

Joining the UNBELIEVABLE UNGULATES!

The auditorium is shrouded in darkness, the only light source being the occasional cell phone dotted amongst the crowd. They had been enraptured by the escapades of the Unbelievable Ungulates for just over two hours now, and it was time for the Grand Finale. The murmuring of excited chatter is silenced instantly as the empty stage is blasted by two powerful spotlights. And illuminated by these beams of light, where nothing had stood just a few moments ago, is a zebra stallion and a ewe. Their mere appearance results in clapping and cheering from the onlookers, as well as the odd roar or howl from the more excitable fans. They both seem to shimmer in the light, dazzling the audience and ensuring that all eyes are on them. Occupying both ends of the stage, the pair begin to stride towards each other, their movements exaggerated and dramatic.

Adorned in his iconic spun-sugar coat, lines of golden crisp criss-cross the stallion's upper body, trailing behind him like a peacock's feathers as he walks. That isn't to say that the rest of his body isn't colourful. As his bio in the performance's programme proclaimed, Torte was a Layer-cake Zebra with white-sponge "fur" and, in place of a zebra's characteristic black stripes, "fillings representing each colour of the rainbow". He is the primary love interest of Marceline Mallow, the shy marshmallow sheepgirl raised in high society, who longs to escape to a simple life with Torte. With a pink petticoat and matching bustier, her dark chocolate underfur contrasts beautifully with her intoxicatingly delicate mallow fluff coat. After melting her praline heart with his coy attitude and pet names, "Marsha" prepares to set off on a new chapter of her life with her delectable darling Torte.

However, just as the pair draw close to each other at the centre of the stage, the spotlights are extinguished. Smoke begins to billow from the background, as an enormous shadow covers the duo. It is Burbuja, the Mousse Moose who desires nothing else but to keep Marsha as his own. Towering over them, the milk chocolate coated moose stomps down the stairs with deliberate ferocity. His muscular form is barely contained by a dark chocolate three-piece suit, his wafer antlers sharp and ready to maim. Torte moves between the interloper and his sweet sweetheart, puffing up his chest and stomping a hoof. But as the moose balls his fist and prepares to swing, the lights are extinguished once more,

After a cacophony of gasps and hushed whispers ripple through the crowd, it takes slightly longer than before for the lights to return. But when they do, the entire stage is lit. The trio are in the same poses but clad in much more revealing athletic gear. The Victorian-esque props are now replaced by elegant gymnastics equipment. Within seconds, the stage is bustling with movement. Marsha is flung with apparent effortlessness as Burbuja and Torte move to and fro, catching her with pinpoint accuracy before moving on to the next trick. Despite the apparent danger of each stunt urging the audience to, it was impossible to look away.

The drama culminates in one final move, as Marsha hangs motionless in Burbuja's arms, the moose moving offstage as Torte falls to one knee, pounding the wooden stage as the lights dim to black one final time, drawing the performance to a close. The crowd is silent for a few moments, before the theatre explodes into rapturous applause. The Unbelievable Ungulates had seemingly delivered a, well, *unbelievable* experience once again.

And as the crowds filtered out of the theatre, discussing things such as their favourite part of the performance, or where the cast would take the story next, no-one seemed to have enjoyed it more than the human walking out amongst the anthros of various shapes and sizes. Tapping away at his

phone, Patrick wasted no time regaling his friends with how excellent the performance was, just as he expected. It'd taken him quite a while to save up the funds to fly out to Vegas, but as soon as he found out the troupe would be performing as close to him as Nevada, he knew he had to spring for it.

Glancing around, he only now realised how much he stood out from the rest of the crowd, namely due to his lack of fur or other anthro characteristics. "They mustn't be too popular with humans..." he shrugged, following the rest of the audience towards the exits. Catching his reflection in one of the many poster boxes lining the hallway walls, Patrick smiled before fixing his collar slightly. Decked out in a nicely ironed white button-up shirt and a pair of skinny jeans, he had decided to dress for the occasion. It wasn't often he got to escape the dreariness of the "Wake, Work, Sleep" cycle, so he had opted to make the most of it while he was here. His next stop was the adjoining casino, eager to splash some cash in the traditional Vegas fashion.

