

SWEETIE BOT'S FIRST NIGHT

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The best way to describe the atmosphere around Ponyville would be 'status quo.'

Indefinitely, there were no more plans of extraterrestrial invasion, and no more espionage on the account of the nation's only cybernetic being that happened to take the form of Sweetie Belle.

Indeed, she had a full, functioning copy of Sweetie's mind, personality, and memories. Of course, there was still the *real* Sweetie Belle, and during the recent events circa two months prior, it was certainly a task for everypony to get used to what was essentially a robotic clone of her. It was a bit challenging... and while the town and key figures as a whole were accepting, things had been a bit 'weird,' to say the least.

For somepony like Spike, however, he cared little for the nitty-gritty details of this robotic Sweetie Belle (or as he liked to endearingly refer to her, 'Sweetiebot' or just 'Sweetie'). Sure, her mostly metallic and 'organic alloy' exterior proved to be visually different, catching errant eyes easily... but to him, it was the individual that mattered. The real Sweetie Belle was a nice, funny mare, but he wasn't interested in her in that way.

Moreover, his crush on Rarity had fizzled out over the years.

Naturally, Sweetiebot was not of Equestria, though her initial programming dictated that she has the same memories, assume the same identity, and the same personality as the actual Sweetie Belle. It was only when she attempted to *save* the actual Sweetie Belle from getting injured, did the cybernetic pony inadvertently blow her cover, revealing the metal and bionic enhancements beneath the synthetic skin.

Having avoided detection for so long, and passively performing espionage and reconnaissance without her own knowledge based on core programming, the loss of her disguise facilitated a flooding of information into Sweetiebot's 'brain;' her purpose, her creators, and ultimately their end goal of an invasion.

She was horrified at her own actions and sought her own demise, though a certain drake shot that idea down as pure hubris. As Spike had already established, she was still Sweetie, though not in the traditional sense. Even so, the two had developed an understandably strong bond... one which morphed into an actual relationship, much to the shock of their friends and bystanders.

The two knew this to be right, though Sweetiebot, understandably, needed some extra convincing.

Even to this day, that bond held firm and only grew immeasurably stronger with the short passage of time...

...Such memories and reflections brought a nice warmth to the bionic mare in question.

Spike, having grown to be half again the height of an average pony and filled out considerably, sat across from Sweetiebot in a comfortable booth in the bustling Sugarcube Corner.

The latter rested her metallic hooves on the table as she stared at Spike with rapt attention, the drake speaking animatedly about some properties of gemstones... actually, she wasn't all that sure anymore, as she got lost in his eyes and voice; the topic did not matter much to her in any event, as Sweetiebot always enjoyed that rush to her core components and her cheeks whenever Spike spoke so passionately about something he loved.

It was times like these when she was particularly thankful that 'Mother' gave her the ability to feel emotion.

"...and... yeah, I'm not sure what I was going on about, heh," Spike concluded his little lecture-mode, an arguably bad habit he picked up from living with Twilight for so long.

He nervously ran the back of his right hand over his longer, sharper face, and the subsequent coloring of his lavender-scaled cheeks elicited a cute giggle out of his marefriend.

“Oh don’t worry! It doesn’t matter; I just find it cute when you go on and on about something like that. Sorry, not sorry,” Sweetiebot unapologetically replied.

She noticed out of the corner of her eyes the inquisitive looks she was receiving from the ponies within the establishment. They weren’t being as sneaky as they’d like to think; one of her core, programmed functions was to have an innate sense of when she was being watched. Before she became completely self-aware, this served to activate a natural reflex to relocate... but now, all it was good for was letting her know how much she was being gawked at.



Spike was quick to notice his date’s expression sully when she glanced to the left.

“You okay?” Spike asked

The fancied a look to where she happened to be looking at, and found several ponies quickly turn around and go back to their own business. Knowing full well what this was about now, Spike rolled his eyes at the others in the restaurant. He then gestured his thumb over to the offenders.

“You want me to have a word with some ponies?”

Sweetiebot was quick to dismiss his concerns, shaking her head and reaffixing her smile.

“No no, it’s fine...” Sweetiebot answered. “Ponies aren’t staring as much anymore... but still. It’s tough being reminded how different I am, y’know?” she elaborated.

She wasn’t looking for pity of any kind, as her response was merely an answer to Spike’s question wrapped up in a layer of observation.

She was a robot, for all intents and purposes; and having a physical appearance such as hers tends to draw its fair share of oft-warranted attention.

Spike grasped Sweetie’s metallic hoof in his hand, still always surprised to find its smooth, real yet metallic-feel pleasantly warm to the touch. He wrapped his other hand around that same hoof and encased it in his comforting hold.

Spike locked eyes with her, and Sweetie’s cheeks colored deeply as she lowered her face behind her mane. All the while, he fielded a comforting smile.

“Relax,” he cooed, then shrugged. “So you’re a little different; ponies are gonna stare but you’ll never find a more welcoming home among us, especially in Ponyville. Heck, look at me!” Spike gesticulated to himself grandly, which drew out another giggle from the mare.

Just as planned.

“If anything, I’m as different as you!”

“You’re flesh and blood, Spike. It’s not the same,” Sweetiebot softly refuted with a weak smile, still giving massive credence to her inorganic structure.

Her eyes focused on nothing in particular as she broke away from Spike's gaze. The drake was quick to try and dispel any potential worries.

"Well, n-no it's... It's not like..." Spike sighed out and pursed his lips as his vocabulary eluded him, unable to conjure up any words of encouragement that would prove Sweetiebot's assertion wrong.

She was right, after all; she wasn't 'flesh and blood.' She was 'metal and oil?'... Or 'metal and lubricant,' though the drake was not sure if that parallel was accurate enough. Still, it fit the bill for the moment, and with that, he marshalled his thoughts and took some inspiration to continue.

"I only had an easier time because I grew up as pretty much an extension of Twilight," Spike said, speaking with the aid of his hands. "Had I been a dragon raised outside of Equestria and *then* come here, I guarantee you I'd have had as tough of a time as you. Ponies and dragons aren't on the best of terms, after all."

Sweetie nodded thoughtfully, though unconvinced.

This conversation was not new; Spike and she had talked about this many times over the last two months. She was getting much better confidence-wise as their relationship progressed, but even so, there was still some work to do.

Spike took the gentle silence as a cue to continue.

"Besides...if it really bothers you so much, you could probably ask Mother to redevelop the synthetic skin."

Referencing 'Mother,' Sweetiebot's creator, brought an involuntary, momentary smile of fondness to the robot's face... as well as a moment of reflection.

When she and Spike had discovered the location of her 'handlers' and went to rid her of their control, the two came face to face with the scientist who was behind Sweetie's creation (she referred to herself as a 'human'); her de facto 'mother.' With some pleading and appeal to

emotion, she defected, laying waste to Sweetie's handling program and returning to Equestria in their embrace.

Sweetie resolutely shook her head at Spike's idea, however.

"No. *This* is who I am," she countered, gesturing to her body with her right hoof. "I was unknowingly assuming the real Sweetie Belle's identity. That's her identity, and this is mine. The last thing I need is for more confusion..."

Her pensive look morphed into one much more impish.

"...and you accidentally slapping the wrong mare's flanks," she joked.

Spike choked at the insinuation and laughed heartily once he got through his coughing fit.

His laugh was contagious. As such, Sweetie laughed along with him.

"I'll give you that last part," he said, loosing a remnant chuckle. "That's a mature way to look at things, though. And..." he thought to himself of possible alternatives. "Well, I guess there's not much else to be done. "You can't reskin a different identity."

"Exactly," she agreed. "So, I'll just live with the stares. Honestly, as I said before, it's not *as* bad anymore. And most don't mean anything, well... *mean* by it."

Spike leaned forward and held Sweetie's hoof close, massaging it tenderly with his thumbs. He offered her a warm smile.

"Good," he said simply.

He then brought her hoof to his mouth and gave it a kiss, never taking his eyes off of her own... a gesture which *always* made Sweetiebot blush, as well as sending her emotion coprocessor into overdrive.

"Y-You treat me way too well, Spike... you don't have to, you know," Sweetie said, following up awkwardly in a failed attempt to cover herself when she realized just how sappy her words were... as well as her general insecurities showing up full force.

Hindsight realization made her want to smack her head into the wall numerous times, but out of embarrassing herself further, she resisted the urge, only fronting a blanched smile.

Spike cocked an eyebrow.

"Why not?" he asked. "It's my job to spoil you, after all. You knew what you signed up for when you said 'yes' two months ago. Sorry, not sorry," he followed up, throwing her trademark phrase back at her jokingly.

Spike continued, though a little more inquisitive this time around.

"You love it, anyway. Besides, that's an odd thing to say... what's on your mind?"

He smirked coyly at her, and wiggled his tallon on the flat of her hoof, tickling her. The action forced her to pull back her hoof at an instant, giggling all the while.

