>be anon   
>day contemplating suicide in equestria   
>The princesses shuffled you over to Autizmo The Winged Wonder Horse in her Treebrary shortly after your arrival to Horseland   
>and you really needed a vacation form twilight's shit   
>when she wasn't hushing you she was using her magic to hit you over the head with her trusty broom for disturbing her OCD   
>for some reason direct magic didn't affect you, but that never stopped Twilight Spergle's dirty ass broom from smacking you every time you as much as touched one of her books   
>'public library' my ass   
  
>you arranged to meet with Canon Burst, the only horse you've met that wasn't THAT pathologically insane in this stupid place   
>commonly known as the town 'creep' but he set up some killer campaigns in Stallions and Sables so he was cool in your book   
>Canon was also pretty much your only friend in this fairytale land of magical talking ponies   
>he was the one suggesting you and him take a vacation to Germaney for the pony equivalent of Oktoberfest   
  
>as you gather up your stuff to rush to the airport Cannon Burst was out buying tickets for the two of you   
>You meet at the ponyville train station and after an exchange of fist/hoof bumps and greetings you were off   
  
  
>crammed inside a tiny ass horse seat designed specifically not to fit humans in a Pegasus carriage, with no roof, traveling at ludicrous speeds over the horizon you're pretty sure this could qualify as one of the circles of hell   
>after your personal Danes' inferno you were literally kissing the dusty ass ground were hundreds of ponies had togged their muddy hooves around   
>you didn't care at this point, you'd rather walk the way back to Equestria than ever touch pony airlines again

>a final trial before you could drown your pain away in fuck-tons of alcoholic beverages still lay ahead, the Germaney international airport   
  
>you and Canon Burst are currently at the security checkpoint   
>"hey, bro. Forgot to mention some of the Germanes are slightly xenophobic. Just leave the talking to me, i can handle it alright?"   
"Kind of how you handled your last mare, Canon?"   
>he shrugged in the manner you've come to hate so much   
>"How would you know she didn't like surprise cuddles?"   
"She broke two of your ribs, Canon"   
>"She's just playing hard to get, Anon. When you got game like me you just know these things"   
>his shit eating grin never once leaving his face   
>fucking Canon   
  
>as the line slowly moved up you could see Canon Burst eyeing some cute mares in stewardess outfits   
>"H-hey bro, i just need to… eh some thing real quick, hold our place in the line will you?"   
>before you could answer he flew off, leaving you in an airport you've never been in before, surrounded by horses speaking a language you didn't understand   
>Fucking Cano-   
>"Neeeigh!"   
>what the fuck was that?   
>"Whinny!"   
>You see a shocked looking white mare with a creamy mane in what looks to be pony nazi attire eyeing you down  
>she slowly approaches you as everyone in the line instinctively moves away from your position   
>you hear a ramble of soft, high pitched neighing and other horse noises bombard your ears everywhere around you, no doubt Germaneian   
>The snow-white earth pony started head bunting you out of the line as the horse noises calmed down   
"What the fuck"   
>you mumble to yourself   
>you would come up with something more useful to say but life in magical horse land has thought you that most ponies just will not listen to reason   
>you're sure ponies speaking in foreign tongues is no different   
>besides, being abducted by nazi horses can't be worse than Twilight's broom

>She pushes you into what looks to be a interrogation room made for dwarfs or, in this case tiny ponies   
  
>wearing an angry expression she beckons you to sit down on the floor next to a table and a one-way mirror  
>you plump down and she takes a seat on her haunces over the other side of the table, a deadpan expression painting her features  
  
>"What are you, a monzter?"  
>she says with a thick Gremaneian accent  
>"are you retarded or zentient?"  
>her angry glare never leaving her face  
>fingers fondling you think on what to say to her, you really can't afford to fuck this up for Canon Burst, he was really looking forward to getting smashed with you on that pony festival and you were too.

>you realize that if this is anything like regular airport control back home your best shoot is to play it cool with the Fascist looking mare in front of you   
  
"My name is Anon, I am a human"   
>her ears perk up and she stares at you harder than ever before   
>"A hyooman?"   
"Yes, I'm not exactly from these parts"   
>"I can tell, ztate your businezz in Germaney"   
"Well, me and a buddy of mine are going to the famous Germaneian festival, we both needed a good vacation"   
>"Do you mean ze Oktoberfest, hyooman?"   
>You were taken aback a bit, this is the first time in a while these fucking horses hadn't taken something you held dear and spun a pun on the word   
>better count your blessings, you guess   
"Yes, Octoberfest, we're going there!"   
>the trademark shit-eating pony grin slowly took over her usual stern demeanor   
>"Und what makez you think I am to let such a foreign creature into meine country? Zebras unt Griffins being allowed into our capital is a disgrace enough az it iz!"   
>she gets up and prepositions herself on the floor more comfortable   
>"Tell you what, partner. You convince me that you are not a threat to me or Celestia's glorious 1000 year Reich and i will conzider not sending you to ze zalt mines."   
>knowing these ponies usually wasn't a fan of irony you'll make sure to pick your next words carefully.

>you weigh your options, this pony seemed very inclined to royally fuck up your day   
>you regret every bad thought aimed towards any previous airport security you've ever encountered before this mare   
>truly only the dead can know peace from this evil   
"Uh, well. Princess Celestia and Princess Luna both evaluated me before I settled in a small town outside of Canterlot. I also live under the same roof as Twilight 'butler of books' Sparkle. Surly this must count for something miss…?"   
>she kept eye contact for a little longer than she might have liked and coughed into her pure breed white hoof   
>"The name iz Aryanne"   
>at this point her face was unreadable, it looked like she was staring into space   
>she snapped back at you, got up on all fours and with as much authority her little pony body could muster she said:   
>"SS-Oberführer Aryanne to be exact! Unt if you have the Princesses green light i zuppose there iz no trying to get you executed, i guess…"   
>Her face turned to a wicked grin   
>"but it iz still way within my authority to perform eine body zerch!"   
  
