

While Princess Twilight was still tending to Sandbar back at the School of Friendship's infirmary, and Starlight Glimmer was dealing with Sunburst at the castle, the hamlet of Ponyville itself seemed a lot less hectic in comparison. Nothing really seemed amiss as various ponies (as well as the occasional gryphon or reformed changeling) walked around the street and visited one of Ponyville's many thriving businesses. Of course, it was obvious from the density of townspoonies around one *particular* shop which one was still the most successful: Sugar Cube Corner.

Once again, it seemed that Sugar Belle and Pinkie Pie were doing a large majority of the work up front. Even though Mister Cake had done most of the actual baking and preparations during the morning hours, he disappeared from the ground floor of the shop after the lunch rush was taken care of. Fortunately, neither of his employees seemed too upset or suspicious about his frequent breaks, since they knew he was probably dealing with a lot outside of his work. Not to mention, the numerous letters and packages he was receiving from his wife likely took precedence over baking some extra muffins.

After making sure that Pinkie was okay to look after the kids for a bit, the yellow stallion made a beeline up to the bedroom while a familiarly-sized package from Canterlot was on his back. Unlike most of his previous deliveries, which mostly comprised of scrolls and photographs mailed by Celestia herself, it seemed that the Princess finally sent him a proper update to Cup Cake's progress. It'd been almost two weeks since the last time he was able to see how she was doing by film, and his fur was already raising in anticipation for how things were going for them.

In retrospect, Carrot Cake was honestly surprised that her disappearance hasn't raised any alarms from either of his employees, or even the twins. After he received that first letter from Celestia, which informed him that Cup Cake had to stay in Canterlot for an extended period of time to verify her pregnancy, he made sure to tell Pinkie and Sugar that it was due to family complications. While he knew it was wrong to lie, Carrot couldn't say that it was *that* untrue. His wife *did* travel to Canterlot for 'family' reasons, and the circumstances *were* indeed complicated. Although, considering how the baker had been feeling about the Princess' "Assistance" with his wife recently, perhaps the term 'Complicated' was a bit of an understatement.

Nevertheless, Carrot Cake was quick to set up everything after opening that package privately, and grinning antsyly at a new film reel. Despite the fact that Celestia's update came *far* later than she had previously promised, her daily photographs of Cup Cake's progress (as well as compensation checks to help his business due to her absence) was more than enough to satisfy him. After he properly soundproofed the bedroom again, his head was swimming with inappropriate thoughts as he loaded the reel into his projector.

Of course, after seeing the *countless* photographs of Misses Cake posing for the camera while Celestia had her way with her, it would've been impossible for Carrot Cake to keep from seeing another session in action.

By the time everything was properly prepared, and the stallion was able to sit down on his empty bed with the lights turned off, his hooves were turning jittery in eagerness. Between his squirming legs, Carrot Cake's stallionhood was already slipping from his sheath and growing erect. He knew that from an outside perspective, it was morally wrong to willingly watch such a debaucherous act of betrayal from his wife, let alone *enjoying* it. But despite that hollowing fact, Carrot's taboo feelings about what Cup Cake was enjoying outside of their *own* marriage left him biting his lip antily when he turned on the projector.

With the film reel spinning in the mechanism, and the flashing lights hitting the bedsheet hung across the bedroom, Carrot Cake was soon greeted with the sight of Celestia's face. However, it seemed that her up-close smirk to the camera wasn't the only thing that felt a little off. Unlike the previous video he saw, which was obviously mounted on a tripod to give him a more "professional" view of his wife's impregnation, it seemed that *this* video was being done in a more candid manner. The video wasn't still, and was moving back and forth slightly while tilted like a Dutch angle. Carrot wasn't sure why that was the case, but he had a feeling this video wasn't going to be the same as before.

