

SIDEKICK STORY

STORY CONCEPT AND ILLUSTRATOR BY LOVELESS NOVA
FICTION WRITE BY DIRTY LITTLE SECRET (FIMFICTION)

Matter-Horn pressed herself against the bars of the cage below. “You'll never get away with this, Mane-lac!”

“Oh really, my little purple friend? Just how are you going to stop me from bringing doomsday to all the ponies of Maretropolis this time?” She laughed, a disturbed and maniacal laugh. “May I remind you that you and all your Power Pony friends are safely locked in that cage, while my rocket is already prepared to fly, filled with a powder that will force anypony who breathes it to laugh uncontrollably until they are unable to focus on anything at all? Really, why would you want to save their peace and quiet anyway? What have they ever done for you?”

Radiance didn't bother to get up off of the couch she'd made with her special power. “Well, you should know by now that the hero always wins in the end, darling.” She took a moment to examine her hoof, checking its shine. “I just wish you would get on with it.”

Mane-lac gave a sinister laugh. “Say anything you want, Radiance, but nothing can stop me now – you are all trapped in here! I've captured all of the power ponies! All the ponies of Maretropolis will grovel at my...”

From his vantage up on the second floor of the factory, Hum Drum – shook his head. When would she ever learn? “You've forgotten about me again, Mane-lac,” he shouted down, “and that is why you'll fail over and over.”

“Wha— Who said that? Who are you? Where are you?” Mane-lac twisted around, frantically searching as her mane tendrils writhed wildly. Finally, she him standing in front of the control switches for the cages. He stood over the unconscious body of one of her henchponies.

“Hum Drum the Sidekick, at your service,” he said sarcastically. He smiled and turned off the switch beside him.



As soon as the switch was pulled, all six cages holding the Power Ponies trapped swung wide open, and the six of them were free. They made quick work of the henchponies Mane-lac struck on them, casting them aside with ease. Even Mane-lac herself failed to stop them; alone, she was no match for all of them at once. She ended up being blasted far into the sky when her rocket exploded, burning all of her hard work along with it.

All the while, Hum Drum just sat there, humming a song as he watched the Power Ponies do the rest of the work for him.

* * *

Far, far on the outskirts of Maretropolis, Mane-lac coughed the dust from her landing out of her airway, climbing her way out of the crater she'd created when

she impacted the ground. Fortunately, she'd been able to use her tendril-like hair to cushion her landing, so she wasn't injured from the impact, or even the explosion from her own doomsday rocket.

"That worthless, powerless sidekick!" She gnashed her teeth together. "He ruined my plan again! How can that powerless wimp keep winning against me?" She flung a stone away, out of sheer frustration ... and watched as it arced off toward Maretropolis. "Hm... He must have some secret hidden power that nopony knows about! And I have to find out what it is! Because he must pay for what he's done..."

With a demented smile, she heads toward town on legs made of hair-tendrils. Even at her impressive speed, it would take some time to get back there.

* * *

Mane-lac stealthily approached the Power Ponies' HQ. It had taken her until well into the night to get here, but that was all for the better, since she could use the darkness to help hide herself. It shamed her that now she'd only come for the purpose of spying on that powerless runt. Normally, she would be infiltrating here to find dirt on that annoying group of mares. It seemed shameful to be focusing on the weakest of the group, but if he was the one who kept foiling her plans...

Where was his room, anyway?

She scaled the outside of the building, hauling herself up with mane tendrils, peeking in each window as she went in order to find out where Hum Drum lived and slept.

She wasn't sure, but she suspected that while the other Power Ponies had their own houses, Hum Drum lived here all the time. Some of the other Power Ponies had mentioned him being an orphan, and something about how messy his bedroom in the HQ was...

Just above her was the only room with a light still on. She approached it cautiously, working her way around and then hanging down from above to peer into the window.

She'd found the room all right, and it appeared she'd come at the wrong time... She chuckled quietly and blushed a little. The sidekick she was spying on was now right in front of her, facing away from the window, but she could see that he was busy doing a very private and personal activity with his hand, while the other hand was holding some kind of book or magazine. Not much was visible since he was facing away from her, but she could see enough to guess what was happening.



Mane-lac had to struggle not to let out an evil laugh. He was just so shameless, so ignorant, jerking off without knowing that a major villain was right outside his window, watching him from the darkness. So dirty... Was he jerking off to a photo of the Power Ponies? Probably that marshmallow-looking one. She'd seen the way Hum Drum looked at that mare sometimes. Positively scandalous!

But how did she lose to some filthy, weak male like him? She had to know! She had to find out what the source of his power was.

For the moment, though, she needed to wait, wait until he fell asleep. She could probably find the secret to his power somewhere in the room, she told herself, still keeping watch over the masturbating young hero. She wouldn't attack him while his guard was down, though. A true villain should have the manners and courtesy not to attack an enemy while they're enjoying themselves privately. Well, that wasn't a rule she'd ever had before, but it seemed like it was a rule she should have, and she would abide by it.

After a little while, Hum Drum stopped what he was doing and turned off the light. Still, she waited, making sure that he was fully asleep. She didn't attempt to open the window until she began to hear him snoring. For some inexplicable reason, the window wasn't even latched. All the better – that way she'd be able to sneak inside much more quietly.

As she slipped into the room, she pulled a tiny glow stick out of her mane and cracked it. It would be enough for her to see, but hopefully not enough to wake the sleeping young hero.

So young, so naïve. He protected others without taking care to protect himself. She could kill him now without him even knowing it... But, no, she wasn't a killer. She only wanted ponies to be smashed out of their perfect ignorance and peaceful bliss, for them to experience the loss and madness she felt every day. In the end, though, she never wanted to kill anyone or even hurt them badly. She just wanted ponies to know the way she felt, she just wanted to be less alone in this disgustingly perfect world.

Turning away from the bed, she began quietly rummaging through everything in the room. "Now, let's find the secret of your power, my little Hum Drum," she whispered under her breath.

