

The Luna Heresy  
A Warhammer 40k and My Little Pony  
Crossover Fanfiction  
By:  
SIROFLOT  
Chapter 2:  
Doubt

Caramel laughed to himself.

“All over the main bridge! It was unbelievable!” Ponple continued.

The two had been talking all throughout the ceremony and onwards. Caramel glanced at another Salamander waving at him from the shuttle craft. Now it was time to go.

“Hey, thanks for the night man.” Caramel said giving the the pony a “brohoof”.

“No problem, Caramel. Hey, maybe I'll see on the battlefield sometime?” the older replied.

“Heh, lets just hope my bolter isn't pointed up your arse!”

Ponple chuckled and walked towards his own legion's white and green shuttle craft. He hated having to leave behind such a great guy, but such was the responsibility of one of Celestia's finest.

“Fall in love, apothecary?”

“Shut up Tyfus.” Ponple replied to the Captian.

Captain Tyfus led the First Company of the Coma Guard, he also was a total dick. Ponple decided long ago that if he ever needed to operate on the bastard he'd slice open his heart and say it was an unknown birth defect. And no one would be the wiser. Problem was, the bastard never fell in combat. No wonder he was elevated to First Captain, second only to their primarch Zecora.

Just as the Coma Guard shuttle lifted off, Caramel was strapping himself into his own safety harness. He glanced outside.

It was her, the chaplain. The same one he had been staring at earlier...

The mare walked alongside the Party Bearers primarch, Pinkie Pie. Then, like something out of an old horror Holo-flick, she turned and faced Caramel...staring...with her strange eyes...into his own soul...

The shuttles door hissed closed, cutting off the image of the pony. Only then Caramel realized he had been holding his breath.

Was this what fear felt like?

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Pinkie paced about her personal quarters. The room itself was a mess, with her armor lying on the ground, and various other clothing and fine items were laying about. Pinkie was rolled up on the floor. She had never been so sad, not even during her rock farming days.

Pinkie herself was a mess. Her coat had taken on a darker shade of pink, and her hair now laid straight down in a gravitational law abiding fashion. Lines now marked her face where tears had flowed.

Pinkie wiped her face and walked to the recently smashed mirror on the wall.

“I thought everypony loved my parties...” Pinkie Pie said in a sad dejected tone. Normally being told that someone didn't like her parties didn't get to Pinkie. Everypony had an opinion on parties and that was okay. But Celestia herself told Pinkie to stop partying all together. Not only that but she was no longer allowed to worship Celestia as a goddess, which Pinkie still maintained in her head made sense since Celestia was essentially a god.

“Who am I without parties or love for my princess?” Pinkie asked pleadingly to some higher body. “WHO?!” Pinkie cried in a sob.

Unfortunately, Pinkie knew her answer.

“Nopony...”

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Luna scanned the reports she had been given from Celestia. The folder contained information on a huge globule of space absolutely filled to the brim with Diamond Dogs. Luna smiled, it had been a while since she had skewered a Dog on her blade. Agreeing with Celestia's strategy to approach the space her thoughts turned to Rainbow Dash.

Rainbow was her sister. But their relationship had gone past that. Not that they were having sexual relations or anything, just that well their bond was really strong. Luna would face down oblivion to save her sister, and she had no doubt Rainbow would do the same for her.

It was true that Luna wanted her sister to take on the rank of warmaster, the supreme military rank within the empire. Rainbow wasn't just a good strategist, she was a BRILLIANT one. And this was by Luna's standards, and she had beaten Celestia in regicide on more than one occasion.

But Celestia insisted that Luna take on the rank. It was not that she mistrusted Rainbow or didn't think she was up to the task, it was the fact that if Celestia was to ever fall in combat, the warmaster would be left to take charge of the Empire. And the closer the pony was to the original royal bloodline, the better.

Luna decided that it was time to ready herself for the coming battle. She got up from her work desk and walked up to her suit of power armor. She smiled at the work of Ferrus Hoofus. It truly was a beautiful piece.

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Applejack removed her blade from the gutted dog.

“Ah! righty boys, if we make it on over that hill o'er there this day is all ours. Apples are on me when we get back on-board the ship.” Applejack yelled to several of her veterans over the gunfire.

Applejack snarled and put another clip into her bolter. She raised her chainblade aloft.

“CHARGE!!!!”

Together all five ponies drew their combat knives and charged forward towards a diamond dog bunker. The bunker's residents decided to give their unexpected guests a welcoming gift of fire. Three crudely made heavy bolters immediately barked from the firing ports within. Several rounds bounced off AJ's armor as she advanced.

“RAWRGH!” Applejack snarled as she impaled one of the heavy weapon operators with her massive blade. As she drew out the blade she decapitated another with the back swing. The veterans had already cleared the other dogs in the bunker, but they were far from done. AJ looked up to find a huge wave of dogs pouring over the hillside.

“Take your positions by the sand bags!” Applejack barked at the mares, “I'll go and meet them head on! Now, cover me!”

The four veterans began firing into the onrushing hoard without bothering to aim, for it was impossible to miss in a group so large. As they did so, Applejack charged forward while firing her bolter, blowing open the head of a diamond dog leader. The first dog she met was quickly decapitated by a quick sword swing. Applejack was always good at taking off someones head. Then another to the side which she peppered with some bolter fire. Another head on, she simply stuck her blade in front of herself and watched the idiot skewer himself onto it. Applejack continued her slaughter across the hoard until she had cleaved the last dog in half.

The veterans quickly scanned the horizon and, after deciding the area clear, Applejack had them stand down.

“Okay, now we just hold out here until the shuttle arrives. Y'all'r free until then.”

Applejack looked out across the war-torn desert of Apploosa IV. It reminded her of Yorewood.