"*Hello, Carrot Cake,*" said Celestia in a cheerful, but very withheld tone of voice close to a whisper. Her head pulled back from the camera as her eyes darted around, almost as if she was ensuring that she was alone. After a second or two, she looked back at the screen to continue her introduction. "I apologize for the delay of this update, and I hope you can understand. Given my Royal standing, and the circumstances of my, errr... *Mentoring* of Cup Cake, it was difficult for

me to set up this camera outside of my schedule. However, I *do* hope that the letters and photographs I sent you have sufficed~”

Even though he knew that Celestia couldn't actually see him through the film, Carrot Cake weakly nodded his head while his freckled cheeks were blushed. After seeing that video of Cup Cake moaning so *deeply* in rapture from the Princess' exceptionally skilled cock, Carrot was shamefully counting the days before knowing what his wife would do next. Fortunately for the baker, Celestia made sure to send *plenty* of photographs that showed just how far Cup Cake was sinking into the Alicorn's lustful whims. Whether it was the numerous photos of his voluptuous wife taking that futanari cock while smiling for the camera, or her letters giving **vivid** details as to how wonderful Celestia was as a lover, Carrot Cake lost count of how many times he masturbated to them by himself.

“As you may have already guessed,” she continued while keeping her tone of voice fairly hushed, “It seemed that the circumstances of your wife's stay at my castle have been *changed* ever so slightly. Rest assured, Cup Cake **will** be pregnant by the time she returns home. But in the meantime, it seemed that your wife and I have developed a more... *recreational* understanding of one another as well~”

After that suspiciously vague statement was made by the Princess, a bright goldish-hue of her magic glowed around the sides of the screen. Carrot Cake could see her camera begin to float upward, and pull back to give a surprising reveal. Unlike the previous video and photographs he

saw, it seemed that *this* one wasn't being filmed in Celestia's private quarters. As soon as the full scale of the Alicorn was revealed, he was able to see that she was actually seated in her Royal Throne, and that the Throne Room itself was seemingly empty.

That was, with the exception of his wife Cup Cake, who was seated at the base of Celestia's throne like she was her personal *pet*.

The blue mare giggled a little as she gave a blushed smile to the camera, and waved her hoof to greet her husband. Just beneath Cup Cake's nervous-looking smirk, Carrot could see that she had a white collar wrapped around her neck, which was adorned with crystals that matched Celestia's mane. On the back of her collar, a matching leash was connecting her to one of the throne's handles so she would be kept in place. Meanwhile, Celestia was seated in a less regal stance upon her plush, velvety cushion. Instead of being perched in an upright and modest manner, the Princess was leaned back while her hind-legs were sprawled out lewdly; and between those legs, Celestia's thick and dauntingly massive cock was standing fully erect while less than a *foot* from Cup Cake's face.

Carrot Cake's jaw was gaped in stunned silence, not expecting his Princess to have something *this* shocking prepared for his viewing. Part of him wanted to trust Celestia's judgement, but it was hard for him not to feel wary when he took closer notice of the settings. He knew from Pinkie Pie that the castle's Throne Room didn't have door which could be locked, and that any pony could just walk in and see what the Alicorn was doing with his wife. And judging by the

stain-glass windows he could see from the side, it looked like she was doing this in the middle of the day.

“Since all of my appointments have been postponed for the next half hour,” she said to the camera while reaching down with a hoof, and petting Cup Cake’s poofy mane to make her blush contently, “I decided to take this opportunity to show you *just* how closely your wife and I have been bonding since our last film. We also felt that this setting would be a fun way to prove how dedicated Cup Cake is for somepony like myself~”

The baker’s cock was already throbbing as it slapped his stomach repeatedly, but his muzzle skewed a little from hearing that last line. Even though he couldn’t deny how guiltily hot his wife looked in such an arousing state, it also gave him a grim feeling of *inadequacy* in comparison to the Princess. But even when his heart grew heavier at the thought of Cup Cake preferring someone like Celestia over him, the idea also made his heart *race* in an unexplainable way. He didn’t want to think that the shame and humiliation of such a thing would be *arousing* for him, but he was already gripping the base of his stallionhood with a hoof while Celestia kept speaking.