"Oh you know I didn't mean it like *that*," Sweetie replied. "I just... actually, I don't really know what I was trying to say. Forget it," she dismissed her words.

She was, in reality, going to springboard this topic into a question about their relationship... one that happened to be a bit more 'intimate.'

Spike saw right through the facade.

"Nah, nah... I know that face when you have something on your mind. Spill it!" Spike ordered in jest, supporting his head on his hand and offering Sweetie an encouraging smile.

Said smile, like always, was all she needed to gather her courage to pour her mind out. Even so, her thoughts were a little personal, so she sunk her posture and spoke meekly.

"It's... a little embarrassing, but bear with me, okay? And if I start sounding weird or if it makes you uncomfortable please, *don't* be afraid to tell me to shut up, alright?" Sweetie rattled off her little warning, and Spike only looked to her incredulously.

"Sweetie... just ask me what you're thinking," he gently urged. "I'm all ears."

"Well..." she began, tapping the tips of her hooves together. "I was thinking about, you know, *us*. Our relationship."

"Alright," Spike chimed in. Nodding and still smiling at her. Yet again, Sweetie blushed under those emerald eyes of his.

"Right, ummm... maybe this sounds a bit selfish but I want to try and make us more 'normal.' You're pretty much going out with a robot... and as for me, I've never done something like this before," Sweetie continued, her thoughts becoming slightly cloudy as she danced around her eventual question.

Nevertheless, she resolved to press onward.

"Okay..." Spike added curiously, cueing Sweetiebot to continue.

"And just... it's been a bit more than two months so—or maybe *only* two months depending on how you look at it," she meandered, reasoning with herself.

Drawing out her last word, she leveled her gaze with Spike's and saw that he was looking towards her with that same raised eyebrow; the cornerstone of being completely lost. And in that moment, Sweetie decided to slam all her cards on the table.

"Oh to Tartarus with it... I wanna have sex!" she blurted out, perhaps a bit on the loud side, since a couple of ponies looked over in bewilderment before slowly turning back to their own business.

Spike visibly recoiled, blinking hard as he reclined in his seat. His gaze never left that of Sweetie's, the cybernetic mare having averted hers entirely at his reaction.

"I ummm... saw this conversation going a bit differently, in all honesty," Spike confessed, gesturing vaguely with his hands. Sweetie shook her head dismissively.

"I'm sorry, it was stupid to bring this up..." she began to say, but Spike held a hand up pointedly.

"I didn't say that... you just startled me is all," he countered, though in his mind, he voiced that that was a bit of an understatement.

"But, to answer your ummm... statement," he began anew, it being his turn to awkwardly fumble with his words again. "As a guy with who is *definitely* attracted to you both personality-wise *and* physically, I wouldn't be opposed to that... but I don't care as much about my thoughts as I do yours. What made you ummm... come to *that* conclusion?"

"Many reasons, actually," Sweetie began her reply, and with what she felt was the most difficult part of her admission out of the way (and having not scared Spike away by this point), the rest of her words flowed that much easier.

"You care about me, you spoil me, and you make me feel wanted... is the simplest way I can put it, and even though it's only been two months, I wouldn't mind, y'know, taking our relationship to the next level... or however you say it, I don't know."

Spike was visibly touched by her simple explanation, and with a warmth of his own diffusing through his chest and making his own heart beat obnoxiously in his ribcage, he took ahold of Sweetiebot's hoof again.

"Yeah?" he asked rhetorically.

"Duh!" Sweetie affirmed, like it was the most obvious thing in the world. "Sometimes I even wonder if I'm even good enough for you in that way... if I do enough for you," she also added.

Seeing Spike about to immediately jump in at that point, she held her free hoof up.

"But I won't go there right now! Anyway... it's also because it's something 'normal' couples do. They show each other how much they care by doing it."

Spike had to admit that this was straying into 'dangerously cheesy' territory, but, he restrained his urge to gag by virtue of the importance of this conversation. Even so, he did not want to do anything that Sweetie was ultimately not comfortable in doing.

He leaned coolly against the table and sought to reassure her one last time.

"Sweetie, you know we don't have to go full intimate 'dong in vagoo' for the sake of 'normalcy, right?'" he reasoned with some interesting choice of words.

His marefriend giggled, though... and any regret of his accidental slip of the mouth whittled away.

"I know *that*," she responded, batting his forearm with her hoof. "But I think it could really help me get more comfortable with this. I want to, and you just said that you'd want to as well... unless you actually don't?" she questioned, and knowingly put on a much more innocent face, cocking her head to the side.

If there was something she knew about Spike's weaknesses, it was gemstones and when she would play the part of a super-innocent tease.

"Ohhh no *of course* I want to!" Spike reaffirmed, but then caught onto exactly what Sweetiebot was doing when he found her trying to hold back her laughter with a bitten lip.

"*Celestia* I hate you when you do that."

"No you don't."

"Yeah, no I don't," Spike immediately acquiesced. Then, however, a thought struck him, and his bemused expression returned in full.

With all cards having been on the table, he asked his genuine question, his words trailing off into a whisper:

"Wait a minute. Sweetie, being that you're a robot... erm... cybernetic, can you even *have* sex?"

At that moment, Sweetiebot's warm smile faltered, looking elsewhere as she took a breath for her next admission. She spoke in an identically soft tone.

"That's... also kinda the reason I want to have a go at it. I honestly don't know if I can."

"What do you mean?" Spike asked.

"Well, I have all the 'parts' but unlike you biological creatures, every part of my body, internally, is just for show or has a completely different function. I never bothered to actually check," Sweetie explained.

Their voices were soft enough where nopony else could hear their rather candid chat.

"Have you never 'tried on yourself?'" Spike alluded.

"I haven't... per se," Sweetie said, trying to jog her internal storage for the proper way to go about describing this. "Being a cybernetic clone of the real Sweetie Belle—as you're well aware—came with having an identical copy of her memories and past feelings. Further, that included her experiences with mastu— self-pleasure.

"Spike, it seems like it really feels so amazing, that doing it with somepony else couldn't possibly feel better! Truth is, though... I'm scared to find out," she revealed.

She gripped Spike's hand in the crook of her hoof.

"How come?"

"Because I don't want to find out that I can't work like that!" she exclaimed. "I didn't want to try and potentially find out that we wouldn't be able to go there anyway! How would you feel if you suddenly realized that you couldn't feel that pleasure with somepony else?"

"...Fair point," Spike conceded, not really sure how how else he could come back to that.

"That's why I just wanted to try and see what happened, you know? I'm excited, but terrified to know... In the end, I'd rather find out with *you*, than by myself."

Spike nodded in understanding, no much more comfortable in knowing where this was going.

“Right, right,” Spike replied.

Now that the two had gotten past the initial weirdness of this spontaneous conversation topic, it really wasn’t so bad. Honesty between partners was a key tenant, after all.

Spike did have one idea, though.

“Have you talked to Mother, though?” he proposed. Sweetie knew that he’d say that, so she already had her response ready.

“That’s also another thing... every time I’ve tried to approach her about this, I just freeze up!” Sweetiebot lamented. “I really don’t know what she’d think if I asked her about this.”

The drake chuckled at the thought.

“Heh... know that feeling,” Spike said. “The first time I had to sit down and have ‘the talk’ with Twilight. Now *that* was the definition of awkward.”

“I can imagine,” Sweetie giggled out, her fears dissipating just that much.

“Well, if you’re serious about this, we can go ask her together, if you want?” Spike offered. Sweetie instantly locked eyes with him. “I mean, she’d know of all ponies.”

“R-Really? You’d do that *with* me?”

“Well, based on how Mother is, I’m *pretty* sure she likes me... so I’d say there’s no point in not being honest with her. She knows we’re together, so this was bound to come up sometime,” he reasoned. “Sure, why not?”

“Okay! So, then if everything ‘checks out,’ so to speak, do you wanna... ?” Sweetiebot asked hopefully, her robotic irises dilating hopefully in anticipation of Spike’s fateful response.

"If there's no problems between us, and with you especially... I think a resounding 'hell yes' is in order!" he answered with a chuckle and a toothy grin to boot.

Sweetie beamed at him, shuffling in her seat excitedly and with a giddy squeal.

"Yes!" she gave a breathy cheer, pumping her hoof into the air comically and forcing yet another weirded-out expression to etch itself on Spike's face. "So, tonight?"

Spike was in disbelief, though more so at being handed an opportunity on a golden, diamond-studded gem platter.

"...You're really gung ho about this, aren't you?" Spike asked. In his experience, this kind of straightforwardness only happened in movies and smutty romance stories, after all.

It was Sweetiebot's turn to look at him incredulously.

"And... you're not?" Sweetie inquired in return, shrugging and looking at Spike like *he* was the weird one.

The drake inhaled and raised his index finger, ready to counter. He had none.

