Name’s Anon, born and raised in America. I turned 18 a couple of months ago. I’m your everyday average Joe, just farmer boy Nebraska. Probably the most special thing about me is that I the only person in my family that has blond hair and blue eyes. Anyways, I never thought I would be stuck in a war, but what little choices do we have? The day I turned 18 was the day I left for basic. I spent a grueling three months of training. Working on a farm has it’s perks, being able to outrun all of them city boys being one. By the time I was done, I was the top of my class, but it was a position I never wanted.  
>The scene that lay before you is anything but a dream, but damn you sure wish it were.   
>The nightmares you’ve witnessed, you dare not even fathom.   
>Craters where homes use to be, buildings now rubble, and rivers that once ran clear, now tainted with the red stench of hate, and lust for power.   
>You were one for optimism, but now you fear you won’t see the day you arrive home.   
>A mile outside of camp, you find yourself taking a smoke break.   
>Leaning up against a broken down car, you look up to the sky, a bleak grey made of constant gunfire and explosions.  
>You take another long drag on your cigarette.   
>It was an unhealthy habit and sometimes you feel like it may be the death of you, sometime you feel you may be just a little to slow and get hit trying to run for cover.   
>You came out here to be alone, though that was the worst possible idea, you guess you were just looking for an easy way out.  
>You take another drag and look out at the city, an utter waste land.   
>As you scan your surroundings, something catches your attention.   
>You have only a second to make it out before it flies by.   
>Turning, you see it enter the base and instantly, a massive fireball explode.

>The force of the shock wave almost knocks you to the ground.  
>This hell of a nightmare just worse.  
>In the back of your head, your emotions run wild.  
>Your brothers in arms… Were they ok? What were your chances of survival? Would you go back to look for survivors, or was it useless?  
>You think of only one thing clearly.  
>Get back to base.  
>Caution is thrown out the window as you run as hard as you can, not stopping to think of the burning in your lungs or your surroundings.  
>You should have.  
>Turning a corner, you see a tank and thirty or so nazis. They immediately notice and draw their weapons.  
>Bullets fly past as you double back and find cover.  
>Throwing your rifle around, you shoot aimlessly.  
>Just then, like a flash of lightning a tank shell blurs past you, knocking you the ground.  
“FUCKING HELL!”  
>You’re not dying here!  
>You get to your feet and book it into a nearby building, nazis hot on your tail.  
>Once there, you climb up the stairs, turn around, and kneel.  
>In seconds, they’re inside, you get ready to aim.  
>two nazis blindly run into the staircase.  
>you riddle them with bullets.  
>they toss a grenade right at you.  
>Without thinking, you jump out the window just as it explodes.  
>Again you keep running.  
>Then you're behind the cover of a car.  
>you get and fire, three more nazis drop.  
>A bullet grazes your cheek, another, digs into your left shoulder.  
>iIt doesn't stop you one bit.  
>Then you’re running again.  
>You find an open sewer head and jump in.  
>Finally, you lose them.  
>You are dead tired, out of munitions, and completely lost.  
>You walk for god knows how long, but finally, you find a way out.  
>Climbing up a ladder and pushing aside a heavy sewer cover, you find you're in what looks to be a very empty, barren part of the city.  
>All that stands in front of you is a rundown warehouse.  
>The sun hangs low.  
>Would you have a better chance trying to get back now or wait for nightfall