“Cup Cake?” she asked in a sweeter-sounding tone of voice while looking down at her leashed mare. “Would you mind speaking for the camera about what you learned from me?~”

Cup Cake gave a bashful smile up to her Princess as she nodded her head, and took a breath before glancing back at the camera. “Ummm... H-Hi, honey~” she said with a weak, but still genuinely happy tone of voice. “I, uh... I really hope you’re doing okay back at the shop, and I hope the kids are doing fine while I’m gone...”

Carrot nodded his head again, even though he knew she couldn’t see that response. Despite how his wife may have looked in that video, the baker was thankful that she began her response with such a thoughtful sentiment. However, Cup Cake then sighed rather pertly before her blush deepened across her cheeks, and she added, “As for *me*, I... I’ve been growing *really* comfortable here at Canterlot Castle, and I... I might not be back as soon as I originally had hoped...”

Carrot Cake’s brows rose a little in surprise, despite knowing deep down that he should’ve expected such an answer from his wife. Given where she was in that film, and how strongly her nostrils were flaring between breaths while so close to Celestia’s cock, he wouldn’t have been surprised if their previous arrangement really *had* changed to something more personal for her. But surprisingly enough, despite how jarring that idea could have been for the married baker, his hoof began to move as he slowly stroked himself to Cup Cake’s timid response.

“You see, I... I *know* I originally came here for Celestia to be a surrogate for our foal, but ummmm... But ever *since* then, I... I’ve come to really appreciate the Princess in a *deeper* way than before...”

Carrot Cake let out a weak and shivering breath while his muzzle was pursed shut, and he continued to stroke himself with his hoof. Even though his expression was looking rather pained in anticipation for what might happen next, his blush of arousal was growing heavier as he muttered, “K... K-Kee... *Keepgoing...*”

Cup Cake paused her words to look back up towards Celestia’s face, and see the Princess nod her head with a comforting smile. The pudgy mare then took a deeper breath with her eyes closed, before she looked back at the camera to speak again. “I... I really DO love you with all my heart, Carrot Cake. And I... I can’t even *begin* to imagine my life without you or the kids, and I don’t plan to change that in any way! But at the same time I... I can’t... I can’t deny...”

Her face scrunched in for a split-second, almost as if she was feeling conflicted about giving her confession to her husband on film. But alas, despite Cup Cake’s wary expression, it became covered with a more enamored blush as she clenched her eyes shut said with a pent-up shiver, “... I can’t deny the fact that... th-that I haven’t felt this sexually satisfied in *years!*~”

Misses Cake moaned out with a guiltily dire shiver after making that lustful admission, but it wasn’t *nearly* as intense as the shudder her husband made from hearing her say it. And even though Carrot Cake was wincing from the obvious duplicity of his spouse’s words, he began to stroke his cock even *faster* to make his hooves curl up tightly.

“Mnnnghh!!~” Cup Cake felt a strong aura of Celestia’s magic tugging at her leash, which pulled her head in closer to that thick, meaty cock. The pudgy mare moaned out as the scent of her Princess’ musk became stronger to her senses, and she tried to push herself in even closer to the source. However, Celestia smirked with an amused chuckle as she kept the leash pulled back *just* enough to keep Misses Cake a few inches from her glistening cockhead. As that Royal scepter throbbed teasingly in front of the mare’s face, and a thick bulb of Celestia’s precum was seeping from the tip, Cup Cake was growing desperate for a taste as she tried to stick her tongue out needily.

“Keep going, you naughty little pony~” purred Celestia with an enticing, but still firm tone of voice. “Tell your husband *just* what you need~”

“Nnnfff!!” Mister Cake had to let go of his cock so he wouldn’t blow his load too soon, even though he knew he shouldn’t be treating a scene like this with such a strong feeling of arousal. But alas, his mediocre member was standing rigidly as it twitched from its lack of attention, and the stallion himself was groaning and biting his other hoof.

