

Enrichment (Bonus to Conditioning)

Written by Evil Betty

Content Warning: Consensual hypnosis, pet play, bondage

It was a late evening in Ponyville, and the fountain that acted as the sprawling town's central hub bustled with its usual evening traffic.

It was never too crowded at this time of night. There were always a few ponies meeting up for dates, or grazing at the surrounding lawns before their overnight shifts. Swanky Hank, however, simply enjoyed the scent of the fresh mist that came off of the fountain. It was always a nice place to take a walk after a long day at work, and the red pony definitely needed something nice to focus on.

"Look, I'm just saying-" Pokey Pierce, the blue unicorn in the gaudy J. Crib tie walking beside him, started to suggest for the umpteenth time.

"No." Swanky snapped. "I'm sorry, but no. It's barely been twelve hours."

Though Hank's gaze was firmly planted on the cobblestone ground, he could feel Pokey Pierce rolling his eyes. Pierce had, to put it gently, never really been happy with his coltfriend. Ugh. *Ex-coltfriend*, Swanky corrected himself.

Nasty thoughts and contradictions swirled in Swanky Hank's head at the mere thought of him. Even though it had been two weeks, it felt like it was only yesterday that he was wrapped up in Silver Lining's wings, face buried in his neatly groomed blue coat. The memory didn't feel quite the same knowing that the pegasus' always impeccably groomed belly fur had been rubbing against the backs of quite a few other ponies whenever he was out of town. Considering his penmanship, he'd probably written that *I can't lie to you any longer* letter while balancing the parchment on some Manehattan mare's withers.

"Point taken. The committee hereby suspends plans to pick up a hot stallion for you to mount." Pokey Pierce nudged his nose against Swanky's neck. "The committee also acknowledges that they might have been a bit of an insensitive jerk."

Swanky couldn't help but crack a smile. "Thanks."

The truth was, a quick, no-strings-attached rut didn't sound so bad. Considering how little time Swanky had to himself over the past few months, how his job was running him ragged, and how the last time Silver Lining was in town both of the stallions were too tired to do anything other than sleep...

Feeling a twitch in his sheath, Swanky clenched his teeth, trying to keep his breath even. He did not need to think about how pent up he was. That was the last thing he needed right now.

"So. Okay. New plan." Pokey Pierce perked up, taking a few prancing steps ahead. "We get a disgusting amount of hay fries. We go back to my place. I have a ton of cider and a fresh salt lick, and you are welcome...uh..."

Pokey stopped in his tracks. He seemed to be staring at the fountain. Swanky looked over his shoulder to the fountain, then back at his friend.

"What?"

“Uh.” Pierce looked like he was desperately trying to put a sentence together, never once letting his eyes stray from whatever had grabbed his attention. “Okay. What do you see over by the fountain?”

Swanky did not move his head. “I am *really* not in the mood for-”

“No. Seriously. Dude. Fountain. Look.” For all the years he’d known Pokey Pierce, this was the closest to speechless Swanky had ever seen him. Swanky Hank turned, seeing - nothing special.

“I see a couple of ponies being completely normal and hanging out.” Still unconvinced that this was another lame set-up, courtesy of his loudmouth unicorn friend, Swanky looked back to his friend. “What’s your point?”

“You see a stallion and his two dogs just chilling there, right?” Pokey Pierce asked, a hush to his voice. Swanky did see them, though he hadn’t exactly paid much attention to them. A plain, brown-coated earth pony sat by the fountain, with two dogs on leashes. Completely, forgettably normal.

“Yeah, why do you...care...” The rest of Swanky’s sentence fizzled and died in his throat. He looked closer at the stallion, who was simply whistling to himself while his dogs chased each other and played in the grass. But as he watched them, he started to notice a few things that didn’t quite make sense.

As though his eyes had trouble focusing on them, Swanky would occasionally see something very different standing by the fountain. He could only make out basic shapes and colors, but it looked like two ponies. One white, one red - and something strange and serpentine between the two. Swanky blinked, shook his head, but the two conflicting visions before him didn’t become any less clear.

Swanky’s head was beginning to hurt. Something that sounded simultaneously like an innocent bark and an elongated, decidedly lewd groan came from the odd sight before him. Pokey Pierce was approaching the fountain, apprehension on his face.

All of a sudden, Swanky Hank’s vision went white.

“Oh, drat. Looks like the illusion spell still needs work.” The plain, forgettable stallion by the fountain had vanished. In his place, a huge, scaly beast with mismatched parts and a grinning face reclined by the concrete lip of the fountain, while two ponies sat by either side of him. Swanky Hank had heard stories about Discord - it was impossible to live in Ponyville and *not* hear a few terrifying stories - but Swanky couldn’t say he’d ever expected to first see him getting his proudly displayed erection being tended to by two eager stallions. Staring directly at Swanky, the lord of chaos himself shot a very perturbed look. “Way to just barge on in, er...”

Discord looked the two of them up and down, his affronted sneer faltering. “I’m going to be completely honest, I have no idea who you are.”