"Touché."

"Hm. I thought so," Sweetie added, resting her chin on the flat of her hoof and lidding her eyes at her drake. Already, thoughts of what could possibly go down later were swarming through her CPU.

And they both excited and terrified her...

...in a good way.

"Heh... well, before this conversation spirals somewhere inappropriate for a public setting, I'm gonna go check and see if our food's about ready for pickup," Spike noted, readily excusing himself before he got *too* hot under the collar.

He stood up and imparted a wink onto his mare, then made his way over to the pickup counter. All the while, Sweetiebot fastened her gaze to the purple drake as he walked away, letting her eyes wander down below.

Her thoughts were already beginning to wander in kind.

Hmmmm... he's really got a cute butt.

She then shook her head.

Try not to get carried away just yet...

Lunch finished without much flair, though the odd couple had decided that more overt—yet still casual—flirting was suddenly the norm. A plan had been made, after all, that would drastically alter their future dynamic... assuming good news came back from Mother, of course.

Stepping back into Twilight's castle, Mother was just the individual that Spike and Sweetiebot wanted to see at the moment; they would know the truth and, by extension, the eventual destiny of their relationship.

The duo took a short trek through the castle, down to its depths where the laboratory Twilight built for Mother (and both of them, actually) to use, existed. Nine times out of ten, anypony who was looking for the enigmatic individual could find her there, as her entire life revolved around practical scientific application and theory... and it was no surprise that she and Twilight connected almost instantaneously.

"Mother?" Sweetiebot called out once the two descended into the main laboratory, flanked by recovered human machinery as well as magical technology. Everything was neatly organized in rows to allow for easy navigation, and to Spike, the air smelt harshly of metal.

Nothing sounded outside of the foreign machinery going about their automated tasks, but after a few moments of pregnant silence, a mature, feminine voice sounded from across the lab.

"I'm over here, Sweetie! By the microscopes."

Sweetiebot immediately perked up and galloped through the maze of scientific machinery, knowing exactly where her parent was.

Spike chuckled at her exuberance and decided to follow her at a more comfortable pace, eventually finding his marefriend locked in a tight embrace with the individual in question... a rather tall, white unicorn with a white mane, who was donned in an equally-white lab coat.

Most notable (aside from her height and slender physique, not unlike Princess Celestia or Luna) was her left hind leg; it was bionic, made from the exact same materials as Sweetie.



“Did you two have a nice time?” the mare asked eagerly as she separated from Sweetiebot with a beaming smile. She lovingly looked down at her creation—her ‘daughter’— revealing her deep blue eyes in the process.

Once the *human* who had figuratively given birth to Sweetiebot, upon coming back through the portal, magic had its way with her corporeal form. Gone was the fair skin and hands, replaced with coat and hooves.

In a sense, one life ended, and another began anew. As a term of endearment, she assumed the name of 'Mother.'

"Sure did, mom!" Sweetie exclaimed, trotting cutely in a circle before shooting Spike a smile over her shoulder. "Spike here was *such* a gentledrake... as always."

Mother chuckled heartily.

"I'd expect no less from him," she said, glancing knowingly at Spike.

"Any idea where Twilight is?" the drake asked, clearly noticing that she wasn't around despite the two having been joined at the hip the past couple months.

"Taking a nap, actually," Mother answered, gesturing with a vague tilt of her muzzle towards the upper floors. "We've been nearing a breakthrough with some magical experiments on cells and she hasn't gotten a lick of sleep for the past two days. I forced her to go lay down, so she'll probably be out for the rest of the night."

"Gotcha."

"It's always nice to see you, Sweetie, but you're not usually down here... was there something else other than just to chat?" Mother asked, walking around to Sweetiebot's side with a spanner in her magical grasp.

"Is that joint acting up again? H-Here let me take a look at it..."

"No no, my leg's fine," Sweetie insisted, shuffling out of Mother's grip. "But I *did* kinda have a... question of sorts," she added, lowering her gaze and pawing idly at the floor.

"Of course! About what, my little one?" Mother asked, lowering herself to be more at eye-level with Sweetiebot.

The latter looked back to Spike, just to know he was there, and his physical presence along with with a gentle (if awkward) nod gave her the extra push to ask the pivotal, borderline embarrassing question.

“Mom, I’ve been wondering...”

“Yes...?” Mother asked, bidding her cybernetic equine daughter to continue.

The unicorn mare glanced over to Spike, and suddenly the drake felt quite uncomfortable in his own scales. Sweetie was just about to ask her mom if she could pretty much get all dicked up by him... and he shifted around on his feet as he tried to predict her eventual reaction.

At that moment, he truly understood why Sweetie was so hesitant to do this, and he was thankful that such a question never had to come up with Twilight.

Sweetiebot cleared her throat and looked everywhere else but at Mother.

“This may sound, *weird*, but am I capable of...” her thoughts suddenly became muddled again. “I mean, what I *mean* is that uhh... does my functionality allow me to... ummm, you know... experience...”

Mother nodded slowly and gestured with her hoof to just let it out; the suspense was killing her. Sweetie, however, blushed incredibly and let out the last word.

“...intercourse?”

Mother blinked. Hard.

“Huh?” was her first knee-jerk reaction to the question without processing it, but then she began alternating her stare between Sweetiebot and Spike; the realization dawned on her at an instant.

“Oh... **OH!** Right, ummm... heh.”

It was Mother's turn to color heavily, chuckling as suddenly her lab coat became much too constrictive. The feeling passed as soon as it came, however, and soon she was ready to provide an honest answer, one which had Spike and especially Sweetiebot on edge.

"Well, to answer your question simply... yes."

Spike looked almost *impressed* by the answer, and Sweetie had to try and contain herself, lest her emotion coprocessor overclock from excitement.

"Really?!"

"Certainly!" Mother affirmed with more confidence. "There are some caveats on the subject regarding you, but nothing that would have any bearing on... *your two's* needs," she added, looking to the couple emphatically with her last two words; a clear indication that she knew what they would be up to.

She figured there was no need to ask the even-more embarrassing question of 'why do you ask?'

Sweetie was more than satisfied, and felt that following up simply would suffice.

"Okay, mom. That's all I had a question about."

"Very well," the tall unicorn acknowledged. "With Twilight out of commission for probably the rest of the night, we won't have any scheduled dinner plans, so, to both of you, feel free to do what you want for the evening," she relayed.

Sweetie perked up at the idea of spending more time with Spike, a sentiment the drake shared in kind.

"Awesome! Sounds good, mom! Come on, Spike!" Sweetiebot beckoned her coltfriend back towards the exit.

"Actually, Sweetie, you go on ahead. I'd like to speak with Spike for a just a moment," Mother interjected, gesturing Sweetie toward the exit with a tilt of her muzzle. At that moment, however, Spike felt he was about to shit out his own stomach; he blanched internally.

Ahhh... fuck.

“Oh, okay! I’ll see you outside, Spike,” Sweetiebot said, subtly conveying sympathy to him through her eyes as she trot back through the maze of equipment.

When Mother was sure that she was out of earshot, she turned her attention to Spike. Their eyes met at level and Spike tried to play it off.

“Heh... didn’t expect that question, honestly,” he said, rubbing the back of his neck and pursing his lips.

“You don’t need to lie to me, Spike,” Mother replied, suppressing the urge to giggle at his antics. “Besides, I knew this question would come up sooner or later... though I was hoping it would be *later* rather than *sooner*,” she admitted.

“But... I digress.

“I’m not mad or in any way peeved; it’s natural what’s going on, and you two *really* care for each other. You’re all she talks about when we spend time together,” Mother revealed with a very specific fondness that only a mother could have before continuing.

“In the end, she’s still my daughter by ‘birth’ in the nontraditional sense, so I’m obligated to tell you the whole ‘be careful with my little girl’ spiel,” she spoke with the vague gesturing of her hoof.

Spike bowed his head in complete understanding.

“R-Right, heh. Whenever that came to pass, I’d have nothing but her comfort in mind,” Spike reassured.

Mother seemed more than placated by those words, and she nodded deeply.

“Just the words I wanted to hear. However, I also wished to speak with you to possibly allay any of *your* concerns *specifically*,” she alluded.

“What do you mean?” Spike asked.

Mother cleared her throat and held her head stoic, a telltale sign, in Spike’s experience, that she was about to initiate a detailed explanation of something.

“While I have not physically ‘tested’ the functionality for *obvious* moral and ethical reasons, it’d behoove you to note that she’s capable of experiencing the full scheme of coital intimacy,” Mother spoke with certain terms and a nerdiness that would make Twilight proud.

“More specifically, if you were to hypothetically ‘deposit’ certain ‘samples’ within her, there would be no issue. She’s more than equipped for the task.”

Spike’s jaw slackened as, through the awkwardness of her explanation, he lost her.

“Wait... are you saying...”

