

A loud, deep snore rumbled through the dark apartment. A sleeping unicorn with a white coat and electric blue mane was the source of the sound. She lay on the living room couch on her back. Her left leg stretched atop the backrest, her other limbs dangled off the front of the couch. Her belly rose in time with the dreadful snorts her slack mouth produced. A pair of purple-tinted, circular sunglasses had fallen off in her sleep and sat above her head.

The door creaked open as someone quietly slipped into the room. The light flicked on and a pony screamed.

"Aaaaahhhh!"

The snoring pony woke with a start, sliding headfirst off the couch into a pile of potato chips that crunched under her body. She jumped up, banging her head off the coffee table with enough force to knock a few plastic cups full of soda off the sticky surface.

"Vinyl Scratch!"

She looked up at her roommate and fillyfriend who stood flush against the door, seemingly reluctant to step through the assortment of chip bags, soda cups, and assorted party trash littering their living room floor. Her cello case and a travelling suitcase rested against her side. She wore a black winter coat with a black and gray striped scarf wrapped tight around her neck.

The DJ stood up, a nervous smile on her face.

"Hey, Avi! How was the concert?" she asked in a vain attempt to derail the conversation before it even started.

Octavia glared at her. Vinyl smiled nervously, even though the earth pony probably wanted to throttle her at this point, she adored the angry flash of red in her cheeks and the way her eyes smoldered. That's why she teased Octavia like she did; the girl looked hot as hell when she got flustered. However, even she could tell that she was a bit beyond flustered this time.

"Oh, it was wonderful," Octavia replied, her eyes closed and her tone even. Her voice lowered as she continued. "The stage was very clean..."

"Okay, I get it," Vinyl Scratch said, stumbling around the coffee table. Her head ached and not just from falling off the couch and bumping the table. She could barely remember last night's party, but she must have drunk a lot. "I know I'm supposed to clean up all my party's before you get home, but I guess I clocked out in the middle of things."

Octavia let out a sigh of exasperation. She stared at the piles of food wrappers and crumpled party decorations as if she didn't even know where to start. Though not the first time, she'd come home to a mess, she still expected her roommate to clean up after herself as per their rules.

Vinyl lowered her head and directed her patented "scarlet puppy dog eyes" at her. Octavia turned away with a huff. She walked to Avi's side and whimpered pitifully, tilting her head to the side. Octavia couldn't ignore her and looked back; retaining her angry expression for a moment before Vinyl's silly behavior won out and a reluctant smile broke out.

"You're such a child," she sighed.

"Guess that make you my mommy?" she asked, nuzzling Octavia's ear.

A gray hoof pushed Vinyl away. She made the pouty face again, but Octavia resisted this time. "You clean this up. I'm going to unpack."

The unicorn sighed, but reluctantly nodded as Octavia walked towards their bedroom. Her horn glowed and levitated a bunch of trash into a ball of crumbs and paper. She rubbed her aching head and noticed her glasses weren't perched above her horn. She cringed, hoping her precious eyewear hadn't been lost or destroyed in the previous night's chaos. Urgently, she scanned the room, missing them in their obvious resting spot on the couch several times due to mind-numbing panic. As she knelt to dig through the trash, her eyes spotted them on the cushions. With a relieved laugh, she lifted the shades with her magic, tossed them into the air, where they flipped over and over before landing in place on her snout. She reached up with a hoof and pushed her sunglasses back. "Awesome."

"Aaaaaahhhhhh!"

Octavia's shriek cut through her already splitting skull. The ball of trash fell to the floor and exploded like a shattering vase as Vinyl dropped it and rushed to the bedroom.

"Avi? What's wrong?" She'd never heard the earth pony scream like that.

The bedroom looked clean by Vinyl's standards, only Octavia's suitcase lying on the floor. The gray pony stood on her rear legs, back pressed against the wall, staring at the bed. Vinyl looked at the ruffled bed sheets, seeing a cum-soaked condom stuck against the white linen.

"Oh. Ew," she grimaced.

"Ew?!" Octavia shouted, getting a few inches from her face. "Who'd you bring into our bed?"

Vinyl stepped back, her head ringing from the volume and her feelings hurt. "Wait! Wait! I didn't do anything. Someone must have snuck in here after I passed out."

"Who'd you invite over that would do-," she gestured at the used condom. "Do something like this?"

Thinking back to that night through her drunken haze was difficult. She remembered performing at the club, busting out some jams. He hadn't wanted to

go back to the big empty apartment alone. Octavia had left to play in Manehattan for a week after they just moved into the upscale Canterlot apartment, leaving the DJ lonely. Most of her friends also seemed too busy to hang out that same week.

"I might have just invited some ponies from the club..." she admitted.

Octavia stared at her, eyes wide. She loudly sucked in a breath of air. The corners of her mouth twitched.

"Avi, I'm sorry..."

"Yeah, now, you're sorry!" she exploded. "Miss Party Time goes out for a good time and brings a bunch of strangers back with her. I can't believe you! I let you bring your trashy friends here-"

"Hold on-."

"No!" Octavia interrupted her attempt to cut in, shoving her nose against Vinyl's. "I'm sick of your irresponsibility! And your childishness! And the noise! I can't handle this anymore!"

