was gone.

“Not particularly. But it *was* good, so I can’t complain.”

“It’s nice to see you have good tastes! I might have to have you over for breakfast again. Maybe we can have a... hm, *sleepover*?”

“Well, it’s getting pretty cold, so we’d have to share a bed...” When I realized what I said, I flinched. “Dammit, why does this keep happening?”

“I don’t know, but I quite like it! Much more enjoyable than the Nav I knew.”

“Ugh. Can we just get to playing dress-up? I’m sure that’ll take my mind away from... *that.*”

“Oh, you know you like it,” she playfully said, standing and levitating the dishes to her sink. “But come along and let’s get started. There’s so much for you to try on!”

I can’t say what followed was the most fun thing I’ve ever done, but it was far from the worst. I honestly don’t know how I looked, at least to a mare, but I know Rarity was very pleased with her results. She kept talking about someone named ‘Photo Finish,’ which I personally thought was a completely ridiculous name.

I’m also not entirely sure how she made all the clothes she had me try on that fast. I mean, surely she wasn’t storing masses of clothes on the possibility that a stallion would one day show up and say, “Hey, you need a sexy male model?” Rarity can sometimes be crazy, but surely not *that* crazy.

When I asked her about the clothing she had ready, she got an unhappy look in her eyes and mentioned, rather venomously, a certain ‘*him.*’ I decided that it was in my best health to not push the issue. She quickly got over her outburst and went back to playing dress up with me as her doll.

We were in a back room when the bell on the door chimed, signaling someone walking in. “Just a minute,” Rarity sang before turning back to me. “No, not like that! That’s the wrong hole! Here, let me!”

“I’m sorry, this is my first time...” I said a bit sheepishly. Well, it was my first time trying to put pants on as a pony. Seriously, why do ponies even have pants? “Watch it, that thing’s sensitive!” She had just pulled my tail, which I quickly found was something I didn’t want tugged.

“I know it’s your first time, but surely you used to do this all the time back when you were a human!”

“Yeah, but that was with a more natural medium, not anything like this!”

“I figured you’d have some kind of instincts on the matter! The way you acted last night, I know you can move those hips!”

“That was with Pinkie Pie, though! She wasn’t abusing me nearly as much as you are.”

“Oooh, you’re hopeless!” she wailed, turning to the door. “Let’s just go see what my other guest wants.”

She opened the door to a very red-faced Fluttershy, who looked from me to Rarity with a mixture of shame and horror. “What... what were you... doing in there?” she asked in a frightened voice.

Rarity looked somewhat shocked. “Fluttershy, you should know better... I am a *lady!*”

I quickly thought over what we had just said and smirked before throwing one of my legs

around Rarity's shoulder. "You don't have to deny it, Rarity!" I said, pulling her close as she glared at me. "It's perfectly understandable that you'd fall for me."

"You're about to be the one falling if you don't stop lying!" Rarity growled.

"Oh, relax," I said, stepping away from her. "Fluttershy knows I'm just joking." A quick look at the timid mare proved that no, she absolutely didn't know I was joking. "...Fluttershy, I was joking. Rarity is playing dress-up with me as her doll. And last night, Pinkie taught me how to waltz."

"...Oh. That makes sense, I guess." She looked a lot less nervous after that, and even consented to pose with me for a few of Rarity's shots. It got somewhat awkward at a few points, but at that point I had done worse, so we managed to get through it. Fluttershy did have to explain how to spread my wings, though.

I know it's hard to explain or imagine, but imagine suddenly growing wings. The problem is, my mind was only built to handle two arms and two legs and I was raised only using those. If I suddenly gained access to a whole new set of muscles that I never tried to use before, it would take me a while to figure out how they worked in relation to the other parts of my body. Rarity and Fluttershy had to gently extend my wings and distend them several times for me to even be able to figure out where on my body the muscles were to use, let alone actually trying to use them.

When Rarity had finished abusing us for her own sick amusement, she took a look at some of her pictures and said, "Navarone, you simply *must* stay as a stallion! You could become famous as a model! Just think of your possible impact on fashion!"

"I try not to at all times, actually. If that's what I have to look forward to as a pony, I think I should get changed back as soon as possible. Isn't that right, Fluttershy?"

"I know I didn't much care for my foray into fashion," she said. Then she caught the look Rarity was giving her. "But you might like it a lot more! I don't know how the male model industry works..."

"Being gay is a prerequisite that I definitely lack. I think I'll pass."

"Psh. Stallions," Rarity sighed, rolling her eyes. *I could say something similar about mares...*

Instead, though, I contented myself with disentangling myself from Fluttershy and then the clothing. "I assume we're done?" I asked while I was pulling things off.

"Yes, yes. Fluttershy and I have an appointment with a spa that we must meet. Thank you for your help, Navarone!"

Well, that was an interesting way to spend a few hours. And I learned why the ponies very rarely wore clothing. Pants were very... restricting, for my new form.

When I returned to the library, I grabbed the cloak thing Twilight used on the way to the competition to hide my blank flank so I could walk around town without any trouble. Sure, Rarity mentioned the mares might bother me, but I was pretty sure they would take 'not

interested' as an answer.

It was interesting, seeing the town from the viewpoint of a normal pony. Well, at least what everyone else considered a relatively normal pony. I did get a few odd looks, which I attributed to either the bulging of the cloak over my wings or the fact that apparently I was somehow uncommonly attractive—which I still don't understand—but it was a better reception than I usually got.

So there I was, walking through town, looking relatively ordinary, when the trio of disaster cornered me.

"Hey Navarone, want to join us in getting your cutie mark?" Applebloom asked me.

"Yeah, it'll be fun!" Sweetie Belle assured me.

"And with you along with your weird human ideas, we should get done twice as fast!" Scootaloo added.

"Sadly," *yeah right*, "I can't. If I get my... cutie mark, I might be stuck as a pony."

"Why is that so bad?" Sweetie Belle asked. "We're managing just fine!"

"Because you're not used to having thumbs. I mean, Rarity actually had to feed me today because I couldn't use the fork."

"Why can't you use your hooves?" Scootaloo asked. "Can't you figure it out?"

"In time I could, yes. But there are a few other reasons I don't much care for staying as a pony, none of which you're old enough to understand." *Or that I would be willing to bring up to, well, anyone.*

"Applejack uses that excuse on us all the time," Applebloom said. "Can't you give us a hint?"

"Not and retain any scrap of grace, no."

"Can't you just avoid doing anything with us that you really like doing?" Sweetie Belle asked.

"I could, but if I tried something new and liked it too much it might be too late. It's not really something I consider worth it, though I have actually already tried two new things so far. Well, one new and one semi-new."

"I heard my sister muttering about you doing something with Pinkie Pie last night. She seemed pretty excited about whatever it was..." Sweetie Belle said.

"Applejack also mentioned you going somewhere with Pinkie Pie. What did you two do?"