>oh shi-   
>fucking crazy ass Nazi pone actually holds a ridiculously high Nazi rank!  
>right about now Spergle sparkle's fucking broom almost seems more favourable   
>almost

>fuck it   
>no matter what you do you're fucked   
>common sense tells you not to attempt a runaway from an 'SS-Oberführer'   
>common sense also tells you not to follow instructions by a pony whom refers to themselves with a title like 'SS-Oberführer'   
>you never asked for this   
>these are the days that make you regret getting out of bed every morning in this bizarre equine realm   
>why couldn't you get torn up by dragons or some shit?   
>with a nod of your head and seppuku of your soul you agree to the pony's wishes   
>she beams and proceed to head butt you into her office   
>with a lot of scooting on her part and a lot of dying internally on yours you finally make it into her private quarters   
>and what an office it was   
>Fucking Nazi memorabilia covered her walls   
>worse yet, everything was ponefied   
>you were 99,99% done the second you laid eyes upon a picture of Aryanne selfie posing next to a stern looking stallion titled 'Adolf Hoofler'   
>if there are words describing the way you felt right now this OP does not have the English vocabulary to express it   
  
  
>"Hnng Scheiße, you hyoomans are heavy, Anon."   
"Y-you too…"   
>you're in clear discomfort and she notices   
>she looks up at you, blowing her mane out of her face and huffs   
>"cooperation will make everything eazier, Anon, I am eine professional!"   
>she says matter-of-factly   
>"Now, why do you have zuch ridiculous clothing on in ze first place?"   
"It's a human thing, we don't like going around naked."   
>"And it is a perfect way to hide contraband!"   
>her little 'ah ha' moments were kinda cute, you had to admit   
>"Now, undress!"

>she's clearly enjoying this way too much   
>undoing your tie and unbuttoning your suit you sigh   
>this was supposed to be a vacation away from deranged ponies   
>as your shirt comes of she suddenly halts you   
>"HALT! your SS-Oberführer commands it!"   
>you turn to look at her   
>playfulness in her eyes has disappeared   
>on stern hooves she moves over to you and inspects your half-naked form   
>she moves up on you and uses your chest as support as she pats everywhere around your torso with her fore hooves   
>"You are built zatisfactory. Your parentz must be of a high quality race of hyooumans"   
>"Muzcle tizzue, far to great to be a plant eater, nein."   
>'ah ha' moment incoming…   
>"You are eine predator! You fezst upon the flezh of the weak and burn it as fuel to continue your line of heritage, am i correct?"   
"That's a really narrow way of loo-"   
>"I knew it!"   
>ohboy.png   
>"Zuch ferocity, such brutality~ To think if i were not on post somepony could have let a blood thirsty predator into our midst without knowing."   
>"I imagine the hyoouman way of dealing with undesirables is to rip them in half and feast upon their flesh in publick"   
>she brushes over your arm with a silky hoof   
>"Powerful appendages to tear out the still-beating hearts of your enemies~"   
>Aryanne is now fucking drooling over your fingers, god damn pony saliva, takes hours to get the smell off   
>"This brute, this menace warrior race from across the stars, trapped by this humble little Oberführer"   
>she's now giving you the biggest fucking puppy eyes imaginable, holy Jesus ponies perfected this sort of thing   
>"Tell me, Anon. How do you feel about us plant eating ponies?

>god damn she's really getting too close for comfort   
>this seems as good a time as any   
>this is happening one way or another and you've come to terms with that.   
>might as well make it happen on your terms   
  
>you puff out your chest efficiently bumping the fuck out of the little racist pony who used it as support to keep herself up on two back legs mere seconds ago   
>not expecting you to do that, Aryanne fell flat on her rump and rolled onto her back, her hooves flailing every which way to regain composure   
>with her being dazed and confused you roll the dice, hoping to use her moment of weakness to your full advantage   
>laying on her back, splayed out on her red Nazi rug she's covering one of the many eagle motifs   
  
>you step forth and plant your foot over her chest-fluff and throat   
>not hard enough to hurt her but sturdy enough that she won't get away   
>she struggles against the form twice her size but to no avail   
>once she's calmed down you finally speak up in a calm collected manner   
"You think you know strength, little pony?"   
>her focus shifts from the foot holding her down over to you, her eyes the size of dinner plates   
>you have her full attention at this point   
"My kind has prevailed millennia of bloodshed, and it has made us strong. From the crusades to two world wars we have never faltered in raw power."   
>holy shit, it's actually working!

"Human kind towers over ponies, in both posture, strength and mind. You sang songs while we sharpened our bayonets. You played in the sun while we tirelessly invaded nation after nation. You enjoyed the food freely given to you by your rulers while we were knees deep in the blood of those who starved us."   
>Her breathing intensified rapidly   
"Your beloved Princesses are the only one whom can lead your nation because the average pony is limited by a mark on their rump, a single human's potential is limited so far off the spectrum you filthy horses could never even begin to fathom it."   
>her cheeks flushed with light-crimson, you can smell her damp musk starting to bask the room in it's odor   
>you lean in to her now quivering body   
"And you have the guts to ask someone this mighty and genetically superior to breed with a female belonging to such a pathetic, lackluster race?"   
>your ears pick up a wet dripping noise coming from her loins   
>she's fucking soaking her carpet at this point   
>"B-buck me you Schweine, I w-want to feel the touch of eine übermensch!"   
>you snap at her, perhaps a little louder than you intended   
"Quiet you filthy fucking animal!"   
>you point a finger at the carpet she's currently in the process of ruining   
"Look at you, just look at you! You can't even control yourself, you're no better than a dog dry humping furniture!"   
>"Then dizcipline me!"   
>She yelps back   
>"Invade m-my zouthern front!"   
>"Breach meine Normandy defenses!"   
  
>she's puddy in your hands, anon  
>WARNING, ONCE YOU TURN HORSEFUCKER THERE'S NO GOING BACK!

>This is it   
>it's what you eat, sleep, piss and shit   
>ponies!   
  