>You stumbled to your feet and walked inside, then you climb up to the second floor.   
>An hour past then the silence in the air is broken by voices.  
>You shimmy your way to a nearby bullet hole to take a peak.  
>It’s bunch of nazi troops.  
>It is then that you see something on all fours.   
>You can’t believe what you’re seeing.   
>Then you hear it say something in German.   
>You’re amazed, so much so, you try to get a closer look.  
>As you do, you bump into some shrapnel.  
>The screeching of metal rubbing against metal echos in the empty warehouse.  
>You hold your breath, as if that would help, and keep your eye locked on them.   
>They all looked up, the pony seeming to look directly at you.   
>You’re in deep shit and you have nowhere to run.   
>They draw their guns and surround the building.  
>You make haste and try to find an area to hide in.   
>They begin searching the warehouse.   
>You can hear them digging around shifting through the rubble.   
>There is no way they won’t find you.   
>As they continue, you crawl in the shadow.  
>Seconds pass agonizingly slow as you move to an area they already searched.   
>What should you do? Should you keep hiding?   
>You still have your combat knife, should you try to take one out silently… and finally have a gun at your disposal again.   
>You're on the ground and trying to see if you can spot them.   
>You hear a noise from behind.   
>You look back to a set of glowing blue eyes from the shadow.   
>The dim light of the setting sun reflect against a luger that forms out of the darkness.   
>Then you see a contraption connect to it and the trigger.   
Behind that, are straps that are wrapped around a hoof.  
>Last, a ponies face.   
>You put your good arm up and try to move to a sitting position. You're more confused than frightened.   
>She doesn’t say a word, she only get closer, her grin widening.   
>With the point of her luger coming closer, you back up against a wall.

>Still, she inches forward...  
>Her fierce blue eyes hypnotizing.   
>Now the barrel digs into your cheek.   
>You literally are dumbfounded by this scene.   
>She speaks under her breath.  
>“Ich wusste gar nicht, dass Amerikaner solch blaue Augen wie du haben können!” “I did not know Americans had blue eyes such as yours.”  
>You don’t notice her reach for your hand.   
\*CLICK\* \*CLICK\*  
>Did she just..?  
>Her gun folds back onto her hoof  
>You try to move your arm.   
>FUCK!  
>Small chains rattle in tension as you vigorously tug… You’re handcuffed.   
>You’re about to say something, but she holds your mouth shut.  
>She whispers into your ear.  
>”Schrei ja nicht kleines Schweinchen, ich will nicht, dass die anderen von meinem neuen Haustier erfahren.” “Don’t shout just yet little piggie, I wouldn’t want the others to know about my new pet.”  
>You have no idea what she said, but the sheer fact that she hasn’t killed you yet and that she’s actively trying to hide your presence, well maybe you shouldn’t say anything.   
>She drops something to your side and turns.   
>The last thing you see is her tail swinging gently with each step as she enters the darkness again.   
>You hear a forceful female voice yelling then the shuffle of feet exiting the warehouse.   
>You look down to see a roll of gauze wrap.   
>Everything about this situation is awful and honestly, you don’t trust her, whatever she is.   
>Not one bit.   
>But.. What choice do you have?  
>Your good arm is cuffed, so it is a little hard.   
>You end up cutting your sleeve off so you can wrap up your wound.   
>You take off your helmet and try your best to relax.   
>Why did she do that?  
>Is this a sick joke? Are you just going to be stranded here till you die of starvation?  
>You left shoulder still hurts excruciatingly, but you can move it.   
>You try to cut the chain with your combat knife but over the course of an hour, you bareilly nick it.

>looks like you’re going to be here for a while.   
>Hours pass and night falls.  
>Your tiredness overcomes you and you pass out.   
>You awaken to hoofsteps.   
>You get up in a daze and look to the noises.   
>Those same ice blue eyes reflect against the moonlight.   
>“Meine Güte!! Was für ein Glück, dass du noch am Leben bist!” “Oh thank goodness you're still alive!”   
>She turns around and and stomps her hooves in excitement.   
>“OH MEIN GOTT, OH MEIN GOTT, OH MEIN GOTT, LEIBHAFTIGER AMERIKANISCHER ABSCHAUM! So einen wie dich habe ich noch nie hautnah erlebt- Nun ja, abgesehen von heute morgen, als ich dich gefesselt habe... Hehe ich kann's kaum glauben. Du bist immer noch am Leben! Ich meine, bei all dem Blut…” “OH MY GOD OH MY GOD OH MY GOD! A REAL LIVE AMERICAN SCUM! I haven’t seen one up close and personal- well only early today, when I handcuffed you… Hehe, I can’t believe this! You’re still alive! I mean with all the blood…”  
>She turns to you again, clearly blushing.   
>You have literally no idea what she’s saying or why here cheeks are red.   
>Her face gets even more blush, “GLOTZ MICH NICHT SO AN! ICH BIN ARYANNE, ERBIN DES THRONS DES DRITTEN DEUTSCHEN REICHS!” “DON”T GIVE ME THAT LOOK I AM ARYANNE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF THE THIRD REICH NAZI GERMANY!!  
>You just stare at you her, confused as hell.   
>she avoids eye contact and mumbles.   
>“Ich werde dir tausendmal ins Fleisch schneiden, bis du um den Tod bettelst und dann schneide ich dich tausendmal mehr!” ”I will cut your flesh a thousand times till you beg for death then I will cut you a thousand time more!”  
“...”   
>Her mood changes, and she jumps up excitedly just beside you.  
>Your hand is in your pocket, gripping your knife.  
>That smile of hers…   
>You have an opportunity, you can take her out right now… But not with that innocent smile.