"Dancing lessons. It was... awkward, as a pony."

"I thought you didn't like dancing at parties," Scootaloo said.

"I don't like being at parties at all. But this was ballroom dancing, waltzing. If we tried that at a normal one of Pinkie Pie's parties, it would get us laughed out of the joint."

"Hm... That's something we ain't tried yet," Applebloom said. "Do you think she'd be willing to teach us?"

"If you asked, probably," I replied with a shrug.



With that, they ran off shouting about becoming professional ballroom dancers. *Well, I guess it's better than professional personal dancers. God, I can imagine the look on Rarity's face if Sweetie Belle came home sporting a stripper pole or a tramp stamp on her ass.*

Suddenly the idea for a great prank hit me, but I shook it off. That would be bad, even for me. Besides, I don't even know if that profession exists in Ponyland.

The rest of day two was spent mostly in silence, walking around Ponyville and seeing the sights with a new perspective. I answered a few polite questions from curious ponies, mostly questions from mares about who I was and why I was in town. I decided I might as well pretend to be a servant of the princess, in town visiting Twilight. No reason to go building up awkward questions, after all.

I received a few depressing warnings to avoid her... *pet human*. I almost got violent the first time I heard that, but managed to restrain myself. It's not like the ponies here hated me, they just... weren't that used to me yet. Hell, it had only been, what, a few months since I got here? I was at best tolerated, but all of Twilight's friends assured me that would change in time.

Let me tell you, even after the first few days, I still wasn't used to waking up and not being able to rub the sleep out of my eyes. Or adjusting the cover late at night. Or hell, doing pretty much anything. *Only a few days left, hopefully.* I did notice that I was getting behind on my journal, not being able to write or anything. So if anything seems odd or off about this week, it may just be that it took me so much longer to get to writing it.

On day three, there was a terrible storm, so no one really went outside. Twilight practiced magic with her new horn. It was pretty funny seeing the expressions on her face as she worked her spells. God, it was great to see another human, even if I did know she was only faking it and even if she looked odd for some reason. Aside from the eyes and horn, I mean. It definitely brought a lot of memories back that we discussed at length, lacking much else to do.

I was only eighteen when I left and I lacked many friends for most of that life, but I did have some interesting tales. Admittedly, a lot of them weren't about me, but they were still pretty interesting.

I'll spare myself the details, because I already know all the tales. After all, no one else is going to be reading this. And if anyone does, that person is a terrible person and deserves to be spanked.

But most of the tales were stories about why I would probably be forever-alone. Long story short, awkwardness and teen hormones aside, I really was terrible with girls. Flirting was no problem, but following through was impossible for me. I had a girl wait nearly a full minute for me to ask her out. I knew she was waiting and she had to know I knew she was waiting, but I just... couldn't ask. It was bad.

Some of the stories were funnier ones, though. Admittedly, not all of them were actually true, but they were things I had talked about doing or was planning on doing before I was forced into Equestria. Like, for instance, the prank about moving one of the senior lunch tables to the

roof and eating up there like it wasn't a thing, while the only access to the roof was by ladder. Our tables were mostly made of concrete. It would have been possible, but it would have been a massive undertaking. I was all for it and had actually drawn up plans, but I could never get anyone to help me that was willing to risk the punishment.

She, in turn, regaled me with her own tales of childhood. She was much the same as I in many respects: She spent most of her life doing little but studying and practicing magic, spending little time on friends.

She was fiddling with my knife for most of the conversation, grooming her fingernails and just otherwise fiddling with it. Human mannerisms she picked up from watching me, I guess, but it still seemed odd to me.

When she tried popping her knuckles, though, I spoke up: "I wouldn't bother trying that. It takes a while to be able to do it."

"You seem to do it every five minutes, though."

"Yeah, and it took me a long time to be able to do that. And it's not really that healthy, anyway. I mean, it's not like it'll give you arthritis or anything, but it will start to make your hands feel sluggish and clammy unless you do it often, but that's only if you actually start doing it."

"Then why would any human start doing it?"

"Because you don't notice how sluggish and clammy your hands feel until you pop your knuckles and realize how much better they feel." I had no idea if that was true; I had been doing it for so long I don't remember what it felt like to not do it.

"Then why shouldn't I try doing it?"

"Because you're going to be losing your fingers soon enough anyway."

She smirked, replying, "And what makes you think I haven't decided to stay a human and keep you company?"

"Because you were a unicorn so long that by now being a human is driving you nearly insane due to the sheer oddness and distraction of it?" I know the opposite was definitely true of me. Being a pony felt *wrong* after being a human for so long.

"...Yeah, that would be a pretty good and accurate reason."

I had been watching her the whole time, trying to determine why she looked so *off*. Talking about the hands is what got me to realize it. "You don't use your hands while talking! That's why you seem so odd to me."

She gave me a weird look. "What?"

"When humans talk to each other, they use hand motions and other mannerisms when talking. You don't move your hands at all. It's... disquieting. You also don't touch your face at all; humans tend to do that several times a minute, automatically. No wonder you look so off to me."

"Now that you mention it, you do seem to be a considerably more animated pony than any I've seen before. I never really noticed what you were doing with your hands before, when

you were talking. Most ponies rarely use any hoof gestures like that, so we don't get in a habit of noticing them as much. We run the risk of falling over, I guess."

We had a bit of a discussion on communication after that and ended up just telling more stories until night fell again. It was a long day.

Day four felt even longer. Rainbow Dash felt it was her civic duty as the main pegasus in town to make sure I knew how to fly. With her was Fluttershy, seconded as a teacher for the day. Together, they formed a unified front that even I couldn't break. Seeing a serious Fluttershy is something that doesn't happen often and it's rarely something anyone could stand against.

So I was dragged off to a secluded field somewhere outside of town. I think they did it more to avoid suspicion than to spare me any embarrassment.

"You realize, of course, that I'm turning back as soon as possible, right?" I tried arguing.

"Trust me, after you start flying, you'll forget all about wanting to be a human!" Rainbow Dash assured me.

"Oh yes, it's quite wonderful!" Fluttershy agreed. "Though I usually prefer the ground, some types of birds can only be found by going higher, and they're well worth the effort!"

"You're also aware that I only just recently learned how to even stretch my wings, right? Recently as in two days ago. And then it was for little more but posing."

"I still can't believe you let Rarity dress you up like that. I would have loved to see it!" Rainbow Dash said, chuckling. Women are sometimes immune to logic, I've found.

"Fluttershy was there. She didn't seem to think it was that odd."

"Oh yes, it was quite... nice," she said with a slight blush. *I really need to watch what I say.* Rainbow Dash just rolled her eyes.

"So, is the main trick here to just fall at the ground and miss?" I ventured. "I never could master that as a human..." Neither of them got the reference, unsurprisingly.

