

Smoke rose steadily from the chimney at Sugar Cube corner, mixing black into the white puffball clouds overhead. Inside, joyful singing could be heard from a certain pink colt as he hopped around the shop whilst doing his chores. He skipped and he laughed, seeming to take great joy in his cleaning of the floors and the tables. The shop was nearing its closing time, the sun beginning to paint the sky a brilliant shade of orange, so Berry was busying himself with getting ready to shut things down for the night. Finishing up in the dining area, Bubble Berry started to make his way back toward the kitchen to start the dishes.

Just as Berry started to walk through the swinging doors, the bell over the front entrance rang to hail the arrival of a last minute customer. Spinning on the spot, Berry hopped back out to the counter to meet the late afternoon arrival.

“Howdy!” Berry said as the pony slowly walked up to the counter, making note of the dirty coat that the colt wore. His mane was dirty, there was a slight odor that Berry could pick up even at a distance, and, worst of all, he wasn’t smiling. *Well that’s no good*, Berry thought to himself, *I’ll have to help him smile!*

“Welcome to Sugarcube Corner! Is there anything I can get for you? You seem a little blue this evening...”

“Yeah, blue. Say, why don’t you get me a slab of that cheesecake on the table behind ya and quit your smiling,” the colt said in a gravelly sort of voice.

“Quit smiling? Why, I never stop smiling! It’s like the best thing EVER to do!” Berry said with a laugh. He smiled wider and said, “Soooo? Super fun!”

The colt glared a bit and said, “Just shut your yapper and get me my friggin food, will ya?”

“Oooh, someone’s a grumpy pants! Which is weird, cause you’re not even wearing pants!”

The colt gave a low growl and said, “Damn it all kid just get me my food!”

“Yeeesh, someone’s a sourpuss tonight. I guess you must really need something sweet to fix that sour attitude,” Berry said, pouting ever so slightly. Turning and picking up the cake knife, Berry tilted his head down to cut into the cake when something came down and slammed hard into the back of his head, causing him to drop the knife and slam face first into the cake. Groaning, he tried to stand, but toppled over sideways onto the floor.

“Retarded little prick,” the colt said, dropping a crowbar in front of the pink colt’s face. Berry groaned softly, his vision swimming as he heard the colt trot away and the familiar click of the deadbolt being slid into place. Berry tried to stand, but his legs were basically numb. The colt was laughing in a grim, serious tone as he trotted back. “What’s your name kid?”

“P... Please, d... don’t hurt me,” Berry muttered, groaning as he tried in vain to lift himself up from the ground.

“I’ll fucking do as I please,” the colt said, giving Berry a firm kick to the stomach when he started to find his balance and sending him sprawled out across the ground again. “Now tell me your name.”

“Please, I do-AAAH!” Berry started, but a harder kick to the stomach made him silent.

“Tell me your fucking name or I’ll stomp your head in kid. Last chance,” the colt said, a slight growl to his voice. To emphasize the point, he put a forehoof on Berry’s head and began to press down hard.

“Gaaah! It’s Berry! My name’s Bubble Berry!” Berry cried out as tears welled up in his eyes. “Please! It hurts!”

“Good. You know what else hurts? That annoying little voice of yours. All I wanted was for you to shut up so I could rob the register and leave. Instead, you had to keep running your mouth over and over, talking all about smiles and shit, until finally you pissed me off. So you know what? I’m gonna put that annoying mouth of yours to better use... Let’s see if you still wanna smile...” The colt lifted his hoof from Berry’s head and forcibly rolled the pink pony onto his back. “You even try to scream and I’ll fucking ram this crowbar through your face, got it?”

“P... Please, what are you going to do to me?” Berry asked as he looked up in fear. He watched as his attacker stepped one leg across him, straddling him, and then proceeded to drop heavily onto his chest.

“Let’s just put it this way... if you even think about biting it will be the last thing you ever do,” the colt said with a wicked sneer. Before Bubble Berry could respond, the colt slid forward and shoved his groin into the pink pony’s face.

Bubble Berry groaned, twisting his head away and crying out. “Please! N... Not this! Please!” He tried to shift and throw the attacker off, but he wasn’t as big as the colt on top of his chest nor did he have the same degree of strength. The male smelled disgusting, like he hadn’t bathed in weeks. The smell of his sack nearly made Berry puke as it was.

“You best get it nice and wet you little piss. You can call this a mercy letting you even do this... Now shut up and start licking!” the colt said with a smirk. He chuckled sinisterly and whispered, “Either you take me slick or you take me dry. Your choice....”

Bubble Berry froze, save for the slight trembling of his body. "No... please no..." he whispered, his voice low from the shock of what his attacker just said. Telling him to suck him off was one thing but this... no... nopony could be so cruel. "I'll do anything, please... just not this..."