It was hard to take in all at once, but one thing stood out to Swanky Hank almost immediately. That was Princess Twilight Sparkle’s brother, Captain of the Royal Canterlot Guard, crouching on the grass and suckling at the tip of Discord’s bizarre, pointed cock. And right there with him,

his tongue inches away from that of Captain of the Royal Canterlot Guard Shining Armor, was Big Macintosh, that farmer pony everyone in Ponyville seemed to have a crush on. They both wore leather halters, wrapped snug around their muzzles and heads, with lead ropes trailing from under their chins and into Discord's outstretched talons.

"Wow, okay, *ahem*-" Pierce coughed out, his eyes darting back and forth between Swanky and the intimately acquainted trio before them. "My name's Pokey Pierce, and this is my pal Swanky Hank."

Discord threw his head back and let out a long, sharp moan as Shining Armor's lips just barely managed to envelop the dull, tapered tip of his cock. His thick, red shaft twitched and pulsed, Shining's throat bulging as he gulped. The stallion's lips smacked audibly, growing slick with excess seed as he dutifully lapped and kissed at Discord's engorged tip. His claws dug into Macintosh's withers, the stallion nuzzling against his plump, fuzzy balls as he rode out his orgasm with a mighty, shivering sigh.

After a momentary pause, Discord raised his head, his eyes half-lidded and tongue hanging from his snaggletoothed smile. "Sorry about that. Did you say *Hank*? Yeesh, you ponies and your bizarre names. And they say *I'm* the weird one."

Swanky Hank hardly noticed the jab. It was hard for him to feel anything but awestruck, standing less than ten feet away from one of the most influential and handsome members of the Equestrian military. Less than a few cantering steps from the stallion who he'd only seen in newspaper clippings and the occasional stained glass relief, and here he was - laying on the grass with a halter around his head and strands of thick, white cum dribbling from his open mouth.

Swanky bit his lip as he felt a twitch in his sheath again. He did *not* need to embarrass himself in public, neither in front of Shining Armor nor that cute farmer - no matter how publicly they appeared to be fellating the living embodiment of chaos and turmoil.

"H-how long have you guys been here?" Pokey Pierce attempted, his tone still very much on edge. Swanky had never seen Pokey so nervous - not that he could blame the poor unicorn. Even though he'd been living in Manehattan at the time, news spread far and wide when Discord turned Ponyville upside down on a whim. To say the experience had left a bad taste in many of Ponyville's citizens would be the understatement of the century.

"Oh, for a little while now. Definitely before you two just waltzed on in, relationship problems and all." Despite the rolling of his eyes, the intrigued smirk on Discord's face was a little too enticing to be accidental. Those animalistic noises coming from the two stallions on the ground coaxed another twitch from his sheath. "Speaking of - not to be rude or anything, but being gawked at by two boring background characters while trying to perform lewd sex acts in public is *exactly* why I had that illusion up in the first place."

Illusion. Discord had mentioned that before. Now that Swanky noticed, there was a young couple chuckling and flirting with each other just a short distance away from Shining Armor's swishing tail. A tired stallion searching for a good grazing spot seemed to pass right over Big Macintosh as the muscular farm pony let out a long, deep *rurrrf* against Discord's heavy testes.

"So, since we're talking to you now...no one can see or hear us either?" Swanky's eyes darted at the ponies around him. Not one was making eye contact. Turning to a passing mare nearby, Swanky waved his hoof in front of her face. She didn't even blink as she continued on her merry way.

"NOPE!" Discord's shout echoed off of Ponyville's humble rooftops. Lifting his claws and talons from the two stallions beside him, Discord simply grinned and extended his arms, as if the surrounding ponies' complete and utter lack of reaction was the finale of some magic trick. "They can't see that big ol' thing dropping from your sheath either, bucko."

Swanky tightened his legs up, blushing furiously. Pokey Pierce was looking. With unabashed interest.

"H-hey!" A blush burned across Swanky's face. He tried to lift a hindleg to cover himself, but it was too late.

"...Or maybe the background characters aren't so boring after all?" Discord appeared with a pop, suddenly standing between the two stallions and pulling them in close. Swanky couldn't help but notice that Discord's cock was conspicuously absent from between his legs. Looking to the fountain, he saw Shining Armor and Macintosh, now lapping at either side of the draconequus' slick cock as it floated a foot off of the ground. "You know, the boys and I were just thinking of how *lonely* these walks have become."

Discord shivered as the tip of his disembodied cock dribbled precum over Macintosh's nose. He grinned and muttered in Swanky and Pokey's ears, "And I think it's high time my *good boys* had some enrichment. What do you say?"

As soon as Discord said the words 'good boys', Shining and Macintosh's ears perked. They both quickly turned their attention from the floating shaft in front of them. Their eyes looked glassy and empty, but their faces were those of pure, animalistic happiness. They panted like dogs, their halters gently bouncing against their muzzles as their tails swished in the grass. The strands of cum that dripped over Shining's mouth heaved back and forth with each heavy breath of his.

"Um, excuse me, Mister- er, Lord Discord?" Pokey Pierce cocked his head.

"Call me Princess." He replied in a lilting tone, batting unusually long eyelashes.

"Right." Pierce laughed a transparently nervous laugh. "Look, my buddy here just went through a really rough breakup. Wounds are still kind of fresh, I'm sure you know how it is. I, uh that is, we both truly appreciate your...kind offer. I just don't think this kind of thing is what he's up to right now, right Swanky?"