One of her mane tendrils brushed over a colorful magazine lying on the wooden desk, and she pulled it up close to examine it under the light of her glow stick. 'The Power Ponies Villains: Know All About Them', it was titled. She carefully opened it, shocked to think that a lowly sidekick would possess such incredibly sensitive information.



A book full of information about villains? How could she not look herself up? A few flipped pages, and there was her picture looking back up at her. Ah, yes, that was the time she'd robbed First Maretropolis Bank. Her henchponies had been slow, and that damned photographer managed to get to the scene before she could make her getaway... And before the Power Ponies came to intercept that getaway. Why did they have to put so much effort into defending banks anyway? Didn't they know that grand doomsday plots were expensive, not to mention those overpaid henchponies!

Name, power, birth date, color, number and length of tendrils... She knew all that already. Boring stuff. Weaknesses... Oh, great. She stopped herself from groaning, still careful not to wake Hum Drum. Her mane tendrils could be stopped by crystone? Hmm, that was something she didn't even know about herself. So was this the secret of his power? Click. Did he just know everything about his opponents, even more than they knew themselves. Click.

Wait, what were those clicking sounds?

Something locked down on the base of her mane, then her tail. All the objects she was holding up with her mane just fell to the floor, along with the tendrils themselves.

A cold feeling ran down her spine when she heard a familiar voice behind her. "There's another secret you should know."

Mane-lac jumped away from the figure behind her, but the damage had already been done. She could feel the metallic bands wrapped around her mane and tail, tying them together at the base of each. Now both of them were falling limp, like they were nothing but ordinary hair. "What did you do? Why can't I move my tendrils?" She turned to face the one who dared to attack her ... the room's owner.



"It's just a little toy I asked my scientist friend to create," Hum Drum said, smugly swinging a key from his claw. "It's made from a special ore, with the ability to cut your tendrils off from your control. They're nothing but an ordinary mane now."

His eyes glinted green and he smiled wide. He seemed to be fully awake, as if he'd been awake the whole time, not just woken up from a deep slumber.

“How dare you? Gahh! These infernal bands!” She tried to slip one of them off with her hooves, but it stayed steadfastly in place. She couldn’t push it down her mane at all – it remained stubbornly right where Hum Drum had locked it on.

“Don't bother, Mane-lac. I've ensured that the metal band is strong enough to resist anypony's hooves, and your own limbs are untrained and weak, since you always use your mane instead. You'll never be able to break them, and they'll stay locked on forever ... unless you have the key, and this key is the only way to get them off.” He twirled the key again, mocking her with how it was just barely out of reach.

“Give that to me, you fool!” Mane-lac tried to snatch the key away from him with her hooves, but he was too fast for her feeble attempt. Curse it, she was slow and weak without her mane! Now she was just an ordinary mare, no superpowers ... heck, she was even weaker than an ordinary mare!

“How does it feel, being as powerless as me? To have no superpowers?”

Mane-lac stopped struggling and simply stood facing away from him, accepting defeat. She was panting heavily after going through all that physical exertion. Her body wasn't used to that at all. “Sh-shut up,” she said in a harsh whisper, over the sound of her gasping breath.

“I wonder why you came here... Did you just want to spy on me, or do you have some perverted desire to see me masturbate for your sick pleasure?”

“W-what? What makes you think I watched you for that?” She looked back at him, scowling in disgust, but her intense blush – as well as a little something going on below her tail – betrayed her true feelings about it.

“Well, I could smell you even when you were still outside my room, and...” He slowly walked behind her.

Mane-lac's eyes followed him with uncertainty, then opened wide when he grabbed her ass and pulled a cheek to the side.

He grinned when he saw how soaked the tight fabric was around the slight bulge of her pussy. “And I see how wet you are down there. Seems like somepony is excited!” Reaching down a little farther, he slid one finger across her winking clit, which was quite visible through the thin, soaked material. It pulsed outward under her suit as he touched it, begging for more.



“Gahh! Get your unworthy hands away from there!” Mane-lac jumped away and turned to face him, trying to hide her soaking pussy with her tail ... but she still couldn't move her tail at all.

Hum Drum laughed. “If you were watching me, how did you not wonder why I went to sleep without finishing?”

“Oh... That? That was just ... how am I supposed to know? I couldn't see from the window when you were facing away!” Her anger faded to embarrassment as she realized what she just said ... what she just admitted to.

“Oh, right.” Hum Drum tapped his chin, using the same finger he'd touched her with. “But once I knew you were out there... That's why I pretended to sleep. I didn't want to tire myself out with an orgasm.”

“It... it was a trap the whole time?” She kicked herself for falling for such a simple ploy. To be taken so easily ... it was humiliating. “How is this possible?”

“For the same reason me and my Power Pony friends are able to counteract your plans every single time. The same reason you end up failing every time and losing to a weakling like me.”

“Me, lose to you?” Mane-lac tried to laugh like the powerful villain she was ... but it came out softer and more lady-like. “Do you really think you are the one who wins over me and saves the day? Ha! It's always the Power Ponies who defeat me. Not you, little Hum Drum!”

“Oh, really?” Hum Drum chuckled to himself. “Then why are you here?” He crossed his arms and smirked at her, waiting to see what kind of answer she would come up with.

“I...” Why was she feeling so nervous from this one simple question?

“Well? If the Power Ponies are the ones who defeat you and destroy your plans every time, why did you come after me instead of after them?”

“I... I'm not... I just...” Mane-lac stopped, aware that she was babbling. What could she say to that?

“Just admit it, Mane-lac. You're feeling humiliated because this weak and powerless sidekick with no superpowers to speak of defeated your plan ... again. You wouldn't mind it as much if those who defeated you had the same level of power – that's acceptable. But losing to me? Even if I didn't completely defeat you all by myself, you still feel the pain of losing to a weakling.” He had a huge grin on his face, but there was something odd in his tone – he wasn't mocking her, not quite. He actually seemed kind of ... sincere.