>You remove your foot and loom over her tiny frame   
>even for your run-of-the-mill magical equine she's tiny, well, tiny'er' than you're used to   
>she's also obviously toned   
>trademark earth pony muscles are slightly outlined when you gaze upon her two front hooves laying over her chest   
>and she smells nice, she's worked up quite a sweat these last moments and it shows   
>her mane is damp, you normally hate the smell of wet horse but mixed in with the fragrance of a proud Aryan Nazi pony being reduced to a mutt in your presence you can't help but let the scent get to you   
>you can feel blood rushing to your cock as you look her in the eyes   
>you bend down even further and stick your nose in her coat, getting a good whiff of her   
"You are in no position to make demands, you know"   
>you say, muffled by her coat still in your face   
>you can feel the vibration of a shutter as the words leave your mouth   
>"fine hyouuman, you are to take the reins."   
>you slowly move your face away from her comfy-ass belly and give her a look   
>"…"   
>"Oh! Pleaze?"   
>that's more like it   
"Get up."   
>you say, commanding your little werchmant   
>she immediately stands at attention   
>you reach down to unzip your flyer, big blue pony eyes watching hungrily the entire time   
>shifting your pants just low enough you release your helmeted soldier standing fully erect from out your boxers   
>Aryanne takes a second to take in the strange new sight before her   
>her face bearing the look of confusion   
>she leans in to sniff it   
>doesn't look like she's disgusted by the cold sweat you've accumulated from your high flying near-death experience hours prior   
>she isn't exactly what your foreskin is though   
>she was about to find out

"Hut Hut Hike!"   
>you further indicate with a hand motion and she get's were you're going with this   
>clever girl   
>She swallow you balls deep before you even realize what's going on   
>oh fuck oh holy shit oh holyshitohholyshit!   
>your body was not prepared for dexterous earth pony tongue   
>she looks up at you, big blue orbs beaming a sense of pride of how she made you react   
>you keep your composure as well as you can, all things considering   
>she keeps swallowing, the entire surface of her tongue rolling over the bottom part of your dick while her oral cavity massages the rest   
>god damn!   
>this pony can't have a gag reflex   
>come to think of it; horses back home couldn't really puke so it would make sense   
>you shrug it off as another action of Aryanne's god-tier tongue rolls over your penis   
>she tightens her throat a bit, forcing your tip back into her mouth   
>you were about to speak up to the disobedient pony until she started making slow rolls around your entire member with her tongue   
>she would occasionally speed up her licks only to slow down again   
>like she's following a rhythm inside her head   
>slow moaning could be heard and the vibrations coming from her   
>good god the vibrations   
>you exhaled a grunt

>moved your hands over to her cute little ears and started to knead them in your palms   
>she took the hint and started bobbing her head back and forth as her tongue explored every inch of your shaft   
>you were close   
>Aryanne closed her eyes, ¨readying herself for your release   
>her humming growing ever louder, in tune with the few unsuppressed moans of your own.   
>you felt your loins giving in to the constant barrage of pleasure coming from this pony's mouth and with a hard tug on her ears you shot string after glorious string of übermensch semen down Aryanne's hungry throat   
>you could hear a muffled "hmmph" from Aryanne as you lay more weight on her neck, leaning into her as your orgasm kept painting the pony's insides whiter than her family's heritage   
>all the while your little Nazi kept sucking, claiming every drop of your mustard race   
>with a palm on her forehead you pulled yourself out of the pony's mouth   
>an audible 'pop' could be heard as Aryanne kept sucking at air   
>taking a second before she snapped out of her trance she grinned sheepishly at you   
>"zorry, caught in the moment."   
>you smile, patting her head   
"Jesus Christ, Aryanne, you're pretty good at this, huh?"   
>a low hum came from her, enjoying the aftertaste of your semen   
>"hmm- oh, that? Yez, when you're in the field you'll do anything for cigarettez!"   
>fucking Aryanne  
>she shuffeled with a few drawers in he office and found a pack   
>stretching it out with a hoof she offered   
>"want one?"

>smoking is bad for you   
>but you figure all the spells Purple Princess Powernerd Pony has pumped in you trying to crack the code of exactly what makes you immune to direct magic is more likely to cause cancer than anything else   
>you reach your hand down to Aryanne's muzzle were the pack of smokes are currently residing and grab it   
>it got pony spit all over it   
>oh well, you already smell like a brothel thanks to the average pony mare's habit of coating just about everything in 'fluids' whenever they're exited   
>the less you think about this the better   
>you sit down next to the mare who just seconds ago took your pone virginity   
>it doesn't count since you finished in her mouth!   
>the little voice in your head is right   
>this was just dipping your feet, not taking the actual dive   
>yup, no delusions here, anon. You're still not a horse fucker!   
  
>you open the pack of cigarettes and hand Aryanne one as you grab one for yourself   
>you shift your eyes around, looking for something to light it with   
>it's not like Aryanne has a lighter or anything   
>those were few and far between in horseland, only being used by unicorns   
>and most unicorns use their magic to conjure up a small fire spell anyway   
>as you grind the gears in your brain on how to light your smoke you feel something bump your foot   
  
>you look over and Aryanne has pushed over a small metal dish with lit coal in it   
>that answers how non-unicorns light their cigarette you guess   
>sticking the cigarette into one of the coals you see Aryanne do the same thing, only with her muzzle

>"Ah, Scheiße!"   
>the poor horse managed to singe some of her blonde mane in the makeshift cigarette-lighter   
>looking pissy she's really trying her best to hide it from you   
>"You zaw nothing, Anon!"   
"Whatever you say, Aryanne."   
>you let out a low chuckle at the pony's misfortune   
>she starts shaking her head around, until the singed part of her mane was covered in an otherwise sea of creamy white   
>taking a long drag of your smoke you noticed how hard it ripped in your lungs   
>it's been awhile since you've smoked, you could tell   
>taking another drag your free hand starts exploring her pretty mane   
>slowly petting her like you would a dog   
>ponies you've encountered seemed to like that   
>Aryanne is no different   
>hesitant at first she slowly gets used to your touch and leans into your hand   
>sitting down beside you as she takes another drag she opens her mouth to speak   
>"You know, Anon."   
>she coos   
>"When i first saw you i was zure i would have to zchedule a firing zquad."   
"and?"   
>"Unt i am glad i didn't"   
>she leans further into you, applying more weight as she snuggles into your shoulder   
>this is probably her way of being friendly   
  