"No... The basic goal is to jump and start gently flapping, and hope you don't fall," Rainbow Dash said.

"How important is the hoping part of that?"

"It's usually the most important part," Fluttershy muttered. *Comforting.*

Rainbow Dash gave her a look. "The hoping part is mostly for beginners," she said, looking back to me. "I'm sure you'll be fine. Probably."

"Wait, how am I supposed to jump, again? As a human, I only had two legs to worry about."

"You really *don't* know anything, do you?"

"I just got this body and I wasn't expecting to have to pass a freaking test with it. My basic plan was to walk around for a few days and then get turned back as soon as possible, then drink until I forget this experience."

Rainbow Dash shuddered at that. "I can't believe you let Applejack keep any of that horrid stuff!"

“Well, as it turns out, it was useful against Trixie.”

“You got a unicorn drunk?!”

“Hell no, I’m not stupid. That shit is flammable.”

“You... lit Trixie on fire?” Fluttershy asked, horrified.

“She was being a real bitch. First she headbutted Twilight, then dragged her across the ground, and finally threw her at me. So yeah, I lit Trixie on fire. It was really funny, too. She had a massive bald spot and got really mad.”

“Sounds hilarious!” Dash replied, laughing. Fluttershy seemed to pale slightly, but didn’t say a word.

Unfortunately, it wasn’t enough to distract them for long. Soon came the explanations of flight. Knowing she had to get me in the air as soon as possible to maximize what she believed as her chances to get me to stay a pegasus, Rainbow Dash only gave me the crash course in what I absolutely had to know, with Fluttershy filling in where needed. Apparently none of them had yet realized that there was absolutely zero chance of me remaining a pony. But whatever; if they wanted to keep being nice, that was on them.

My first actual attempt at flying went better than expected, but then I really wasn’t expecting all that much. ‘Better than expected’ in this instance means that I was in the air for a few seconds before fluttering to the ground like an injured bird. I didn’t die, which was the important part, nor did I burst into flames and explode, which I also considered a big bonus.

Of course, Rainbow Dash didn’t much consider that an indicator of success, which shows how much she remembered of being a young flier. Fluttershy was considerably more forgiving, which I thought was nice. It didn’t save me from having to try considerably harder the next time, though.

After several tries, I finally managed to actually stay in the air for a little while. I was doing fine, flitting hither and yon throughout the sky, when I ran into a cloud and freaked out.

It was nothing like I expected. You’d think clouds would be cool and wet, since they’re just condensed rain. Instead, they were a lot warmer, though still slightly moist. They felt like... a pillow is the best comparison, I guess, but walking through a pillow is impossible. I suppose it would be like a large, warm slushee that you could lie on.

Anyway, I flew through it and completely lost my balance, forgetting what was up or down. Thankfully, Rainbow Dash and Fluttershy were expecting that, and had positioned themselves to catch me when I got out of it.

“You could have warned me, you know!”

“Yeah, but where’s the fun in that?” Rainbow Dash retorted.

“Bah! I bet you both just wanted a chance to hold my sexy body. All you had to do was ask, you know.”

“Psh, you wish!” Dash replied, almost dropping me.

“And I already got to,” Fluttershy almost proudly answered.

“Hey, I bet *you* just got us both out here to hang out with two awesome mares!” Dash

said, grinning over my head at Fluttershy.

“Oh my, that would be quite deceitful of him!” Fluttershy said. “What should we do to such a naughty stallion?”

“I think he needs a little time to cool off!” Dash replied.

If I didn’t know any better, I’d think they were teaming up on me.

Then they dropped me and I realized that they were *definitely* teaming up on me; we were right over the lake that Rainbow Dash tried to drop me in right before she came up with the idea for the stupid sky rodeo. Of course, this time I was able to fly, and didn’t have to trust my reflexes to haul me up their legs.

So as I fell, I spread my wings and just glided away, which was pretty neat and really did feel awesome. Almost awesome enough to make me wish I wasn’t going to turn back into a human. The key word there being, of course, *almost*.

After that last impediment with the cloud, the day just went by as fast as you please. Flying really was an amazing experience, when you don’t have to worry about losing your grip and falling to your death.

Day five dawned bright and early. Applebloom came by the library and asked me to come help her with something on the farm. She’s a farm girl at heart, so her ‘early in the morning’ is my ‘go-the-fuck-away-I’m-sleeping.’

But the only person in existence that can resist her puppy dog pout of cuteness is Applejack. So I grabbed my cloak with a sigh and followed her out the door, trying to blink sleep from my eyes.

“I don’t suppose we could stop for something to eat first?” I asked.

“No time!” she answered, skipping ahead and then looking back for me to catch up. I was just slowly plodding along. “Besides, there’s plenty of food at the farm.”

*Yeah, apples. I’m fucking tired of apples.* I just kept on trudging forward, not really paying attention to where I was going.

Thankfully, we made it to her little clubhouse without any problems. Scootaloo and Sweetie Belle were already there, looking about as enthusiastic as I felt.

“Applebloom, why am I awake so early?” I finally asked, somewhat dreading the answer.

“Because if we don’t get started now, we’ll never finish in time!” she answered.

“Start what and finish in time for what?” Scootaloo asked.

Sweetie Belle looked up to me, “She didn’t tell you anything either?” I could barely shrug, feeling too tired to do much.

“Nav can’t get *his* cutie mark, but that doesn’t mean he can’t help us get ours!” Applebloom said, sounding way too chipper. “He can help us modify his crazy human ideas to fit his new pony body, so we can try them out ourselves!”

I knew it was too early in the morning because she was making sense. Scootaloo turned

to Sweetie Belle, “So is it possible to get a cutie mark in sleeping?”

I turned my neck around to check under my cloak, then turned back. “Nope, I’m still clean,” I said.

Applebloom huffed. “This isn’t helping! We need to get planning!”

“Okay,” I said. “Uh... Have you tried... I don’t know, fucking potion making or something?” They all went pale at that. “...Okay, maybe not. Do I even want to know?”

“Let’s... let’s not talk about that,” Applebloom said, losing some of her chipperness.

“What about writing?” My mind really wasn’t working that well yet.

They looked at each other again with a similar expression. “We uh... we tried that,” Applebloom finally said as they all turned back to me.

I shook my head. “What about you, Sweetie Belle? Can’t you do magic or something?”

She blushed slightly. “I never had any real training... And Rarity refuses to teach me.”  
*Understandable.*

“What about blacksmithing? Or wood crafting? Or anything along that nature?”

They all perked up at that. “Blacksmithing?” Applebloom asked with a smile. “Why, we never even *thought* about that!” The other two started getting excited looks.

*Wait...* Blacksmithing uses very, very hot metal. These three fillies are prime fuckups when it comes to stuff like that. I tried saying, “On second thought, that might not be such a good idea.”

They weren’t listening. I was barely able to keep up with them as they ran into town, looking for the smithy.