>“Spuck’s aus du Schwein! Wie sind die Amerikaner? Obwohl ihr alle dreckige Degenerierte seid, finde ich eure verdrehte Denkweise… interessant!” “So tell me pig! What are the Americas like! Even though you are all impure degenerates, I find your twisted ways of thinking… Interesting!  
>She crawls closer to you.   
>”Ich hörte ihr habt die besten Ponydelikatessen! Oh! Und was ist mit der Sklaverei? Haltet ihr Neger als Haustiere? Das macht ihr doch, richtig? Oder war das früher? Oh! Der Völkermord an den amerikanischen Ureinwohnern! Ihr habt uns damit einige Mühen erspart. Wie auch immer, wenn du deine Worte richtig wählst, vielleicht…” ”I hear you have the best pony delicacies! Oh! And what about slavery! Do you have nigger pets!? That’s something you do right? Or, was that earlier? Oh! The Native American genocide! You saved us most of the trouble. Anyways, If you chose your word right, maybe…”   
>She begins to blush.   
>”V-Vielleicht kannst du ja mein Haustier sein! Ich bin sicher Vater erlaubt mir dich zu behalten. Falls nicht, muss ich dich leider töten, aber mach dir da drum erst mal keine Gedanken.” “M-maybe you can be my pet! I’m sure father will let me keep you. If not, I’ll just have to kill you, so don’t worry.”   
>She gives you a big smile awaiting your reply.   
>For all you know she just described how she would kill you and feed your body to the dogs.   
>You’re not buying it.   
“Sorry, I don’t speak your fucked up nazi language. How bout you try that again in english.   
>”Was sagst du? Der Ami kann kein Deutsch? Die Sprache der Herrenrasse?” “What are you saying? Do you not know german? The language of the master race?  
“This is fucking useless.. English… E N G L I S H…”  
DEUTSCH DU HURENSOHN! SPRICHST DU DAS!? ““GERMAN MOTHERFUCKER! DO YOU SPEAK IT!?”

>She put her hoof on her forehead and shakes her head left and right vigorously.   
>“So wird das nichts! Wozu bist du eigentlich gut wenn du nicht einmal meine Sprache beherrschst? Du kannst mir nicht die Informationen die geben die ich brauche!” ”Oh this will not do! What good are for If you cannot speak my language? You can’t give me the information I need!   
“Listen, you look like a nice pony and all, but if you can do me a favor and uncuff me,I’ll be on my way.   
>”Und du hättest so ein schönes Haustier abgegeben!” “And you could have made for a proper pet!”  
“You don’t need to associate with these nazi guys, if you let me go, I’ll point you to the nearest grassy meadow.   
>She gets up, and and turns around pulling her gun out.   
>Shit!  
>With all your might, you try to put free from the chain, as if that would work.  
>“Versteh mich nicht falsch Mensch, ich hätte dich liebend gerne als Haustier, aber es macht keinen Sinn wenn ich dich nicht herumschubsen und dir sagen kann was tun sollst. Es tut mir Leid, aber ich werde dich bald umlegen müssen, du wärst ohnehin nur ein zurückgebliebenes Haustier.” “Don’t get me wrong human, I would love to have you as a pet, but there on point if I can’t force you around and tell you what to do. I’m sorry I will have to put you down so soon, but you’d just be a retarded pet.”  
>Fuck… It’s totally about to kill you.  
>If this is the end, you’ll face death like a man not like a little bitch.   
>You’re an American, You’re not going to beg on your knees.   
“COME ON, TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT! JUST WAIT! MY TROOPS ARE COMING AND WE’RE GONNA SEND ALL YOUR NAZI ASSES TO HELL. COME ON YOU LITTLE BITCH!!”  
COME ON!!”  
>You smirk at her without fear.

