

Double Dose

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Based on the image series by Vulapa!

Description: A changeling finds a secluded area of a forest and entices two nearby stallions into giving him his fill of Love.



I touched down on the forest pathway, gracefully coming to a running stop. I stilled my buzzing wings and folded them against my back. I looked around at my familiar surroundings, this particular clearing well known to me.

Sunlight had difficulty penetrating the thick canopy overhead, but the darkness didn't trouble me. I've been here enough times to know that nothing here threatened me. Besides, the rewards were too tempting to pass up.

I allowed a toothy grin to spread across my muzzle as I saw the wooden post I'd left in the ground. I'd placed it there on my very first trip, and it had remained untouched ever since. The important keystone of my little show, surpassed only by the star himself.

I stretched my legs, loosening my muscles from the long flight. I walked over to the wooden post, my mind wandering as my eagerness got the better of me.

I always looked forward to my turn to gather Love. Not just for the experience itself—so gloriously indulgent—but for the way it would be distributed among my brethren. Countless drones lining up behind me and all the lucky others that had gathered Love for that rotation. Taking turns rutting us so that each could get their fill. By the time it was over, the Love we gave would be more than replaced by wondrous sexual exhaustion.

Knowing we'd helped the Hive, and knowing we'd gotten our own fill was a very pleasing combination indeed.

And so I had arrived to lie in wait, just out of sight along the beaten path. I prided myself in my skill at this, but that didn't mean I wouldn't have to wait all day. No matter; the rewards were more than worth it.

I trotted over to that post in the ground, the thick rope from last time still tied around it. I smirked as I lifted it with my magic, sacrificing a tiny fragment of the precious Love I had within me to fuel the spell. I looked back and carefully slid the rope through one of the larger holes of my left leg, then moved it around to the opposite foreleg to loop it around and tie it firmly.

Now bound by my own leash, I stood comfortably as I closed my eyes and extended my empathy sense until it reached the nearby path. It cost me more Love to maintain it at such a distance, but it would give me a vague idea of what any ponies trotting by might appreciate in a changeling such as myself.

After all, I needed to make sure they'd be willing to give me a try before I lured them in.

And, of course, there was always the chance that I'd need to make a few changes to myself to suit their needs.

I settled in, wondering how long I'd have to wait. Despite the ominous appearance, this particular forest was reasonably well traveled. I didn't expect too much trouble finding somepony sooner or later.

The first I sensed didn't appeal to me at all. A mare, for one. While I wasn't inflexible, I definitely preferred to have something inside me rather than the other way around. Even worse, I could feel her nervousness. I might have been able to entice her, but it was more trouble than it was worth.

I could afford to be picky, so I let that one pass me by. I considered myself a lucky changeling, so it was only a matter of time until somepony more suitable came along.

Although, as the hours dragged on, my confidence eroded a bit. Mares and stallions unknowingly passed me by, each and every one not quite the right fit for me. I had a few days to accomplish my mission, but time not being fucked was time being wasted.

I was actually getting irate until I felt something new. At the very edge of my senses, I could feel the most promising sign yet. Two stallions neared me, and their moods were surprisingly relaxed. More impressionable.

Intrigued, I waited until they were closer before delving deeper. They were both confident and emotionally untroubled. That made them ripe for me. There was even some mutual attraction between them, but it remained distant and unexplored. Why did these two resist that delicious affection between them? It was so wasteful.

I gave a low churr of approval. Oh yes, they'd do nicely. I adjusted myself, putting my rear toward the path and lowering my front half. I chirped in contentment as I readied myself.

My horn glowed, and I reached out to the two stallions nearby. I waited until the perfect moment before gently touching their minds. I planted a tiny seed—a small urge to simply look to their left and through the branches toward me.

I succeeded without issue, grinning when I heard them pause and mumble to each other. I knew it was only a matter of time now, so I turned my empathic attention to their more primal desires.

Noting their personal taste, I turned my magic to making a few changes to myself. I softened my body, transforming my chitinous shell into glossy black skin. I added dark pupils to my otherwise featureless blue eyes—a touch of familiarity to make them more comfortable.