You know, I had never noticed a smithy in Ponyville. It’s not *that* big of a place, though the size seems to fluctuate randomly for some reason no one can explain. But logic doesn’t have to work in this hellish land, so they found a smithy where the day before I’m pretty sure there was a post office.

It ended... poorly. Not bad enough so that that someone got hurt, but it was... bad.

So were my next several suggestions.

And there were no cutie marks, of course.

Pinkie Pie found us while we were heading back to the clubhouse thing. We all looked dispirited, them from failure and me from being tired. “What’s wrong?” she asked. “You should be smiling! Just think, Nav! You’re finally normal!”

*Oh yeah, that makes me feel great.* “I’m tired, Pinkie,” I answered, trying to be nice. “Applebloom woke me up early to help them. It isn’t going well.”

She got an expression on her face that I have long since come to dread: “I have an idea!” she shouted, drawing the gaze of several nearby ponies. They shifted their gaze awkwardly when they realized it was Pinkie, wanting to avoid getting involved. She grabbed the girls and took them a little ways from me, whispering to them in excited tones. I saw them looking back at me every now and then.

I had a bad feeling.

When they finally broke up, the three girls broke off and ran ahead. Pinkie Pie fell into step beside me. I saw a chance and I tried to lunge at it, “Well, if you want to take over for me, I’ll happily go on home.”

She was wearing a smile that I could only describe as scarily innocent. “Nonsense, Nav! I’m sure between the two of us we can think of a few more things to help them with!”

“My brain is pretty fried right now, Pinkie. I’m barely able to lift one foot in front of the other. I don’t even know if that phrase works, now that I’m a pony...”

“Oh come on, I know it isn’t *that* bad! I really like being a pony! I mean, I’ve never tried being anything else, but if I did I’m sure I would prefer being a pony.”

“And I’d prefer to be a human. And soon, I will be, thank God.”

“You mean, thank Celestia?” she asked, looking at me funny.

I thought for a second. “Her too, I guess,” I finally said. “Or maybe Luna. So what did you tell the girls?”

“Oh, they’re planning a surprise for you,” she answered. I *really* didn’t like the sound of that. But... it’s Pinkie Pie. She would never hurt anyone.

That said, you’d be surprised what you can live through. Or what you’d *want* to live through.

She kept up some inane chatter on the way down to the farm. We were about a quarter of the way there—all the way out of town—when I found myself hanging in the air. “What the fuck?” I asked, too surprised to be scared. I was in a net, I saw, hanging upside down.

The three girls jumped out of a nearby bush. “We got him!” they shouted. They then checked their flanks to find nothing.

“Well, maybe next time, girls,” Pinkie said, ruffling each of their manes. “Now you go ahead and run along. Nav is really tired and needs some rest.”

“Shouldn’t we let him down?” Sweetie Belle asked.

“Yes, I think you should,” I answered.

“I’ll take care of it, girls,” Pinkie Pie answered. “No reason to waste time when you could be Crusading!”

They shrugged and ran off, discussing their next plot.

“So...” I said, balled up in an uncomfortable position.

Pinkie Pie made sure they were out of earshot before saying, “Now we’re gonna go have some fun!” she said with a happy tone. She started looking for the release on the net. “There we go!” I hit the ground with a painful thud. The net stayed closed around me, preventing any manner of escape.

“I’m afraid I won’t be able to move very much until you let me go, Pinkie,” I said.

“I’ll let you out when we get where we’re going, Nav. I don’t suppose you could close your eyes? It’ll make your surprise so much more surprising!” She grabbed the rope at the top of the net and started dragging me back to town.

“I’m pretty sure all the ponies are going to question you dragging me back in a net,

Pinkie,” I said.

She spit the rope out to say, “Well, how else am I gonna make sure you don’t run away? Don’t you worry about them, Nav. They’ll just think we’re playing a game!” She picked the rope up again and continued dragging.

“Did you ever think about just asking me to come with you? If it got me away from the girls, I would have said yes,” I finally said.

She spit the rope out again. “Less questions, more not-talking,” she answered, grabbing the rope again. I sighed and shut up so we could get wherever we were going faster.

As it turned out, our destination was Sugarcube Corner. She dragged me in the back door, presumably hoping the Cakes—who owned the place—wouldn’t notice me. Her hope didn’t work out. “Pinkie, what are you doing?” Mrs. Cake asked from where she was cooking in the kitchen.

“Playing a game!” she answered, dropping the rope again.

“...What kind of game requires a net? And isn’t that one of Twilight’s friends from Canterlot?”

“Fox and the hare, of course! He ran really far, but I finally caught him and now I get my prize! And everypony is my friend, especially if they’re a friend of a friend! Isn’t that right?” she asked me.

“...Sure. But what do you mean by pri—”

“Now come on,” she grunted, bending down for the rope again.

“Well, whatever you two do, try to keep it down,” Mrs. Cake said, turning back to her cooking.

“Don’t you worry!” Pinkie mumbled around the rope. “But I’ll be back to use the kitchen soon.”

“Just make sure to clean up after yourself,” Mrs. Cake replied, not even looking up.

Sometimes I think Pinkie could get away with a coup just because no one would question her until Celestia and Luna both disappeared and she said she ruled now.

“Nav, you need to go on a diet,” Pinkie panted when we got to the top of the steps. Since she fucking *dragged me up the stairs*, I wasn’t feeling too hot either.

“You could have just let me out of the net! It’s not like I’d go anywhere.”

“No! We’re almost there!” That said, she grabbed the rope with her teeth again and started pulling me to her room.

“This is getting fucking ridiculous,” I said. She didn’t answer. “I mean, I know you’re weird. I get that. But now half of me is covered in dirt and bruises and grass. My cloak is all filthy. You dragged me up the stairs. What the hell, Pinkie?”

“It’s all gonna be worth it!” she mumbled around the rope.

“Unless it ends with us cuddling after a long night of fun, I doubt it.”

“That’s the idea!” she replied.

“...Wait, what?” She gently kicked her door open and walked us in. I immediately noticed



that Ponyville's basic background smell as a pony was a lot stronger in her room. *Jesus, maybe Pinkie is the source of whatever that dank stench is.*

"We're gonna have a sleepover!" she happily replied, dropping the rope and walking over to me. "Now just hold still for a moment..." She did something to the net, releasing it and finally letting me struggle to my feet. "Are you gonna play nice or am I gonna have to get the ropes?"

"...Play nice?" Honestly, I was a little worried about what troubles the other answer might bring.

"Whee! Now you go take a shower, Navi. I'll go make us some snacks and then we can start playing!"

Before I could ask where the shower was, she bolted out of the room. "That mare has fucking problems." It didn't take me long to find her bathroom, at least. Since ponies have a single thing over humans (all their showers are the exact same so you never have to figure out how new ones work), I got clean very quickly. Being able to use my wings as shitty versions of arms was nice.