She stepped away from the enraged cellist. Her ears meekly flattened against her head. "What? What are you-?"

Octavia lowered her head. Her voice shook. "I think you should go, Vinyl."

"Okay, I'll just go clean up the romp room," she made to leave.

"No," Vinyl halted in her tracks. "Just get out."

"What?" the blood froze in her veins and tears welled up behind her glasses. "Avi, are you serious?"

"Yes, leave me alone! I want to be alone!" Octavia shrieked, stomping towards her. She backpedaled into the kitchen and then the trashed living room. The earth pony shoved her towards the door when she halted. Vinyl was too devastated to put up any resistance as Octavia pushed her out into the hall. Vinyl stood there, her eyes watery and sad. Octavia's steely gaze faltered a moment before she disappeared back inside, slamming the door after her.

"I guess... I guess I'll call you later?" she asked, fighting to control her quivering throat.

The door pulled open again and Vinyl smiled hopefully, only for Octavia to throw her white winter coat at her before slamming the door again. The sad DJ slumped in the hallway, the coat hanging against her chest like a needy cat pawing for attention. She grabbed the garment with her teeth and slung it over her back, something square and black fell out of it. Hurriedly, she scooped the cellphone up in a magic bubble. The phone usually sat on the table or some other piece of furniture, had Octavia stuffed it into her coat pocket or had she left it in her pocket last time she wore it?

She stepped forwards and raised a hoof, but backed off a moment later. No words came to mind other than the usual apologies she always made when her antics went too far and she suspected Avi wouldn't accept them in this situation.

Listening at the door, she thought she heard Octavia's labored breathing. An image of her roommate leaning against the door, crying tears of anger and disappointment filled her head. It sounded cheesy, but just in case she wasn't imaging the sound, Vinyl whispered through the wall. "I'm sorry, Avi. Please forgive me."

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"I'll leave you alone now."

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Clouds still blocked out the rising sun when Vinyl Scratch stepped out into the cold, gray slush. Shuddering inside her coat, the white pony checked the time on her phone. Quarter after eight, the little glowing screen read.

Her background was a picture of her and Octavia at their favorite beach boardwalk. In it, Octavia sat at a table with an umbrella drink in front of her, glaring at the camera in annoyance as a mischievous, smiling Vinyl Scratch draped her forelimbs over the earth pony's shoulders from behind and pulled her into a surprise hug. Colorful, tropical carvings decorated the bar behind them; a couple ponies had stopped to stare at the commotion caused by the pair.

"I don't know why I put up with you," Octavia had said shortly afterward.

With a sniff, she rubbed at her watery eyes and slipped the phone back into her pocket.

Pulling her garment tighter, she debated her options. It was far too early to find a bar or club and getting smashed was partly to blame for her current situation. Her stomach growled, telling the unicorn she needed food. Despite her physical hunger, the drained pony didn't feel like eating and certainly didn't want the traditional eggs and bacon or pancakes. Instead, she decided to drown her sorrows after all, but with extra sprinkles rather than alcohol.

It took twenty minutes to walk from their apartment on the edge of the residential district down to the business district, where many of Equestria's corporations had their main offices. Theaters, clubs, hotels, tourist attractions, and of course, restaurants all occupied the shadow of Canterlot Mountain and the Royal Sister's Castle. The closeness to this part of town was why they'd chosen this apartment.

Donut Joe's stayed open 24 hours. A curious Vinyl had asked why a place strictly selling donuts and coffee kept such a schedule. Joe only replied that the phrase "open 24/7" looked good on advertisements and smirked. She said that was a stupid reason, but Octavia stopped her from pestering Joe further.

Ding! Ding! Ding!

A bell rang out as she pushed the door open and stepped inside. Wiping her wet hooves off on the welcome mat, she glanced around the shop. Joe kept the décor simple, almost Spartan. Black and white tile decorated the floor, while dark green and lime colored diamond tile decorated the wall. Large windows provided a panoramic view of Canterlot's streets. Simple, wooden tables stood around the room. At these early hours, Vinyl found herself as the only customer. Pony Joe stood behind the counter, a large shelf full of donuts of varying descriptions stood proudly behind him.

The light yellow stallion smiled at her. Vinyl approached the counter sullenly and sat down. Joe retained his cheerful demeanor, though his green eyes narrowed in concern. "What'll it be?"

"Coffee and twelve Blue Wub Donuts," she replied.

"To go?" he asked.

"For here," she corrected.

He went to pour her coffee. Vinyl levitated her phone out of her pocket and clicked it on. No messages yet, she sighed. Of course, there weren't, she hadn't heard it ring or felt it vibrate, but she still felt disappointed.

Joe returned with her coffee and a tray full of donuts held up by his horn. White frosting covered the tasty chocolate rings with a liberal shower of electric blue sprinkles plastered on it. They'd been part of a special charity event that DJ-Pon3 had hosted. She'd given Pony Joe the sole responsibility of catering the event and she'd groaned when he unveiled the new donuts. Despite the terrible gimmick, Vinyl found them delicious and thus Joe ensured he always set a few aside for her. He leaned against the counter. "So, Octavia still isn't back from her tour?"