Mane-lac growled at him ... but she couldn't deny the truth. “Okay, fine. I admit that I felt humiliated when you – you of all people! – defeated me. So tell me.” She

squeezed her eyes shut and yelled at him, “Tell me what secret power you used to defeat my plan!”

Hum Drum walked back and sat on the edge of his bed, picking up the same book he'd been looking at earlier and beginning to flip through the pages again. “I have no fantasy powers. I'm just a humdrum Hum Drum.”

“Don't lie to me! You must have something! Some secret power that makes ponies like me not even notice you until it's too late.” She glared fire at him, then moved on to trying to bite the metal band out of her tail ... but it resisted her teeth just as the one in her mane had resisted her hooves.



“Oh, that?” Hum Drum giggled a little. “I think I might have that kind of power, in a way.”

Mane-lac whirled back around to look at him. “Ha! I knew it! So what is it? A disguise? Invisibility? Jumping through dimensions? What is your secret power?”

“My power?” Hum Drum breathed a deep sigh, looking past her for a moment.

“My power is being so weak, so powerless, so foolish, just like you. Most villains think I'm too weak and worthless to fight or even look at. They always ignore me, never seeing me as a problem in their plan to defeat the Power Ponies. They always think a weakling like me can't do anything, so they focus their plan on the Power Ponies, never thinking of me at all. ... Yeah, being weak, humble, and... ignored. That's my special power.” The whole time, he never took his eyes away from the magazine in his hands.

“What?” Mane-lac stomped a hoof down with unimpressive force. “How could you call something like that a special power? Aren't you hurt from being ignored by everyone around you?”

“Does that remind you of your own past? Before the accident that changed your mane and tail, back when you were just a humble shampoo maker?”

Mane-lac stepped back away from him. She didn't like where this was going.

“You... you know about my past?” Nopony should know about that. Nopony could know she was the same pony as that ignored and forgotten mare.

“Yeah, I do know. I even have a magazine with photos of you. It's such good material to jerk off to...”

Finally, Mane-lac began to pay attention to just what magazine he was holding. Playcolt. And she thought she recognized the picture on the cover. It was the June issue, from many years ago. She'd hoped to never see that magazine again.

Hum Drum turned the magazine around, showing her the page he'd been looking at. And there it was: a picture of her before she became a villain, laid out in a sexy pose right there in the middle of Playcolt magazine. She was showing every bit of herself, spreading her legs for everypony to see and holding her glistening pussy wide open.



"It's... me! How dare you?"

"Yeah, this is part of a photo series from your first and only time with Playcolt magazine. Did you really want that badly for ponies to notice you?" He flipped through a few more pages of her photo shoot, then unfolded her lewd centerfold.

Mane-lac's cheeks heated with shame at seeing that picture again. It was one of her greatest regrets, one she'd hoped nopony would ever connect with her new persona of 'the Mane-lac'. And there was a new shame with it ... was she really getting turned on by looking at a picture of herself? "Y-you don't understand! I just needed some funds to build my shampoo factory! To make my dream come true and fulfill my destiny! I had tried to get sponsors and investors anywhere I could, but nopony cared. All of them ignored my dream. I had to do it! I had to get the funding, so I had to agree to be a model for that lewd magazine. I just wanted to be noticed, is that too much to ask for?" It was bringing up painful memories for her, memories she'd rather not think about. She felt like she was almost about to cry, but of course she couldn't, not since the accident that made her into the

Mane-lac. It was a helpful adaptation, and had saved face for her more times than she'd like to admit.

"I understand, I completely understand." Hum Drum stepped up and laid a hand on her withers; this time she didn't flinch away. "I've felt the same way, many times. But at least one good thing came out of that time in your life – it gave me nice material to masturbate to every night."

"Gross!" Mane-lac flicked his hand away with her hoof. "Pervert."

He just grinned at her, though, which made her squint at him. What was he planning?

"Pervert?" Hum Drum waved his hand dismissively. "That's what Playcolt was made for. You should know it as well as any, since you agreed to let them take these kinds of pictures of you for their magazine. You should have expected that male readers out there would lust for your beautiful body and masturbate to you. ... You did it to yourself, after all."

Mane-lac couldn't have been more red in the face, but she swallowed her shame. "But... why do you masturbate to, well, why do you masturbate to my photo anyway? Why me? I thought you would want the Power Ponies, especially that special one..."

"Oh, you mean Radiance?" He shrugged. "Who knows. Maybe it's because you're just like her – both of you are fashionistas, ladies who love beauty and attention, who love to stand in the spotlight. But while Radiance succeeds in achieving her dreams and nothing in her life ever goes wrong, you kept failing and failing, falling down to rock bottom, until you were lost and became the crazy villain you are today... You really remind me of myself, you know? If I hadn't happened to be found and get taken in by the Power Ponies, I might have turned out to be a villain like you."

"Like me?" Mane-lac scoffed. "You could never be a villain of my caliber! I am nothing like you! Everypony knows me and fears me! I am the greatest villain in history! Ponies cringe at the sound of my name – they notice me and they

remember me! Now they remember me! Ha ha ha..." Once again, her maniacal laugh fell short and felt forced. What was wrong with her?

Hum Drum stared at her, giving her the unnerving feeling that he could see right into her. "It seems like my theory might be true. Your laugh seems different now, and you're reasonable enough to talk to." He smiled, lowering the magazine in front of his belly.

"What do you mean? What theory?"

"Your crazy behavior seems to mostly stem from the way your crazy mane implants directly into your brain. So, when I shut it down with that ore, it's made you more calm and reasonable to talk to." He grinned. "It's great to finally have a chance to talk with the real you... Yourself before you lost your way."