“You can cum inside my daughter, Spike,” she deadpanned.

“OH! Heh... right, right. Totally!” the drake nodded emphatically, giving Mother a less-than-appropriate thumbs-up gesture. Again, the unicorn fought the urge to bust out laughing.

Spike scratched the back of his neck, averting his gaze.

“Well, that’s something you don’t get told everyday...” he mused out loud.

“Indeed. You know I trust you. Again, just be careful, and if you have any questions, feel free to come find me anytime. With that being said, I release you!” she added jokingly, flicking her hoof towards the exit and allowing him respite from her questioning.

Spike chuckled.

“You got it, Mother! I’ll see you later!” Spike said, waving as he turned heel, more than eager to be free of the pervasive awkwardness.

“See ya!”

[Later that evening...]

Night over Ponyville and the Castle of Friendship brought naturally cooler temperatures and a general sense of winding down and relaxation... but the night also brought with it something that had become much more common as of late: intimate sessions between Spike and Sweetiebot.

With Spike's room sealed up tight for the evening, the two lay on his bed in the preferred position of new, young lovers: the mare looking down on her dragon as she straddled his tummy. Sweetie's hooves firmly placed on Spike's chest, and the dragon's hands using Sweetie's hips as handholds, the two were locked in a passionate embrace of mouths, their eyes comfortably shut and their lips molding together to their own cadence. Occasionally, Sweetiebot would adjust her grip and ensure Spike's head remained dutifully right where it was, while Spike's fingers would trace tantalizing lines up and down her rump, coaxing an infrequent wiggle of her butt from reflex.

The two had been at it for an unknown amount of time, letting the world and the very concept of 'time' fade away and leaving nothing but one another in each other's embrace. Eventually, however, the two were forced to separate their mouths on account of air... for Spike more-so than Sweetiebot.

A small strand of saliva connected their mouths for a brief moment afterward before it broke upon them.

"Whoa..." Spike uttered in a daze; if there was one thing Sweetiebot had gotten incredible at over their two-month spanning relationship, it was kissing. "I'll *never* get tired of that." Sweetie giggled. "Same... and you *better* not get tired, because I have no intention of stopping," she warned, pressing her nose against Spike's.

The two fondly rubbed their noses together, letting their eyes flutter closed at the feeling, as well as each other's hot breath breaking upon their faces like an invisible tide.

This only spurred on the need for another kiss, and the two went at it again like any young couple... only now, Spike tightened his grip on Sweetiebot's flank, sinking his fingers into her 'skin' and extorting some hybrid form of a moan and whine. Whatever it was, he *really* liked it.

They separated again, but this time, they only looked at each other with salacious grins, ones which masked their mutual, true feelings of uncertainty. Both knew exactly what they wanted, and where they wished to end up next, but neither had the courage to move first.

Sweetiebot smiled and pressed her forehead against Spike's, and the two shared in yet another affectionate gesture. The drake ran his palms back up the curvature of her haunches and slid them up her form, getting a nice feel of her smooth, svelte torso, as well as being able to feel the strong, rapid beat of her artificial heart.

Sweetie pulled her head back and gazed down into his eyes, her bionic, emerald orbs locking onto his identically colored pools.



"I've never asked, but..." Sweetiebot voiced, still gazing down at him with a smile. "...do my cybernetic eyes bother you at all, Spike?"

The drake shook his head, meeting her expression with an eager, loving smile of his own.

"Never. I actually like how I can see your inner eyes move and focus on me... it's unique but I dunno, I get a kick out of it," Spike confessed, smoothing over any of Sweetiebot's leftover fears about her appearance... even if she was just being silly.

Spike loved everything about her, and something as simple as her eyes wouldn't turn him off at all.

Sweetie let out a gentle groan of both satisfaction and relief.

"I'm glad," she expressed, pecking his lips once more.

She pulled back before Spike could clamor after more lip action, his mouth trying to drag her back down but to little avail.

This time though, Sweetiebot let out a forlorn sigh as her ears drooped. She glanced over to the wall, and at nothing in particular.

"I just hope I can please you..."

Spike, however, only shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't think that'll be a problem," Spike replied honestly. "Call it intuition... and really *really* awkward reassurance from Mother."

The biodroid scoffed at the memory, giggling all the while.

"Don't remind me," Sweetiebot said almost ruefully. She pushed a few wayward strands of her artificial mane out of her face. "But still. Doesn't keep me from wondering."

“True, but something tells me things’ll be just fine. Either way...” Spike began anew, pressing his thumbs into her flanks and earning a lip bite out of his mare. “...we should probably find that out for ourselves, hmm?”

At this point, the fire had been lit from the heavy petting and making out; all Spike had to do was loose his hardening member from its internal sheath and Sweetie had already gotten a bit... damp around her most intimate of parts.

At the culmination of those encouraging words, Sweetie’s face lit up giddily.

It was time.

“Yeah... I guess we should,” she answered.

She pressed her crotch low into his, grinding herself once against him as if it would provide her any respite from the burning itch that was slowly but surely beginning to consume her entire being.

Lowering her face down to connect her lips to his once again, she took note on how her RAM was being muddled up with more and more of the idea of ‘sex.’ For the first time in the presence of someone she trusted with her life, Sweetiebot was allowing herself to think freely and embrace her arousal to the fullest extent.

“Mmm...” Spike cooed into her mouth when he knew what his mare was up to, and he cupped his hands firmly over her flanks and pulled them down, reciprocating the resistance and pressing their crotches even more flush together.

They separated again, lips millimeters apart.

“I love your flank,” the dragon felt compelled to comment as his fingers continued to mold around and dig into his favorite toy at the moment.

“Mmmph!” Sweetie let a higher pitched groan escape her lips when Spike gripped a particularly sensitive part of her haunches. “Y-You can play with it as much as you like...” Sweetie trailed off as she embraced the feeling in full.

Her coltfriend went about massaging her haunches to her liking, kneading his fingers into her organic-alloy posterior and seemingly getting more pleasure out of it than her!

“Good, because I don’t think I’ll ever get enough of these gorgeous...” he squeezed her two cheeks together; Sweetiebot’s breath hitched in her throat.

“Curvy...” he spread them apart and dug his fingers in low, and she shuddered heavily.

“Hips.” Spike released his (pleasurable) vice-grip on her ass and gave it a sexy little swat on the left cheek.



Sweetie’s eyes clenched shut and she stiffened as the panel on her back opened up. At an instant, two cylindrical blasters sprung out and jutted outward as if they were wings on a pegasus; her self-defense protocol.

Nary a peep sounded from either party, their eyes having shot open at the sudden action. To further exacerbate her embarrassment, Sweetiebot's 'extensions' continued to whirl and passively charge.

"...Well then," Spike spoke, finally shrugging off the startling act.

Sweetie sighed, her entire facial expression pursing like her mouth. 'Humiliated' would be an understatement.

"That *really* just happened..." she said almost painfully.

"Huh, I guess you popped a wing-boner of sorts," Spike remarked, but his grin morphed into a much more devilish expression. "Or should I say, a *blaster-boner*," he added so cheekily.

"Oh, for... S-Shut *up*, Spike! This is really embarrassing!" she whined.



She tried with all her might, but she could not get the damn things to collapse back into her chassis. That led her to the horrifying realization that Spike was probably halfway right: they were activated by her heightened arousal. As such, they probably wouldn't be going anywhere anytime soon.

"Damn blasters... this better be worth it."

"Oh they won't get in the way, I actually kinda like them," Spike reassured her, gripping and tapping the side of the left barrel.

"Just make sure you don't blow a hole through my ceiling; that's the *last* thing I need to explain to Twilight, heh."

Sweetiebot deadpanned, staring straight into Spike's eyes.

"I'll try to keep that in mind," she replied, but instantly adopted another smile before fusing her lips to Spike's again.

While Spike kept a nice handle on one of her blasters and his other hand on her butt, the two continued their earlier make out session in an effort to restore the mood; it worked flawlessly, if Sweetiebot's re-moistening marehood and Spike's hardened, sheathed length were anything to go by.

As their tongues danced lustfully in each other's joined mouths cape, Spike unceremoniously let his member escape its sheath and stand at full mast, resting right against Sweetie's throbbing crescent.

"Whoa..." she said, separating and opening her eyes wide. She glanced over her shoulder to try and get a look at that ribbed, pulsating cock that was wedging itself on her slit. Doing just that, she found exactly what she expected: a ribbed, throbbing, bright red shaft with a tapered head. Unexpectedly though, she found a knot at the base, bulbous and throbbing, yet equally as delicious-looking as the rest of his member.

Sweetie eyed it hungrily, and took solace in knowing that that would be inside her *very* soon. Still, its apparent size from her viewpoint begged the question:

“Will that thing even *fit* inside me?” She grinded herself against his length, and both of them shuddered pleasurably at the little jolt.