>sitting here with her was nice, she's still on your top 7 list of batshit insane ponies you've met in Equestria but she's really growing on you   
>you take another drag and relax as the calm overtakes both you and her and you quietly fall a sleep, basking in the afterglow of orgasm

>she wiggles her little back hooves for a bit, looking over her own body   
>looking over her own body slowly eyeing yours in return   
>"Zee anything you like, ja?"   
>you've been around pones for so long you keep forgetting they're usually totally naked   
>you inspect her body more thoroughly   
>soft chest fluff [x]   
>Cuddle approved belly [x]   
>tiny, soft crotch-teats [x]   
>a still dripping wet marehood [x]   
  
You turn her around, hands switching which shoulder of hers they hold   
>toned earth pony back [x]   
>healthy looking gluteal fascita [x]   
>a thorough breed horse butt from here to yaa-yaa [X]   
>ding ding ding

>you gently put her down, allowing all four of her hooves to reach the ground before speaking   
"Yes, as a matter of fact i do"   
>she looks at you with wide eyes, then back to her butt   
>then back to you   
>then her butt   
>one trademark shit eating grin à la Aryanne, coming right up.   
>"Ohohoho~, you are, az they zay an 'ass man', Ja?"   
>she got you there   
>you like big butts and you can not lie   
>"Well it would be rude for you not to ztick it in after looking for zo long."   
  
>you sigh, assuming it's a piece of pony culture you've missed   
"Well well well, aren't you quite the frisky filly?"   
>she's locked with you in a stare, giving you the bedroom eyes   
>"I am more frisky than cyanide in a zebra's body, Anon. You don't know the half of it!"   
  
>assuming this is flirting and not a death threat you decided to push on   
"Is that so? Well, looks like we just have to crank you down a notch then, huh?"   
>you smack her over the ass with a n open palm   
>a high-pitched whinny could be heard exiting the mare as she galloped over to he office desk and 'presented' herself to you   
>"We zeem to have an issue, Befehlsleiter Anon!"   
>she pointed at her butt with her left hoof   
>"Az you can zee the target iz deeply surrounded by two major flanks!"   
>she's faking distress at this point   
>"You will need a heavy push to get through the flanks unt penetrate ze target!"

>you decide to play along with her little game   
>grabbing one of the many leather caps stashed around her office and approach the bent-over mare   
>inspecting her rump you roughly grasp a cheek with each hand, rewarding you with a yelp of surprise from Aryanne   
>getting a feel for her perfectly molded butt, you put on your best Commander voice   
"This is quite an issue we got on our hands!"   
>wiggling her ass around as you say so for emphasis   
"Our target seems deeply imbedded in one of the biggest trenches I've ever seen"   
>you spread her cheeks in one swift motion, exposing her goods   
"But nothing goes without notice from the übermensch! Right, SS-Oberführer? "   
">R-right, Befehlsleiter Anon! What are we gonna do about it!?"   
  
>you almost regretfully let go go her butt to take off your pants again   
>this time it's all going off   
>except the Nazi cap, you liked the cap   
  
>There are not many ponies who have seen you naked, there are even less who have seen you naked with an old leather Nazi cap on top of your head.   
>damn, you were bringing sexy back for sure   
>you got back to Aryanne's impatient behind   
>with your hands firmly grasping her pure white ass you got back to work spreading her cheeks again   
"Permission to launch the long-range V-2's?"   
>"Permission granted, Befehlsleiter Anon!"

>With that you grab some of her mare fluids and apply it on your dick as lubricant   
>your tip starts pushing on her ponut   
>she gasps   
>"Oh mein Gott! Defenses can't hold for much longer!"   
  
>you keep pushing, feeling your tip slowly entering the battlefield   
>growing impatient at the slow pace you decide to blitzkrieg this motherfucker   
>with a light tilt of your hips you penetrate her asshole with your warhead   
>Aryanne starts tapping her back hooves, lightly kicking at air as you get a rhythm going   
>"First strike waz eine sucsess! Keep pushing!"   
>you pump   
>harder this time   
>earth pones were built sturdy, you knew you wouldn't hurt her by playing rough   
>she moaned   
>gyrating your hips you find your dick yearning for her beautifully crafted ponut with each rotating hip movement   
>good, deep thrusts inside her tight, pony butthole felt amazing   
>so amazing infract that you felt yourself approaching rapidly   
>just as the thought struck you, Aryanne started to shake and clamp down on your manhood   
>nearly foaming at the mouth she broke into a fit of high pitched whinnies and neighs, or 'Germaneian' as you've come to learn it's called   
>riding out her orgasm you knew this was your time to shine   
>shit stamina, horses back home have shit stamina, remember?   
>now you do   
>after that disturbing trivia from your subconscious you were determined to make this pony squeal

>you kept going, never leaving a second for Aryanne to compose herself   
>it didn't take long before she clomped down on her wooden office desk and yelled into the furniture again   
>another barrage of unintelligible horse-speak filling the room   
>you felt like the king of the world making her cum with this little effort and decided to stress test this earth pony for real   
>silk gloves were off and you rammed her asshole balls deep   
>her moans had now turned into low shouting and you could tell by the intensity that she was gonna cum again   
>your legs and crotch were drenched in her luscious mare fluids but you didn't care   
>continual ramming provides successfully as you felt yourself edging is well   
>you gotta time this correctly   
>going by the ferocity of her cries you estimated that now pretty good time to claim these two hills in the name of the fatherland   
  
>you squeezed her buns as hard as you could as you arched your back, semen flooding her gateways   
>Aryanne's body rode her third orgasm as another heap of unintelligible nonsense left her mouth.   
>her legs bucking every which way   
  
>"AAAAAHHHH MEINE FUHRER!"   
  