When I got out, Pinkie was sitting in her room, staring at the bathroom door and smiling. I couldn't help but flinch back at the look she was giving me. "Are you ready?" she quickly asked.

"What happens if I say no?" I hesitantly asked.

"Then I help you get ready!"

"Then I guess I'm ready, but I don't know what I'm ready *for*."

"Well, first we're gonna eat. I heard your poor tummy growling all the way here, so I know you're hungry." She leapt forward and grabbed me by one of my front legs before dragging me toward one of the tables in her room, where a variety of flowers and pastries were laid out. "You said you couldn't have much sugar as a human, but you're not a human anymore! So I made sure to load all these up with *extra* sugar so you'd be able to make up for all you missed!"

"...I was hoping for actual food," I slowly said, rubbing my stomach.

"That's what the flowers are for," she answered, sitting on one side.

"*Cooked* food."

"That's what the pastries are for! This isn't that hard, Nav."

"You know what? Fuck it, I'm hungry. Thanks, Pinkie." My hoof lowered to one of the pastries before I realized I couldn't pick it up. "But there's a problem. Do you care about manners?" When I looked up after asking that, I saw her smashing her face into a cupcake. After I noticed that, I saw that none of them had any kind of wrappers.

...Eating became a lot more fun after that. A lot messier, too. By the time nothing but flowers were on the table, my face was halfway covered in frosting and I felt like I needed another shower.

"You're not gonna eat any of the flowers?" Pinkie asked, bouncing in her seat.

"I'd prefer not to," I replied, trying to scrape some of the stuff off me with my tongue. "I

never really liked the smell of lavender and that's all you brought up..."

"Won't you at least try one?"

"Eeeh..."

She grabbed one of the things by their stalks and held it up, smiling sweetly.

"Pleeeeeease?"

My shoulders sagged and I rolled my eyes before leaning in and chomping the thing in half, getting more of the flower than the stalk. It didn't take much chewing before I identified a grape base with hints of all kinds of other stuff in there. "Not... *too* bad," I finally admitted. "But the texture is just awful."

"I guess they do kinda take some getting used to," she replied with a shrug. "Oh, and you kinda got a little something..." She patted the side of her face.

"I know, I'm covered in frosting. I'll just go wash it off."

"I can get that for you!" she said before pouncing across the table at me, throwing me onto the floor and landing on top of me. The next thing I knew, the crazy bitch was licking my face clean.

It wasn't as bad as I was expecting. Sure, the feeling of a tongue against my face felt really weird, but not that bad. Just the same, though... "What the hell, Pinkie?" I asked when she finally pulled away, licking her lips and grinning.

"I couldn't let it all go to waste!" she replied, sitting back on me. It... felt like her tail was swishing between my legs. *And did that smell get stronger? God, it's making me light headed!*

"You could have asked! Also, get off me."

She giggled and hopped up, bouncing around the room. "You would have said no, silly!" she said as she bounced, still smiling. "This way you didn't get to. Everypony wins!"

"...How do *I* win?" I asked, sitting up and rubbing at the back of my head where I slammed into the floor.

"Your face got cleaned," she replied, stopping her bouncing and coming face to face with me. The ever-present smile on her face maintained its 'ever' status. "Now, are you ready for the games?"

"What kind of games?" I slowly asked, wary about spending much time with her. She seemed... *extra* Pinkie today.

She pulled two very different things out of nowhere. One was her toothless pet alligator named Gummy. I still haven't figured out how she got his teeth out and I probably don't want to know. The other was a game that made me feel immediate dread. "Twister!"

"I'm not so su—"

"Great! Gummy will control the spinner while we play." She quickly pulled away from me and started setting the board up while I wondered just what hell I got myself into.

"You know I can't move this body well, right?" I asked as she worked.

"I know. But I can move mine just fine! So I'm sure we can figure something out."

My eyes rolled before I could stop them, but she wasn't paying attention. "You know,

most party games are more fun with more people.”

“Yep. Shame nopony else could make it... But that just leaves more fun for us!”

“You know, I can think of something *really* fun for us to do,” I said without thinking, my eyes for some reason following her flank.

“Oh, we’ll have all night for *that*,” she said, waving a hoof and smiling. “But now it’s twister time!”

*What the hell is wrong with my brain? God damn.* The smell was getting even worse, almost enough for me to want to say something, but I decided to stay polite unless it became unbearable. Though for some reason, it seemed... enticing. “If I say things like that, just ignore them,” I said, standing. “For some reason, I keep saying these things and I don’t know why.”

“Why would I ignore it?” she asked, stretching out. “It’s flattering! And funny!”

Once more, my eyes rolled. “Whatever. Just don’t get upset if I say anything like that and it offends you.”

The next thing I knew, my body was wrapped in a furry hug. “Don’t you worry, Nav!” she replied. “It’ll take more than that to make me unhappy. Now let’s start playing!” As she said that last sentence, she pulled away and looked at Gummy, who just sat there with the spinner in his hands. After a few seconds passed, he slowly blinked, his eyes not in sync. “Right front hoof red!”

“...He didn’t say anything,” I commented as she moved her hoof there.

“Sure he did. You didn’t hear him? He just said back right hoof yellow.”

“Are you... sure?” I asked.

“Yep! Now get those hooves movin’.” After a second of thought and realizing that I probably couldn’t make it to the door before she caught me, I did as she asked. “There. Now back right... orange? There isn’t an orange here!” She glared at Gummy before saying, “If you aren’t going to take this seriously, I’ll give Nav the spinner and we’ll play!” A few more seconds passed. “That’s what I thought! Back right green.” She shifted before muttering, “Orange my flank...”

I knew better than to say anything. The game continued on without anymore tomfoolery from Gummy, but I think Pinkie might have been misinterpreting his orders on purpose. At the end of the first game, I was essentially mounting her from the positions we were both in. Then ‘Gummy’ called a weird thing and my front half fell, pinning her down. When I used my wings to push myself back, she seemed rather disappointed. And oddly enough, the wings felt... very stiff after that.

The end of the second game once more put her under me, but this time she was facing the other way. So she was getting a face full of my sheathed junk while I was stuck smelling her upraised tail. For some reason, I started feeling a... reaction while in that position. A very localized reaction in an area I did not at all want one. So I threw that game, slipping on purpose to get away from her for a few seconds.

“What’s wrong?” she asked with a giggle as I very quickly made my way away from her.

“J-just... tired,” I replied, holding my legs closed in an attempt to hide a certain something. “The girls woke me up early...”

I don’t think she bought what I said for a minute, but she just said, “One more game?”

“Can we take a break instead?” I asked. “Just want to hang my head out the window for a minute or two. It’s uh... a little hot in here.”

The smile on her face turned... sly is the closest word I can think of, and she started slowly advancing. “*It’s getting hot... or you’re getting hot?*” she asked, her voice getting low.