"She is," Vinyl stuffed one of the white frosted donuts into her mouth, slowly chewing the doughy treat to stall for time. The rich chocolate taste danced on her taste buds, the sweet vanilla frosting took some of the bite off the dark chocolate. The pungent sweetness of the blueberry jelly in the center gave it a unique flavor. Somehow this batch tasted less sweet than Joe's normally scrumptious treats. She struggled getting the mouthful over the lump in her throat.

If somepony had been there, she'd have kept quiet, not being the type to display weakness in front of other ponies. She trusted Joe and decided to bare her troubles.

"Well... she kinda... sorta... kicked me out," she groaned, burying her face in her hooves.

"Oh," he said quietly. He felt a little shocked, but not much since he knew how immature Vinyl sometimes acted. He'd come close to asking her to leave on a few occasions, despite their friendship. He pitied the poor unicorn, used to seeing her as a lively, talkative fountain of energy. "How bad was it?"

"Pretty bad, she said I was irresponsible and that she was sick of me," she replied, miserably nibbling a donut. She glanced down at her phone, still no new message icon on the screen. "I don't know what to do."

"You two argue so much I'm surprised this didn't happen sooner," the shop owner said.

"What?!" Vinyl asked, glaring at him.

"You fight like an old married couple," Joe clarified. "You've been together for so long now and only now you've managed to upset Octavia this much. That mare's patience must rival Celestia's."

"Well, yeah, but she's never thrown me out before!" she shouted. "After all the other arguments, I'm afraid this might be it..."

"What happened after all those other arguments?" Joe asked coolly.

Vinyl frowned. They'd yell at each other, spend some time in separate rooms, and then eventually talk about things until they both felt satisfied and then apologized with a profuse amount of kissing and bedroom games. "That's none of your business, donut boy."

"So just give her some time then," Joe suggested, levitating a cup over and rubbing the inside out with a rag. Not because the cup needed cleaning, but so he looked busy to passersby.

"Yeah," she took a sip of bitter coffee and checked her phone again. "I hope it's not long though."

Vinyl sighed, her attention bouncing from her coffee cup to her phone. Floating a donut into her mouth, she devoured the sweet treat with big, sloppy bites. At least, estrangement hadn't affected her table manners Joe noted.

"So, how's work?" he asked, hoping to steer the conversation to a cheery subject.

"Mmmrrrmmm-gurpphhhsss!" she mumbled, her mouth still full. Joe felt a painful spike digging into his brain, an ache he lovingly called the Wub Migraine in honor of its source. She swallowed. "Nothing interesting."

"Really? You're always doing something reckless or crazy," he said.

"And that's why my fillyfriend kicked me out on my tail," she slumped her shoulders and lowered her ears. A donut floated to her mouth and she tore it in half, chewing with a determined expression. Her lips twitched and tears glistened around the edge of her eyes. "Well, I'm not going to be that pony anymore. Yep, from now on, I'm gonna be the smart and responsible DJ Pon3."

Joe stared at her with a skeptical expression, trying to picture a smarter and more responsible pony in her place. For some reason, his brain projected an image

of the DJ wearing a light blue business suit with large professor glasses on her face and neatly combed hair.

She slammed a hoof down on the counter, startling the poor stallion out of his daydream. "Pony Joe, get me... The Sprinklinator. We're gonna celebrate the birth of the new me!"

"You still haven't finished your first twelve donuts," he said. "I don't think you could handle The Sprinklinator right now."

"Nonsense! The smart and responsible DJ-PON3 can handle that sucker!" she exclaimed.

"Okay..." Pony Joe inched away from the sugar-crazed mare. He went to start preparations for The Sprinklinator, but Vinyl's phone vibrated and played a somber classical melody, Octavia's ringtone.

Vinyl Scratch's hooves scrambled to grab the phone, knocking it off the counter. Too late, she remembered her magic and reached out to catch it in midair, but her spell formed around empty space. She'd dropped it before and it'd still work fine after each fall.

Kkkrrrrccckk! Krrcck-krrcck-sssshhh!

The hard tile floor shattered the phone. The battery case flew off and the battery followed its cover. The pieces bounced thrice and then lay scattered on the hard floor.

"Eeeehhhhgggg!" Vinyl cried out, the shaky whine halfway between a blubbering sob and disbelieving shock.

"Oh, Vinyl..."

She ignored the shop owner and grabbed the three components with her magic. Shoving the battery in with a great deal of force, she clicked the cover back on and held the power button, waiting for the screen to light up.

"No! No! No!" she shouted when it remained dark, ready to break down sobbing. Had Octavia called to say she could come home? To ask for more time separate? What if she never wanted to see her again? Octavia wouldn't be the type of mare to break up with somepony over the phone, right? It would probably be okay to go home then.

"Joe! Do you have a phone?" Vinyl asked.

"No, I've always gotten along just fine with the mail," he replied. He didn't want to admit the new technology intimidated him with all its buttons and apps.

"Uugh!" she gave the dead device in her magic one last futile shake. When it didn't respond, she stuffed it back into her coat pocket. She stood up. "I need to go. How much is this?"