"Myself..." Mane-lac touched the band around her mane, running a hoof across it. So this was why she felt so calm now ... why she seemed to be able to think so clearly. All this time, she'd thought she was in control of her mane ... but was her mane controlling her back?

"It's great to have had this talk with you..." Hum Drum stood up and turned toward the window, looking out and away from her. "... But I think you should go now."

"What? Just like that? You can't just let me go so easily after you successfully defeated me and disabled my powers!" This little twerp had beaten her, all on his own. He finally had the chance to get the respect and admiration of the Power Ponies – of everypony in Maretropolis ... and he was just going to let her go?

"Yeah, I think I'll let you go this time. Just like when you capture all the Power Ponies and ignore me." He kept looking out the window, ignoring her.

"Hey, I never intended to let you go! I just..." She looked away. "I just didn't notice you." She glared at his back, still blushing furiously, and contemplated pushing him, throwing him out through the open window. But no, she was a trickster, not a murderer.

"Whichever." Hum Drum shrugged. "Just limp back to your secret base, whichever one the Power Ponies haven't found yet. I have to wake up early next morning, so I

don't want to stay up late ... and I kind of have something to finish first before I can really relax.” He turned back to face her, this time not covering himself with the magazine. His twin cocks jutted upward, in full view.

Mane-lac jumped back. “What? ... You pervert!” She blushed even more, and did her best to pretend she wasn't staring at them, but her mind kept screaming, 'He has two! He has two! This whole time, he had two!'



“Sorry.” Hum Drum smiled, also blushing. “I can't help it... I never got the chance to finish jerking off to your sexy photos, and now the mare in the photos is standing right in front of me, soaking through her costume and spreading her scent through the whole room. So please just let me go, so I can finally calm down these things and hit the hay.” His twin cocks throb a little, and a drop of pre-cum drips from one ... right onto the Playcolt centerfold.

Mane-lac twisted her lips as she saw the sticky drop slowly trail across the picture of her face. She didn't say anything about that, though. She had other problems.

“But, this is the twelfth floor. I don't think I can get back down without my mane.” She lifted a bit of it with her hoof and let it flop back down to the floor.

“Oh, right.” Hum Drum raised up the key again. “I don't think it would be a good idea for you to go out the front ... too many security devices that way.” He walked up to her and unlocked the metal band around her tail, taking the chance to take another peek underneath it, to get another whiff of Mane-lac's aromatic arousal. He moved toward the one on her mane.

“Leave that one.” Mane-lac surprised herself with that command, but quickly realized the reason for it. “I think I want to have a clear mind for a while longer.”

“Oh, okay.” Hum Drum grinned. “I'm glad to know that somewhere in that crazy mind of yours, you're still reasonable. And I'm glad that— Oup!”

He yelped in surprise as Mane-lac grabbed both his arms in her tail tendrils and pinned him against the wall. His twin cocks were now completely uncovered, fully erect, and throbbing for her to admire. She tried to make a crazy, maniacal smile, the better to scare him with, but it just ended up as a more ladylike grin. “Ha! How foolish of you, releasing your enemy so easily!” She cackled at him, but it came out as more of a giggle. “So young so naïve, so foolish. I'm not surprised you're no more than a sidekick.” She walked closer to him, trying to stare him down in the face... but instead, the twin reddish cocks kept stealing away her attention. “Now, what should I do with you, a young drake who defeated me and abused my honor?”

Hum Drum, strangely calm for his precarious situation, smiled back at her. “Hmm... How about you let me be the first male who takes you to bed? I am, after all, the only male who was ever able to defeat you. Or would you rather go fuck the Power Ponies, who have defeated you countless times, instead?”

“What? How did you know that?” How could he possibly know was that in the book about villains? Sure, it was true. She'd never had a stallion before. He knew too much about her, and despite the physical advantage she now had, it was a little frightening how much this sidekick knew.



Hum Drum tried to shrug, but he couldn't with his arms locked in their current position. "Yeah, yeah. I know a lot about you. I bet you've played with dildos before, but you've never had a stallion, have you? Because you think they're all unworthy. So, am I worthy enough for you now?" His twin cocks bounced up a bit like they were trying to lure her in.

"What makes you so sure you'll catch my interest, that you'll be the first male who will have his way with me?" She scowled at him, but when her gaze dipped lower, she licked her lips a little.

That only made him look more smug. "Well, it's simple. First, I'm pretty sure you're not into mares, so being defeated many times by the Power Ponies never counted, or else you probably would have ended up sleeping with them already. Maybe even an orgy? I bet your tendrils would come in handy for that. But I bet they'd never agree to that anyway."

“True...” Mane-lac brushed a tendril across the two cocks in front of her, slowly getting closer to them.

“Second, since villains don't usually fight against each other, you'd never end up losing against any of the male villains, and most of them are too insane to be thinking of taking advantage of you even if they did defeat you. And the few reasonable ones would probably be too afraid that it was another one of your tricks.”

Mane-lac didn't raise her head, didn't look up to his face, but she did answer: “I doubt any of the other villains in this town could defeat my henchponies, much less defeat me.” She found herself getting more and more curious what dragon cock tasted like. It wouldn't hurt to get a little lick... He was completely in her power, so there was no reason she shouldn't get what she wanted. She leaned down and softly licked the tip of the left one, making Hum Drum moan.



Even with the pleasure of Mane-lac's wet, soft tongue on him, Hum Drum kept speaking, "Third, you never leave Maretropolis, so you'd never attract the attention of any other city's heroes... Oh!" His whole body twitched in pleasure when Mane-lac started sucking the tip of his left cock, taking it into her warm mouth.

Mane-lac kept at it for a moment, then pulled back so she could reply. "The ponies in this town are the ones who mocked and ignored me, so it's the ponies in this town who deserve to suffer. They have to pay for ruining my dreams." Despite the anger in her words, she went right back down to his left cock, entranced by its musky flavor and the heat she could feel from within it.