That was a sign to me that things were getting out of hand. I started backing up, my ears twitching. “I... This room is sweltering,” I stammered, trying to stay away from the mare as her eyes drooped to half-lidded.

When I bumped into the wall behind me, I felt the window right there. So I swung around, accidentally swatting her face with my tail because she was so close, and pushed the unlatched window open to let some cool, fresh air in. *Thank God, some of that smell is gone... Hm, and it’s getting dark out.*

My body sagged as I got a nice breath of the fresh air, some of the light-headedness escaping. “So you ready to play more games?” she happily asked.

When I looked back, she was once again across the room, all the scary smiles and looks gone. “I suppose,” I said, taking a moment to pop my neck. “Can we just... leave the window open?”

“Okay! Now the next game is pin the tail on the pony.”

“...Really?” I sighed.

“Yep! It’s so much fun! I’ll go first to show you how it’s done.”

“By all means,” I said with a nod, watching as she walked to the center of the room to put on a blindfold. When it was on, she picked up a pin with a fluffy tail attached and started spinning. After a few seconds, she stopped and stood, wobbling in place until she wasn’t dizzy anymore.

Then she started walking, not getting close to the target at all. “Am I hot or cold?” she asked around the pin.

“Frigid,” I replied. She spun toward my voice and started walking toward me. “Even colder. You’re getting close to absolute zero.” She stopped and turned some more, to face another direction. “Warmer.” She began walking in that direction, turning as she did so. “Lukewarm. Markwarm. Matthewwarm. Just about... And you’re lava. Congratulations.”

She managed to pin right next to the horse’s ass, but it was a little low. When she pulled the blindfold off, she reared up to clop her hooves before turning to me. “Your turn!”

“Do I really have to? It looks... dull,” I said, trying to put some of the distaste I felt into words.

“It’s more fun than it looks,” she replied, skipping over to me. “Now just close that window and put this on.” She handed me the blindfold and I walked to the center of the room, not closing the window. She did it for me anyway, though I would have preferred it stay open.

Anyway, the blindfold went on. “And here’s the pin,” she said, pushing something in my mouth.

It felt a lot heavier than the pin she used looked, but I was also holding it with my mouth instead of a hand. When I heard her back away, I began spinning, already regretting my decision to play along. I didn’t do that many, since I didn’t want to be too dizzy since I could already barely walk. After a moment to recover, I began slowly walking forward.

“Pretty chilly,” she said. I stopped and aimed a different direction. “Hm, a little warmer. But you’re still wearing a jacket.” I kept turning, not really liking the game at all. “Start walking,” she giggled. I did, moving slowly since her room wasn’t that big and I didn’t want to slam into anything. I continued turning as I walked, though, and noticed that the smell was getting thicker and thicker as I went on. It seemed to... pull me closer, making me feel more alive. *Christ, what is that?*

Soon it was almost unbearable, so I stopped. “Am I close?” I mumbled around the pin.

“So hot,” she breathed, her voice barely above a whisper. And... it sounded like she was right in front of me.

Right as I took another step forward, the door opened and Rarity’s voice practically yelled, “Pinkie!” The strange smell almost immediately disappeared, making my entire body sag. The pin in my mouth was ripped out and I heard Rarity gasp as she was dragged in, the door slamming shut.

I pulled the blindfold off and took a moment to notice that I was nowhere near the pony poster before turning to Pinkie. “I wasn’t anywhere near the pony thing. Why did you say I was hot?” Rarity looked completely mortified and Pinkie was wearing an embarrassed grin. “And... why did that tail thing feel really heavy?”

Rarity turned to glare at Pinkie. She opened her mouth to say something unpleasant, but Pinkie suddenly blurted, “IneedtotalktoRarity!” before grabbing me and shoving me into the bathroom. She pulled the door shut before I could say anything.

Since I was trapped in there, I took some time to run some water to try to clear my mind again. *God, why do I feel so... strange? What the fuck is happening? And can I escape before Pinkie actually manages to bed me?*

Since I didn’t see any signs of me getting out of the bathroom quickly, I took a moment to study the little room. There wasn’t really much to look at; it was a typical bathroom. One item of interest, however, was the calendar. There was a weeklong event on it, but all it said was ‘Season’, written in pink. It was the sixth day of it, whatever that meant.

When I used my wing to flip through some more of it, I saw a fuckton of birthdays marked and for some reason, that ‘season’ event happened once every month, though it shrank in winter and grew in spring. That gave me a small hint of what was going on, but I didn’t realize just how much trouble I was in until it was far too late...

Not long after I gave up on studying the calendar, Pinkie retrieved me from the bathroom. “Rarity decided to play with us!” she said with a smile. For some reason, she was now wearing a bright pink rose over her ear, all the thorns picked from its stem.

“Ah... yes!” Rarity said. She also had a rose, a white one. “A nice chunk of time opened in my schedule and I believe I have time for a few... games.”

*Thank God. Someone as a buffer from Pinkie.* “So what’s next?” I asked, rolling my shoulders.

“Truth or dare!” Pinkie happily announced. *Oh fuck me.* From the grin on her face, I had a feeling that thought might be coming true. “Since there’s only three of us, it’ll be truth or dare, spin the bottle edition! Whoever it lands on gets truth or dare’d. If it lands on the spinner, he or she gets a dare from the other two.”

“Sounds reasonable,” Rarity said. “Who spins first?”

“Since you’re the new guest, you get to go first,” Pinkie said, pulling a bottle out of a place I don’t want to think about. She set it on the floor and we crowded around it, though lord knows I wish I didn’t have to.

Rarity reached a hoof out and span the thing. It landed on Pinkie. “Dare!” the party mare said before Rarity could even ask.

“Hmm... I dare you to hug Princess Celestia the next time you see her,” Rarity said with a smile.

“Okay! She always looked like she needed one anyway. My turn.” She spun the bottle and it soon pointed right at me. “Truth or dare, Nav.”

“Truth.”

“How do you like being a pony?” she immediately asked.

“Hating almost every minute of it,” I replied with a shrug. I reached for the bottle, but she slapped my hoof down.

“Tell the truth!”

“I did,” I said, rubbing the hoof for some reason. “I don’t like being like this. This entire shape is just... bad for me. And that smell is starting to worm its way into my mind.” This time, I spun the bottle before she could slap me away. It landed on Pinkie.

“Dare!” she said again.

“Uh... I don’t know, I dare you to kiss Gummy.” She seemed to get really excited about the kissing part until I said Gummy. Then her body sagged and she snatched the alligator up to give him a rather lackluster kiss.

Then she spun the bottle and it landed on Rarity, who smiled and said, “Dare,” with a shrug.

“I dare you to kiss Nav!” Pinkie happily said.

“What?” I asked, my eyes going wide.