However, as the crowd moved towards the exit, a cordoned-off area to the left caught his eye. Golden stanchions with red rope linking them formed a square barrier around a set of double doors, holding off a smaller gathering of adoring fans. Signs saying "'Buttercream' Backstage Passholders Only" hung from the ceiling. Turning back to face the crowd, a thought soon crossed the human's mind. Checking his watch and shrugging his shoulders, Patrick made himself look as presentable as possible before pulling his sunglasses from his shirt pocket. **This isn't going to work...** groaned the more rational part of his mind, before being suppressed by the need for a thrill. Squeezing past the adoring fans, Patrick could soon see the real reason the people weren't progressing beyond the barrier; a pair of bouncers, standing out from the crowd in their jet-black clothing. They were huge; a tiger on the left and a rhino on the right, and just their presence was enough to discourage any of the fans from crossing the threshold. **Well, it may keep them back, but not me.**

Reaching the front of the pack, Patrick patted the tiger on the arm confidently, gesturing for him to bend down so he could talk into his ear. "Sorry to bother you pal, I'm-"

"You the replacement masseuse? The team's been waiting for ages back there, this show was a killer."

"I... sure am, sorry for the delay. Traffic was thick as treacle!"

Winking at the bouncer and getting a groan and a chuckle in response to his pun, the rope in front of him was drawn back to allow him to proceed. But just as Patrick was about to open the door, a massive paw grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him back. His heart was thumping in his chest, and he just knew that the jig was up. The tiger leaned forwards once again and whispered into his ear.

"... that pun was pretty sweet. HAHaha!" The feline punched him on the arm and ushered him forwards, and Patrick swore he even saw him brush a tear from under his black shades before the human slipped through the double doors, the din of the fans growing quieter and quieter the further away he moved.

The silence in this part of the casino was almost eerie compared to how noisy the past few hours had been. He could still hear the residual vibrations of the auditorium's speakers thumping in his ears like a heartbeat. Occasionally he'd walk past the odd service worker or casino employee in the corridor, but he made sure to give a confident nod and a smile whenever he did. He'd come this far; he didn't want to fall at the last hurdle.

However, as he rounded the corner a little too enthusiastically, he soon found himself running headfirst into the torso of a familiar towering form. Glancing up gingerly, Patrick knew exactly who he was looking at. It was Burbuja. Smiling nervously, the human was about to speak before the moose cut him off.

“Ahem... Oh gosh I’m sorry pal, I didn’t see you there! You’re alright, right? No bruises or anything?” Burbuja placed a paw on Patrick’s arm, a look of genuine concern on his face. The totally absence of his on-stage persona took him completely by surprise, leaving him speechless for a couple of seconds. And being starstruck didn’t exactly help.

“U-um no no, I’m fine! Luckily you’re a lot... softer in person Burbuja!”

That got a belly laugh from the moose, who was obviously just out of the shower, his lower half wrapped in what appeared to be some sort of specialised towel. Patrick wasn’t sure exactly how an anthro made of food was supposed to shower or do any other everyday things either. But these weren’t things he was just going to ask a star.

“Hah, y’know I get that a lot. I don’t actually try to steal people’s girlfriends in real life, I promise! Also, call me Bubbles, Burbuja’s just something we’re using for this drama.” He gave a big goofy smile before it was replaced by a frown. “But what about you, what are you doing here? You look a little lost.”

That sense of panic that he felt a few minutes ago had returned in force. Could he convincingly lie to one of **the** Unbelievable Ungulates like this?

“Oh! I’m... looking for the Stars private rooms actually, I’ve... been sent by the casino.”

The moose looked at him silently for a few seconds before that smile returned. “Well, you’re heading in the right direction, I just came from there! Follow the corridor behind me and take the next left.”

Patrick let out an internal sigh of relief, nodding once or twice before Bubbles stepped to the side, no longer blocking the hallway with his broad frame. “Thanks, Burbu-uh... Bubbles,” he replied giddily, a broad smile on his face and a blush on his cheeks as he moved by, the moose waving to him as he did.

As he moved out of sight of the edible anthro, Patrick wiped a bead of sweat from his brow as he indulged in a few deep breaths. This slinking around stuff was difficult!

“Y’know, something tells me you aren’t where you’re supposed to be, little fella,” a velvety-smooth voice cooed from the shadows. Turning to see where exactly it was coming from, Patrick found himself looking down an unlit corridor, with the only source of light coming from the end of a cigarette, and its reflection in two shimmering eyes. The tell-tale **“Clip-clop”** of hooves-on-tile bounced up and down the corridor as the figure moved into the light, Patrick’s eyes widening as she did.