“I... I need your cock, Princess!!~” moaned Cup Cake as her eyes turned half-lidded in pure ecstasy, and her sights remained glued on that daunting cock she desired so badly. “I... I’m sorry, Carrot! But I... I-I can’t help it! I need Celestia so bad!~ I don’t... I don’t want to deny how much I love her cock, honey!! I just *CAN’T*!!~”

“Sssshhhhhh...” Celestia tried to ease her eager pet as she stroked the mare’s pink mane, and gave a deceptively calming smile while Carrot watched through the camera. “The doors aren’t locked, remember?” she said in a soothing voice. “I understand how badly you need to satisfy your urges, but you don’t want to be seen by *others* like this, do you?~”

From the way he saw Cup Cake’s muzzle wrinkle tightly for a split second, Carrot could sense that his wife was trying not to answer that question too impulsively. The thick mare breathed out shakily before she looked up at her Princess with a pleading whimper. “P... P-Please, Celestia,” she said with a weak and overwhelmed tone that her husband had never heard from her before. Even when the two tried doing more adventurous things in bed, Carrot had never seen her acting so desperate as she moaned, “I... I can’t help it... I need to... Nnnghhh...”

The mare stopped her words briefly enough to close her eyes, and took a deep breath to settle her overwhelmed state. After she breathed out with a much smoother-sounding exhale, Cup Cake stared up at Celestia more confidently and said, “I... I **want** to suck your cock, your Highness!~ And I don’t... I don’t *care* if I get seen! I just want to serve you like I have this morning! And at *lunch*! And everyday I’ve been here since!!~”

Carrot Cake clenched his eyes shut while gripping his bedsheets, and squirming badly from how hard his cock throbbed to hearing her act so horny for another mare. The betrayal of her words stung like nothing he could describe, but he knew she wasn’t lying about her devotion to Celestia’s massive cock. And if he were to be perfectly honest, Carrot secretly couldn’t blame his

wife either. Compared to what *he* was packing, the Alicorn holding Cup Cake's leash was clearly more endowed and confident about herself than he *ever* was...

And as soon as he saw Celestia drop his wife's leash from her magic, his hoof came back up to start stroking as he heard her proclaim, "**Then prove it~**"

Cup Cake instantly lunged in, and her desperate moan was immediately silenced when she crammed her muzzle with the Princess' thick and drooling cockhead. Carrot could only watch in shameful pleasure as he saw how eagerly his wife was trying to swallow that cock, and appearing much more enamored with the Alicorn's member than she *ever* had with his own. Both of her pudgy hooves grasped the base of Celestia's shaft, and vigorously began to stroke it to make her Princess let out a satisfied hiss. As that plump and crowned head disappeared inside of Cup Cake's overstuffed mouth, Celestia leaned her head back as she closed her eyes, and shivered in absolute delight. "*Mmmmmm... That's right, my little pet...*"

The Princess' hooves came down to clasp around the back of Cup Cake's head, and kept her in place while shoving that muzzle further down her shaft. Carrot Cake could see tears welling at the corners of his wife's eyes, but her lustful blush and muffled groans made it clear that she wasn't keen on stopping *anytime* soon. Even when her voice started to sound gurgled and strained, her lips still tried to suckle around Celestia's shaft as tightly as they could to savor the immense taste and girth of that futanari beast. And with each eager pump of her thick hooves up

and down the Alicorn's length, her throat could be seen repeatedly convulsing to swallow what had to be some rather hefty globs of Celestia's fertile precum.