“You heard her,” Rarity said, grabbing my head with both of her hooves and pulling me in for a quick, relatively painless kiss. Thankfully, she didn’t make it a frenchy. “That wasn’t too painful, I trust,” she said when she pulled away. I just sighed as she spun the bottle. It landed on me.

“Truth,” I said again.

“Are you just going to say truth all night?” Rarity asked in a disapproving tone.

“That’s the plan,” I replied with a smile, reaching for the bottle. It landed on me. *Oh God dammit.*

They both smirked. Rarity said, “The two of us prepared a small present for you, Nav,” she said, pulling the rose down from her ear. “So our dare is simple. Smell these roses.” Pinkie pulled hers down as well and they both shoved them up to me.

*Oh thank you...* “Easy,” I said with a smile, leaning in to sniff them. The smell was... strong. Ridiculously strong. Each of them smelled of that horrible... wonderful musk that had been haunting me since I got to Ponyville. And as I got a fully concentrated dose of it, a single thought resounded in my mind.

A want... A *need*... for mares. Specifically, the two in front of me.

“Well?” Rarity asked, a coy smile on her face. By way of answer, I snatched the two roses in my mouth, chewing them and letting my eyes close at the glorious feel of lust that washed over me. “Oh my...”

As soon as Pinkie saw the look in my eyes, she pounced over the bottle and pushed her face into mine. The rational part of my mind was gone at that point, consumed wholly by a need for the two of them. And since Pinkie was currently closer, she was the one I focused my attentions on.

Despite knowing on a base level that I didn’t have any experience, my body seemed to know exactly what to do. My front legs wrapped around her head and neck, pulling her tight against me as she freely explored my mouth with her tongue. After some very pleasant time of doing that, I stood, pulling her up with me.

It seemed Pinkie was planning on something like that to happen, because she made sure we were near the bed. I was easily able to toss her onto it even with my shitty hooves. She flew over to it, squealing, “Whee!” When she landed, the bed made a gentle pomf noise. “What are we gonna do on the bed, Navi?” she asked, giggling.

“There’s no need to play dumb,” Rarity said, quickly joining her as I approached, my nostrils flaring slightly. “It seems he finally accepted our offer.”

My brain heard their words, but just discarded them, viewing them as pointless background noise. I was finally at the animalistic point where I could smell the differences between the two. Rarity was in season, but she wasn’t as deep into as Pinkie was. So I tuned her out as pointless for the moment, throwing myself at Pinkie.

And that’s the last thing I remember.

I woke up with a blinding headache and no fucking clue where I was. A groan erupted from my mouth and I tried to lift a hand to my head. That was rendered impossible for two reasons. One, I didn’t have hands at the moment. Two, both of my hooves were trapped under something to either side of me.

“God, what happened?” I mumbled, opening my eyes and looking to the left. The most

horrifying sight I ever saw greeted me: Pinkie's happily sleeping form. I jerked back from her and bumped into something warm and soft that I saw was the second most horrifying thing I ever saw: Rarity's merrily slumbering body.

And then I felt the ache in my crotch that gave me an all-too-real hint of what happened the previous night. My little freakout woke both of them up and ended with me locked inside the bathroom. "What the hell did you do to me?" I yelled through the door.

"What do you mean?" Rarity asked, trying to be comforting. "You were all over both of us last night!"

"Like hell! You know I'm not attracted to horses! What the hell did you two do?!"

"Nav, you're not just feeling after-sex regrets, are you?" Rarity asked. "We're all adults here. We'd understand."

"No! There's no way in hell I would have *ever* slept with you. Just what the hell did you do?"

"Um, Rarity...?" Pinkie slowly and quietly said.

"Yes, dear?" Rarity sighed, pulling slightly away from the door.

"...You know how most pony towns are usually either majority stallion or majority mare?"

"Yes, Pinkie. Everypony knows about the phero—Oh Celestia..."

"What?" I asked through the door. "What did you two do?!"

"Navarone, I want you to promise me that you'll hear me out," Rarity said. "Just... listen. Please." She sounded rather distraught, but I was still wary.

"No promises. Start talking."

"Mares go through a period every month called estrus and—" It instantly clicked, thanks to all the time I spent on my family's small farm.

"Oh my God, you used pheromones against me!"

"Well... yes, but—"

"But nothing! That's like using a drug on someone! You fucking raped me!"

"Let me finish!" I was beyond incensed at that point and if I didn't figure they could both immediately overpower me if I rushed the door, I would have left immediately. "We... didn't even think about it, Nav." Pinkie nervously coughed behind her and she added, "Well, *I* didn't think about it! When mares go into heat and they find a stallion they would like to... spend some time with, there's a certain custom in Ponyville involving rubbing roses in certain places."

"That's disgusting," I broke in.

"Yes, it is," she agreed. "But it's a custom. It never even occurred to either of us that you wouldn't know it! Or that you would react like you did. We both just thought... you finally decided you were okay with ponies."

"I lost my fucking mind!" I yelled. "The last thing I can even remember is smelling some roses!"

"Well... I can assure you that you enjoyed it," Rarity weakly said.



“That doesn’t make me feel any better, you stupid bitch!” I shouted.

“But... you were happy!” Pinkie said. “I saw you smiling...”

“Pinkie, you brought me to your house to fucking seduce me! Don’t think I didn’t figure it out, not with how you were acting. With every reaction I made up to the point where you gave me those disgusting flowers, how could you even *think* I wanted to fuck you?”

“I thought... you were playing hard to get...” she whimpered.

“Nobody does that!” I yelled.

“Not true, actually,” Rarity said, as if trying to placate me. “I admit to having done it a few times...”

“*Guys* don’t do that! Just stupid chicks that think it’s sexy!”

“...That’s true,” Rarity said. There was a light thump on the door. “Oh Celestia, what have we done?” she mumbled. I didn’t think I needed to answer that. After a few seconds, she said, “Navarone, Pinkie and I are going to leave the building. You are free to come out whenever you want. Should you ever want to... discuss what happened, just let either of us know. For what it’s worth... I didn’t even think about the pheromones and what they might do to somepony not used to them.” Once again, I didn’t reply. A few seconds later, I heard them both leave.

I just fell flat onto the floor, wondering what the hell I could do. They took advantage of me and raped me, but at least one of them seemed relatively ignorant about it. *Oh God...*

I’m not sure how long I was on that bathroom floor, but eventually I forced my way to my feet and departed, leaving the boutique behind in a daze. *I don’t even remember getting here...* I wandered to the library, getting a ton of looks from the townspoonies as I walked. *Can they... smell it? Ugh, fucking animals!*

When I got to my destination, I just walked right past Twilight and her questions and went straight to the shower, sitting under the stream for what felt like hours, just... thinking.

It took me forever to get out of bed the next day. The only reason I ever did leave it is because the horse-version of Twilight excitedly forced her way in. “Princess Luna’s here, Nav!” she happily said. “And she can turn us back!” That was enough for me to get my horribly conflicted and mopey ass out of bed. “Nav, you look... horrible. What happened?”