Shivering in ecstasy as he spoke, Hum Drum continued, "Fourth, the Power Ponies are the only group in this town who can fight you, nopony else is even close." He closed his eyes, beginning to give himself over to the massage his cock was getting from Mane-lac's tongue and lips.

She pulled away again, but this time, she let her tail tendrils keep working at his cocks – both of them. She'd neglected his other one for too long. It felt good to get a compliment like that ... and for some reason, that made her want to make him feel good as well. "Ha! Those normal ponies would never stand a chance against my powers. And even if they did, they wouldn't have the courage to try!" She laughed a bit before diving back down on him, lapping up the pre-cum from his left cock, then taking it into her mouth so any more that dripped out would come straight to her.

Hum Drum could barely speak, but he made the effort. "And last, I'm the only male hero in this town who can defeat you ... so since you're not a filly-fooler and you've decided that no male who couldn't defeat you is worthy ... I'm the only one who could ever have a chance. The only one who could fulfill your promise to yourself." He threw his head back against the wall, enjoying the doubled pleasure of Mane-lac tending to both his cocks.

Mane-lac pulled away again, letting her tendrils handle both cocks. "I see you have quite the plan. With all your planning and knowledge, I'm surprised you ended up a

sidekick. You would be much more useful to the Power Ponies as their mission operator, or providing intelligence.”

“And stay cooped up here in HQ? No way! I'm not letting any chance to go on adventures slip by! It's the reason I became a hero to begin with!” He moaned from the pleasure Mane-lac's tail was giving him. “I am still a male drake, even if I don't have any superpowers. It would be dishonorable to let the Power Ponies go into danger without trying to help them. I can't let girls go fight alone while I stay safe and sound behind. It's just a male pride thing, I guess.”

She chuckled. “Well well well... Such a gentleman...”

“Speaking of being a gentleman ... would you mind if we continued this on my bed?”

It took Mane-lac a moment, but then she realized what he wanted. He wanted to return the favor ... or perhaps just to get a taste of her. Well, either way, it was something she wouldn't turn down! She lifted him up and set him on the bed, then climbed on top of him, pressing her soaking-wet pussy in its tight-clinging covering toward his face as she closed in on her own challenge: his throbbing twin cocks.

Hum Drum licked her through the thin fabric for a little while, but soon stopped. “Um... could you take off your suit first? It kind of blocks the view...”

“No need to take it all off.” She used a couple of her tail tendrils to spread the fabric apart beneath her tail, and it split open like water, showing him her dripping pink pussy and her winking clit, displaying herself for the worthy male beneath her.

“Wow... You can change the shape of your costume? That's new ... and here I thought I knew everything about you.”

“It... only works in that area. It's a very expensive, very special fabric... But it's essential for when nature calls and there's no time to change out of and back into my suit.” Ignoring his questions, she began suckling at his cocks again, this time switching back and forth between them, trying to keep up with the dribbles of pre-cum and catch each one.

“Smart... You have no idea how long it takes for the Power Ponies to take care of things when they're in their suits...” As Mane-lac went deeper on his left cock, he let himself forget about the conversation and focused on pleasing her instead. He slid his tongue across her soft, plush outer lips, then slid it inside, finally tasting her nectar at the source.



Mane-lac's body twitched as his tongue probed deeper and deeper inside her. “Mmm, that's a long tongue, much longer than a pony's... It feels so wonderful.” She moaned, licking one of his cocks again for a little. “How have those Power Ponies not gotten to you before I did? They must be blind!” She moaned again, deeper this time, as his tongue caressed every inch of her inside.

Hum Drum's tongue slipped slowly all the way out of her, then licked her juices off his lip. “Oh, that's mostly because they just seem me as a friend ... or worse, just a kid. And unlike your very specific taste in males, they could have anypony they want. They all have stallions of their own, at least I think they do.” He went back to

licking, going even deeper this time, flicking the tip of his tongue against the very deepest part of her. He wanted her to know he really was worthy of her affection.

Pausing for a moment, Mane-lac turned her head around to look at him over the curve of her ass. "They don't know what they're missing out on!" She went back to enthusiastically sucking, switching from cock to cock as her tendrils took care of the other one. After a few moments, though, she pulled away again and let her tendrils take both of them. "Hey, since you have two penises like this, will it make you cum from both at the same time when you orgasm?" The moment she was done talking, she occupied her mouth in other ways, not missing out on one second of it.

"Not really. Well, they will if they're both getting the same treatment at the same time, but each one is separate from the other, one testicle each." As soon as he finished talking, he started licking at Mane-lac's clit, slathering his tongue across the fleshy nub as it winked in and out at him.



“So... if I only play with your right penis, you'll only cum out of that one, while the other does nothing?”

“Yeah, that's right.” His talking meant less licking, but she really did want to know. “That's so a dragon's ready to go for another round. With a second fresh batch ready to go, there's no need to wait and recharge. By the time the second one goes off, the first is ready to go again, so a dragon can go again and again, as many times as he wants.”

Now that was giving Mane-lac some ideas! Visions floated in her head of having him do her over and over again, all night long. Countless orgasms until she slipped away at dawn, just before the Power Ponies returned. But there was another interesting prospect... “So, if I please both at the same time, will you have a double orgasm? Will it feel twice as good?”

Hum Drum grinned and drooled a little of her juices as he imagined that happening. “Oh yeah! It can happen, and it's awesome! Sometimes I can manage it if I use both hands...” His tone deflated a little. “But I'm not sure it's possible to do it from having real sex. We can only use one at a time...”

Mane-lac grinned, almost achieving one of her infamously insane smiles. “Well I consider it a personal challenge, then! Let's see if I can make both cum at the same time!” Still grinning madly, she swung herself around and put Hum Drum in position, getting ready to receive a thorough fucking.

“You're... you're going to take both of them inside you at the same time?” Hum Drum stared down at her, dumbfounded.