"...I kinda want to." Swanky murmured, staring at the two glassy eyed stallions who had just rolled over in the grass, exposing their stiff cocks as they panted like impatient animals.

"Right. So, if you don't mind, we'll just be heading-"

Swanky could feel Pokey Pierce's stare. He knew his friend too well. He knew that stupid smile of his was creeping onto his face at that very moment. It was a smile that beamed with delight and pride, but a stupid smile nonetheless.

"Oh my goodness gracious." Discord grinned as he rubbed his talons and paw pads together. "Four stallions? I'm starting to feel like Celestia on one of her personal days."

Discord slithered over to the fountain, aligning his body just so with his previously disembodied shaft. Big Macintosh sat upright, his eyes trained on Pokey and Swanky and tail wagging. Though Shining was also looking their way, he had wasted no time in pressing his cum-drenched muzzle against Discord's plump balls, panting shallow breaths against his master.

Pokey Pierce looked to Swanky, an uncertain excitement in his eyes. The jittery twitches in Pokey's curly white tail only made that stupid smile of his contagious.

Pokey had always embodied the stereotypical unicorn's svelte, effortless beauty, and had been known to charm even the toughest and most reserved stallions of Ponyville into lifting their tails for an evening. He never once failed to invite Swanky along on these wild, hedonistic nights, and Swanky never once failed to decline. There was always work in the morning, or projects to be done in the evening, or a crippling fear of actually talking to potential suitors that pretty much followed him around all day.

The blue unicorn's excited smile, crackling through his face and shooting gleeful, impatient energy into his legs and tail, spoke volumes of how excited he was. The sight of Pokey's dropping cock, pink with a black splotch at the tip, left little room for doubt. Through grinning teeth, Pokey whispered, "For real?"

Swanky didn't bother to respond. He was already taking steps towards Shining Armor, who watched Swanky approach with an open mouthed smile on his face. Still on his back, Shining Armor's legs were splayed into the air, his forelegs bent inward and his already hard cock very much on display.

"Wow." Swanky Hank whispered as he stood over the white stallion, a shiver of arousal washing over him. Shining Armor's muscles rippled under his coat, the metal buckles and clips in his halter jingling slightly as he panted. His cock, a striking grey against his white coat, bounced and twitched as he wagged his long blue tail. "You're...really into this whole pet character, huh?"

"Ruff!" Shining responded, gazing up at Swanky Hank with a eyes wide and tongue hanging from his smile.

Mouthing another *wow*, Swanky lowered himself, crouching his forelegs and bringing his muzzle close to Shining's. The heat of his body, the strong scent of cum on his breath, the touch of his soft, seed-splattered nose - Swanky couldn't help but push his nose deep into Shining's fuzzy chest. Not quite kissing the stallion's muscled coat, Swanky Hank let the soft white hairs tease against his lips. Soon, he was resting against the stallion beneath him, their stiff, hot shafts pressing together and coercing their hips into soft, rhythmic thrusts. Even Shining's rapid, canine panting began to slow as Swanky gently pushed his hips; the tempo of their stiff, stallion cocks pushing into each other matching the slow rise and fall of the military stallion's belly.

Tightness seized Swanky's chest as a pair of mares trotted up to the grass beside him and began to graze, their munching muzzles only a foot away from Shining Armor's exposed torso. Cautiously, Swanky shuffled himself a little lower. Keeping a close eye on the mares' faces, Swanky Hank touched his tongue to the edge of Shining Armor's warm flare, eliciting a loud yap of excitement from the stallion.

The mares kept talking amongst themselves. Swanky traced his tongue over the large, flat tip of Shining's plump cock. So many ponies had been walking, grazing, conversing just nearby, and none of them could see. Taking a longer lick that trailed over the rim of Shining's flare, tracing down his shaft and teasing his medial ring, Swanky Hank found himself grinning.

Silver Lining was a member of the Wonderbolts. Anything he and Swanky did, they did in private. Their whole relationship was practically a secret - Silver Lining would always go on and on about the paparazzi and how it put strain on a lot of his teammates' relationships. Rare were the times the two of them had been able to take a walk together, let alone have anything resembling a romantic date. At the time, though Swanky felt a little let down at having to keep his coltfriend under wraps, he went along with it.

But to lay on Shining Armor - *the* Shining Armor - out in the middle of Ponyville? Playing with a stallion's cock on the grass, surrounded on all sides by his neighbors and acquaintances who didn't even know he was there?

Swanky groaned, nipping his lips at Shining's sheath. Elation filled his chest and sent a shiver through him. Taking a deep breath, letting Shining Armor's musk wash over him, Swanky swiveled himself around so his hind end was just above Shining's expectant, panting face. Tracing his tongue one last time down the center of Shining's shaft, savoring the taste of the military stallion's sheath and balls, Swanky looked over his shoulder.

"Okay then, uh, boy..." Lowering his hips, Swanky felt the giddiness in his chest darting through him, spurred on by how stiff his hanging cock had grown and the sensation of Shining's panting breaths just under his lifted tail. "*Clean.*"

Shining's whole body sprung to life.