>You pulled out of her, slumping down on a large leather chair in the side of her office   
>your hips were killing you   
>it felt like you've been running up and down a mountain   
>your breathing steadied   
>but hot damn if it didn't hurt   
>so   
>GOOD

>seeing Aryanne stumble to her hooves only to fall face down on the floor you forced yourself up the chair to go pick her up   
>she was breathing heavy, her mind dazed from her rapid succession orgasms   
>her chest was expanding and contracting at a calmer rate once she was in your arms   
>you sat back on in the large chair with Aryanne on your lap   
>slowly petting her made once again   
>looks like you really pushed her   
>she had fallen right into the clutches of sleep   
>and she was now quietly snoozing laying on top of you   
>you decided today had been hectic for you as well as you grabbed a blanket off the armrest   
>you were too tired to wonder why pony chairs have armrests   
  
da end?

>reaching climax two times in a row could tire anybody   
>and with that warm, fuzzy ball of cute laying in your lap it was hard not to doze off   
so that's just what you did   
  
>be dreaming   
>the unknown distance to the great beyond stares back at your grieving frame   
>you're chased by giant vacuum cleaners and brooms with sharp fangs enveloped in purple magic   
>you don't know what's up with equestria but all your dreams appear lucid   
>must be the magic rotting your brain or something   
>just as the giant broom is about to rearrange your face into a Salvador Dalí painting, all light is sucked into a ball of midnight blue   
>The ball hovers in suspended animation before forming the outlines of the latest pony on your shit-list   
>Luna   
>Luna has been pestering you in your dreams ever since she found out your civilization held technology more advanced than ponykind   
>"Combustion engines!"   
>oh god here we go   
>"How do they work?"   
>you approached the exited looking Equine   
"I don't know, Luna."   
"art though withholding vital information from thy Princess?"   
>For some reason she had the idea wiggled into her mind that you somehow knew how to build everything from back home that you told the princesses about   
"No Luna, if i knew how to build a combustion engine I'd tell you, alright?"   
>"How about the Atom bomb? Surly Equestria's foes would tremble at the sight at such a weapon!"   
>you let out a physical and audible shudder   
>the last thing these mentally unstable horses need is the power to split the atom   
>you quickly try to change the subject   
  
"Why would you even need something like that? I thought Equestria didn't have any enemies."   
>She looks at you, her up-beat expression changing to a dead serious one   
>"Anonymous, need we remind thee that me and sister are immortal alicorns whom control the every sky itself?"   
>she extends her wings for effect   
>the space you were in somehow getting even darker   
>her tone really showing the characteristics of an ancient leader rather than the whimsical moon horse you're used to   
>"Make no mistake, Equestria had enemies in the past. but without a lick of sunlight their crops withered and died, as did their will to oppose us. If that didn't work, Sister's radiant, unmoving sun burned their hides and dried out their lakes, thou are foolish to believe we would ever truly need the horrors you told us your kind possess."   
  
>the dreamt up space currently occupied by you and moon-butt flashed, the darkness withtracted   
>her goofy muzzle bearing a goofy grin once more   
>"the iron hoof in the velvet sock, dear Anonymous!"   
>damn these ponies and their crazy mood swings   
>you really wished you had some prozac, unfortunately your average pony was content with eating flowers or something whenever they felt down so you don't think stupid horse land has any   
"Just.. just wake me up, Luna."   
>she looked a little disappointed that she couldn't squeeze any information out of you   
">Farewell, Anonymous. I am under oath not to disturb sister's subject when i am not wanted"   
>the world faded into black and you left Luna's realm of dream spying and filly stalking

>fluttering your eyes you see that Aryanne is still sleeping on you, exhaustion must have taken a toll on her as well   
>god damn, you were unpleasantly damp from the lewd acts performed with the very same horse currently nested in your lap   
>you always told yourself that one day you'd have to face the music and eventually lay one of these ponies   
>a boner is so much stronger than a man after all   
>what you didn't tell yourself was that it would be with a crazy, batshit insane Nazi airport security pone   
>your crazy, batshit insane Nazi airport security pone   
>before you could get all sugary sweet with the thought your mind was struck with panic   
>Canon Burst   
>holy shit!   
>how long has it been?   
>he's probably waiting for you or something!   
>God fuckedy fuck fuck fuck, anon, you can't just ditch your only pal like that   
>you're a terribad friend   
>what if he's gotten himself into trouble or something   
>you start to gently shake Aryanne   
"Get up, Aryanne. We need to find my bud!"   
>"Hmmm, Völkermord zzz~"   
>you didn't have time for this   
>you got up from the chair, Aryanne rolling like a sack of potatoes off your lap   
>"S-SCHEISSE!"   
>she looked up at you, glaring daggers before rising to her hooves   
>"What iz your major defekt?!"   
"I left my friend when you took me in for questioning!"   
>"Nonsens, you were alone when i found you."   
"He went over to a couple of mares in stewardess uniforms to hit on them like a minute before that."   
>she blinked twice, a hint of a smile creeping up on her   
>"Thiz friend, how important iz he to you?"   
"Aryanne?"   
  