“M-Miss Marceline! I didn’t see you there,” he fumbled, deliberately neglecting to give her a direct response. But as the ewe advanced towards him, her steely glare unnerved him. She looked *tired*, the dark chocolate around her eyes frosted and misty. She took another drag from her cigarette and, after a moment or two of silence, blew the smoke towards him. Expecting it to be acrid and pungent, Patrick was pleasantly surprised at how good it smelled. **Some sort of candy cigarette**, he thought to himself.

“Please sugar, call me Marsha. Marceline is dreadfully formal. But *you* still haven’t told me what you’re doing here.” She placed her back against the wall, leaning against it as she placed one of her hooves against it for support. Her arms were crossed against her generous chest, the smoke from her cig flitting towards the ceiling.

“Oh! I’m, uh... masseuse! The casino sent me since the other one was-”

The sheep silenced him with a raised paw, her cigarette still held between her hoof-fingers. “It’s a good cover story but, unfortunately for you, our usual masseuse has come and gone. Which means *you* aren’t who you say you are.” Her muzzle was curled into a sly grin, those eyes never moving off of him. He was in hot water, and he knew it. After struggling to come up with an answer, Marsha had

seemingly grown bored of waiting, letting out a scoff. "Listen sweetie, truth be told, I don't really care who you are, today's been stressful enough as it is. Besides, you don't exactly strike me as the 'creepy kidnapping fan' type. Still, you're lucky Stripes and Tiny out front didn't find you out." The ewe rested her head against the wall, closing her eyes before sighing out another cloud of sweet smoke.

"... pardon my asking, but what's the matter exactly? I noticed the team wasn't at full strength today, you were missing-"

"Cocoa. You're bang on the money. I can see you're quite the fan, ...?" The ewe paused, waiting for him to answer.

"Oh! It's Patrick. But please, continue."

"Unfortunately, Cocoa had to go take care of some family matters a few states over, so we were one gal short. And until she returns sometime in the far future, we're going to be short-hooved." As she stretched against the wall, Patrick took this opportunity to get a closer look at the starlet. Still in her bustier-petticoat combo, up close it was much easier to discern where the wool ended, and her chest began. The acrobatics clearly helped in keeping her fit, her toned, dark stomach contrasting against her marshmallow coat. She was shapely, with wide hips and a cute little tail to boot. It took him an embarrassingly long time to realise that whilst he was subtly checking her out, she was overtly doing the same to him. Paw under her chin, the ewe seemed deep in thought, occasionally squinting as she looked him up and down.

"Uh... is there something wrong?"

"Oh, not at all sweetcakes, you go back to what you were doing. Something's just... crossed my mind... Actually, you know what? This drab corridor isn't helping the mood, follow me." Before he knew what was happening, Marsha had taken him by the hand, that clip-clopping filling the air once again as they rounded another corner, arriving outside of a door with a cliché golden star emblazoned on it. After inputting a code into the accompanying keypad, it gave a cheerful chirp before flashing green, the door opening slightly before being pushed open by Ms Mallow, with the awe-struck Patrick in tow.

The interior was just as glamorous as one expected a Vegas star's changing room to be. The walls were a mixture of marble white and gold, with all the amenities that a celebrity would need. However, there were certain features that would probably seem out of place in a non-Edible Anthro private room. Over in the far corner of the room, near a walk-in wardrobe was a long pole that stood at around the same height as a person. And on this pole was a reel of what appeared to be wool. Or, in Marsha's case, marshmallow fluff. Adjacent to this was an elegant bathtub, sizeable enough to fit more than one person. Bubbling away inside, a dark liquid gave off the unmistakable aroma of luxurious dark chocolate. The whole thing was surreal; it was like a mixture of Willy Wonka and Moulin Rouge.

"Aha, you like it, honey? I'll admit, I forget that not everyone gets to see this kind of stuff. Come on, I gotta get out of this getup." His hand still in her grip, the ewe led him towards these curious contraptions. "So, tell me about you, what do you do when you're not slinking down hallways?"

Patrick chuckled, rubbing his neck as a blush covered his cheeks. "Oh, believe me, nothing exciting. I work tech support for some of the automated factories a few cities over. If they've got a problem, I'm their port of call. Nothing as exciting as this." He gestured towards the lavish decorations; a hand raised to point out the chandelier that hung above them.