"Hold on," Pony Joe grabbed a box and placed three glazed chocolate donuts, Octavia's favorite, into it. He wrapped the remaining Blue Wub Donuts and added them to the box, before presenting it to her. "There you go. No charge!"

"Oh, come on-."

"No!" he interrupted, pointing a hoof out the door. "Go get your mare!"

She accepted the box without a word. Her lips trembled and then curled into a determined smile. With a nod, she rushed out into the cold, grey streets, carrying the donuts at her side.

*Good luck*, he thought, watching her go.

Vinyl thanked Celestia for the lack of early morning traffic. She trotted at a brisk pace, passing couples out for early walks, early birds on their way to work, and a large number of ponies walking their dog. She passed a Doberman, Chihuahua, Labrador, and an alligator with a familiar pink pony, but she didn't stop to say hello.

Though she tried pacing herself, she still stepped into the apartment complex lobby gasping for breath. Some sweat ran down her body from exertion despite the cold. She was no stranger to physical activity. In fact, she often spent hours on the club dance floor whenever she wasn't behind the turntable. Still, the short trot home left her drained, both physically and mentally as she spent the minutes imagining every worst case scenario for the coming conversation. Her legs shook as she walked across the crimson carpet to the elevators. The doors slid open when she pressed the button and she quickly hit the number for their floor. A cheery, yet soulless tune played as the small box ascended. Vinyl prayed it wouldn't break apart like her phone had.

She pulled out one of the blue donuts and ate it while she waited. Chewing slowly, she tried to calm the nervous wubs beating in her chest. The sweet taste helped a bit.

Ding!

The elevator doors opened. She raced to their apartment and stopped at the door. Her eyes closed and she inhaled a deep breath, counting backwards from ten. It was the same ritual she used to steel herself before a show. The beating in her heart slowed and cool determination replaced the fretful worry that had dominated her mind on the trot over. Her hoof rapped on the door.

Thunk! Thunk!

No pony answered. That fretful worry poked at the back of her mind.

Thunk! Thunk! Thunk!

She banged her hoof against the door harder, fighting the urge to break it down and rush inside. Hooves clumped around inside and a quiet voice answered.



"Who is it?"

"It's Vinyl, Avi," she replied. *Open the door! Please, please open the door.*

"Why didn't you answer your phone?"

"I'm sorry, I dropped it and it broke," she replied, thinking it strange she'd worry about that when there were more important things. Her heart pounded out an anxious beat in her chest. "Can I come in?"

Klick!

The handle twisted and the door pulled open. Octavia stood on the other side, one hoof on the knob. She'd shed her scarf and coat, wearing only her white formal collar and pink bowtie. The faded outline of tears traced their way down her cheeks though she'd tried to wipe them away. A sob shook her body when she saw the white unicorn.

Vinyl stepped through the door and pulled her into a hug. The earth pony didn't respond at first, but then raised her legs and wrapped them around the unicorn's back, squeezing tight.

"Avi, I'm so sorry. I know I messed up and I promise not to do it again," she said. "I'm going to be a more responsible pony from now on."

Vinyl didn't know what she expected the earth pony to say in response, but she didn't predict the soft laugh that shook against her body and echoed in her ears. She pulled away, leaving her hooves on Octavia's shoulders to watch the rare sight of the serious pony giggling in amusement.

"You're an idiot, Vinyl Scratch," she laughed. Her gentle tone and happy smile assured the unicorn there was no malice in the comment. "You don't need to change who you are. I love you for the irresponsible goofball that you are."

"Really?"

Octavia laughed and glanced aside. "Well, that doesn't mean I want you inviting more strangers into the apartment. That needs to change. We're probably lucky they just messed up the bed. I checked and nothing got broken or stolen, so no harm, no foul."

"It won't happen again," Vinyl promised, breaking the hug. She crossed her right hoof over her heart, and then stuck her left hoof against her eye.

Octavia blinked. "What was that?"

"It was a pony promise," she replied. "At least, I think that's what it's called. A friend of mine showed me it. Anyway, it means now I'll never break that promise."

She puffed her chest out proudly. Octavia rolled her eyes and poked a hoof into her side. Vinyl yelped, scrunching up to deter farther jabs. Octavia grabbed her hoof and pulled her inside. "Come on, you dork."

"Hey, *you* don't get to call *me* dork," Vinyl protested with mock apprehension.

The earth pony pulled her into another hug and kissed her. She yelped in surprise, before pressing back into Octavia's soft and warm lips. The grey mare's tongue flicked into her mouth and wrestled with her own. The two fought each other with the flexible muscular appendages. Octavia finally broke the kiss when she nipped at her tongue.

"Ha! I win!"

"It wasn't a contest, Vinyl," she said with an irritated look. "And why do you taste like donuts?"

"Huh? Oh!" she floated the box of sweets into the room, holding it in front of her fillyfriend. She closed the door with a flick of a hoof. "Gift from Pony Joe. Eat up!"

"I still have to clean up," Octavia said.

The unicorn blinked. She tore her gaze away from the wonderful sight of her happy fillyfriend and looked around the romp room. Piles of paper trash still filled the corners. A trash bag sat against the far wall, half full. She dragged it over with her horn. "No, you don't, I've got this."