The moan that came from Swanky was a shivering, ecstatic thing, pausing only at his shallow gasps for breath. Shining Armor's halter jingled along with the vigorous and thorough lapping, swirling, pushing of his drooling tongue against Swanky's sensitive ring. Swanky's tail twitched, his long tail hairs intermingling with Shining's unkempt mane, feeling occasional grunting *ruffs* against his thighs. Shining's own tail swished through the grass, wagging wildly as he grunted and licked.

Grinding his hips against Shining's muzzle, Swanky was trying to say something. Something about how amazing Shining was making him feel. Something about how no one had ever, ever made him feel as good as he felt at that moment. Something that kept getting lost and overtaken by breathless groans as Shining slowly pushed his tongue inside, only to suddenly pull back and tease around his entrance.

"I swear, that boy just *loves* shoving his muzzle under stallions' tails. Let me guess - he's got his nose right up against your balls and is sniffing like mad, isn't he?" Discord appeared, his face just above Shining's cock and right in front of Swanky's. Swanky nodded, the huffing breaths

and gentle tongue playing with his testes turning any of his possible responses into more gasping, needy moans.

"I could say something about military boys being superb ass kissers, but even I have *some* standards. Big Red would be so proud of my restraint." Discord rolled his eyes, jerking his thumb to the red stallion who sat just nearby, dumb smile plastered on his face while a blushing Pokey Pierce took a few nervous licks at the rim of his flare.

Feeling a sudden touch against his stiff shaft, Swanky felt a shiver roll through him as Discord spoke gently, hot breath spilling over his groin. "Besides, I can make stupid jokes any day. Not every day that I get to taste a stallion who's this pent up."

"Oh my gosh." Swanky blurted as he felt warm, wet lips wrap themselves around his flare. A thin, snakelike tongue danced over the head of Swanky's cock, quick, slithering, and smooth. Swanky inhaled sharply, his ears flitting back and forth. Everything, from the tongue under his tail, to the lips teasing the edges of his flare, to the mares and stallions who stood nearby, oblivious to it all - it was too much.

"Mmm. Leaking already, are we?" Discord pulled his tongue back, letting his talons trace down Swanky's shaft and over his smooth sack. "How long's it been?"

"C...couple of weeks." In fact, Swanky had been purposefully holding off. He silently cursed his stupid ex-coltfriend. *Don't get yourself off until I'm back*, he said. *It'll feel so good*, he said.

Before Swanky could think of any more nasty words to call his ex, Shining let out an eager *ruff*, shoving his tongue deeper inside Swanky. Inhaling sharply, Swanky closed his eyes, pushing his hips back against Shining's eagerly huffing, grunting muzzle.

"No wonder you're so hard." Discord kissed at Swanky's cock with his smiling lips. Nipping at his flare and gently squeezing his shaft, the draconequus paused to meet eyes with his exasperated prey. "I bet you'd do anything to finally be able to cum, wouldn't you?"

Swanky had thought he couldn't get any harder. Grinding himself into Shining's lapping muzzle, Swanky nickered as he felt his cock steadily pulsing stiffer, thicker. Discord grinned, edging his tongue just a bit closer.

"My goodness, you're a leaky little stallion aren't you?" Discord's hot breath splashed over Swanky's shaft, wet with spit and precum. "If I hadn't stopped just then, I'm sure my face would be just *soaked* with all of that pent-up seed you've got in there. Would you have liked that?"

Swanky nodded, saying nothing more than a shuddering nicker as Shining tongue traced the bottom of his testes.

"Mmmm, I didn't hear a 'yes'." Discord turned away from Swanky, turning his eyes skyward. "Tell me, Hanky Swank - *would* you like to spurt all of your thick stallion cum in my muzzle?"

"Yes-" Swanky could barely breathe. He nearly cried out when Discord touched a single talon to his shaft. His wet, stiff, desperately twitching shaft.

"Would you like if I sucked and licked at that growing flare of yours, and let all your virile seed spill over my chin and make a mess of Shining Armor's gorgeous white belly?" Discord growled, keeping his talon completely still.

"Yes...oh, Celestia-" Swanky tried to buck his hips against Discord's talon, only to have him immediately pulled away. After a few thrusts at the empty air, Swanky tried to push his hips back against Shining's face - but a snap of Discord's talons made the military stallion turn his muzzle away.

"Celestia isn't here right now~" Discord chided, his sing-song voice accompanied by the slightest twitch of his talon, causing Swanky to thrust again. He brought his long dragon muzzle close to Swanky's flare again, blowing hot air as he sniffed.

"But I'll bet, at this very moment, she's letting several strapping young stallions fill her from both ends. Oh, that mare *loved* to make colts beg for it. Only once they begged her, please Celestia, *please* can I cum Celestia-" Discord paused, the only sounds being Swanky's bated breath and the seemingly far off, muffled moans of his friend.

"Only then would she let them *rut* her royal muzzle!" Discord lunged into Swanky's face, his lion's paw rubbing and caressing hard at the stallion's slick shaft. Swanky whined and gasped and moaned, his lips pressing against Discord's grin. "She loved to see stallions driven mad with need, bucking into that divine maw and spurting *over* and *over* again, until her nose and ears and chin dripped with sweat, spit, and cum like a common broodmare."