The other details would come later once I got to know them better. I heard hoofsteps on the ground as they approached. Utterly confident, I raised the fin on the back of my head and neck. The changeling mating invitation. I didn't know if it mattered to ponies, but it certainly wouldn't hurt.

To complete my presentation, I had one more thing to do. I turned my thoughts to what was about to happen. I imagined them pressing against me. One mounting me, the other using my mouth. Showering me in that delicious affection. The two of them using me as theirs and filling me to the absolute brim with that glorious Love.

My own shaft began to emerge beneath me. A light grey in color, identical in shape to a pony's but a little smaller. With my thoughts as they were, it wasn't difficult at all to have myself fully erect and ready for what was to come.

I heard a surprised shout and they came to a stop. I put on my act, turning my head to give them a sideways look. There were two of them, of course. One with green fur and a blonde mane, and the other white with a greenish mane. They were completely dumbstruck as they stared at me, much to my amusement.

I opened my mouth and let my tongue show, panting gently, as though in need. I swished my tail out of the way, practically *feeling* their eyes on me as I watched them rove over my body. From my hard cock, to my enticing entrance, and, of course, the plump balls that dangled just beneath it.

The green one recovered first, picking up his jaw to whisper something to the other one. I could hear the words, but only understood their moods. There was arousal, and certainly interest. Trepidation as well, but I liked to think I could overcome that.

I shook my hips gently, flicking my tail in invitation. I churred, giving them a longing look as I rolled my hips. I spread my hind legs, ensuring I hid nothing from their eyes. Pride swelled within me from seeing them look me over like this. By the Queen, I could already feel that precious lust building within them.

They exchanged more words. I didn't understand them, but it didn't matter. I knew they wanted me. How could they not? But their nerve could still fail them.

I panted as I looked at them, swaying my hips again. I looked for all the world like a hapless little changeling in dire need of a good fuck.

The white one stepped forward first, and I shifted my gaze toward him. I gave him a grateful look, then allowed my eyes to drift down between his legs. A sizable, cream-colored cock just for me. I wanted that one in my mouth.

He walked toward me, and I withdrew my empathy sense so he could surprise me. He sat down on a large rock nearby, getting comfortable and spreading his legs for my lustful eyes. I couldn't reach him while tied to the post.

I looked back at the green one and gave a pitiful little chitter, tugging weakly at my rope as though it restrained me from my meal. He smirked at me and walked up, reaching down and yanking the rope off my foreleg.

Now "freed" from my binding, I stood up and practically threw myself at the white stallion. I remained standing but knelt before him, that cream-colored cock tantalizingly before me. Already eager, I leaned forward and pressed my muzzle against it, inhaling deeply.

I shivered in delight at the stallion's aroma. So musky and masculine, his scent *alone* was enough to give me a small sample of Love. I stuck my tongue out and pressed it against that warm flesh, chittering softly at the taste. Slightly bitter, fleshy above all else, and pure nirvana to me.

I heard the stallion mumble something, his tone approving. I preened beneath his affection, knowing it meant more rewards for me.

Almost at the same time, I gave a low churr of approval as I felt something warm and wet press against my puckered entrance. The green pony, generous as he was, licked at my tight little hole. Coating me in lubricant and helping to loosen me up. I could handle a lot rougher than this, but I appreciated the gesture just the same.

I focused my attention on the one in front of me, breathing heavily through my nose to further relish in his scent. I bobbed my head, dragging my tongue across the underside of his shaft. I pressed it against his balls at the bottom, enjoying the softer skin there. The stallion grunted softly and shifted his legs, holding them further apart for me.

The one at my rear continued to lap at me, ensuring I was ready for him. He surprised me with his skill, and, to my delight, his quiet moans betrayed his enjoyment. It could never compare to actual mating, but his relishing in the act gave me a small taste of Love then and there.

I looked up at the white pony, seeing his lustful expression as he gazed down at me. I gave him a needy look of my own, and, at this point, it was no longer an act. I'd gotten my taste of Love, and now I'd do anything to get more of it.