Spike wasn't one to squander compliments, but he had to bring himself back down to earth once in a while.

“Hehe, I think you're giving me... mmmm... too much credit, Sweetie,” Spike joked humbly. “Besides, why wouldn't it?”

“I haven't exactly tested my... erm, 'parts' for this,” the cybernetic unicorn reminded.

Nevertheless, she continued to let her lower body have a mind of its own, pressing and grinding her swollen marehood against Spike's rigid cock. In turn, the drake, further reaffirmed his hold on her flanks.

Before he could add his input, Sweetiebot cut him off.

"I guess there's only one way to find out," she said sultrily, angling her rump so the head of Spike's dick was just parting her delicate folds. Both simultaneously bit their lips and adopted much more seductive looks, never foregoing eye contact for even a second.

"I guess so! You ready?" Spike asked one final time.

"As I'll ever be. Just be gentle, okay?" Sweetie asked, even though she was technically the one in control at the moment.

Even so, Spike nodded, and the two steeled themselves as the mare relaxed and sunk lower and lower onto his shaft. With a soft, yet drawn out groan from both parties, Sweetiebot effectively impaled herself on her coltfriend. She had little control of the pleasure shooting through her body, and unlike her worries, there was no pain involved, possibly owed to her structure.

Spike his head fall back entirely on the pillow at the feeling of his dick getting enveloped in his mare's depths.

"Fuuuuck~, that's good," he moaned.

Pleasurable heat surged through both of their now-joined bodies as they got used to the new feeling. Both were entering new territory together, and independently thought that, if this was how good it felt at first, then how come they never thought of doing something like this sooner?

"Spike..." Sweetie shuddered out, kneading her hooves into Spike's chest in any effort to diffuse the pleasure that was flooding through her core.

The feeling of being filled almost perfectly so nearly scrambled her CPU. What really maximized her own pleasure, however, was hearing and seeing Spike's reaction to sinking himself within her... and she could not have been happier.



"It feels... mmmm... amazing for me too!" she added.

Spike had a small lapse in judgement, however, in no small part due to his mind swimming in bliss.

"This is *so* much better than my fleshlight*..."

Sweetie's eyes shot open. And Spike instantly knew that he messed up once he saw Sweetie furrow her brow.

"...Did you *seriously* just compare *me* to a *sextoy*, Spike?!" Sweetie demanded.

"NO! I... o-okay I *didn't* mean it like *that*," he rapidly replied, scrambling to reassemble his brain and go into damage control mode.



“Is that how it’s gonna be? Huh? Just use me and toss me away when you’re done with me?? Answer me!” she continued her irritated onslaught, narrowing her gaze and getting in Spike’s face as the latter began to come to terms with the true definition of ‘fear.’

“Hell no! Of course not! You know me better than that, Sweetie, it was just a slip of the...” Spike began to quickly rattle off his apology and explanation, but stopped the instant he heard a stifled snicker coming right from Sweetiebot’s throat.

He deadpanned immediately.

When their two *greatly* varying expressions homed in on each other, Sweetie lost her composure entirely, busting out laughing while Spike let his head fall back to the pillow in relief.

“Oh *fuck* off! You’re horrible!” the drake jokingly complained. This did little in the way of quelling Sweetie’s laughter.

“Heh... whew! You’re too easy to mess with, Spike,” she admitted, both of them just realizing that Spike was still hilted within her.

At that moment, the cybernetic unicorn’s expression went right back to a much more salacious one.

“But don’t worry, handsome... I don’t mind being your little plaything, your little *toy*,” she added, leaning in and pecking the reeling dragon once and nipping at his lower lip.

She felt she had to follow up with something more, and Sweetie called upon all her abilities in an attempt to continue being sexy for Spike.

“I’ll be your *personal* sextoy, a-and unlike your fleshlight, I’ll *milk* you *dry*,” she added as smoothly as possible, stammering slightly at the realization of exactly what she was saying.

Nevertheless, she felt powerful; sexy!

“Not gonna lie, I *love* the sound of that,” he rallied, reviving his somewhat-killed boner at a moment’s notice, stiffening almost painfully within Sweetie and evoking another joint groan.

Their lidded eyes locked onto each other for the umpteenth time, both gazes playing host to a wealth of emotions that welled up within, and began manifesting themselves in physical actions...

...Sweetie began rocking her hips into Spike.

It was a gentle rhythm at first, one in which Sweetiebot dictated the cadence. Spike’s bright, throbbing cock sunk into his mare on her own accord, and for him, she might as well have had an ‘organic’ vagina, as in his inexperience, he could not tell the difference. All he knew for absolute certainty was that this definitely was much better than his hand-held toy.

He decided to keep that fact to himself this time around.

Gentle moans began to pervade the formerly calm, quiet atmosphere, and in conjunction with the gentle hum of the portable heater, things got hotter in several senses. Sweetie’s mouth hung

slightly slack, her breathing soft, ragged, yet rhythmic, much like Spike's. Their eyes continued to bore into each other, lidded and casting forth the powerful feelings both had for one another, and further amplified by their physical and ethereal joining below.

For Spike, it was heaven each and every time Sweetie impaled herself on him, and for the robotic mare, it was a blessing being in control of her 'fullness' at any given time.

Their heartbeats were synchronized, and they felt it not in their chests, but each other's loins.

The mare's moaning picked up when she let herself drop down farther from a higher point, enjoying, perhaps a little too much, getting literally speared by Spike's pointed, dragon cock. The feeling was not lost on Spike either, as the two of them had to take a small break with the drake entirely hilted within her.

Their groans fought for control, but were silenced when Sweetie lowered her mouth to his and initiated yet another sloppy, open-mouthed kiss. Their tongues sensually danced around each other, while Sweetie's swollen lips throbbed around Spike's cock, which was also pulsating powerfully.

Enough break-time had been had, and Sweetiebot gave into instinct a bit more, gyrating her hips on his crotch. She moaned gutturally into his mouth as Spike's ribbed length ground up against and around her walls cyclically, scratching her insatiable, fiery itch in ways she did not think were even possible. She could feel that knot of his throb in tandem with his length against her lower lips, further stimulating her.

"Spike..." she moaned, being the first to utter a word during their act.

For Spike, it wasn't what she said then, but *how* she said it that catalyzed something in him. Some nameless, foreign instinct awoke inside his stomach, and in a singular moment of clarity through his lust-clouded mind, he only had one word to potentially describe what he was feeling:

Hunger; powerful, ravenous hunger.

"Sweetie," he moaned in return, adjusting his position and pillow so he was not entirely on his back at the unicorn's mercy.

His hand placement suddenly became much more critical, and as Sweetiebot started rocking her hips into his again, the work was divided up much more evenly, and this new position allowed Spike to thrust his dick straight into her on her down strokes... a technique that earned him a sudden, sharp moan from her. Her internals were working in overdrive, pure electricity seemingly shooting through her entire body each and every time Spike bottomed out in her.

"That's it... there!" Sweetie said imperiously, pressing her muzzle against Spike's as their passionate lovemaking continued in earnest.

Their moans were much louder and courageous as their crotches met one another at an ever-increasing frequency. Neither cared if they even woke Twilight from her slumber... or even all of Ponyville! For Sweetie, all that mattered as she was getting herself a nice helping of dragon cock was the drake giving it to her nice and good, and conversely, the analogous sentiment for Spike.

"Right there?" Spike replied breathily not a few moments later, punctuating by ramming his dick straight through her hole, hilding himself harshly within her.

Sweetiebot's answer was clear, as her eyes shut tightly and she buried her face in the crook of his neck. Spike did his best to hold her ass with one hand to continue facilitating their thrusting while placing his other hand on Sweetie's back to keep her flush against him.

"Yeah! There... ah!! Just like that, so good..." she whined, nipping at his neck all the while.

Neither were experienced in this art, and despite the fun they were having, they both lost their rhythm often; or Spike would accidentally slip out of her, which would be quickly rectified by reinserting himself. Soon enough, however, the awkward position they slipped into necessitated another small break, as well as to give their beleaguered, inexperienced muscles a time to rest.

The between-time was accounted for with a more sensual make-out; less voracious. Letting their eyes shut while remaining connected, they expressed their deepest warmth for each other through their mouths for just a little while longer.

It was Spike who broke their lip-lock this time around, and his face gave away exactly what he intended to say.

"I have an idea... and it should be more comfortable for the both of us," he alluded, still catching his breath.

"Spike..." Sweetie spoke breathily and in a massive daze. She fell back into his embrace, however, which was an implicit submission to whatever the drake had in mind.

Locking their lips. Spike felt around and got his footing, sitting up and carrying Sweetiebot with him off of the bed. Since their faces were connected at the mouth, vision on Spike's part was poor, causing him to bump into the bed, his dresser, and the wall with extra hilarity afforded by their giggles and the sex-high. Nevertheless, they soon arrived at Spike's intended place, an armchair in the bedroom's corner.