Berry's attacker looked down, scowling. However, his mouth slowly turned up into a wicked grin. "Well then... sucks to be you kid..." With that, the colt slammed a forehoof hard against Berry's head, dazing him, before standing and shrugging off his coat. "Could done this easy... no need to suffer... but now? Nah, I'm smiling just thinking about it... Guess you made me smile after all kid..."

Berry groaned, his vision swimming as the room spun before him. He was aware of the colt rolling him onto his stomach, and he could hear the sound of something sliding across the floor. Giving a slight whimper, Berry found his backside being lifted and then laid to rest on a wooden stool, leaving it turned up while his front half remained on the ground.

"Tell ya what kid... I'm feeling kind today, I'll give you one last chance to slicken my way. What do you say?" The colt stepped around in front of Berry, sitting in front of the barely conscious pony. Sitting down, the large male spread his legs and slid himself up against Berry's face. Already, the male was basically erect from anticipation, and his large shaft rested crudely against Berry's face.

There was a pause, but eventually the male felt a warm tongue along the bottom of his sack. "Wise choice kid." The colt shifted back and let his shaft lie on the floor in front of Berry. Pressing the head against the pink pony's lips, the colt said, "Open up."

Berry opened his muzzle, letting the male steadily slide his cock inside. Though he didn't know why, Berry couldn't even gag as that thick length of pony flesh slid down his muzzle and into his throat. He did his best to suck, barely able to breath around the colt's cock, and after a few minutes he was able to get a nice layer of saliva worked over the colt's erection.

"Good. See, that wasn't so hard..." The colt said as he pulled back and stood. His cock hung between his legs, dripping saliva and pre. Walking slowly back around, out of Berry's sight, the male chuckled and said, "Such a stupid little shit... I was gonna rob ya and leave you just sitting here to explain what happened. Never thought I'd be fucking anything today, but, hey, I ain't complaining. Shit, by the time I'm done you're gonna beg for it. Probably a slut already, ain't ya kid?"

"No sir," Berry whispered softly, feeling the male climbing on top of him. He let out a defeated sigh, feeling the colt move his tail out of the way to expose his virgin rear. Shutting his eyes, Berry didn't even flinch as he felt the blunt head of that thick pony cock pressed against his ring. He heard the male say something, but a sudden wave of agonizing pain drove any thought

from Berry's mind. Feeling the male force himself inside of him, Berry couldn't even think clearly enough to scream.

"Fuck yes kid.... Mmmmf, nice and tight. Dammnit, not gonna last long..." the colt said as he drew his hips back and thrust forward again. He ignored the sobbing coming from the pink pony whose virginity he had just taken so violently. "Gonna give you a nice parting gift before I go though..." The colt thrust again and again, forcing himself deeper into Berry's abused ass. Blood soon replaced saliva as his primary lubricant, and soon the colt was thrusting at a rough, hastened pace.

The colt groaned and shorted, driving himself into Berry's ass again and again with enough force to work the wooden stool forward beneath them with each thrust. Finally, however, the male slammed his full length into the pink pony's rear and let loose his seed. Cum pumped into the ravaged anal passage, mingling with the blood that dripped from it as he pulled out. Stepping back, he smirked as he looked down at the mixture of fluids dripping from his victim's gaping hole.

"Thanks for the smile kid," the colt said as he walked past Berry to the register. Opening the cash drawer, the colt dumped all the money into one of the shop's bags before trotting back out of sight. There was some shuffling and the colt's hoofsteps could be heard fading in the direction of the back door. There was the sound of a door opening and closing, and then silence.

Bubble Berry laid there, motionless, his ass still up in the air and dripping the bloody cum mixture. He stared ahead, his brain trying to process what was going on... what had happened. He found the strength to roll sideways slightly, off the stool, and simply laid on his side. Looking down, he saw his own erection between his legs and felt a sharp pain in his stomach. The very sight of his own shaft... hard with arousal... sent him over the edge. Lying there, Berry began to cry.

Nearly an hour passed before there was a knock on the door. Bubble Berry made no effort to move from his place on the floor, still sobbing softly. Mr. Cake's voice called out to him from outside, but Berry couldn't find his voice to respond. Finally, he heard the sound of the door being unlocked and opened, Mr. Cake finally making his way inside.

"Berry? Oh, Bubble Berry? I'm hear to check the deposi-BERRY!" Mr. Cake rushed to Berry's side, seeing the pink pony lying on the floor. Pausing for a moment, Mr. Cake looked the younger pony over, taking in the sight of the poor, abused colt. Realizing just what had happened, Mr. Cake rushed to the phone and dialed the police.

There were sirens and lights, an ambulance ride and a hospital room. To Bubble Berry, they all just seemed to fade in and out, like snippets from a movie. He hardly spoke, only enough to thank a nurse for some water, or to tell the doctor what hurt. His mind was numb... as if this were all a bad dream.

However, despite what he hoped and prayed for... it wasn't a dream. It never would be.