  
>You're running   
>you don't give a shit that you smell like the bed sheets of a teenage mare in heat   
>you're getting weird looks as you pass unsuspecting ponies around the airport   
>you're not sure if it's the smell they're picking up on, or if it's the white earth pony under your arm screaming profanities at you in a language you can't understand that have their attention   
>you don't care   
>Aryanne told you just before you scooped her up and ponenaped her that if Canon Burst was trying anything with the mares she thought you described, he was as good as dead   
  
"What way to the courtyard?"   
>"LET ME DOWN YOU SCHWEINE! I REAK OF SEXUAL FLUIDS!"   
>you could understand she was upset   
>even though pone culture didn't mind not covering themselves, any hint of musk in the air was considered highly promiscuous   
>you set her down once she's too far away from her office to jolt back into it   
"were is the courtyard?"   
>her cheeks were burning up, you don't think you've ever seen a pony this embarrassed before   
>gritting her teeth she lifted a hoof and pointed towards one of the airport's double doors at the other side of a crowd   
>you and Aryanne rush for the courtyard, her cheeks still flaring crimson due to her overwhelming scent of maresex

>oh god   
>you thought Canon couldn't fuck up worse then when he tried to date that Octavia pony   
>not only did he spill his spaghetti, he thought it was a good idea to hide in her attic for two weeks straight before she found him   
>needless to say he had to surgically remove one of Octavia's horse shoes from his face after the buck she delivered to his template   
  
  
>but here he was, blindfolded with a cigarette in his mouth, being forced towards a firing wall by the mares in stewardess outfits   
>"Die waffen, legt…an!"   
>Aryanne stepped in and started squealing at them in their weird, high pitched germaneian horse speak   
>the mares immediately backed off, it was obvious that Aryanne was pulling rank at this point   
>you removed his blindfold while Aryanne was busy tearing the mares in stewardess outfits a new verbal asshole   
>after the mares holding Canon captive ran out crying due to Aryanne's seemingly brutal pep-talk only you, your bud and the tiny Nazi mare was left in the courtyard   
>with no imediate things left you were free to hopefully enjoy your vacation

"Canon, what the fuck did you get yourself into?"   
>Canon Burst gave a look of confidence but deep down you knew the devious fucker was about to go full damage control   
>"tisk tisk, poor Anon. You really don't know how mares work, do you?"   
>you do now   
>you raise an eyebrow and cross your arms   
>"Well, at first we were getting it on pretty well, didn't catch what they neighing about but love was in the air~"   
>"I tried to spark up a conversation but they couldn't understand what i was saying, what with them being Germaneian and all."   
"Are you going somewhere with this?"   
>"Oh, yeah! Long story short i smacked one of them on the rump and they started freaking out and hog-tied me, thought they wanted to play rough so i went along with it!"   
"So, they tied you up and placed you against a firing wall?"   
>"Basically, I'm sure it was just some kinky foreplay though, i had them rolled around my hoof the entire time, that is until you and your little friend here interrupted the master at work"   
>he scoffed at Aryanne   
>"What's up with that one Anyways, looks pissed"   
"Canon, i wouldn't-"   
>"Don't worry, Anon. These stupid Germaneians suck at speaking Equestrian, I'm sure the dumb broad can't even understan-"   
>and with that Aryanne's earth pony hoof connected with Canon Burst's face   
>his entire body flailed to the ground   
>you're pretty sure you saw teeth flying   
>and something definitely went crack   
>"You'd be wize to lizten to your friend, perverted zcum, raize your voize at me again and i will euthanize you for insubordination!"   
>BLOWN THE FUCK OUT   
  
  
"Jesus, Canon. Are you alright?"   
>"Eeeyouch, my face!"   
>he clutched his muzzle with his front legs, rolling around on the ground   
>he'll be fine, marshmallow horses tended to be really spongy   
>he got up again and shook his head around to regain composure   
"So, what's the plan now?"   
>"Isn't it obvious, Anon? We Oktoberfest now!"   
>you shrug   
>"Aaaannnd we're of- omph!"   
>Aryanne extended her hoof tripping the poor stallion   
>She's still pissed at your buddy and it shows   
>"You? Oktoberfest? Eine perverse little stallion like you would get beaten like the dog you are unt thrown into eine prizon camp before you can even beg for your life."   
>her stern demeanor easened up a little   
>"Das is why i will escort you both."   
>wait what?   
  
  
"Aryanne, no offense but don't you have a job or something?"   
>you weren't sure how much you should question her decision, she seemed to know what she was doing and the last thing you wanted was to get her mad   
>but then again, these horses are crazy and should be questioned at every turn   
>she raised her snout   
>"Do nicht worry yourself, Anon! Being eine high ranking SS-Oberführer does have it's advantages."   
"Sure, if it's not too much trouble I'd love for you to join us. Can't hurt to have a local onboard, right Canon?"   
>Canon Burst scowled and started kicking up dust with a back hoof, while nurturing his swollen muzzle with a front one   
>"As a matter of fact it can hurt to involve the locals, Anon."   
>you heard Aryanne hiss in the to the side of you   
>oh boy, why can't we all just get along   
>Canon heard Aryanne's little pony hisses and quickly re-worded his statement   
>"I-i mean, yeah, sure, locals. Why not?"   
>he took off the ground and raised his hooves in defeat   
>that was enough for Aryanne and she smiled towards the stallion   
>"Even the zimplest of mindz can be molded to greatnezz, Canon! Az long as you follow zuit and never queztion authority!"   
>Canon Burst puffed out his cheeks and scrunched   
>"There's no way we'll be leaving the airport without you, is it?"   
>Aryanne shook her head while looking victorious as fuck   
>"You can lick your wounds while i take eine zhower, i expect to zee you both ready for departure in an hour."   
  
  
>You and Canon Burst stood outside in the airport parking lot having a friendly chat   
>"You actually rutted **that?!**"   
>Canon Burst took a back flip through the air in excitement and hovered next to you   
>"My man MY MAN! I'm so proud of you Anon!"   
>he brought his hoof and connected with your fist   
"It's really no big deal, bro, she came onto me, I just went along with it."   
>you tried being modest but Canon Burst would have nothing of it   
>"Dude! She's mad cute. Damn, can't say I'm not jelly."   
"She's also insane. And she gave your face a once over."   
>"With a body like **that** you're allowed to be. And don't worry about that, at least she didn't use her back legs."   
>Canon drifted off   
>"Hmm, her legs."   
>you quickly snap your fingers   
"Earth to Canon, I repeat earth to Canon."   
>"What's that Anon? Oh, yeah…"   
>"Water under the bridge, anon. Germaneians are infamous for having a temperament."   
  