Discord was bringing him to the edge. It was rude to even have impure thoughts about the Princess, but talking about her face dripping with stallion seed in the middle of town square? Swanky couldn't help but look around at the oblivious ponies surrounding them, just to be sure they hadn't heard. Leaning over to Swanky's ear, "Beg me, little stallion. Beg me and I'll consider letting you do the same to me."

"Please Discord please oh my gosh *please*" He was going to cum. He was going to cum, begging and pleading outside, surrounded by ponies who didn't even know he was there. He was sitting on the chest of the Captain of the Royal Guard, while Discord himself breathed intoxicatingly sweet breath in his face, massaging his drooling flare with soft paw pads as he felt his load welling at the tip of his cock ready to spatter over Discord's grinning face and he wasn't going to last another

"On second thought-"

Swanky felt a sudden shove against his chest, sending him tumbling backwards off of Shining's chest. As his back collided with the grass, Swanky's almost painfully hard cock slapped against his belly, sending a small drop of pre flinging across his nose. Before he had a chance to react, Swanky found himself staring up into Pokey Pierce's face, the blue unicorn's tie dragging against his forehead.

"H-hey, buddy..." Pokey's face was dripping with sweat, his eyes and nose scrunched as he took in steady, shaky breaths. From where Swanky was lying, he could just barely make out the shadow of Big Macintosh towering over his friend, panting heavily and rocking his hips gently. With every slight motion Macintosh made, Pokey whined and moaned, his forehooves dragging and stamping in the dirt.

A blush heating his face and a complete lack of fulfillment aching in his loins, Swanky rolled himself over and stood, eyes shooting daggers at Discord. Swanky huffed through his nostrils, pinning his ears back against his head. "Hey! What the heck was-"

Only for a split second was Swanky aware of the sudden tugging against his nose and head before he felt the horizon flip.

Something had pulled Swanky over, flipping him onto his back once more and dragging him backwards, until he found himself lying underneath Pokey's blue, slender belly. Hanging only an inch or so from Swanky's nose, Pokey's erection bobbed and twitched along with the smooth nudges of Macintosh's thrusting hips.

A halter. That's what had suddenly appeared on Swanky's face. The leather wrapped snugly around his nose and behind his ears, with a twisting lead rope trailing from under his chin to somewhere just over Pokey's back.

Just as Swanky realized this, a pair of thick vines burst from the ground beside his prone body, holding him with his back against the ground. Pokey's tie - that stupid, gaudy tie - hung just over Swanky's own exposed erection, swaying back and forth, tracing small circles against his pulsing, stiff cock.

Hearing a low chuckle that could only belong to Discord, Swanky turned his head to its side, the jingle of his halter only spurring on the mocking laughter.

"*Good boy*, Macintosh! *Good boy*, roping in that naughty stud!" Two sets of mismatched hooves stood next to Swanky, and the lead rope connected to his chin dropped to the ground. At the sound of his cooing praise, Swanky could hear the excited swish of Macintosh's tail as the stallion gingerly thrust into Pokey again. Pokey's cock, in turn, bobbed forward as it hung over Swanky's cheek, a few droplets falling into Swanky's face fur. "Even when he thinks he's a dog, give him a rope and his cowpony instincts kick in. The equine mind is fascinating, isn't it?"

Discord's head snaked under Pokey's belly, coming face to face with the bound and helpless Swanky Hank. "Now, *you*. You're so eager to use my pets for your own gratification. And to be fair, my pets *do* love being used for sexual gratification. Isn't that right, Shiny?"

"Rurf!" Shining sat attentively by Discord's hooves, his own lead rope clutched tight in the draconequus' talons.

"But one teensy-weensy little orgasm denial, and suddenly you get all uppity with me." Discord's smile faded, a sneer growing on his muzzle as he grabbed Swanky's lead rope, pulling his head so close that their noses almost touched. "I firmly believe that if you want to play with me and my pets, you need to *earn* your satisfaction."

Swanky gulped. He had momentarily forgotten his aching need in the confusion, but the feeling pulsed back to life with Discord's words, steadily firming up his shaft.

"I mean, look at your friend Pokey Smokes here. Taking it like a champ!" Discord gave Pokey a couple of firm pats to the stomach. With his paw, he then gave a few strokes to Pokey's hanging

shaft, eliciting a cry of delight from the unicorn. "I'm sure that when my big red doggy fills him up, this cute thing's gonna spurt like a geyser."

Bringing his talons to Swanky's cheek, Discord rubbed the droplets of Pokey's spilled pre into Swanky's face. "I propose we play a game. You're going to lay there, absolutely unable to touch yourself, while me and my pets - and our newfound friend - have a little fun."

Pulling himself back, Discord did a quick motion with his paw, and Shining stood. With bits of grass in his coat, his blue mane frazzled and tail energetically wagging, Shining Armor panted, looking to Discord as though awaiting orders. His dark grey cock stiffened eagerly underneath his belly.

Discord crouched into the grass just next to Swanky, facing his standing pet. Licking his own lips, Discord shot Swanky a sly grin. "If you can withstand our game, my pets and I will end that pesky dry spell of yours with a bang. Deal?"

Swanky took a few breaths through his nose. Tilting his head to either side, taking in his limited view from under Pokey's legs, it almost seemed like there were more blissfully unaware ponies at the fountain than before. Two stallions were seated on the fountain's lip, flirting and giggling to themselves, Macintosh and Pokey's hindquarters less than a few feet from their faces. Macintosh's tail flicked into one of the stallions' faces. The stallion didn't even blink.