Carrot Cake had to slow down his stroking while he gazed at his wife's debaucherous indulgence, but he was still gripping his shaft tightly while it throbbed in approval from what he was seeing. A million thoughts may have been running through his head about what might become of Cup Cake's descent into Celestia's whims, but his mind was also **deeply** clouded in arousal to keep him from feeling too guilty to stop the film. Instead, he merely whimpered pathetically while hearing his spouse's hungry slurps, and seeing how far her lips were sliding down the Princess' cock.

“Aaaahhh!!~” Celestia seemed *especially* pleased as she let out a withheld moan, just around the same time Carrot Cake could see the bulge of that cockhead sticking from his wife's throat. Even though the Alicorn had enough of her shaft exposed for both of Cup Cake's hooves to continue jerking her off, Celestia looked pridefully content as she grinned antsily down at her. “O-Oh, *my~* You... You *really* want to serve me as a pet, don't you?~”

Cup Cake couldn't pull her head back while the Princess' hooves were keeping her in place, but she still tried her hardest to nod the instant that question was asked. Carrot tried not to cringe at the thought of how far his wife was willing to go in her nympho-centric state, but his hind-legs were also jittering from the anticipation of finding out the *hard* way. Meanwhile, Celestia tried to push the pudgy pony's muzzle down just a *little* more so that bulge could travel further down her

neck. “Mmmmm... Maybe I *should* keep you around for such a task~ Would you like that? I could give you your own room in the castle, and have you serve me whenever I need some relief~ I could even bring some of my staff down to *Ponyville* so your family will be alright...”

Cup Cake’s body could be seen twitching as she convulsed around that rigid cock, and her cheeks grew a heavier shade of red from the lack of oxygen filling her lungs. Fortunately for Carrot, he was able to see Celestia pull her hooves back so his wife could slip that cock out of her drooling mouth, and finally have the chance to breathe in heavy gasps. However, despite how welcoming that fresh air may have been, the close proximity to the Alicorn’s member meant that each breath was rich with that intoxicating musk. Carrot could only *imagine* how intense that scent really was, since it seemed pleasing enough to make his spouse quickly lunge back in for more.

“Aaahhh!!~ I... I *reeeeaaaalllly* want to!!~” Cup Cake moaned with a guiltily dire tone of voice, while her hooves kept pumping that cock to keep her Princess pent-up. Between her shaky breaths, the mare couldn’t resist leaning in to lick around the sides of Celestia’s cock to slather it in her saliva. Her voice quivered *hard* each time she moaned from those needy laps of her tongue, clearly adoring the taste of that futanari member like it was an addiction. Eventually, Cup Cake’s desires grew more potent as she rubbed her muzzle against that veiny shaft, almost like she was wanting the scent to soak into her fur. “Oh... Oh *Goddess* I want that! *Mnnngh!!~* I... I could smell you like this all *day* if you allowed me!!~”

“Mmmmm... You certainly *could*~” replied Celestia as her smirk down at her turned more devilish. She then looked back at the camera, almost as if she completely forgot that the poor little baker was still watching his wife’s descent into depravity. “And I’m sure that your *husband* would understand if you needed to stay a little longer. Wouldn’t he?~”

Carrot wasn’t sure if he was going to cry or ejaculate from how this might all go down, but he felt his head weakly nod in response to that rhetorical question. Meanwhile, Cup Cake shivered with her muzzle slightly wrinkled, and her snout moving down towards Celestia’s heavy-looking balls. “Nnnnghhh... I... I suppose I... I could stay a little longer if, ummm... if he wants me to...”

One of Celestia’s brows rose as her smirk widened, and she asked with a small shudder, “If *who* wants you to? Can you even think of your husband’s *name* right now?”

Misses Cake paused her descent towards those balls as a conflicted look came across her face briefly. After only a second or two of silence, the mare huffed impatiently before shrugging her shoulders. “Ummm... I, uhhh... it’ll come to me~”

While her husband groaned hard from that painfully careless response, Cup Cake didn’t even look towards the floating camera as she opened her muzzle wide for Celestia’s balls. Those thick, low-hanging orbs were drawing the mare in like a moth to a flame, and her tongue lolled out to give that loose sac a deep and lingering lap. The moan she let out as she caught that salty and bitter flavor was *indescribably* high, and she dove her muzzle in between those balls to slobber

all over them. Celestia writhed in her throne as she moaned more openly, and embraced the primal indulgences her pet was willing to provide them.