Octavia opened her mouth to protest, but Vinyl placed a hushing hoof over her mouth. Vinyl gave her a quick peck on the cheek and plopped a donut into her open mouth. "No buts, this is my mess to clean up."

She pouted, looking adorable with half a chocolate donut hanging from her mouth. Vinyl raised her glasses and smiled at her. With a sigh, she gave in and walked into the clean dining room. Octavia had apparently started with the neater rooms first as every surface shone spotlessly, except for the black outline of toast a certain unicorn had burnt into the countertop on the first day.

Ducking back into the party torn living room, Vinyl got to work levitating bundles of trash into the bag. She moved about the room, balancing the load on her back to take some strain off her horn. She whistled a tune as she circled the walls, bundles of paper flocking up and into the pile of trash. She finished getting rid of the dry trash, setting the bag next to the door.

After a quick trip into the kitchen to grab some stain remover, soap spray, and paper towels, she was soon treating the earth-toned discolorations in the dark grey carpet and scrubbing the sticky soda residue off the top of the end table. She'd practiced covering up the signs of partying since she was a filly and had to host them at her parents' house. She wiped up the bubbling stain fighting solution and dropped the wet towels in with the rest of the garbage.

She strutted back into the kitchen and grinned at Octavia, who looked up with dark crumbs clinging to her muzzle.

"Done and done," Vinyl laughed.

Octavia frowned at her. "Somehow, I think you'd be more hesitant to hold these parties if that magic horn of yours didn't make cleaning everything up so simple."

Vinyl shook her head, sitting down close enough to rub against her friend's flank. "It's not the magic; I'm just awesome at cleaning."

"But you'd be less 'awesome' without your horn," she said with a pointed look.

Vinyl stared back with an intense expression. Octavia flinched back as she leaned in. She thought Vinyl meant to kiss her, but instead she licked around her mouth. Her tongue brushed over the earth pony's lips, pulling bits of chocolate out of her fur.

"There I just cleaned you off without my horn!" she exclaimed proudly.

Octavia responded with an abashed look that morphed into a smile, a blush coloring her tearstained cheeks. She chuckled softly. Her smile twisting into a pained expression, as tears welled up in her eyes. Fearing she'd upset her, Vinyl tried to say something, but Octavia wrapped her legs around the unicorn's neck and hugged her.

"I'm sorry I called you all those things when I threw you out!" she sobbed into the unicorn's shoulder.

"Hey, hey," Vinyl patted the back of her head soothingly. "It's cool. I am most of those things."

"You are not!" Octavia said.

They locked eyes. Vinyl smirked, but looked serious. "You just said you loved me for the irresponsible idiot I am."

"Oh... I guess I did," she admitted, the flow of her tears slowing. "That doesn't really make me sound very nice, does it?"

"No, but I can think of some nice things you can do," Vinyl said with a lewd grin. Her hoof reached down and pinched a plump grey cheek.

"Eep!" she yelped, blushing a brighter shade of red. "Vinyl!"

The unicorn's hoof rubbed against her butt in sensual circles, the other hoof gripping her back. She kissed Octavia's neck, plucking her wet lips over her throat and even licking her! Meanwhile, her hoof worked its way further downward. Octavia yelped and bounced as it reached under her tail. Vinyl grinned, knowing just how sensitive the underside of her tail really was. Her hoof rested there,

groping her butt and sending powerful shivers running up her spine. Octavia gasped at the tide of pleasure, leaning into her touch. Vinyl giggled her horn lighting up as she brushed a telekinetic hoof through Octavia's mane, smoothing it back.

As she pushed a strand of black hair off Octavia's neck, a silly idea burst into her head. She nibbled lightly at the spot she just uncovered, growling. "Rawr! I'm a vampire!"

A hoof slapped her upper leg, making her flinch. She quit her teasing and rubbed her arm. Sticking her bottom lip out in a pout, Vinyl whined mockingly. "Avi, I thought we weren't doing rough play unless we both agreed to it."

"Then quit being a goofball," the dark mare said, standing up and walking away. Vinyl started to protest afraid she wouldn't get any now, but then Octavia swished her tail to the side, showing off her chubby butt cheeks and the wet pussy dripping between them. Her straight tail hairs draped alluringly over the side of her leg, obscuring her pink cutie mark behind a curtain of lustrous black threads. She turned her head and grinned back at her, shaking her booty invitingly.

Vinyl licked her lips at the display, heat fluttering through her loins. She raised her butt, before she ended up with another wet mess on the floor. Her legs stretched out in an exaggerated flirty walk as she approached. Her glasses floated off her head and landed on the table.

Kneeling down, she pressed her snout against Octavia's groin. Her nose inhaled the pleasant odor of the mare's sex. She pushed her muzzle flush against her vaginal lips and stuck her tongue out, exploring her hot, fleshy walls. A soft moan issued from the musician's throat as the long appendage dug into her. Her tail swished, silken strands of hair brushing over the unicorn's sensitive horn and the back of her neck. Her rear legs shook with delight, hooves slipping a bit apart on the slick tile. Vinyl took advantage of this to stuff her tongue further inside, her face buried between Octavia's cheeks. The earth pony's knees buckled, but a blue bubble wrapping around her midsection kept her from collapsing. Her front legs bowed, thrusting her butt back into Vinyl's lickings. Her tongue wiggled back and forth, pushing against her most private, sensitive areas.