She rolled her eyes. “Oh please. Even both of them together wouldn't be as big as some of the dildos I've— Never mind that!” She wiggled her hips into position and used her tendrils to push his cocks together, lining up their pointed tips with her slick entrance. At the feeling of the twin tips prodding against her, her clit winked furiously, bulging out again and again.

“Well, if you're sure about it...” Hum Drum grabbed her raised legs and began pressing into her.

Mane-lac moaned at the feeling of the smooth ridges rippling across her pussy.
“Those ridges underneath your cocks ... it feels so strange!”



“Mmm... And they're really sensitive, too.” Hum Drum shivered with the feeling of sliding into this willing mare, but he kept his pace slow, savoring every moment of it. The sheer pleasure of it was bringing him near the brink already... “Should I cum inside?”

“You can't get me pregnant, so go for it!”

Hum Drum pulled almost all the way out of her, then slammed back in, making her yelp in pleasure.

What was she doing? Never in her life did she think she would be spreading her legs for some hero, let alone for some powerless sidekick, letting herself get plowed like some slut. ... But it felt so right.

Hum Drum kept thrusting away, pressing deep inside her every time. He never thought he'd see the day he'd fuck a major villain either ... it was even better than he could have dreamed. The more he fucked her, the wetter she became, making it easy for him to slide his cocks in and out, making both of them pant and gasp in pleasure.

One of Mane-lac's tendrils wandered around and began prodding under Hum Drum's tail. "Hey," he asked, "what are you doing back there?" Maybe she was trying to grab him and take control? "Do you want me to go faster or something?"



Mane-lac grinned wickedly. "Well, I gave you permission to penetrate me, so I think it's only fair that I penetrate you!" She giggled. "Now where's that tail-hole...?" Her tendril probed some more, poking him repeatedly.

"Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't have one." He kept thrusting into her despite the tendril, even as it brushed the base of his cocks from time to time. "So that's not going to happen."

“Huh?” Mane-lac's prodding paused for a moment. “What do you mean? How is that possible?”

“Well, I'm a reptile, so everything uses one hole, called a cloaca. And right now, it's busy being full of my penises, so it's not ready to be penetrated.”

“Aww...” She let her tendril flop away from him. “I heard most males enjoy what I had planned. A little massaging of the prostate will set them off every time.”

“Prostate?” Hum Drum laughed. “Another mammalian organ. I don't have one of those either.”

“Augh!” Mane-lac held her hooves up to her head, even as he kept fucking her. “Everything I've ever heard about how to please a stallion is useless with you! Why do you have to be so different?” She let herself go limp, giving herself up to the rough fucking.

Soon, though, it began to be more than she could take. “Oh... Ow! Ow ow ow! Stop!” She panted as he paused. “Is it just me, or are your cocks getting bigger? It's hurting me!” She winced as she could feel them grow even more, spreading her painfully wide.

“Heh, that's one other thing... I guess fucking my favorite porn star made me a little greedy, and when a dragon is greedy, he grows bigger.” He was bigger, now that Mane-lac lifted her head to look. He was nearly as big as her now. “I guess two growing cocks might be a bit too much for you now.” He pulled back, let one of them spring free, then pushed himself back into her soft embrace.

Mane-lac moaned as he resumed thrusting. Incredibly, just one of his cocks was more than enough to please her now. She stared at the one outside her as it rubbed against her thigh. It was the size of a full grown stallion's now, and maybe then some. When he moved it just the right way, the warm, slick skin of it rubbed against her pussy, making her moan in ecstasy.



"Mmm... You won't get even bigger, will you?" Despite the pleasure, visions of him splitting her open from the inside intruded into her sexual fantasies. Strangely, the idea turned her on a little more, something about a desperate prey animal being fucked more than she can take before she's killed.

"Don't worry, I'm not going to grow that much." He gave her another powerful thrust. "I've learned to control that now. ... Is this size good for you?"

He already knew the answer, though, from the way Mane-lac's pussy clenched tightly around his shaft, from the way her nectar flowed freely across the base of it.

She moaned as he pumped in and out of her, slamming himself into her over and over again.

"Well?"

“Yes, yes! It's perfect! Don't stop!” This was just what she needed, just what both of them needed, and just what both of them deserved.

“But how am I going to get a double orgasm now?”

“You're way too big to take both at the same time... unless you use both holes.”

Hum Drum grinned. “Well, I could do that ... if you're ready for it.”

“Um... okay, if you wish...” She was far from sure if she was ready for this solution.

“I don't think you're quite ready for it yet ... we need to relax you a little bit first.”

Hum Drum dragged her by the waist, lifting her up as he repositioned himself on the bed. She held onto his strong neck, shocked at his power, and her pussy quivered in lust around his cock – it remained snugly inside her even as he flipped her onto her side. This show of strength was turning her insides into jelly... very aroused jelly.



She was on top of him now, completely at his mercy as he began thrusting wildly beneath her. Unless she used her tail tendrils, she was weak and helpless to stop him as he...

He pounded into her in a blur of motion, going faster than she could handle, pressing deep into her, so deep his pointed tip pressed against her innermost barrier as his other cock slapped against her ass cheek.

Mane-lac moaned and screamed to the ceiling as she began to truly experience the raw power of his fucking. She bounced on his lap getting closer and closer to...

"Do it!" Hum Drum whispered behind her ear. "Let yourself go..."

She did, locking her back legs around him and slamming herself down on his cock as an explosion of pleasure burst up through her. Her whole body jittered in place as she rode his cock through the most intense orgasm she'd ever experienced.

After a moment both of them panting and sweating, Hum Drum pulled away from her a little to look her in the face. "So... are you ready to give me that double orgasm like you promised?"

Mane-lac could barely draw enough breath to keep herself conscious, but she managed to get out one word: "Yes!"

Picking her up again, Hum Drum pulled out of her dripping pussy and set her down on her side in front of him. "Two cocks, two holes..."