Yorewood, the planet she could never return to...

When she had been stranded out away from Equestria all those years ago when she first received her gift from Celestia, she landed on Yorewood. An ancient pony planet that had only one trade.

Gladatorial fights. There Applejack learned everything she now knew about fighting.

But Applejack hated slavery, so she escaped, and failed three times. However, on the fourth try she managed to gather enough of a force to break out from the stadium and from there retreated into the mountains nearby. However, supplies were limited there, and the local army was constantly attacking them. One day, a huge force came up the mountain, and Applejack knew it was the end, it was right. This was the way she was going to die. Alongside her friends fighting the corrupted system.

Applejack was ready. But not for what happened.

As soon as the assault began, Applejack was teleported onto a spaceship. Celestia's own flagship.

There Celestia offered AJ her own legion and glory in the name of ponykind.

And Applejack flatly refused. She had to be down there, fighting for her people. Instead she was being offered a glory she didn't earn through her own sweat and blood.

However, Celestia couldn't let her own child be torn apart willingly, and confined Applejack on her ship. Saddened by her loss of being able to die. Applejack submitted herself to Celestia's mercy.

20 years later here she was, waiting for a battle that might one day allow her to go meet with those brave men she never got the chance to die alongside. But she had yet to meet a foe worthy of killing Applejack, primarch of the Apple Eaters. Perhaps she was destined to keep fighting for all of eternity. The idea saddened her.

The shuttle craft poked through the clouds above. Only then did Applejack realized she owed some veterans some apples.

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Trixie flipped through the book some more. It really was quite a good read. It was about some ancient forces in the universe. The elements of unharmony.

Trixie snorted. The name was so cheesy she could make a grilled cheese sandwich out of it. However, their abilities and importance were no laughing matter.

Long ago, Twilight Sparkle and her group of friends reunited the Elements of Harmony, and Equestria was put into an era of relative peace and love. But then mysteriously came the Elements of Unharmony. The elements the caused what became known as the great division, which divided Equestrian planets from one another with warp storms and cataclysmal star malformations. However, Celestia managed to suppress the Elements and ever since there has not been any problems with them.

Trixie raised an eyebrow. There was a huge amount of information missing from this book. Which meant only one thing...more studying.

Trixie didn't mind some more reading. Ever since that day Twilight had “banished” the Ursa Minor from Ponyville, Trixie had taken it upon herself to studying. How else could she outsmart Twilight? But as time went on, she began to like reading, and eventually her magic skills had grown so much, Trixie was promoted to chief Librarian for Celestia. It was here that she and Twilight fell for one another.

Those long nights in the library alone with one another. Oh, how Trixie longed for those days. But ever since the division Twilight had been cold to Trixie. Perhaps she really did despise magic as much as she said. Of this Trixie had no idea, she just kept reading her books.

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Pony El'Jonson was invited to Fluttershy's flagship, *Bunnies Wrath*, for a meeting to discuss their

upcoming crusade against the buffalo. Jonson was NOT looking forward to it.

Jonson was separated from Celestia, like most of the other primarchs, and ended up on Caliban. Caliban was overrun with rabid animals and beasts. It was here that Jonson learned to hate all things bestial and to smite them without remorse. All beasts deserved to be destroyed, so that only pony is left, such was the way he lived.

The introduction of the Space Bunnies changed that.

Fluttershy loved all animals, big and small. Even the mutants she cringed when killing, for they were animals at one point. Jonson hated that. But he couldn't hate his sister, they were family, and family did not hate one another. In a way, Jonson's relationship with Fluttershy had changed him to a, perhaps, softer man.

He sighed as the shuttle craft landed in the Battle Barge's main shuttle bay. He disembarked and headed towards the bridge.

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“Fluttershy, Pony El'Jonson of the Dark Pegasi is here to see you.”

“Oh, thank you captain, I'll go meet with him...” Fluttershy responded in her kind voice.

The double steel bulkhead doors opened up to reveal the main corridor.

The side walls and ceiling were covered in beautiful flowers and ivy, growing off the coolant that flowed through the pipes below. Gathering around the flowers and living in the ivy were various beautiful birds. The corridor itself was lit to appear like the sun of Equestria in the olden days.

Fluttershy smiled. This was home. She'd tried to make the ship look as beautiful and glorious as she could using only what nature had. But she knew one thing.

Pony El'Jonson will hate it. Jonson hated everything having to do with nature, and she worried that this might hurt their relationship. The two had already had some bad heat between them. El'Jonson punched Fluttershy one time for disobeying his orders to remain behind until reinforcements arrived. This broke Fluttershy's heart, she only wanted to help... Then she specifically ordered an orbital strike on an area where his men were as revenge for striking her, and, while Jonson never found out it was on purpose, the weight of the action had effected Fluttershy deeply, she just never imagined she would be willing to kill friendlies over such a meaningless trifle.

Unfortunately, Celestia deemed it necessary that the two work together for a while to build up enough trust in one another. And what better way to do that than with a joint campaign against the buffalo?

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Pinkie had given up. There was nothing more that she could do. Tomorrow, at noon ship time, she programmed the ship's computer to send a message to Celestia that she was no longer willing to be a primarch, and to find some pony else. If her zeal and iron will to fight for her Princess were not welcome, then she had no place in life.

The galaxy will just have to do with one less Pinkemina Diana Pie.

She unholstered her bolt pistol at jammed in a clip. The clip contained only one bullet, and there was no way she could miss. She undid the safety and lifted the pistol up. The cold barrel was pressed hard against her temple.

Then she heard a shuffle elsewhere in the room.

Pinkie opened one eye, then the other.

“Chaplain Ditzzy Doo, what are you doing here?” she asked in a tone that showed her complete confusion.

“Pinkie, we have to talk...”

To Be Continued...