"It is a pretty fun experience, it's only recently that the kitchen's started to heat up. Now, weird question, but if things were different, and you were able, would you like to do what I do? The stunts, the performances?"

Patrick shrugged. "Would I? I mean, yeah, probably! It seems like a lot of fun, liberating too. You get to see the world, have people pay to see you perform. Sounds like a great time.

The ewe simply nodded, leaving him to explore the room further. "I'll admit, I never thought you'd need to take a bath in chocolate before these shows, Marsha," Patrick said, peering into the tub as he moved past. But as he looked back towards her, the sheep gal was in the process of unfastening her bustier, groaning as she did.

"Well I don't *have* to bathe in it, but it definitely... helps my... constitution-ugh, would you mind helping me out of this, Patrick? Usually I get Bubbles or Trot to help, but they were busy with the masseuse..."

Patrick hesitated, taking a few tentative steps forward before gently working away on the various lacy strings. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to, y'know, take this off behind a partition or something?" He muttered, trying not to let his eyes wander.

A giggle from the starlet was the last thing he expected as she leaned back against him, tilting her head to the side as she did. "Don't worry Patrick, I'm used to being ogled by people. Besides, I *did* invite you back here in private, didn't I?" As if on cue, the bustier fell away to reveal the partially flattened marshmallow fluff that travelled down her back. "Psst, you can have a taste if you like?" She offered, pressing herself against him.

"Uh, taste? As in e-eat you?"

"Aww, don't worry Patrick! It all grows back in no time. Besides, it's one of the most pleasurable things for an Edible Anthro to experience!"

Pausing to consider his options, it didn't take long for Patrick to relent as he leaned forward to kiss Marsha's mallow neckfloof. It sounded incredibly cliché, but she really did taste as good as she looked. Small crystals of sugar burst in his mouth as he nibbled away, feeling his partner shudder in his embrace. Wrapping his hands around to grope at her chest, Patrick let out a gasp of realisation as his hands explored the marshmallow fluff covering her tits. Parting it gingerly, the dark-chocolate mounds beneath were revealed, tipped with two bright pink perky nips. Pinching one between his index and middle fingers, he grinned as he received a moan in response. **Seems like some things are the same, even for food people!**

Deciding to test his luck, Patrick left one hand at her chest while moving the other back behind her, unzipping her petticoat as smoothly as he could. After a brief struggle with the zipper, the fabric quickly pooled around her hooves, the ewe not even bothering to step out of it at the moment. Reaching around to explore this new area, the marshmallow fluff here was just as willing to part as before, revealing a slit in a similar shade of pink. Kissing her on the neck once more, Patrick felt the sheep inhale sharply as he entered her, probing deeper with two fingers.

"M-my, your attitude certainly changed, Patrick," Marsha moaned, caressing his arm with her dainty hoof-fingers.

"What can I say, I'm quite the fan of your work, if you couldn't tell." After a few more moments of pleasure, the human withdrew his fingers from within, intending to free himself of some of his own clothing. However, a look of puzzlement covered his face as his fingers came into view. They were

dripping with the same dark chocolate that coated Marsha's body, up to just above his knuckle. Seeing his confusion, the ewe stifled a giggle.

"Ooops, probably should have mentioned that! It's just normal ol' chocolate, it ain't gonna kill you! Now, I'd be remiss if I didn't offer you something in return for your help..." Sinking to her knees, Marsha wasted no time in unbuckling his belt and unbuttoning his jeans, his cock standing proud in the open air within seconds. Sinking his fingers into the "wool" that coated her head, Patrick let his own head roll back as the ewe gave a stellar performance of a much different kind. He could feel her rough tongue wrapping around his shaft, her head bobbing backwards and forwards with little need for guidance on his part. **Something tells me she's done this before!**

However, unbeknownst to him, that "normal ol' chocolate" that had coated two of his fingers had now spread to cover all five digits and showed no sign of stopping. In a similar way, every thrust into Marsha's mouth slathered more and more chocolate on to his cock and surrounding skin, leaving messy dark-brown patches all over his crotch. The sheep began to rub at the area above his cock, leaving similar smudges there as well.

As he felt himself beginning to tense up, Marsha seemed to be able to identify this as she pulled his shaft out of her mouth with a breathy gasp. "Now now Patrick, don't go giving up on me that easily," she cooed, squeezing on of his ass-cheeks playfully.