I had a stronger connection to him now, enough to know that he wanted less teasing. More Love was always better, so I obliged happily. I moved my head further up, tongue dragging along his shaft until I reached the head. I spread my mouth wide and wrapped my lips around the tip. He gave a pleased gasp as I slid his cock between my fangs without difficulty.

I chittered in contentment as I tasted his seed for the first time. He only had a tiny drop at the tip, but the more I had inside me, the more satisfaction I'd get.

The green pony managed to pull himself away from me. Unable to resist, I took my mouth off the cock in front of me and gave him a reproachful look.

He wore a mischievous expression. He spoke, but the words were lost on me. The white pony in front of me stood up and got off the rock, leaving it clear.

Understanding immediately, I stood up and lay across the rock, turning myself sideways a bit. I lifted a leg and presented myself to them, panting lustfully as I looked at them both longingly.

They stood side by side, the white one blushing while the green one grinned. Their stiffened erections beneath them made clear their lust, and I would happily drain them of all they could spare.

They were unable to resist. The white one stepped forward, again moving to stand before me. He reared up, placing one hoof on the rock and the other on my head. Eagerly, I leaned forward and wrapped my lips around the head of his cock. I lavished it with my skilled tongue, coating the first few inches with my saliva. He gave a pleased sigh under my ministrations, and I buzzed in contentment.

The other one got behind me and reared up, placing a hoof on my flank for balance. I could hardly wait for the next part. Getting that Love straight from the source, and a good rutting on top of that!

He pressed the head of his cock against my tight entrance, and I churred in invitation. I had no patience for a gentle entry, so I decided to feed him another seed of thought. Just a nudge to dive right into me, carefully slipped into his mind through my link with him.

To my delight, it worked perfectly. He pushed his way into me with a satisfied grunt, spreading my entrance rapidly as he forced the head inside. I gave a cry of ecstasy, like a mix between a squeal and a chitter. The green pony hesitated, mistaking it for pain, but I flicked him with my tail to coax him into continuing.

He forced his way deeper inside me, panting as my warmth enveloped him. I could feel his surprise at how easily I accommodated him, but eagerness quickly replaced his hesitation. I let him get comfortable under my tail as I leaned forward, easily swallowing the other stallion's stiff cock until my chin pressed against his balls.

I gulped eagerly around the cock in my mouth, drunk off the Love. I relished in the white stallion's growing affection for my prowess. I placed my hooves on either side of his softly bucking hips.

At the same time, the green one bottomed out and I groaned in ecstasy. Not only was he fully buried inside me, but his balls pressed directly against mine. That was a guilty pleasure of mine; it made it so much more intimate for me, and that meant more Love.

I shuddered in delight. To have a cock buried in my throat and another in my rear was pure wonder. I felt warmer with each moan and grunt from my partners, even on top of the growing fulfillment as their Love flowed into me.

The green stallion pulled out of me, and I already missed his presence. I leaned back from the white one at the same time, slathering his cock with my tongue as I moved up to the head and suckled on it again. He moaned softly and bucked his hips in instinct, causing me to churr encouragingly.

I got a stronger taste of his precum as I sucked on his tip, eagerly swallowing it down. Every drop I took into me mattered. All of it contributed to my bounty. The bigger my bounty, the more my brethren would fuck me for their share.

The green one thrust back into me, my squeal of delight drowning out his own moan. Their lust flowed into me, incomparable to true Love but far more intoxicating. He shifted his hooves to my sides, gripping me for balance as he took on a steady pace. He grunted each time he thrust roughly into my body, panting heavily next to my ear.

I churred in pure ecstasy, bobbing my head in the white pony's lap as the other took me from behind. I kept my lips tight around the cream-colored cock, my tongue gracefully licking and wrapping around it. His steady moaning spurred me on as I swallowed hungrily around his shaft. I switched between that and sucking eagerly on the tip, each eliciting pleased reactions from him.

My connections with them deepened by the moment. Their lust fueled my magic and softened their resistance. To my pleasure, I sensed that the green stallion loved it whenever his balls pressed against mine at the end of each thrust. As much as I relished in it, it felt even better with mutual desire.