“...Nothing,” I said, not meeting her gaze. “Where’s Luna?”

“She’s in the study. And she asked to speak to you alone, but I don’t know why. I’m sure everypony will just love to celebrate now that we can be back to normal!”

“I’m gonna hold off on that,” I sighed, walking past her and down to where the princess of the night awaited me.

She smiled when she saw me, a smile that I was honestly unable to match even though it was nice to see her again. “You look... quite handsome, Navarone,” she said, approaching me. When she got close enough, a newly familiar smell twinged at my mind and I stared at her in horror, my ears drooping against my head. “...What’s wrong?”

“I can smell it,” I whispered, involuntarily taking a step backwards. “Turn me back.”

She stopped moving forward, but she made no motion to turn me back. “Are you sure you want to turn back?” she asked. “While this change is not one way, meaning you can become a pony again should you desire, you would find acceptance and likely happiness much easier as a pony than you would as a human.”

“I would never willingly betray my humanity,” I said, a tinge of harshness entering my voice. “And I have no desire to be in such an inferior body. Especially one that can be ruled with *animalistic instincts*. Turn me back.”

“All forms of life are at first governed by instincts, Navarone,” she replied. “And this body is new to you. If you gave it time, you would find the resisting is easier. There are many positions one of your... temperament would find acceptable. Bodyguard. Actor.” Her tail flicked, as though smacking at something, and she added one more with a smile, “Consort.”

“Not interested in any of those. Turn me back. Quickly, please. I was able to tell you were in heat the second I stepped through that door and it’s just getting worse.”

“So... forward!” she giggled with a blush. “Stallions in my time were not like that. More circumspect. More fearful.”

“Are you going to turn me back or not?” I forced through clenched teeth, getting more and more pissed that she was toying with me.

“Yes, I will. But I have a warning, first. Some parts of your transformation may not be... complete.”

“Meaning?”

“Your wings, Navarone. They will still be there when I turn you back.”

“What? That’s retarded! Why the hell would I have wings? I’m no angel!”

She sighed and looked away, thinking of how to explain it. Finally she said, “What happened to you and Twilight was an explosion of chaotic magic energies. When magic is forced into a spell for the first time, it is torn from the raw magic energies of the world, which are naturally chaotic. When that unicorn attempted to make a spell, what she was doing was forging a new spell from chaos. That spell failed, sending all the magic she was forging exploding outwards. The effects were random and could have been anything. I believe that since you and Twilight were standing so close, it just forced a similar change onto both of you. She got your humanity but retained some of her ponyness, her horn. You got her ponyness, but since she kept her horn, you gained something new. I know it doesn’t make sense, but magic is... strange. Especially raw magic like that.”

“That’s absolutely fucking retarded. Just turn me back and get some bolt cutters. I’ll fix that problem up immediately.”

“What?!” She was so shocked that she almost reverted back to her Royal Canterlot Voice.

“I was joking! Jesus! Just turn me back.”

She huffed somewhat angrily. “You should never joke about self-mutilation,” she replied, beginning to step closer to me. “Hold still. This will be jarring.”

I closed my eyes when she got right in front of me, ready to finally be back to normal.

After a few seconds, the deed was done and I was once again in my pristine human form.

*Mostly* pristine... A large pair of white, feathery wings sprouted from my back in what I immediately knew would be an uncomfortable position. "Finally," I sighed, falling to my knees.

Luna was looking down on me strangely. "Hm. Twilight did not mention in her reports that humans lacked sheaths. Or are you just excited to see me?"

"While I refuse to deny the second, we don't have sheaths," I said, standing and walking over to where Twilight left my pants when she was turned back. I could feel Luna's eyes watching me as I put them on. "Why? You see something you like?" I asked as I turned back to face her, finally wearing pants.

"It is... interesting to see something that displays itself so openly," she said with a small smile. "Though I won't deny it either..."

"The most I'll offer is a hug for turning me back. God, I couldn't stay in that horrible body for any longer."

"Of course, there are spells to reduce the impact our pheromones have upon stallions. But I did not think they would be needed upon one with such... vaunted human reasoning, as I believe you've put it before." The way she said that sounded mocking and rage exploded in my mind before I forced it down, deciding it unwise to pick a fight with a princess.

"Whatever. I'm sure you have things to do, so I won't keep you busy."

And just like that, it seemed like she regretted her words. But a princess never apologizes, or at least not this one. "I actually have little to do, now," she said, almost bitterly. "My sister took it upon herself to investigate the mysterious fire caused in an old fortress long since abandoned. Since it was a magical fluctuation that appeared to have caused it, she had to go herself. I can only imagine her surprise when I tell her what Twilight told me about the competition."

"I'm sure she'll be pleased to find she wasted a week. You know, I'm going to have to meet her one of these days. Everyone seems to paint her as the worst tyrant there ever was, but I want to find out for myself."

"Hm... I might arrange a trip to Canterlot for you, then. Would it please you to escape from Ponyville for a time?"

"I'll... think about it, I suppose," I slowly replied, trying to think of a nice way of telling her hell no. Sure, getting away from Ponyville would be awesome, especially after getting fucking raped, but going to a city as famously pompous and stuffy as Canterlot? Ugh.

"Take your time in thinking," she said with a shrug. "My sister is a busy mare and this week-long break will put her behind for some time." She looked away suddenly and I saw her jaw moving. It took me a second to realize she was stifling a yawn.

"You're usually asleep right now, aren't you?" I asked.

"Yes. But Twilight informed me that you were growing quite morose, so I decided to come as soon as I found the spell rather than wait for night to fall. I fear I have gotten little sleep in the past few days."

“Then I won’t keep you here any longer. Thank you for helping me, Luna. I honestly would have killed myself if I was stuck like that.”

“That is... horrible. How could you say that in such a blasé manner?”

“The place I grew up was very different,” I replied with a shrug. “But you should go on to bed, Luna.”

“...Yes. But not without collecting that hug you promised. For both our sakes, I believe.”

“I don’t remember actually *promising* one...”

She rolled her eyes and her horn lit up, grabbing me from where I stood and pulling me into her. When she had me in the perfect position, she struck, ensnaring me with both hooves and wings. And since I wasn’t currently wearing a shirt, I got to feel how truly soft these damn ponies really are. Turns out, they’re extremely soft. Or at least, the large and rich ones like Luna are.

“There,” she finally said, pulling away. “I will see you later, Navarone. For now, I am going to bed.” She teleported off before I could answer. Strangely, it seemed that her wings were still outstretched as she departed.

Speaking of wings... I looked over my shoulder at mine. “Well... now what?” I sighed, suddenly aware of my desecration.

*Survive, I suppose*, a thought in the back of my mind said. *It’s all you’ve ever done.*

Sometimes it’s all a man can do.