Swanky turned back to Discord, meeting his eyes with a look of determination. Something deep and driving within him - probably the dull, pounding ache in his loins - forced a small, hurried nod from Swanky Hank.

"Fantastic!" Discord cheered, ducking underneath the obediently standing Shining Armor, brushing his fur and scales along Shining Armor's belly until his nose was just about touching Shining's thick erection. His thin tongue snaking from his mouth, Discord took a long, slow lick across Shining's wide flare.

At that exact moment, Swanky felt something brush along his tongue. Smooth flesh that tasted like grass and sweat, stiff but just a little bit soft. The sudden feeling made Swanky jump, and in response the vines keeping his body still only constricted tighter.

Discord grinned and licked at Shining again, this time dragging his wet lips over the bulging flare before him. The musky taste and smooth texture was fresh on Swanky's lips and tongue, as though it were his own muzzle between Shining's hindlegs. When Discord opened his mouth wide, his tongue extending beneath Shining's flare, traveling down his girthy shaft and stopping just short of his balls, Swanky almost felt himself gag.

"Wha' ah yuh-" Swanky's words caught in his throat. He couldn't move his lips. It was like some invisible force was keeping his lips open and his tongue still.

Pulling back, Discord shot a cutesy, innocent look at Swanky. "Oh, did I forget to tell you? You're going to be feeling every last sensation that passes over my delicate tongue and gorgeous lips. It's one of my favorite tricks. Normally it just makes you feel everything I'm feeling - but if, for example, I happen to stuff my muzzle with soldier boy here..."

With a hungry growl, Discord slipped his muzzle over Shining's shaft, taking almost all of his substantial girth at once. Swanky's neck jerked back, the back of his head laying against the ground as his lips opened wide, a sudden rush of sensation thrusting across his tongue. The bump of a Shining's medial ring rolling back and forth over his tongue, the feeling of a saliva-soaked cock sliding over his lips - if he had closed his eyes, it would have been hard to believe that he was simply tied down to the ground, laying untouched with his mouth agape.

Swanky moaned, formless and wet through his helplessly open lips as Discord pulled back, then took all of Shining's shaft into his muzzle once again. The sudden, thick scent of stallion musk, coupled with the feeling of a warm and fuzzy stomach assaulted Swanky's nose as he felt his lips suckling, his tongue snaking over a thick, twitching cock that wasn't there.

Another droplet of precum fell from Pokey's steadily dribbling flare, landing on Swanky's lower lip. Unable to shut his muzzle, Swanky merely took in even breaths through his nose as the warm droplet spilled over his motionless tongue, its vaguely salty taste running down into the back of his throat.

A blush burned on Swanky's face as he swallowed. He and Pokey had never been *that* intimate - a few late night cuddles and the exploratory kiss or two during their many years of friendship was hardly anything to write home about. He wondered absently if Pokey was even aware of what was going on beneath him. Here he was, being mounted by a huge stallion who made him shiver and cry with even the most delicate of thrusts - did he even have the presence of mind to know his friend was beneath his barrel, unable to move as a steady trickle of seed dripped into his muzzle?

"Huah. Huaah." Swanky whined as he thrust his hips weakly against the smooth yet firm vines, the surrounding townspoonies' ears not even twitching at his shapeless moaning. Though his hips couldn't move much, every once in a while his flare would brush against one of the vines that strapped across his stomach. It didn't do much to relieve the aching that pounded harder than ever in his stiff shaft, but Swanky had to do *something*. The taste of a hot, leaking flare passing over his tongue, even if it wasn't really there, stirred a primal growl from deep within Swanky, desire and desperation for more.

By *Celestia*, Swanky had missed that taste.

This wasn't the taste of a nervous stallion, so concerned with his own image that he'd lay back and let his colt friend do all the work. Every phantom sensation of stiff, spit-coated flesh carried raw dominance behind its thrusts. Every breath Swanky took flooded his nostrils with the heavy scent of rutting stallion. Out of the corner of his eye, Swanky could see Discord steady himself against the ground as Shining grunted and barked, his bucking thrusts shedding their tentative slowness and giving way to a feral, driving rhythm.

Swanky felt a shiver of delight as Discord squirmed in the grass, his slurping, muffled grunts and squeals punctuating the bestial, forceful thrusts the both of them felt across the backs of their tongues. Both Discord and Swanky let out a synchronized moan as a small squirt of precum coated the draconequus' tongue. Swanky felt a small trickle of drool building at the corner of his mouth. He couldn't tell if it was Discord's drool or his own.

Above him, Swanky could hear a snort through Macintosh's nostrils. His limited view of Pokey's belly didn't afford him much, but the unicorn's sharp intake of breath was clear. As Macintosh's

hooves twitched, clutching against Pokey's sides, Swanky could hear Pokey murmuring under his breath.

"I'm ready." His breaths were shallow, his voice strained. "Y-you can do it, boy. I'm ready."

The thrust of Macintosh's hips shook Pokey's slender body. His hanging cock lurched forward, wet tip threatening to scrape against Swanky's chin. Pokey's cry, a shout carrying equal parts shock and ecstasy, was almost as loud as Swanky's.