Almost disheartenedly, the two pulled away.

"Here..." Spike said, letting Sweetie down softly and helping her get into position.

That is, he gestured for her to place her hooves against the cushy back of the chair and to stick her butt out, facing him. She got the message almost immediately and looked back at Spike with lewd eyes, flicking her tail aside and exposing her swollen, cybernetic pussy to him in full.

To Spike, it looked exactly like a 'real' mare's, and he definitely felt how hard his dick twitched when presented with the sight.

"Oooh~, where'd you get *this* idea?" Sweetie teased, wiggling her ass enticingly at him. Spike lined himself up, hands on her flanks and pressing the tip of his cock into her.

He locked eyes with her and answered in the most matter-of-fact manner possible:

"Porn."

And then he sunk himself back into her.

Sweetiebot groaned almost maniacally at being filled again, and she pressed her butt back into Spike's crotch to further spur him on. The drake wasted no time in gathering a rhythm, bucking his hips back and forth, and ensuring that each time he thrust, he bottomed out in her. Their hips

meat with audible slaps, though that sound lost favor with the fornicating couple in favor of each other's groans and words of encouragement.

"Yes... YES!" Sweetie cried, baring her teeth as Spike grinded the entire bottom of his length against that special spot against her upper walls.

Another foreign instinct took ahold of her, a strong urge to stick a hoof between her legs and massage her clit, but any attempt to do so would rid her of the support of her two hooves, hooves which ensured she got the hardest railing from the drake behind her as possible.

"Fuck yes!" Spike replied through his lust-clouded mind.

Needing a much better grip on his mare's body, he realized that she had two back-mounted blasters that had refused to holster themselves. As such, he appropriated the left as a proper handhold. In the heat of the moment, he tried his proverbial hand at dirty talk.

"Damn, you're fucking wet down there," he said, partially unsure of himself, as those words didn't particularly sound good in his head.

But since he was thinking with his thrusting cock at the moment, his inhibitions were sufficiently lowered.

"Y-Yeah?" Sweetie moaned, pressing her cheek into the chair's cusy back so she could more easily stare back at Spike. "I'm... MMMPH!!... this wet, only... OOH!... for you, Spikey," she uttered out whilst her drake continued to plow her virgin pussy.

As for him, Sweetie's eager response (and what she actually said) encouraged him further, and his dick seemed to impossibly harden further inside her.

"O-Only for me?" Spike repeated her words teasingly.

"YES!" Sweetie said, replying to both his question as well as reacting to when Spike hit that special spot.

"I'm your mare, Spike!... AHH!"

It was at this moment that Spike realized how much words could have an effect on him, as he felt rejuvenated in energy, swelling with the most wonderful feeling that fed him purpose... a purpose that commanded he slam his dick into Sweetie as hard, deep, and fast as he could.

And gritting his teeth, that's exactly what he did.

"Spike... SPIKE!!... SPIKE!!" Sweetiebot nearly screamed at the sudden, euphoric change of speed. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth at the surging of pure pleasure through her system, a feeling that she had never known, but somehow, still longed for her entire, short life.



One more deep thrust into her was all it took for her first orgasm to sneak up on her, toppling her mind over the edge and forcing an involuntary, guttural moan of ecstasy from her throat. Her entire body seemed to lock up as her high wracked her body, and Spike certainly felt it when her pussy quivered and tightened around him.

This, however, only emboldened him for his own release.

His pleased, labored grunting continued, though not in any way competing with Sweetiebot's cyclic, perpetual moans. The extra sensitivity in her nethers proved too much for her, and after a few moments she came (hard) again. This time, she seized up and her front legs refused to support her weight against the chair, the result being her slumping into its embrace while her ass remained dutifully in the air.

She did not have to say it, but she was more than content with letting Spike continue to use and ravage her pussy.

"Sweetie..." Spike said with such a tone that conveyed the approaching inevitable. Further backing this up was the familiar, gradual swelling of the knot on the base of his dick.

For Sweetie, moans, groans, and whines were all she could muster at the time, as any words she so longed to scream died as inchoate thoughts, coming out as gibberish. She sunk further into the chair as strength left her, and her mind was swimming in pure bliss at the hands of Spike's perfect cock.

Sweetie looked up at him with that glassy, far-off look that screamed 'sex,' one which held a yearning for anything and everything he could offer her.

That was all he needed to know.

A few more erratic, deep bucks and Spike hilted himself into her with one final, powerful thrust, growling loudly as he fired the first salvos of his pent-up seed. His cum deposit quickly overflowed on itself in conjunction with Sweetie's own juices, and his load lightly splattered outward onto Sweetie's inner thighs. By virtue of having buried his now-swollen knot within her, the two were locked together for the next ten minutes or so.

Not that either of them cared... the two nearly got off again on feeling each other throbbing, and Sweetie was in absolute bliss with his knot practically stretching her lips and walls to new levels. She allowed her hind legs some respite and let herself unceremoniously fall on her front.

As expected, Spike eventually de-swelled and torturously-slowly pulled out. Even more of a mess ran down Sweetiebot's thighs or just flat out dripped onto the chair in large dollops.



At the empty feeling left in the wake of Spike's vacating and quickly softening length, Sweetie sank entirely into the chair. Spike caught his breath, stabilizing himself with a single hand on the armrest.

The two lover's spent gazes fell upon one another, basking in the ethereal warmth that their bodies exuded, and the accompanying emotions that forced both of their faces to color from implication.

They had performed the most intimate of deeds, shared with each other on a profound level that many would never know; no words were necessary, though... only beleaguered smiles were exchanged. Moans and groans were foregone in favor of gentle whimpers and soft breaths which only continued to fade out with each passing tick of the clock, even when the odd couple reclaimed some semblance of their bearings and fell into bed in a haphazard tangle of limbs...

...and all was silent once more.

Spike had no recollection of falling asleep, nor did he have the vaguest idea of whether he dreamt or not. In fact, the only thing he was sure of was that he had gotten some of the best sleep in his *life*.

Groaning, he could feel each and every muscle satisfyingly sore from last night's activities with the mare of his dreams, a little souvenir, as it were. In his groggy state of mind, he grinned to himself, but he could deal with this later. All he wished to do was to resign his face back to his pillow, Sweetiebot under his arms, and just sleep the day away.

Fate, however, had different plans.

Moving to at least stretch out and relieve his sore muscles before trekking back to dreamland, Spike suddenly realized he could not move his arms. By that same token, his chest felt constrained as well, as if he was bound by something.

His eyes shot open immediately.

"...What?" he questioned, glancing down at himself to indeed confirm his suspicions. Laying on his back, his arms were expertly bound to his torso inexplicably by rope.

"Huh, so that's what it looks like..."

Sweetie's voice cut into his immediate thoughts, and his body went rigid. If he wasn't awake, he sure was now!

Looking forward down by the foot of the bed, he found Sweetiebot nestled comfortably between his legs, examining his *clearly* erect, throbbing dick as if it were the most interesting thing in the world right now.

Spike blinked. Hard.

"Ummm... Sweetie? What're you doing? And why the heck am I tied up?" he asked appropriately.

The cybernetic mare, however, elected to ignore him, instead continuing to trace her eyes and hoof over his cock.

"I'm just looking," she stated matter-of-factly.

Her metallic appendage so tenderly slid over his pulsing member, memorizing each and every bit of contour it had to offer... as well as curiously prodding the more ribbed, 'barbed' areas that had tickled her in *all* the right places last night. Her hoof and gaze also fell down to that bulbous 'knot' of his, the one which kept them locked in such an intimate hold... and she couldn't wait to get it inside her again when Spike would ultimately release.

Her actions evoked both a shudder and a groan, Spike's morning wood being teased sending him well on the trail to blue-balls.

There were more pressing matters, however, and Spike was not gonna let them go so easily.

"Seriously though, why did you tie me up?" he asked again, grunting and exerting himself against his bounds. His attempts to slip or break out were in vain, however. He was tied much too well.

Sweetiebot only giggled, and finally focused those hypnotic eyes of hers onto Spike's. Her face contorted into one of lascivious mischief as she slowly crawled over the helpless drake.

"Well~... we're not done here just yet, Spikey," she said, biting her lip and leaning down to grace her coltfriend with the first kiss of the morning.

Despite his current predicament, Spike happily obliged, and the two parted each other's lips with their tongues. Their wet muscles massaged one another in an intimate dance that quickly proved was *never* too early, nor too late to take part in.

From the moment she looked at him to the moment they separated, Spike began to process the message Sweetie was getting at. He'd *love* to go another round...

...but was the rope *really* necessary?

"I'm down... but can you, like, untie me?" Spike asked, furthering his point by continuing to struggle.

With her hooves on his chest, Sweetiebot only, cutely, shook her head.

"Nope!"