From the grey pony's increasingly frenzied moans, Vinyl guessed her climax was near. She pulled back to take a breath, her partner gasping in relief, before she plunged her tongue back inside, eliciting a squeal of delight. The tongue swirled about until it found her sensitive spot and pressed against it. Octavia shuddered and cried out, pleasure surging through her body. She squeezed her legs around Vinyl's tongue and bucked against her muzzle, riding her climax out. It ended with a sigh as Vinyl lowered her onto the floor.

She lay there panting for a moment, before climbing onto her hooves. Vinyl grinned at her, her muzzle coated with the earth pony's fluids. She grabbed her mane with a hoof and pulled her into a kiss, tasting her own pungent musk on Vinyl's muzzle. The unicorn in turn took in the rich remains of chocolate the donuts had left in her mouth.

"Come on, it's my turn," she said when they broke the kiss.

The DJ grinned in reply, licking at her sticky muzzle. She kissed Octavia's cheek. Jumping unto her hind legs, she rested her elbows against the countertop to keep from toppling over backwards. She spread her legs open, giving access to her belly and thrusting her pelvis out invitingly.

The light grey mare nuzzled at her stomach first. Vinyl waited as she licked and nipped at her belly. The wet tongue tickled her fur and dull teeth lightly pinched her skin. The teasing moved down her belly, the unicorn humming quietly in the back of her throat at the light stimulation. Octavia preferred to take things slow, while Vinyl enjoyed hard and fast play. Normally, she didn't object to soft kisses trailing down her neck and over her chest. This time, she wanted things her way. A hoof attempted to push Avi's head down, but the earth pony clamped her teeth around her soft belly flesh. Pain surged from the spot though somehow it excited the horny pony more. A growl rumbled in Avi's throat, telling her "let me do this how I want." The hoof lifted from her head and the jaws released their grip. A gentle tongue licked at the bruised skin. Vinyl shivered, wishing the rough streak had stayed in place, despite the chills those wet swipes sent through her sensitive belly. One day she'd figure out how to reliably bring out Octavia's inner dominatrix.

The warm tongue moved down to her crotch and Vinyl felt glad when it didn't go right for her pussy, enjoying the slow teasing now. The flexible appendage brushed over her sensitive breasts, the bare wet skin there hardening in the cool air. Octavia bite her left boob, her teeth gently digging into the skin, squeezing out all kinds of sensations. A groan spilled out of Vinyl's throat as her tongue rubbed over the teat stuck in her warm, moist mouth. Slick wet fluid dripped between her legs, she squeezed her thighs together enjoying the messy feeling in her crotch.

"Octavia!" Vinyl shouted, her head twisting back. Her hooves squeezed the counter edge to keep from slipping down.

"Hmm?" the mare grunted around her mouthful of unicorn boob. Her legs wrapped around Vinyl's waist, hooves squeezing her butt. She began sucking on just the teat, leaving the rest of the saliva-covered orb to tingle in the cold air. Vinyl thrashed her head back and forth as soft lips tugged and squeezed. She glanced down to find Octavia's mischievous purple eyes staring up at her. She knew Vinyl loved having her boobs played with.

"Ah... oh..." Vinyl gasped, reduced to grunts and moans as Avi's tongue brushed over her other breast, a hoof coming around to massage the one she'd been sucking on. The hoof squeezed tight as her muzzle locked around the relatively ignored boob, suckling hard. Vinyl screamed, heat flushing her cheeks as her mounds burst with pleasure. Octavia rocked her head back and forth pushing and pulling on the soft, yielding flesh.

Her thighs clenched around her lover's head, a hoof gripping her dark mane and pushing her on. With a soft plop, her mouth left the breast and her tongue brushed over Vinyl's sex. She cried out as a sudden tremor shot through her loins. Avi paused and Vinyl caught her breath before pushing Octavia's head against her

groin. The long pony tongue flicked out and spread her open, her wet pussy shaking in delight. A few licks pushed her over the edge and she threw her head back, screaming her release as a spurt of vaginal fluid covered Octavia's muzzle.

Vinyl Scratch leaned against the counter, gasps pouring out of her until the rush faded. Octavia licked up the mess around her opening, sending little jabs of pleasure after the flood. Letting her grip on the counter relax, she slid to the floor, dropping into a happy, panting, splayed out mess. Octavia sat next to her, nuzzling her cheek. Vinyl smiled and kissed her.

"That was great, Avi!"

The grey mare grinned as a glob of cum dripped across her snout. Vinyl chuckled and pointed at it. She frowned and crossed her eyes to bring the white mass on her nose into focus. Vinyl laughed harder at her silly, cross-eyed expression. Levitating a bundle of napkins off the table, she rubbed the sticky mess off her lover's muzzle. She made to wipe off some smaller flicks, but Octavia shoved the floating bundle away.