A sudden pressure had stretched Swanky's sensitive ring, sliding inside and filling him with a stiff, pulsing heat. A heat that shoved and thrust at the exact pace of the mounting stallion above him.

Swanky's legs twitched, his hips squirmed. All that could escape his wide open muzzle was a constant, breathless whimper.

Discord hadn't just enchanted his mouth.

Macintosh humped in short, animalistic thrusts, only pulling back for a moment before shoving his hips against Pokey's again. Swanky felt his own body shaking, grinding into the grass he was held against as he felt Macintosh's flare jabbing deep within. He could almost feel Discord's muffled groans as the draconequus twisted and turned his muzzle over Shining's pulsing shaft, milking the rutting stallion like a heat-stricken broodmare.

Swanky's erection pulsed, more stiff and desperate than ever before. The pre that Macintosh's phantom thrusts coaxed from his flare dripped down the vines that held him, pooling over his sweat-drenched belly, trickling into the grass. Discord had steadied down his own movements, his long, thick tail waving behind him as Shining's thrusts picked up speed. Swanky simply groaned and twitched as each taste overwhelmed his tongue, each heavy thrust filled his tight entrance. A long trail of drool traveled down Swanky's face, caught underneath his jingling leather halter.

Pokey's cock stiffened and bobbed, flinging drops and spurts of pre onto Swanky's chin and chest, dotting his coat with the unicorn's heady scent. His tail flagged high, Pokey used every ounce of strength he had to push his hindquarters back against the massive red stud atop him. His hind legs trembled under Macintosh's sheer weight.

Shining was tensing up, his flare puffing wider and wider. The military stallion, the captain of the guard turned mindless feral pet, was getting close. Swanky could taste it. Discord's tongue was lapping up pre as fast as it dribbled out, Shining Armor's masculine musk blending into something between smell and taste. His rapid panting becoming jerky and strained, Shining let out a long, groaning bark.

Swanky took deep breaths through his nose, trying to brace himself as best he could.

But then, without so much as a shiver or shout from the unicorn above him, Pokey's cock flared wide, spurting a thick rope of seed directly over Swanky's muzzle. Landing in sticky strands over his exposed belly and chin, some milky-white ropes dribbled into Swanky's open maw, sliding over his helplessly frozen tongue. Though his mouth hung open, strings of cum bridging his lips,

Swanky also felt Shining's shaft throbbing hard over his tongue, filling his maw and spilling over with each spurt.

Discord hadn't bothered to swallow, instead simply choosing to stay crouched and motionless as Shining hilted inside his muzzle. The white stallion's seed spilled freely down Discord's chin, spattering into the grass and dribbling down his outstretched neck.

The dizzying, simultaneous sensations all began to blur together. The hurried, wet thrusts under his tail, slickening and stretching his entrance felt in sync with the gentle shaft he felt pulse and spurt on his tongue. Pokey's thick cum sliding into his open mouth coupled with the intense smell of Shining Armor's sweat. His own need, still pounding in his aching shaft, bobbed and drooled as the frantic thrusting in his tight ring gave way to warmth, the sticky heat spilling through him as Macintosh's seed spilled to the ground just past Swanky's head.

Feeling his jaw relax, Swanky's head fell to the side. Discord had pulled back, letting Shining's softening, dripping cock fall from his muzzle. His lips still hanging open just a bit, Swanky tried to catch his breath as he watched Discord slowly lick his dripping muzzle clean. The draconequus still had a large splatter of seed dribbling into his chest fur, which he seemed to wear with pride as he slipped out from beneath Shining's belly. Discord stood on his hind legs and stretched, seed still sticking to his chin, and gave Shining a pat on the head. The smiling white stallion's tail wagged lazily.

Pokey shivered as Macintosh backed away, the thump of the farm pony's heavy forehooves reverberating in the dirt. A thick splash of seed fell into the grass, some trickling down Pokey's balls and splashing just short of Swanky's frazzled mane.

"O-oh my gosh..." Pokey took a few shaky steps aside, his exasperated face staring down at Swanky. "You were under there the whole time?"

Swanky couldn't summon the energy to respond. The vines around his body had vanished, but he could barely manage more than a slight nod. His face and body splattered in cooling seed, Swanky brought a hoof to his mouth, wiping away some of his excess drool.

A tongue. Hot and wet. Swanky's balls were suddenly enveloped in warmth, rolled around under a deft and gentle tongue. Tilting his head as much as he could, Swanky could see a smiling Shining Armor, sniffing and lapping as his dangling testes.

"I believe we owe you a reward, Spanky Hank." Discord grinned, standing triumphantly over Swanky. "I can't say I've known many ponies who've withstood that kind of a sensory overload without cumming their brains out."

Drawing a claw through Swanky's precum-soaked stomach fur, Discord raised an eyebrow. "...Hm. Not for lack of trying, anyway."

With a snap of his fingers, Macintosh bounded over on heavy hooves, his sheath and balls bouncing as he ran. He looked to Discord with pure adoration on his face, a string of drool dangling below his chin.

"Good boy, Macintosh. Now do master a favor-" Discord laid by Swanky's side, running a talon through the prone pony's seed-drenched fur. "Give Shining a hoof."