Cup Cake's hooves kept pumping that cock as it throbbed hard above her head, and spurts of the Alicorn's precum started to shoot out and land across the mare's back. Back at the bakery, Carrot couldn't stop stroking himself as he moaned from that enticing view of his wife's slutty state. He couldn't stop imagining how she would look while walking around the castle, her fur matted and smeared with the Alicorn's cum to show her as being marked as Celestia's Sex-Toy. Would the castle staff know she was her's? Heck, would they even *care* if they did? By this point, it was hard to know how devoted Cup Cake would be for *him* when such a dominant and providing Princess was willing to bring her such potent levels of carnal bliss.

His thoughts began to run even wilder as he saw more strands of Celestia's pre spurting across his wife's back, as well as atop her poofy mane. If any of Celestia's Guards were to see her right then, they wouldn't even think of her as Carrot Cake's *wife*. All she would be known as was Celestia's Personal *Slut*, which she would probably embrace given how much she was enjoying the Alicorn's cock so blatantly. The thought of her being so unfaithful should've made his heart break in half; but instead, it was thumping even *harder* to see her do more.

“Aaaahhh!!” Celestia's head reeled back as her cockhead could be seen pulsating strongly, which made Cup Cake's mouth pull away with a couple strands of saliva connecting her lips to those glistening balls. “Mnnghh!!~ Sh... Show me where you want it, pet!!~”

Cup Cake didn't even hesitate to make her choice, and moaned out direly as she grabbed that cock with both hooves and jerked it as fast as she could. Carrot was expecting her to swallow that meaty cockhead again so she could suck the Princess off; but instead, his wife kept her mouth wide open as she pointed that cock right at her face, and grinned eagerly up at her new mate. “*Mnnnghh~* I... I want to be your pet!!~” she moaned with an eager gaze up at her. “C... Cover me in your seed and *mark me!!~*”

“Aaaahhhh!!~” Celestia pulled Cup Cake's hooves away, and stroked her cock herself while making sure that slutty mare stayed right where she was. “Mnnghh... M... Maybe I should... *I should...*”

With her arousal taking her over the precipice, the Alicorn clenched her eyes shut as she moaned out, “I... I should walk you back to your room looking like... *thiiiiissss!!~*”

The instant she belted out that final word, Celestia cried out in utter elation as a heavy surge of her cum shot out in thick ropes all over Cup Cake's moaning face. The mare was convulsing as she rubbed her aching clit with both hooves, and squirted repeatedly against the marble floors during her bukkake. As both of the mares came in unison, with the pet convulsing in pleasure each time she felt another strand hitting her face or hair, Carrot Cake laid back in bed as he succumbed to his own orgasm as well. He moaned out deeply as he let out a few meager squirts of his own seed, which barely reached his chest by the time he finished in less than a few

seconds. Meanwhile, he could still hear his wife and Celestia moaning out by the time he was able to breathe regularly again.

He was too tired to look up at the screen again, or even get up to turn off the projector. However, he could only imagine how wonderfully drenched Cup Cake looked while drizzled in her Princess' seed, and still leashed up to show her rightful place. Just as he was about to pass out, he was able to hear Celestia speak between her exhausted breaths. "Aaahh!~ I... I, ummm... I need to clean up here, so uhhhh... I-I'll send you an update as soon as I--"

For some reason, the film cut off right then and there as the screen turned to white, and the film reel finally finished in the still-spinning projector. Meanwhile, the lonely cuckold of a baker could only bask in the afterglow of that experience while keeping a shamefully content smile on his face.