She blushed and then blanched at the thought, but her pussy knew what she wanted. It winked, spilling a little wave of her juices over her ass cheek. "Okay...?"

A small dousing of cold liquid dashed against her tail hole, chilling her to the bone and making her pucker her sensitive ring, but a little massaging from Hum Drum's finger soon relaxed her again. It felt good. How had he known to have lube on hand for this, though? Was this all part of his plan?

All thoughts and suspicious suddenly vanished from her mind the moment his twin pointed tips touched against her two holes. One slipped easily just a little bit inside her pussy, but the other pressed against her tail hole, only slowly managing to

squeeze in a little. He rubbed the rest of the lube up and down his shaft even as he began pushing, pressing into her both holes at once.

Mane-lac bit down on the bed sheets to contain her moaning as she felt her virgin tail hole being stretched open, Hum Drum's warm cock providing welcome relief after the splash of cold lube. She understood now why he'd used so much of it – this was such a tight fit! But she would do her very best to please him and fulfill her promise – she always kept her promises ... despite being a villain, she was a mare of her word.

In and in Hum Drum pushed, until he finally reached her inner limit, the skin between his two cocks pressing against the skin between her two holes. She was completely filled, as she never dreamed she would be.



Hum Drum's cocks throbbed inside her. She could feel his heartbeat. "Are you ready?" he asked.

When she nodded, he started slow, deep thrusts, enjoying every bit of the double pleasure she was giving him, enjoying every inch of her soft, slippery insides his twin cocks could reach.

But he wasn't the only one getting double the pleasure. Her inner walls squeezed between two meaty cocks, Mane-lac quickly learned the pleasures of anal sex, giving herself over to the incredible feeling. The ridges of those two draconic cocks drove her half-mad with pleasure, making her whole body tingle from the core outward.

"You seem to ... know a lot ... about sex," Mane-lac said between his thrusts. "But how...?"

"Well, I read a lot, and, well, I've been practicing..." He groaned with a particularly deep thrust. "Practicing as much as I can."

She wasn't his first? She should have known... but who was the other mare ... or mares? Did she get the same treatment? It didn't matter, though. All that mattered was the hot flesh pounding inside her, and her growing need... "Faster! Faster!" she moaned.

"Okay, but only because you asked so nicely..." Hum Drum increased his pace, grabbing onto one of her legs and holding it up.

She could scarcely feel him pulling in and out anymore; it just felt like more and more pleasure building up ... building up to... "Don't stop! Don't stop! I'm so close!"

Hum Drum did stop, though. He rammed himself deep into both holes, filling her up so completely her belly swelled outward a little. Both his cocks went hard, harder than ever before, and he groaned, shivering in place.

Mane-lac could feel what was coming, and just the thought of it drove her over the edge. Her pussy and ass both clenched around his cocks, spraying him with lube and her own juices as she cried out in ecstasy.

That rhythmic clenching gave Hum Drum everything he needed, and he exploded inside her even as her own orgasm had her flying high. His twin cocks both erupted

in warm streams of cum into the deepest parts of his mare, filling both her ass and womb with his potent seed.



It went on and on, seemingly without end as each of them were driven onward by the other's orgasm. Hum Drum filled her so completely that jets of white spurted out around the bases of his cocks, streaming out with nowhere else to go. Mane-lac's pussy miked him with rhythmic pulses, while her ass just clenched down and held him tight, making her able to feel each throb of his cocks as more and more of his sweet cream spurted into her.

Eventually, though, it did end, as of course it must. Hum Drum had no more to give her, and she had no more energy to squeeze him. They both flopped down, completely exhausted. Hum Drum lay across her side, slumping forward. Neither of them could move – her pussy and ass were still clenched down against his still-hard cocks. The knots at the bases of his cocks completely prevented him from pulling out of her, even if he had wanted to.

Mane-lac managed to turn her head and look at him. "Thank you, my gentleman..." She took a few deep breaths, making him rise and fall on top of her. "I needed that."

"And thank you, my little villain," he whispered into her ear before softly kissing her on the cheek. He held her in his arms as the two of them slowly relaxed.

By the time the knots at the bases of Hum Drum's cocks had softened enough for him to carefully pull out of her, Mane-lac was already sleeping, snoring soft and strangely lady-like snores. Thick white liquid poured from both holes as he came free, draining across the curve of her ass, but she didn't wake up. She'd been completely exhausted by the unaccustomed physical activity, and who knew how long it might take for her to recover.

Spike looked down on her, thinking deep.

It was funny ... the reason he'd bought the new Power Pony Magically Enhanced Edition was so he could come back to this world as Hum Drum and pursue Radiance. He'd had the idea that since Radiance was so much like Rarity, he could try over and over again to seduce her, gradually learning just the right way to go about it and able to restart the entire story any time he made some kind of mistake. Once he'd figured out Radiance, he'd be able to take what he'd learned and use that in his pursuit of Rarity.

He picked up his Playcolt magazine, as well as his villain information book to take with him on the return trip, since those didn't belong in this world.

Sighing, he looked back at the sleeping mare on the bed. He idly traced a finger across her still-warm pussy, enjoying this moment and his complete freedom to do so. What had been the moment when he lost focus on Radiance and began noticing Mane-lac more and more? He still wasn't sure how it happened, but the more he knew about her, the more he became interested in finding out more. Time and time again he'd tried, and finally, after twenty-seven resets, he'd finally arrived here, watching his favorite mare's well-spent pussy leaking his own cum. How much time and energy had he spent on winning the heart of this fictional character? All that research, knowledge, and experience... And now he had his happy ending.

He looked up and saw the light of the portal beginning to open up, signaling that the story had reached its end. Soon he would have to return to his world, to Equestria.



"Every Power Ponies comic had a happy ending... but was this ending really happy for you?" If only Mane-lac could know that she really was the first mare he'd ever had sex with... even though she didn't remember it. Soon the book would reset, and she'd go back to being the power-hungry villain, mad for revenge. She'd forget all this, forget him ... at least until the next time he chose to visit. Still no happy endings for her.