Without a moment of hesitation, the panting farm pony shoved his heavy, warm snout against the base of Swanky's cock. Groaning through clenched teeth, Swanky twitched and squirmed in the grass as two sets of soft, exploring lips tended to his painfully stiff erection.

"Shhh, easy, Swanky boy. We've got you." Discord dragged his tongue over Swanky's lips, lapping up some of Pokey's errant cum. Swanky simply hissed shallow, trembling breaths through his teeth as Discord touched a soft, slick paw pad to his shaft, gently rubbing the tense, twitching flesh.

"I'm...oh my gosh...it's coming, Discord, I can't..." Swanky whimpered. He felt it all welling up in his shaft. The ache, the need that had been plaguing him all night had the poor stallion ready to burst - Swanky's words devolved into a soft whine as he felt a bead of precum dangle impatiently at the edge of his widening flare.

"Just let it out, buddy-" Pokey knelt by Swanky's side. Though he could see hesitation in Pokey's eyes, his friend leaned his neck over and touched his lips to the edge of Swanky's flare, closing his lips and giving the tip of his cock a slow, sensual kiss.

Discord *oohed* as Swanky cried out, a hot spurt shooting clear over his head. Words, thoughts, emotions other than moaning, ecstatic emptiness were things beyond Swanky's comprehension. With every wave that hit him, every pulse and spurt of his shaft, Swanky's legs and tail kicked and twitched wildly. Ropes of his thick, strong-smelling cum dripped over his mane and nose as Swanky weakly thrust his hips into the air. Even Pokey's chin and muzzle caught some of his seemingly endless release, some white spatters dribbling down the sides of his nose as he dragged his tongue over Swanky's jerking, twitching flare.

Spit and seed dripping from the corner of his mouth, Swanky went limp, all tension leaving his body through a long sigh. For a moment, there was nothing but a calm gust of warm summer air, cooling the seed splattered on and around the four of them.

Macintosh stirred, picking his snout up from Swanky's balls. He shook his head, blinked slowly, and after a slight pause tapped Discord on the shoulder, pointing somewhere past Swanky's head.

"What, what are you- oh. Oh dear." Discord brought his talons to his mouth, very poorly trying to stifle his laughter. Just beyond where Swanky was lying, an unassuming pink-furred stallion calmly grazed, completely unaware of a huge daub of cum that dribbled down the bridge of his nose.

"...Oops." Swanky groaned, craning his neck to see. Though the pink stallion seemed to continue grazing unaffected, his nostrils flared, as though sensing something on the wind.

Now that Swanky had realized it, all of the surrounding ponies at the fountain were starting to act a little antsy. The mares were squirming, the stallions showing bulges in their sheaths. Many blushing faces and lifted tails could be seen in the crowd.

"Uhh...Discord?" Came Shining Armor's voice, muffled by Swanky's tail. He blinked blearily, as though waking from a dream. "I don't think this illusion of yours is holding. At least for the, uh, smell."

Discord was no longer sitting next to the stallions. He reappeared, hunched next to the unaware pink stallion, cleaning the cum from his nose with a handkerchief. Shooting Shining a disappointed look, Discord sighed. "Ugh, let me guess. You have a problem with me inciting a pheromone-induced orgy, don't you?"

Shining nodded. Macintosh simply shrugged as Pokey and Swanky looked on.

Rolling his eyes, Discord bundled the handkerchief up and tossed it into his mouth, swallowing it whole. "Ugh, fine, just ruin *all* of my dreams, soldier boy. Suppose we should skedaddle then."

Reappearing in a poof of smoke next to the panting, sweat-drenched stallions, Discord gave Swanky and Pokey each a pat on the head. "It's been fun, background ponies! We simply *must* do this again sometime."

Dusting himself off, but making sure to keep the spatters of cum that dripped through his chest fur, Discord clicked his tongue as he turned on his heel. "To me, my doggies!"

Macintosh gave a sly smile and nod before getting to his feet, his heavy hoofsteps trotting along to catch up with Discord. Swanky tried not to say anything about the intense blush that spread over Pokey's face.

"It's been fun, you two. Hope to see you again when I'm next in town." Shining Armor smiled gently.

"Don't have all day! Illusion's breaking, soldier boy!" Discord hollered from afar.

"By the way I'm Shi...I'm Sh...I..." Shining's eyes began to fill with rings of bright colors as Discord's fingers snapped. His head snapped up, and Shining aimlessly began bounding after his master "*Ruff! R-ruff!*"

Finally managing to pull himself up from the wet grass, Swanky got to his feet. As he and Pokey watched Discord and his two pets trotting over the late night horizon, the two stallions turned to each other.

For a moment, there was silence as the two ponies looked into each other's eyes, panting hot breaths into each other's messy faces. Neither of them were sure who smiled first, but the two of them were soon doubled over, laughing as loudly as their tired bodies could afford.

As their laughter died down, they noticed a pink stallion, looking up from his patch of grass at them. His mouth was agape, and he was clearly searching for words to say to two cum-splattered stallions who smelled of sweat and sex.

Before the pink stallion could find his words, Pokey and Swanky had torn off, galloping over cobblestone streets, their breathless laughter echoing into a sleepy Ponyville night.