>"Are we ready to move, Gentlemen unt coltz?"   
>your near-executioner turned inprov tour guide approached you both fresh from her shower   
>she looked way better now, with her mane freshly washed and her coat no longer damp   
>she also didn't have her makeshift Nazi uniform on anymore, giving her a way kinder demeanor   
>the mare looked you both over   
>"Oh we are gonna get 'FÜCKED' up az it were!"   
>she hype   
>you hype   
>Canon horn- hype   
>buying tickets to the train you, and your following of peculiar ponies found a couple of seats   
>Aryanne and Canon sparked up a conversation but you were still tired as shit since you didn't get your full beauty sleep in Aryanne's office thanks to Luna   
>maybe moon-horse will show you mercy now as you decide to take a back seat and charge up your batteries for Oktoberfest

>you wake up to a lot of rabble and horse noises   
>you open your eyes and and exit your train cart   
>Aryanne and Canon Is nowhere to be seen   
>you move towards the exit of the train   
>[noises intensifying](http://youtu.be/OA2vasXT4pk) [[Embed](javascript:;)] you figure you're close to the pone party   
>you finally exit the train and holy fucking shit   
  
>you used a hand to cover for the powerful sun   
>when your eyes adjusted you saw a large snowy mountains enclosing a village twice the size of ponyville in a half circle   
>the air was some of the freshest you've ever smelled and the temperature was just right   
>all around you and the train there are ponies partying their little butts off   
>as far as the eye can see   
>horses drinking, dancing, drinking some more and chatting   
>Ponka Poi would be green with envy   
>a sea of hoofs pound the ground to your left next to a giant stage were athletic ponies jump around and sing their hearts out to heavy beats that echo inside of your head   
>to your left, a shit load of white tents are placed around were ponies flock to get their greedy hooves on beer   
>you take a few steps into pony party paradise consisting mostly of earth ponies to look for your friends   
>you could call Aryanne a 'friend' at this point, right?   
>A friend with benefits in the very least   
>as you were poundering you heard Aryanne shout your name from.. above?   
>"ANON!"   
>she's riding Canon Burst with a beer in one hoof and Canon's mane in another   
>horses riding horses   
>god fucking damnit, poniverse   
>she's also wearing what you can only guess is a pony version of some German folk attire   
>whatever it was, she looked qt as fuck in it   
>"You are finally up, ja?"   
>"Come, you are too zober!"   
"Canon, what the fuck"   
> "She real cool, bru~ She like, eh. Cill y'know?"   
>yep, Canon was already getting pretty shit faced   
>and shouldn't fly around with other ponies on his back in this condition   
>but who were you to poop up the party   
>you shrugged and let the duo lead you to a white tent   
  
>the mare managing the tap looked you over   
>she smiled and hoofed you a beer   
>"Schau dir all die Pferde, weiß, Herr, der Autor verwendet übersetzen!"   
>you smile and nod   
>as the lucious fluid runs down your thirsty throat, fueling your inner party animal the strange horse music keep attacking your ears   
>you didn't care   
>this was what you were here for and you got here alive   
>aside for the near-death occurrences, this couldn't have gone better   
>you take another swing of the locally brewed pony beer and grin like an idiot   
>this brew was really good   
>you were sick of Applejacks cider back in ponyville   
>nothing against it on a personal level   
>but horse cider was way too sweet for you   
>this however had a delish bitter taste to it with a smooth aftertaste   
>you eye the beer mare once more, your eyes pleading as you lick your lips   
>she giggles and hoof you another one   
>"frage mich, ob jemand tatsächlich versucht, dies zu übersetzen"   
>she says in a cherry tone   
>you have no idea what she's saying but she's defenetly on your top 10 list of ponies that does not make you wanna stick your head in an oven   
>Aryanne 'unmounts' Canon and land right in the arm currently not holding a beer   
>she pulls herself up you your face and give you a long and hard surprise smooch   
>"C'mon, Anon! Let us dance!"   
> "You lovebirds enjoy yourself, I \*HICCUP\*- i saw some mares in need of canon bursting~"   
"That's the worst catchphrase I've ever heard in my life."   
> "Whatever bro, see you I'll c-c-catchup with you later alright?"   
>before you managed to answer he buzzed away in a zig zag pattern, obviously too drunk to fly   
>fucking canon   
>you feel something nip your ear   
>it's Aryanne semi-making out with your ear while she's trying to whisper something   
>"anon, anon, anon, anon…"   
>"letsdance"

>you smile and turn around to the beer mare, Arianne still firmly in your grip   
>you flash two fingers to the beer mare and she nods, understanding your gesture   
>she hoofs you two beers over the counter   
>you lift one up to Aryanne while taking the other one for yourself   
>walking towards the gathering of ponies dancing you both drink in silence   
>this was nice, aside from all the near-death encounters you could write this off as a good vacation   
>finishing off your drink you hear that the ponies on stage started playing [slower music](http://youtu.be/7izigJc1C2Q) [[Embed](javascript:;)]   
>justmyluck.webm   
>it sounded distinctly 'Russian'ish but at this point you no longer question horse-land's logic   
>because there is none   
  
>you let Aryanne back on the ground again and grab her front hooves, bringing her up to you   
>you were getting a little too drunk for this but horses can't dance to save their life while on two legs so you assumed you were leveled in dancing skills   
>carefully Aryanna adjusted her footing(hoofing?) and looked up on you while the two of you started dancing   
>with stars in her eyes she radiated an aura of Aryan youthful beauty   
>locking eyes with her as you swirled around in rhythmic patterns with the music you realized she was pretty fucking cute   
>damn, anon get it together, you haven't had that much to drink   
>"Tell mich, how does your people deal with undesirables?"   
>her eyes were half lidded, it was pretty obvious at this point that the thought of genocide aroused her   
>urge to stick your head down a hole for the rest of your life was rising   
"Umm. You see, there was these people called the Jews"   
>"Hmm~"   
"And like, these people called Nazis"   
>"Ja?"   
"The Nazis kinda, uh world wars and genocide and pure races…?"   
>you should have paid attention in history you dumb fuck   
"And there was this fella by the name of Hitler and he killed, like a bunch of Jews because they were considered a 'lesser' race than the Nazis"   
>"Zuch dedication juzt to rid themselfz of undesierables? Meine.. You humans sure are the resourceful type, ja?"   
"Y-you too…"   
>she moved in for a kiss and connected with your lips   
>forcing her tongue into your mouth this time   
>you were a little taken back at first by the uninvited invader but these horses are relentless and straight up does not give a shit what you think   
>gross pony spit! gross pony spit! gross pony spit!   
>she adjusted her tongue to let it slip back and forth in your mouth a little   
>exploring your teeth and settling for your canines which it seemed she was very fond of   
>you decide to fight back with all your might using your tongue which is highly unfair since ponies have larger tongues than you do   
>she really didn't taste that bad   
>you were already going to hell for fucking horses so you might as well just go along with it at this point   
>as you wrestle for dominance on the dance floor the crowd of ponies around you slowly started dilating   
>as the music lowered you were rapidly running out of breath   
>Aryanne wins this battle, but the war was still yours   
>you detach from her thirsty mouth, a string of horse saliva still connecting the two of you   
>gross pony spit!   
  