The white one focused more on my mouth. My fangs both thrilled and worried him. I made sure he felt them, his cock easily passing between them with no harm, yet a constant reminder of their presence. He moaned frequently when I lavished him with my skilled tongue, while my swallowing would earn me pleased shouts. He wanted so desperately to pump his load down my throat, and I could think of nothing that would please me more.

The green pony shifted himself again, looming over me as he thrust harder. His grunts became louder and ever more feral. I shivered in ecstasy as he pressed more of himself against me. More skin contact, more Love for me. What I wouldn't give to have a dozen stallions at once!

He surprised me when he took my horn into his mouth. Intrigued, I turned my horn sensitive. I chittered as it became a pleasure center, feeling his hot, wet mouth sucking on it firmly. He moaned around my horn, the vibration adding even more of that delicious sensation to my senses.

My cock beneath me ached for release. I craved for it to be touched, but I needed the stallions' Love more than anything else. My physical desires were irrelevant so long as I got my fill, and the steady flow wasn't enough. I needed them to finish.

I knew it wasn't far off. Their grunts and moans were constantly at my ears. I'd even managed to keep the white one on the edge until he would finish at the same time. His desperate pants begged me for release, but he wouldn't get it until the green one did.

I waited until he was nearly there before swallowing the white stallion's cock one final time. I pressed my tongue against his balls, lapping hungrily as I sucked and swallowed. He cried out, bucking his hips involuntarily against my face. I churred in anticipation, practically begging for his release.

The green pony gave a throaty shout and hilted himself inside me, his balls pressing against mine and staying there. I groaned in utter ecstasy as he came inside me. Spurt after spurt of his rich cum splattered against my inner walls. Not only did I savor that warm spunk filling me up, but it stuffed me full to bursting with that intoxicating Love.

At the same time his friend came in my throat with a loud moan. He pulled my head hard against his crotch, and I happily gulped it all down. It filled my stomach in the most fulfilling of ways. Warm, sticky, and incredibly satisfying. To be so generously filled from both ends by such willing stallions was utterly intoxicating.

The green stallion had shaped up to be one of my favorite donors. His orgasm lasted a long time, and I shivered and chattered in delight as he emptied his load into me. He managed to fill me to the brim, the excess leaking out and coating our balls, joining them in a sticky mess that added yet another little connection between us.

The Love was so intense that I hardly noticed my own orgasm. My cock sprayed my own load across the rock beneath me, a mere afterthought compared to the sheer ecstasy of the Love inside me now.

Their orgasms left me in a complete daze. I swallowed weakly around the white pony's softening cock, still buried in my throat. I so desperately wanted more. Even though I felt full to bursting, both with cum and Love, I still *needed* more.

To my dismay, they were exhausted. I got no more moans from them, only heavy panting as they caught their breath. They both pulled out of me despite my clenching and suckling, attempting to coax them into another round. I got no more than a small mouthful of cum as the white one pulled out of my mouth. At the other end the green one also left me, and I desperately clenched in an attempt to keep that precious liquid inside me.

They left me lying limp on the rock, the two stallions very much satisfied but at a loss on what to do with me. I was too exhausted to care as they had a hesitant conversation with each other. My body weighed tons; my mind swam drunkenly. I could hardly fixate on anything around me as the two stallions eventually just left me to relish in my meal. I managed to turn myself over to lie on my back, my legs splayed across the rock and my cock limply across my belly.

Of course, one thing managed to pull me from my daze. Another stallion happening by, the timing almost too perfect. I had enough presence of mind to lift my head as he walked up, staring at me in open-mouthed amazement as he took in my ravaged form.

I let my tongue hang limply out of my mouth, still coated in leftover cum. I lifted a leg, exposing my stretched entrance and allowing cum to ooze out of me, showing off how gladly I'd been taken.

I gave an open-mouthed grin as I sensed his growing arousal. One thing was certain; by the time I returned to the Hive, I'd have plenty of Love to share with the others.