"Are you really cleaning up already?" she teased, rubbing a hoof between Vinyl's legs. Her lips throbbed as the hard pad brushed against them.

"Mmmm," her back started relaxing only for something unpleasantly hard to jab into her. She pushed the hoof away from her sex and twisted around to see the cupboard handle that'd dug into her spine. "No, but we should find somewhere softer."

Octavia glanced at the bedroom doorway with a frown. Vinyl rubbed the top of her head with a hoof, her horn's magic stroking the rest of her mane. Worrying the suggestion might have upset her roommate all over again, Vinyl quickly formulated a plan. "Why don't we do it on the couch? There's enough space there to try something I've wanted to do for a while."

"What's that?" Octavia asked. She sounded less thrilled after being reminded of the crime committed in their bedroom. Vinyl flashed her carefree, first class DJ grin and jumped to her hooves. Grabbing Avi's leg, she helped pull her fillyfriend up.

Octavia followed hesitantly. Vinyl's ideas tended to either be incredible successes or incredible failures. She had yet to see a middle ground.

Vinyl leapt onto the couch. The springs creaked under her weight and Octavia felt the urge to chastise her like a filly caught jumping on the bed. She trekked down to the far end of the couch and rolled onto her back, spreading her legs to give her a clear view of her by now familiar plot. Even stretched out like that, there was enough room for another pony to lie down on the other end, making her intention clear to Octavia.

"See what I mean? Now, you-."

"I get it," Octavia interrupted, trying to ignore the sight of her mare splayed open and dripping with need in front of her. "Is that why you insisted on getting a couch bigger than the living room?"

"Hey, it fit," Vinyl pouted, raising her torso and closing her legs. The grey pony pushed her back down and pulled her legs apart. The unicorn grinned at her ferocity. "For such a high class type, you sure don't understand physics. You see if it really were bigger than the living room it wouldn't have fit, but it did, so your argument doesn't make- Ah!"

She yelped as Octavia's head dipped between her legs and licked her clit. The tongue pressed hard against her vagina, shooting spikes of pleasure through her body. Octavia pushed into her depths and dragged her tongue out along the roof of her sex, pulling her mouth away, a strand of drool and cum connected her lips to Vinyl's privates. She rubbed a hoof against the strand's base, sticking the end to her leg. She pulled her leg to her face, collecting the strand into a glob that she promptly licked up and swallowed.

"Slut," Vinyl teased.

The earth pony hunched her shoulders and blushed, a drop of moisture covering her lower lip. She licked that shiny sliver up before blowing a raspberry at her.

Vinyl laughed and shoved her onto her back with a burst of magic. Vinyl's telekinesis grabbed her thighs and pulled their bodies together. Twisting around, Vinyl maneuvered her elbows onto the armrest, using it to position their hindquarters together. The earth pony watched with an impassive expression, while the unicorn's thighs and rump bounced against her vagina. Avi gasped as Vinyl finally angled herself against her lips. The two warm, wet holes glided against each other, Vinyl's left leg draped over top Octavia's right. She began grinding against the grey mare, sending wonderful vibrations surging through her rear. The earth pony struggled to plant her weight and limbs against the couch to keep from sliding away as Vinyl bucked against her. The unicorn's magic enveloped her shoulders, holding her in place. With her body steadied, she wiggled her hips, their wet pussies squelching against each other. She moaned with pleasure and a second later, Vinyl's throaty grunts joined her.

Octavia reached a hoof down and began rubbing against the point where their bodies meant. The intensity of Vinyl's grunts increased, prompting Octavia to rub harder. The glowing blue spell around her shoulders flickered and then vanished as Vinyl lost concentration. She looped her left leg over Vinyl's to keep them pressed together. Her attention slipped down to her lover's vagina, putting pressure on her groin.

"Hey, first one to cum has to pleasure the other in any way they want," Vinyl choked out between moans.

"Deal," Octavia gasped back, sweat dripping down her body.

She threw her weight against Vinyl, trying to get her to cum first. Her own sex dripped with pleasure and she could feel the pressure building. The unicorn pushed her down, plastering her vagina against Octavia's body and getting away from her hoof's ministrations. Her wet sex ground against her own dripping lips, the ecstasy rocking through to her bones. A few minutes of this splendid torture and Vinyl'd win the favor. She steeled herself determined not to lose to the unicorn, but with their bodies locked together like this and with her magic, Vinyl had free reign to do as she wished. The unicorn grinned smugly, her horn glowed, a bolt of magic smacking Octavia on the butt. She cried out, body trembling. She tried escaping the unicorn's limbs, but her legs were held in place and the struggle only helped grind her sex against Vinyl.

Completely trapped, the only chance would be to get Vinyl to orgasm first. Vinyl had placed her pussy out of reach though and that cum rubbing over her lips was driving Avi wild. Vinyl knew she liked it messy. Inspiration struck her as she saw the pair of hard unicorn tits bouncing against her waist. Octavia reached down with both hooves and squeezed Vinyl's boobs. She wasn't the only pony with a weak spot!