\*BE ARYANNE\*  
>You’re the prototype genetically manufactured super soldier.   
>This is your second week out after several months rigorous training and testing.   
>You’ve had the amazing luck of finding an unarmed enemy… But sadly he’s retarded and doesn't know your superior language.  
>How sad.   
>You lift your gun to kill him.   
>He starts screaming gibberish… then smiles.  
>This is weird.   
>Why is he smiling.   
>is he….  
>NOT AFRAID OF YOU?!  
>Oh, two can play at that game.   
>HE WILL KNOW YOUR FURY!   
>Maybe you should shoot him?  
>No. You are going to kill him, but shooting him seems too… Easy.   
>Sure it’s painful, but you want to keep him around.  
  
  
\*BACK TO ANON\*  
>She keeps her gun on you, and takes out a whip.  
>she makes sure you get a good look at it just before she drops it on the ground just beside her.   
“Seems like I hit a sore spot. COME ON BITCH! I Ain't afraid of you!”  
>You’re kind of afraid, but you’re not a pussy.   
>For all the shit you’ve been through, this is nothing.   
>Keeping the gun pointed at your head, she rips off your jacket and the undershirt.   
>She puts her gun away and begins to whip you.   
>The pony pulls back as far as she can after every whip and it strikes like lightning.   
>The searing pain of each strike is unbearable, yet you keep your defiant smile.   
“COME ON YOU'RE NOT EVEN TRYING.”  
>You keep egging her on and she’s a relentless fucker.   
>The whips cuts into your chest and abdomen.  
>Ihr kleinen Scheißer seid aber auch alle ungeheuer scharf drauf ausgepeitscht zu werden! Du bist wie ein kleiner Köter, der nicht aufhören will zu kläffen! Meine Güte...du bringst mich noch beinahe dazu, mir das ganze nochmal überlegen zu wollen. Vielleicht SOLLTE ich dich ja als mein Haustier behalten und dir zeigen was echter Gehorsam bedeutet.

>“Are all you little shits so happy to get whipped! You're like a little dog that keeps barking! My, my.. You’re making me want to reconsider. Maybe I SHOULD keep you as a pet and teach you obedience.   
>Her cheeks become blush.   
her whips get stronger and each strike leaving you bleeding.   
>you body begins to flex on each impact   
“FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU FUCK YOU!”  
>She stops.  
>”Fuck you? Ich weiß, dass ich das irgendwo schon mal gehört habe. Bedeutet dieses “Fick dich” nicht...Liebe machen?  
>“Fuck you? I know i've heard those word before. Doesn’t ‘fuck you’ mean… Sex?  
>She looks at you, apparently in shock.   
>Fuck you? Does she understand that.   
>Her cheeks are on fire now.   
>You think she does.   
>Here’s you chance to communicate your resilience.   
>You start screaming ‘fuck you’ at the top your lungs.   
>”ICH WÜRDE MICH NIEMALS MIT EINEM TIER WIE DIR PAAREN! HÖR AUF DIESES WORT ZU SAGEN! HÖR SOFORT DAMIT AUF!  
>“I WOULD NEVER PROCREATE WITH AN ANIMAL LIKE YOU. STOP SAYING THOSE WORDS. STOP IT!   
“FUCK YOU FUCK YOU FUCK YOU!  
“DU DRECKIGES AMERIKANISCHES SCHWEIN! DU DEGENERIERTER HAUFEN SCHEIßE!  
“YOU DIRTY AMERICAN PIG, YOU DEGENERATE PIECE OF SHIT.   
“FUCKU FUKCU FUCKU”  
  