"W-wouldn't dream of it," he replied, trying his hardest to not blow it all now. His cock just felt so *sensitive*, like he'd come ten times already. And glancing down, he realised what might be causing that. "Woah, this chocolate gets everywhere, huh? It's like kinky foodplay but in reverse!" He chuckled, lifting her back to her feet.

"Oh, believe me, when this is all over, you're going to be coated in the stuff!" Marsha cooed, dabbing the tip of his nose with her finger, leaving a now-familiar smudge in the process.

Just as he was about to utter some witty remark, a grumble in Patrick's stomach made him wince. It wasn't exactly uncomfortable, it just felt... weird. "Bleugh, I don't mean to be a downer Marsha, but have you got anything for a funky stomach? I think I just need a breather."

Rubbing his shoulder with a look of concern on her face, Marsha nodded and clip-clopped towards the towering fridge across the room. Taking a seat while he waited, Patrick poked and prodded at his stomach, more specifically the area coated in the sheep's chocolate. Unlike the coating on his fingers and nose, this stuff was beginning to crack and peel, revealing the skin underneath. However, it was much pinker than the surrounding tissue, and far more sensitive to the touch. **The fuck is this...?**

Marsha's return whisked him from his investigating. However, what she held in her hand only left him with more questions. "Whipped cream? You sure that's going to help?" He asked, scepticism in his voice.

"I sure hope so! I don't really drink water, so this is the best I've got! Here, let me get the cap off-OH!" One moment, the can was sealed. The next, Patrick's chest was coated in the stuff, as if half the container's contents had just become magnetised to him. He looked up at the ewe, utterly speechless, as she covered her mouth in embarrassment. "...O-oh my goodness, Patrick, I-let me get you out of that shirt."

He couldn't help but laugh at the absurdity of the situation, wiping down his top as Marsha moved to assist. Taking the opportunity to taste the kind of whipped cream a star was provided with; the human popped a fingerful of cream into his mouth and swallowed. However, he wasn't expecting it to feel

quite so... *erotic*. His stomach groaned as his nipples began to harden beneath his stained shirt, the whipped cream sticking to him more firmly than it had just a few moments ago. Raising a hand to rub his stomach, something strange caught his eye. **Do I have too few fingers?**

Lifting his hand up in front of him, it was clear that *something* had happened to his hand. The chocolate had now bristled up, looking much more like fur than a liquid. And where his fingertips and fingernails should be, hard aqua-blue hoof-fingers had replaced them. A tickle of sensations wrenched his attention towards his stomach once again, the human groaning as a lump began to push outwards from the pink section of his lower torso. Tiny teats began to make themselves known as the protrusion seemed to fill with an unknown liquid, quietly sloshing as it did.

Standing up from the table, a similar feeling in his chest thrust Patrick forwards, his arms barely able to support himself against the desk. His normally flat shirt now puffed outwards from the whipped cream incident. However, two mounds were unmistakably pressing against the fabric, his nipples forming two tiny tents in the material. Every breath caused them to rub against the shirt, which in turn sent a shudder of sheer pleasure arcing across his body. It wasn't long before the upper buttons were beginning to show signs of strain, the mixture of whipped cream and what lay beneath putting them under pressure.

Glancing around weakly, Patrick tried to air his confusion. "Marsha, what... what's going on?"

As if in response, two familiar, delicate hands hugged him from behind, squeezing him tight. "*Relax* Patrick, I'm just nailing two birds with one stone! You said it yourself, this is a lifestyle you'd love to experience. And I'm a pair of hooves short. So logically, the only solution is to invite you to our little herd! And by the looks of it, you're making great progress!" She finished her explanation with a sultry lick along the whipped cream fluff that now coated his neck, forcing a moan of pleasure out from between his lips. His voice even sounded different now; higher, more feminine.

Gotta get outta here, this can't be happening! ... *although*... The faintest hint of desire began to trickle into his mind, as his imagination conjured up images of being on stage, thousands of fans calling out his name. Shaking his head to clear his thoughts, the thwapping of something floppy against the sides of his head caught his attention. Reaching up to where his ear *should be* with his clean hand, Patrick instead found a soft, droopy ear in its place. The story was the same on the other side of his head and, as he looked at the chocolate residue on what was supposed to be his clean hand, these new ears were just as chocolatey as the rest of him.