"Ah!" she gasped at Octavia's forceful touch, forgetting to grind at her sex as her partner took hold of her mammaries. With her focus shattered, Octavia quickly slipped away from her lover, rubbing her mounds suggestively the whole time. Vinyl whined as the extra stimulation ceased, only for Avi to plunge her tongue between her legs. Vinyl's cries became louder as her breasts were rubbed in small circles and Avi's tongue flicked powerfully over her walls. Her back arched against the soft couch, her head digging against the hard armrest, but she didn't care as long as Avi's tongue stayed inside her.

"Ah! Ah! Huh! Mmmmmm!" she cried out as her orgasm rocked through her, her limbs flailing about as her eyes rolled upwards. Fluid leaked over Octavia's tongue which eagerly licked the mess up. Her spasms ended and she relaxed on the soft cushions, sighing in exhaustion.

Octavia's head rose from between her legs, the grey mare laying against her belly, staring up into her eyes.

"Did you like that?" she asked. Vinyl nodded her enthusiasm. "Good, because you owe me a favor now."

"Sure, babe. Just let me rest for a minute."

The unicorn placed her arms behind her head and closed her eyes. Octavia's weight disappeared from her chest. Her jaws closed around Vinyl's tail and yanked her off her headrest. She dragged Vinyl down the couch by her tail.

"Hey!"

"Don't 'hey!' me," Octavia said. "I'm not asking you to do anything more difficult than to keep your head raised for a few minutes."



"Oh, you want a horn-. Oomph!"

Octavia interrupted her by throwing a pillow into her face. She slid the pillow under her head and angled her horn upward. Avi climbed over her until they were facing each other. She licked at the white conical bone, Vinyl barely felt the first swipe of her tongue, but the sensations built as she licked and drooled over her length, a faint glow slowly building as her magic responded to the stimulation. Taking the tip into her mouth, she sucked and worked the dull, circular end with her tongue and cheeks. The electric tingle travelled down her horn through her skull and spread out in warm waves over her body. A hoof rubbed between Avi's legs to spur her on.

With a pop, the mouth released her horn and her lover slid farther up the couch. Vinyl watched as Avi's dangling breast and her soaked pussy came into view. She leaned her head forward as the light pink lips lowered towards her. Octavia slid onto her horn with long practiced ease. A sigh slowly escaped Octavia's lips as the rigid bone slid into her slick hole. Vinyl closed her eyes, feeling the warm walls slid over the ridges on her horn, the friction increased as Avi took in the broader base. Finally, the mare's groin rested flush against her forehead. Her juices smeared against her fur.

Clenching her legs, Octavia pulled herself up, dragging the irregularly shaped horn along her insides. The bumps slipped around her walls as she withdrew. She went halfway up Vinyl's length before starting back down, enjoying the thickest part of it spearing her. Magic flared in Vinyl's horn, sparks of light crackling against the mare's tunnel like a light massage and feeling not unlike the gentlest of licks. Octavia gasped her pleasure, exciting her partner more and increasing the frenzy of the magic vibrating inside her. She paused to enjoy the fluttering sensation. Vinyl stretched her neck out, pushing her glowing, magical massage deeper inside, Octavia's grip tightening on the intrusion. Vinyl pulled back suddenly, making Octavia groan as only the tip remained inside her. The horn slowly pushed back inside, only to shoot back out before it got halfway. Octavia moaned as she repeated the action several more times, the earth pony rocking her body along with the thrusts. Cum slicked Vinyl's horn making the whole length easier to take in and slid out.

While Octavia thrilled herself with the length of her horn, Vinyl reached a hoof down and began pawing at her own sex. Her leg brushed between her boobs as the tip of her hoof slipped between her folds. She worked herself back and forth in tune with the wild rhythm of the pony riding her horn.

Octavia's tongue lolled out of her mouth, her eyes rolled back in a euphoric daze. She clenched down on the whole of Vinyl's horn, only moving a few inches and then back down to keep stimulating her clit. Vinyl pushed her horn deep inside, past the tight resisting walls to poke against her womb. She cried out, her vagina shuddering around Vinyl's horn. The appendage vibrated shooting spurt after spurt of magic dust inside of Octavia, the sparks creating intense pools of pleasure wherever they touched. The pleasure of her horn orgasm pushed the rest of her body over the edge and Vinyl racked out a third climax, mixing with the euphoria

from her horn to make the magic shower last a bit longer. Avi's cries peaked again as the load of magic pushed her to another high, her thighs clenched tight around the DJ's head as she milked her horn for every last bit.

Her own orgasm ended with a shudder and she climbed off Vinyl's horn on unsteady legs. She collapsed onto the couch, a trail of cum leaking from her rear. Vinyl lay still with a content smile, the soft glow around her horn fading.

"Hooo!" she sighed and rolled onto her belly, facing Octavia who remained splayed on her back. "So am I forgiven for everything?"

"I think you made up for it," she replied with a sweet smile. If there was one expression Vinyl loved seeing on her face more than annoyed exasperation, it was that content grin. Her friends liked to tease her over what they perceived as Octavia's uptight, unexpressive personality, but to Vinyl that just made these rare, private moments of emotion more powerful than anything else in Equestria.

"I love you."

"Don't be such a sap, dear."

Vinyl laughed and then they shared another kiss.