\*Back to Aryanne\*  
>You begin to whip him even harder!  
>You both keep screaming at each other.   
>This thing wants to do you!  
>He’s so vile, so disgusting.   
>”ICH WERDE DICH KALT MACHEN MENSCH. DU WIRST LEIDEN BIS DU MAUSETOT BIST!  
>“I WILL KILL YOU HUMAN, I WILL KILL YOU UNTIL YOU'RE DEAD!!  
>He keeps screaming back at you, apparently unphased.   
>So defiant… So… m-manly?..  
>You whip him mercilessly.   
>His strong defined abs flexing on impact, his sky blue eyes staring intensely at yours.   
>His bloody, sweaty body filled with an vigor you’ve never seen before.  
>You’re getting pissed off, but…. You feel a strange warmth enter your body.

>A-are you… Getting turned on?!  
>You scream in anger.  
“VERFLUCHTE SCHEIßE!!!”  
”FUCK!!!”  
>You throw your whip in sheer anger and stomp away.   
  
\*BACK TO ANON\*  
“YEAH THAT’S RIGHT, GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!   
>You spit in her direction.   
>Looks like she’s really pissed. She’ll probably kill you soon, but at least you've done a good job.   
>Come to think of it, wouldn’t she have shot you already?  
>Fuck, does she have more torture in mind?  
>She comes back again.   
“Hör mal her, Mensch. I habe darüber nachgedacht, was du von mir verlangst. Weil du sowieso nicht verstehst was ich sage, werde ich dir ein kleines Geheimnis verraten. Ich bin eine Mähre, und ich habe Bedürfnisse. T-tatsächlich bin ich gerade ziemlich heftig erregt...hihi.  
“Listen up Human. I have considered your request. Since you do not understand what I’m saying, I will tell you a secret. I am a mare, and I do have needs. A-actually I'm a very horny girl… heh.  
>She’s pacing left and right now, probably telling you what she plans on doing without.   
>Is she gonna rip your nails off? Or stab your eyes out?   
>Is she telling how you’ll scream like a little bitch and beg for death?   
>Is she blushing?  
“Ich werd ganz ehrlich mit dir sein. Ich habe schon mal dran gedacht, mich auf andere Pferde einzulassen. Oft sogar. Aber leider wurde mir nie erlaubt, mich alleine in ihrer Nähe aufzuhalten. Ich denke da war es nur ganz natürlich, dass ich angefangen habe, mich auch in sexueller Hinsicht für Menschen zu interessieren.  
>“I’ll be honest I have tought of intorcouse, with horses… Alot.. But, sadly, I was not allowed to be around any of them. I guess it’s only natural I started to think of humans sexually.”  
>You’ve heard enough of her bullshit.   
“Hey guess what you insane pony… FUCK YOU!!”  
>”DAZU KOMME ICH NOCH DU KLEINER…”  
>“I AM GETTIN TO THAT YOU…

>her angry yell turns I into a sensual smile.   
>”Du geiler verwegener Teufel!”  
>“You horny devil.  
>Shit! You don’t think it’s working any more.   
>She jumps on top of you. and inspects your body.   
>You get a hold of your knife again, but now she pointing her Luger at you again.   
>Your release you hold to it.   
  
>She looks into your eyes.  
>”Hmmm, du hast wirklich schöne blaue Augen…”  
>“Hmmm, you do have blue eye…  
>She then runs her hoof through your hair.   
>Dein Haar ist blond wie meine Mähne.”  
>”Your hair is blonde like my mane.”  
>She runs her hoove across your abdomen and you flex in pain.   
>”Und ein ordentliches Muskelpaket bist du noch dazu.”  
>“You’re quite muscular as well.  
>She has this almost sneaky grin on her face.   
>What the hell is she up to.   
She gets off and begins to pace again.   
>”Ich bin bislang noch nie mit jemand anderem intim geworden seit ich...erschaffen wurde. Ich bin sicher, dass du verstehst, das ich mir das auch alles ganz anders vorgestellt hatte.”  
>I have not partook in sexual intercourse since I was conceived, so you understand this is not At all what I had in mind.