"If only you were real," he whispered to her as he shrank back down to his normal size as the greed dissipated from his body. "If only you weren't just fictional character... Maybe we could live together in Equestria..." He looked at her with sadness. He would never be able to take her on a real date, never be able to bring her home, never even be able to spend more than a few hours at a time with her since he had limited time to stay in this world before story ended and time reset

without his control, and every time he came back, it would be the first time she met him.

“If only you could come back with me...” he said as the portal began to swallow him whole, “Maybe I could ask you to be my special somepony, instead of Rari—”

* * *

The portal spat Spike out onto his own bed, back in the real world, leaving him with the slight feeling of loss that always came with that. The Power Pony Magically Enhanced Edition was right where he left it on the bed next to him, along with his pages of notes detailing each timeline, each possible action, and how each one turned out. He left them where they were, and then took a look out the window. The morning sun was still in exactly the same position as when he'd entered the story world.

It looked as if less than fifteen minutes had gone by while he was in that other world. That was a lovely effect of those magic books – they didn't interfere with his real life much.

His time there hadn't been completely without effect, though. His nose told him that, as he caught a strong whiff of the Mane-lac's feminine scent still lingering on him.

Well, he'd certainly have to take care of that before he went downstairs and found Twilight. If he didn't there'd be no end to her questions about who he'd been sneaking away with. And how could he possibly explain the truth to her, or to anyone?

He hummed to himself as he headed to his own private little shower room, blissfully unaware that Twilight was already at his locked door, impatiently waiting for a response to all the knocking she'd done while he was in the comic book world.



As soon as he turned the shower on – even before he'd gotten the temperature just right – Twilight banged on the door again. “So you've finally decided to wake up now?”

Spike leaned his head out of the shower. “Oh! Good morning, Twilight!”

“Why have you been waking up so late these days, Spike? And what's with you locking the room all the time?” The doorknob rattled, but remained locked and shut. At least he knew she wouldn't teleport past it – she never did that anymore, not after that time she'd done it and seen something she'd rather not have.

“What? I can't have a little privacy?” Spike shook his head and adjusted the shower knobs, getting the water almost as hot as he liked. “I'm an adult now – you should know I have a right to privacy. And besides, just because you hatched my egg doesn't mean you're my mother or anything!”

“But you're ruining our to-do list! Can't you just tell me what's making you so late every morning? At least then maybe I could schedule time for it.”

Well, she sounded pretty ticked off, so Spike cut the shower short and started drying off. “Just add thirty minutes for private time, okay?”

“What do you mean by—”

Spike could almost hear her blush through the door.

“Oh...” Her tone was suddenly much more subdued. “Okay, I think I understand now... Sorry.”

If only she really did know... Spike laughed a little silently to himself.

“I never thought he could last that long,” Twilight whispered to herself, barely audible. After a moment, though, she seemed to shake it off. “But we really are late now! Are you done with... with that yet? We still have a lot of books to reorganize before we can open the royal library!”

Spike finished the last of his drying off – scales dry easily, after all. “Yeah, yeah. I'm coming.”

“Coming or cumming?” Twilight asked as he opened the door. When she saw him there, she backed up a bit, her face reddening even more. “N-never mind, I don't want to know!”

“What makes you think it could be...” Spike's eyes went wide. “You really think I would jerk off while talking with you? Must be an awfully naughty pony to come up with ideas like that...”

“Naughty?” She glared at him. “You take that back this instant! I'm like a sister to you, and you know it. You should respect me enough to not call me things like that! Ever since you started calling yourself 'an adult' you've been behaving very inappropriately!”

“Says the mare who thought I said 'cumming'.” He smiled and walked past her, getting a head start on those to-do list items they were apparently late on. “Maybe you wanted to be cumming? Look, if you want help with that kind of thing, I could

do it. I've learned a thing or two from a certain book..." He looked back at her with a sly grin. "And I don't mind a little incest either ... Sister."

"Augh! Stop telling me these things! Just stop talking entirely!" She stomped a back leg. "Stop making me... Augh!" She doubled her pace, banging her hooves loudly against the crystalline floor as she passed him. Her tail twitched upward, but she forced it to stay down as she went farther ahead.



Spike smiled to himself. "Heh, looks like my practice is finally starting to pay off. If I can turn you on, maybe Rarity will finally fall for me. Yeah!" There was a distinct note of teenage glee in his voice.

Twilight stopped and scowled back at him. "You're using me? Using me to practice courting mares! You're... You're unbelievable!"

"Nah, I usually practice with a certain book. You just happen to be an extra bonus."

“Just go and ask Rarity out already. I don't like being toyed with, especially when... Never mind!”

Despite how flustered she was, she kept pace with Spike once he passed her. Spike wiggled his fingers in front of her. “So... Wanna cum? I need to practice how to please a real mare, after all. I've got so many finger techniques I'm really eager to try. Would you mind being my test subject, you know, for science?”

“Spike!” Twilight yelled at him, looking away and blushing. “I really do wish you'd go after Rarity. Then maybe you'd stop hitting on me!” Her voice dropped to a whisper. “Before I fall for you myself.” It's so hard living with someone not blood related dragon brother that you're so attracted to, she thought.

Spike shook his head. “No I don't think I'm ready yet. I still need more practice. Rarity is a mare with high standards ... even with all the experience I have, it's still not enough.”

Twilight wanted this torment to end so badly. But she knew that as long as this handsome dragon was still living with her, still unable to win Rarity's heart, the situation was going to repeat itself again and again for who knows how long...

* * *

Meanwhile, in Spike's bedroom, a ghostly transparent tendril began seeping out from the Power Pony Magically Enhanced Edition. Something that didn't belong in this world was trying hard to reach this world.



A mare's voice slipped through, inviting him back to her world again, "...I wouldn't mind."

--- THE END ---