"I seemed to remember you being quite fond of this move, my reindeer recruit. Let's see how it feels to be on the receiving end." Those hands moved under his shirt with remarkable speed, fingers catching his nipples and giving them a tug. Patrick couldn't help but arch his back, the buttons on his top giving up the fight as his chest burst free, his tits flopping against his chest with a marvellous beige mane of whipped cream covering his cleavage, neck and shoulders. By now, dark chocolate fur was coating most of his upper body, with plain chocolate covering his belly and crotch.

The stimulation coaxed beads of cum from his cock, staining the underside of the table as he experienced the most intense orgasm of his life. The waves of pleasure felt endless, until eventually his body shivered, his reserves spent. Glancing down weakly, Patrick's fuzzy vision almost made it seem like his cock had vanished. **Wait...**

As his eyes widened, an investigatory paw confirmed that his dick was, in fact, gone, replaced by a wet, dripping pussy. Brushing against it accidentally, Patrick's legs squeezed together, his body tensing up from the simplest touch. Staggering to his feet, he groaned as another build-up of pressure wracked

his body, focusing on his lower back. Leaning against the chair, a barrage of wet moans bounced around the room as a puffy tail burst into existence, coated with dark chocolate on the top and plain underneath. The force of the tail's emergence pressed his hips outwards and sent ripples of growth along his ass as well. By now, the daubing of chocolate on his nose had spread across his face, his mouth growing outwards in his peripheral vision into something much closer to a muzzle.

"Nearly there, my transforming doe. Then you can hit the road with myself and the herd and get the attention you so deserve! But first, we need a new name for you! How about... the Elusive Illusory! Certainly explains how you got past the bouncers earlier~" As much as it sickened him, his mind was swimming with anticipation at the thoughts of joining Marsha and the rest. *Seeing the world, having fun, it's all coming my way! B-but I can't, I've got... well...* Despite his best efforts, Patrick found it remarkably difficult to think of a reason why he shouldn't take Marsha up on this opportunity. What little resolve he had left seemed to trickle away as he realised that this may be what he actually wanted deep down inside.

Weak on his... *her* hooves – which were rapidly bursting out of her now ill-fitting shoes – Lus was led back to her seat by Marsha, who held her tight as the new sensations tickled her body. "Now, I'm curious; let's see what you've got in here..." The ewe grinned, poking the udder and receiving a moan in response. Kneeling in front of her once again, Marsha began to tug at one of the new teats with one paw, and manoeuvred her other paw underneath, teasing the doe's new opening. Resisting the urge to clamp down on the ewe's hand, Lus braced herself against the chair, giving her partner an opportunity to do her work. Feeling Marsha pulling at an udder that was now her own was almost surreal, but it felt absolutely amazing. Simultaneously, the sensation of those hoof-fingers sliding inside of her new pussy almost drove the doe wild. She let her head hang back, her newly gained blue hard-rock candy antlers clanging against the table behind.

Marsha seemed to revel in Lus's pleasure and, as the movements continued, she quickly replaced her paw on the teat with her mouth. Sucking much like she had just a few minutes ago, Marsha began to massage the udder with her free paw, motivating the liquid inside to move. And after a few moments of coercion, her efforts were rewarded. The sweet taste of eggnog burst into the ewe's mouth, flowing down her throat. Yet despite this distraction, she continued to massage the doe's pussy, caressing the walls within. The mixture of pleasure from the milking and fingering soon proved too much for the new deer, and after a series of staggered grunts, Lus reached her climax. Her body trembled with pleasure as Marsha fingers were coated in her juices. The ewe simply smiled, patting the doe's thigh as she got to her feet, moving to give her new companion a tight hug from behind. "You did marvellously, Lus. But now, I think you need some rest..."

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*Broadway,
New York,
A Few Months Later...*

The anticipation behind the red velvet curtain was almost palpable. The herd of four stood paw in paw, with Torte and Burbuja on the outside, and Marsha and Lus on the inside. The doe wore an immaculate dress composed of pure white fondant, that somehow felt as nice to wear as it was to admire. Tapping her hoof against the wooden flooring anxiously, a squeeze of her left hand prompted the deer to look over to the ewe.

“Hey. Deep breath. You’ve put in the work, now reap the rewards. It’s time to present you to your audience.”

Nodding with newfound determination, Illusory moved her gaze back towards the curtain, just as it began to part from the centre. The roar of thousands of voices and applause to match filled her ears, but despite this, she felt like this was exactly where she wanted to be. The Unbelievable Ungulates stepped forwards, with Lus taking the next steps into the rest of her new life.