Spike deadpanned and breathed a heavy sigh. In his mind, if Sweetie wanted him to fuck her raw as a start to the morning, he wouldn't really have much power to do so from his standpoint. He just hoped she had something brilliant planned, considering *she* was the one who managed to essentially wrangle him without waking him.

That was an achievement on its own.

"But, that won't be needed," she continued, intercepting his protests as she turned around. She straddled him in reverse and, paying him back for just the bit of teasing he bestowed on her last night, planted her ass right in his face. For Spike, this would've been one of the best ways to get smothered and *really* wake up in the morning, but alas, fate continued to work against him.

T'was a meeting between face and flank that was only meant to be fleeting. Sweetie promptly pulled herself away, giggled evilly, and slid down his body.

And as she flicked her tail to the side and wedged Spike's painfully hard cock between her flanks, Spike was also drawn to her back. To him, it appeared that Sweetiebot hastily wrapped duct tape around her back and midsection.

He cocked an eyebrow.

"Did... did you *tape* yourself?"

"Do you *want* blasters in your face?" Sweetie countered with equal tone. She then glanced over her shoulder and raised her eyebrow, to which, Spike had little riposte.

While she did have a cogent point, Spike *did* find utility in said weapons as handholds to drill him some robot pussy. Still, Spike had to concede.

“Fair point.”

If there was one thing that Sweetiebot and Spike knew how to do, it was to have a conversation. They could quite literally talk about everything and nothing all the same, and often in situations where silence would often be preferred to speaking. To prevent such a casual back and forth, Sweetie had every intention of dragging Spike back into the realm of sex.



So, she thought she'd wake him up a little bit extra, wiggling her flanks with Spike's member pleasantly enveloped between them. The effect of him shuddering and stifling a groan with a bitten lip was quite cute to the cybernetic mare, and she mimicked his expression over her shoulder, though much more lasciviously.

She was definitely starting to get the hang of this, and groaning as well, she focused all her attention on being sexy, just for him.

“Mmmm... so big and hard, just for me, Spike?” she teased, continuing to slowly and tantalizingly shift her hips from side to side. She smiled innocently. “Hope you’re nice and comfy back there!”

At her words, a fat bead of precum made itself known at the head of Spike’s dick, and promptly dribbled down his length.

“Sweetie... if you keep teasing me like *that* I’m not gonna last long at all! Untie me, damnit!” he said, continuing to strain against not only his bounds this time, but against his marefriend’s relentless taunting.

Sweetiebot had no intention of being a merciful dominator at the moment, however. She noticed, however, that Spike was reacting quite nicely to her encouraging words. Perhaps she’d continue to test that.

“Easy now, my *well-endowed* gentle-drake,” she cooed... perhaps a bit too exaggeratedly, in hindsight.

Her cheeks heat up in potential embarrassment, feeling that the line was, in retrospect, a bit *too* cheesy. However, she noticed no change for the worse in Spike, so she decided to continue onward.

Not without, of course, pressing her ass more firmly against Spike’s throbbing cock, nearly pressing it flush against his stomach. She kept up the facade of innocence

“I promised to ‘milk you dry,’ remember?” Sweetiebot asked sweetly. “Well, that’s *exactly*... what. I’m. Going. To. Do,” she punctuated each of her words by grinding her ass harshly against him.

With how (pleasantly) rough she was being, Spike was sure anymore whether this was for him or for her... but either way, he had a sinking feeling in the pit of his dick that he’d be in for a little bit of a ride.

And that predatory look in Sweetie’s eyes spelled what was to come. He gulped in some odd mix of fear and immense anticipation.

“Oh dear lord...”

Sweetie took Spike’s words as him being tacitly ready for her to ravish him. With that, she hugged his tail to her chest for extra support and, with a little bit of shuffling, she stood on her hind legs to line herself up with his erection. Little effort and minor adjustment with her hoof was needed for her to start sinking down on his length, literally impaling herself on her drake and taking him entirely.



“Ooooh~” she groaned out, letting her posture sag as she was pleasantly full. She could feel every beat of Spike’s heart inside her, and his pulsating heightened her own arousal. Her breathing was ragged but she quickly pulled herself together, shooting Spike that same devilish grin that she did earlier.

As for Spike, there was little he could do but just enjoy and *relish* in the treatment Sweetie was about to lavish him with.

Keeping eye-contact, Sweetie commenced rocking her hips back and forth, exaggerating her movements and letting Spike's length nearly vacate her entirely before stuffing herself again. Even though her movements started out as deliberate and slow, she held little sway over her body reacting on its own accord, and such actions manifested as gentle sighs and moans flowing unbidden from her mouth. Spike's dragon dick managed to touch every place inside of her that made her tick oh-so satisfyingly, and the fact that Sweetiebot had full-control of just how full she could be at any given time overclocked her components like no other.

As Sweetiebot continued to rhythmically bounce on his cock, Spike ceased any of his attempts at trying to at least loosen his restraints. In fact, he just let his lower body take on a mind of his own, moving his hips opposite of Sweetie's, and the effect was brilliant. He'd buck his hips on her down strokes, further slamming his dick deep within her and relishing in the feeling of her pussy pulsating around him like a vice.

Sweetie's own restraint, however, went completely out the window, evident by her quickly picking up speed... much too fast for Spike's still-sensitive dick from last night.

"UNNHH! Sweetie, you gotta slow down!" Spike pleaded. "Ach!! Mmmm... I'm still a little sensitive and sore down there!"

Said pleas were answered with only Sweetie's moans, as his words clearly fell on willfully deaf ears.

The sounds of sex quickly overtook the natural ambiance of the room, and their collective moaning and groaning returned to the heights previously visited the night before. Sweetiebot's hips slammed down upon Spike's with greater abandon. The biodroid tightened her grip on Spike's tail and used the extra leverage to bounce herself and rock her flank faster and faster, all while ensuring that she properly speared herself on her lover each and every time.

"Mmm yes! Right there... right *there*!" Sweetiebot cried out when Spike's head hit her in that perfect spot within. She clenched her pussy for good measure to 'stretch out' and potentially milk him of anything early... unfortunately she was not rewarded for her efforts just yet, so she continued on.

She gyrated her hips and promptly resumed bouncing on his cock once she caught her breath.

“Damnit! Ahhh! Sweetie I’m serious!” Spike groaned, not actively refusing to help drive his spire deep into his cybernetic mare’s sopping-wet hole. “I’m not gonna last much... Mmmm!... longer if you keep this up!”

That admission didn’t *necessarily* mean that Spike wanted her to stop cold-turkey. In fact, he was swimming in pleasure, if his lolled tongue and shut eyes were anything to corroborate. Each time Sweetiebot’s hips met his own, his entire body screamed for release, and he could only hope that she was getting enough out of using him.

The mare in question, however, glanced back at him with flared cheeks and lidded eyes. She temporarily slowed down and instead, opted to gyrate her hips exclusively, rocking cyclically and having Spike’s cock pivot within her, spiking both of their pleasures.

“Hah~... I know,” she said. “Just hold on for me... mmmph!... okay? I wanna... oooh~.... give you the *best* orgasm of your life!” she declared.

And saying that, she let go of all inhibition and *truly* rode him by every definition of the word. Spike offered no contest as he was treated to a hypnotic view of Sweetiebot’s curvy ass jiggling each time her hips kissed his own.

Sweetie’s moans turned to outright cries of incoherent garble as she fought to convey her feelings and desires to the drake she was rutting into the bed. Her pussy was on fire and all of her internal components were completely overclocked to keep up with the massive surges of pleasure shooting through her body... all ingressing from the nethers she was so keen on abusing at the moment.

Spike’s dick was throbbing painfully by this point, so desperate for a release that when it would be upon him, he had enough mental clarity to know that it would be explosive and messy. The journey to the promised land of orgasmic high was beckoning to him like a siren’s call, and gradually his pleas and implorations for mercy morphed into moans of pleasure and quickly-impending release.

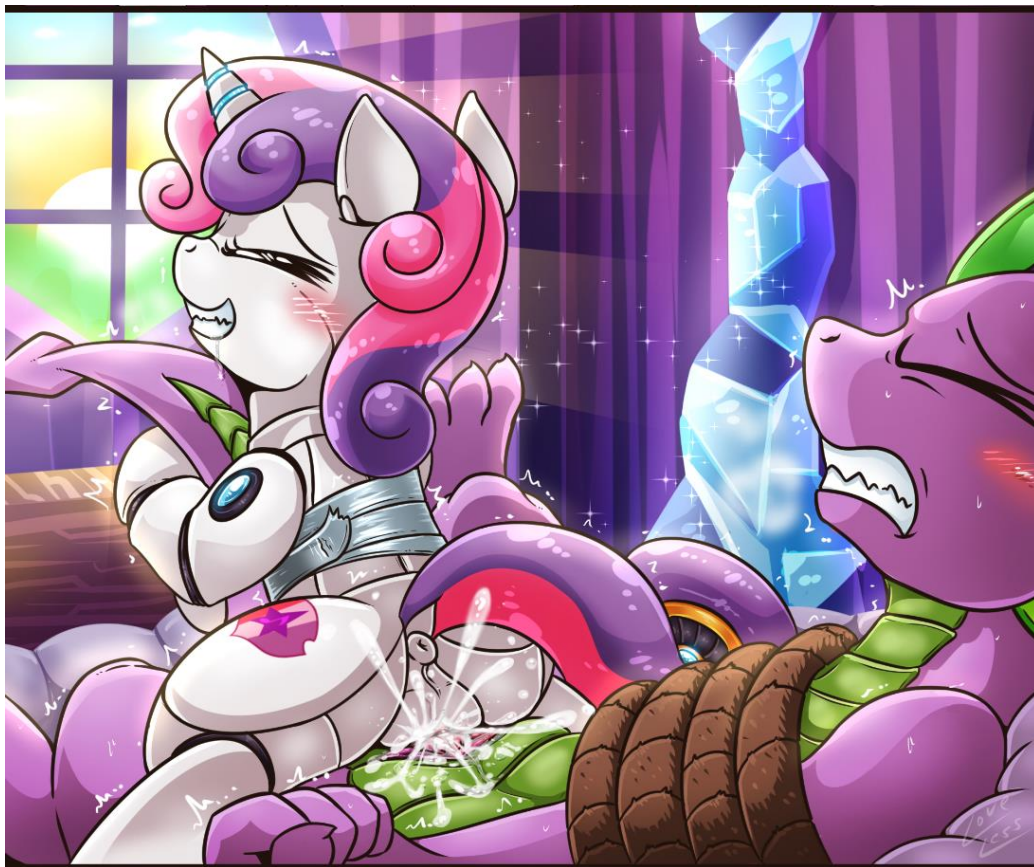
He and Sweetie were now competing on the noisiness front.

All of it bundled together... the sounds of their passionate lovemaking, their moans and cries of monotonically increasing euphoria, the sight of nopony but each other, and the sweat pouring from their overworking bodies soon proved to be all too much for either of them to withstand. As Sweetie's rhythmic fucking, her emphatic slamming of her pussy down to the base of Spike's cock and his knot continued with what remaining energy she could muster, it was only a question of who would break first.

Spike happened to be that individual.

"Sweeie... don't stop don't stop don't stop there... THERE! FUCK I'm cumming!" he growled through clenched teeth as his dick swelled up and began injecting his seed into Sweetie's needy pussy.

"ME TOO, SPIKE! GIVE IT TO ME!" Sweetiebot cried to the ceiling, shutting her eyes as she slammed her hips down one last time at the feeling of Spike's essence spilling into her.



His knot was enveloped by her hungry depths as it swelled, joining and locking them at the nethers as the two came together epically. Moans spilled involuntarily from their mouths, neither caring in the slightest about volume control while Spike quite literally filled her up. Their combined 'product' overflowed from Sweetie's tight cavern, spilling and splattering over her inner thighs as well as coating Spike's crotch.

The room was filled with harsh panting and gentle moaning... and as expected, the two of them would be stuck in this position for at least the next ten minutes, if last night's transpirations were anything to go by.

Sweetiebot was the first to, weakly, break the silence.

"You... Celestia... you came *so* much," Sweetie astutely noted, looking back at Spike once again, still catching her breath, but with *amore-than-satisfied*, dopey smile on her face.

"You've got... heh... nopony to blame but yourself," Spike quipped in return, eyes lidded from sheer fatigue.

He didn't even care that he was probably not getting enough air from his rope restraints, or that he could not move from his position at all... further since the two were locked together for the time being.

All that he cared about was that, Sweetiebot was right: that *was* the greatest orgasm of his life thus far...

...and he would not wish to have it with anypony but the one on top of him right now.

On that note, Sweetiebot shuddered above him.

"*Celestia* I feel so full... I *love* it," she remarked, letting out another soft groan of pleasure as she reveled in their dirty act.

Spike really had nothing to add to that, apart from a tired smile for his mare. Sweetie returned the smile with one of her own, and she lovingly massaged his tail and imparted a kiss on it. She could not rightly dislodge herself to make out and cuddle with him at the moment.

Even so, she still had one last point to make:

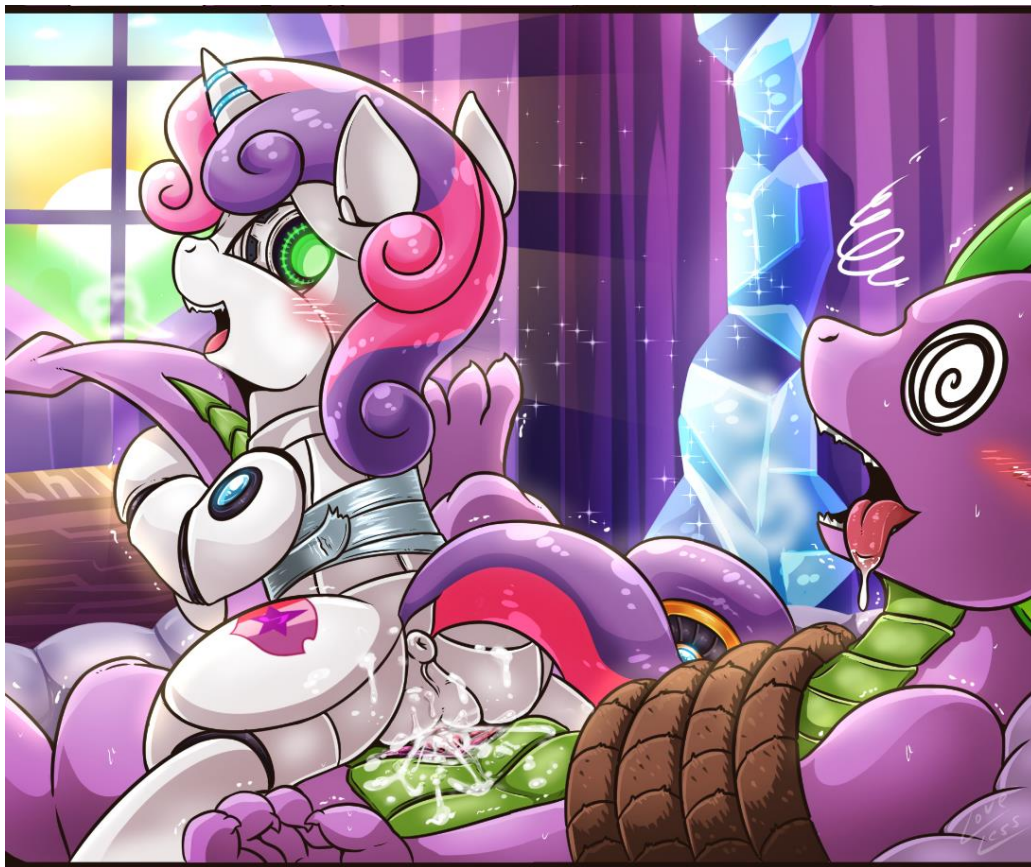
“I *told* you I’d milk you dry, Spikey~,” she noted pointedly, beaming. “Consider it payback for hammering me silly last night.”

Spike’s eyelids became even heavier. Perhaps he didn’t get as much sleep as he needed, but that release *really* sapped the energy out of him. He figured the plan would be to cuddle and rest after his knot decided to deswell, so he was sure that Sweetie wouldn’t mind him getting a head start.

He only had the energy to muster two words before his eyes force-closed and his head hit the pillow:

“...Worth it.”

And he was out like a light.



Sweetiebot giggled and shook her head softly, gazing upon her now-sleeping drake with a googly-eyed gaze.

“You always knew how to treat a mare,” she mused dreamily.

The door to Spike’s bedroom slammed open, immediately Sweetiebot’s attention but doing little to disturb Spike from his orgasm-induced siesta.

“Spike? Are you *still* asleep in...” Twilight Sparkle, the newcomer, spoke as her words droned off precipitously.

Her eyes widened almost comically at the scene of seeing Sweetiebot atop of Spike with his dick clearly buried within the biodroid. Twilight’s jaw opened to say something, anything to Sweetie, who was struck paralyzed in fear and embarrassment.



Words were not forthcoming for the alicorn, however, and her mouth refused to utter anything.

"I...I... umm..." was all she could muster before smiling sheepishly and *slowly* backing out of the room.

She closed the door gently, and Sweetie could hear galloping hoofsteps down the hall. The cybernetic unicorn was also pretty sure that she felt a few parts inside her become a bit *too* overtaxed from nearly dying of embarrassment. Calming herself down, she looked enviously towards a sleeping Spike who was none the wiser of what had just happened.

"You *better* do the talking when we see Twilight later today..."

---- The End ----