  
>you scanned the area around the two of you   
>all the ponies that were dancing and ignoring mere minutes ago was now frozen in place staring at you   
>the music was also completely tuned out

>well ain't that some shit   
>the crowd of ponies all make way for an older stallion who you swear looks like some kind of historical figure from your own world   
>it was obvious that this was the guy(horse?) in charge   
>wait a minute that pic   
>oh shit! It's Adolf motherfucking Hoofler   
>now you really missed Twilights broom abuse   
>no, not really, but this most certainly broke your threshold of what you could deal with   
>Hoofler marched straight towards you and Aryanne's direction   
>fuck fuck fuck   
>he looks pissed as all hell   
>this is the day you die, sweet release from horseland's torments here you come   
  
>"Sechskantschraubendreher."   
>his voice was stern and oozing with authority, fortunately you didn't understand what he said   
>"Grandpa!"   
>Aryanne hopped off your chest and ran up to the bitter looking stallion and gave him a kiss on the cheek   
>"Thiz iz Anon" I want you to meet with him."   
>she excitingly motioned Adolf motherfucking Hoofler over to you   
>his expression of judging disgust never once leaving his muzzle   
>no way Aryanne was the granddaughter to this world's equivalent of Adolf Hitler   
>you wanted to scream but you were already dead inside   
>maybe you already died and this was your own personal hell   
>Hoofler and Aryanne exchanged pleasantries but all you could hear was the agonizing cries of the dead who were also feed up with this bullshit   
>You looked down at the two ponies just in time as Hoofler spoke up   
>"My granddaughter has vouched for your life and i have accepted"   
>boy, his english/equestrian was way better than most of these Grmaneians   
>this might go better than exp-   
>"IF you defeat one of meine officers in mortal combat."   
>…u wot m8   
>"A creature with the audacity to show loving tenderness to a Hoofler should be prepared to put their life on the line during all times. Ja?"   
>This had to be the monument to your sins   
  
>a large unicorn stallion stepped forward from behind Hoofler with a manic expression   
>this fucker was practically foaming at the mouth   
>for the first time you see Hoofler crack a smile   
>"Good luck."   
  
>you were circling the stallion now   
>all the ponies previously on the dance floor had either gone home or watched from afar   
>Aryanne was watching next to Hoofler, cheering you on   
>"Wooo! Tear into his flesh with your handz Anonymous!"   
>this was just getting worse and worse   
>you expected for the unicorn to use magic that you hoped still didn't work on you   
>even so, those horns were mad sharp and could easily take your eye out   
>but you had the height advantage   
>and you've wrestled with Rainbro before so you had some idea what these ponies were capable of   
>before you had the chance to reflect on whether or not this could be counted as animal abuse one way or the other, the crazy fucker is charging you while conjuring up a spell   
>you stand in place biding your time as he closes in   
>his deranged war cry approaches climax as a barrage of magic missiles is fired towards you   
>boom after magical boom engulf you as you cover your eyes to shield for the blinding light   
>after the dust had settled you heard the young looking Nazi stallion bark at you in his local tongue, probably bitching about you not being dead yet   
>this was your time   
>god, I'm so sorry   
>he was charging towards you again   
>with the finesse of an intoxicated matador you sidestep the last second   
>holy shit that worked   
>you're not gonna let him pull that stunt again though   
>you close the distance between the two of you as he was about to turn and kicked the fucker in his ribs   
>he tumbled to the ground, leaving his weak spot bare for a good 'ol kicking   
>please forgive me   
>with a swift kick towards his face you're hoping you've knocked him out, you hold back as to not permanently hurt the poor guy   
>he was only following orders   
>even if he seemed a little too exited for the chance to kill you   
>as your eyes locate his head to assess the damages you immediately start to cringe   
>oh shit, you kicked the poor fucker's horn in!   
>you see tiny droplets of blood painting the ground from his cracked base   
>the pony himself look cell shocked   
>Spergle purple princess pony sparkle told you about these things, apparently the removal of a unicorn's horn caused a pain equal to seven births in a row or something  
>before you could wrap your head around what you just did you hear Hoofler stomping the ground in applause   
>with a quick command, some other ponies dragged the now-earth pony unicorn officer away while he was presumably begging for his life   
>"Gut show, Mr. Anonymous! Your race impresses!"   
"…eh."   
>"I can see Aryanne is in safe hands, now if you'll excuse me. I got eine incompetent Officer to execute."   
>you felt like puking   
>you really did   
>and with that he walked off with his band of merry SS

>so that just happened   
>you want to brush it off as just another day in horse land   
>but that's gonna be difficult   
>you turn over to see Aryanne excitingly celebrating your victory   
>she leaped through the air for you to catch her   
>Aryanne showered your face with kisses as she praised your act of violence   
>"Oh! Meine fearlezz Übermensch!"   
>you were backing up now, with Aryanne still in your grip   
>taken a back by the constant barrage of pony smooches   
>your face had taken enough lip pounding   
>you switch to offensive mode and fight back   
>"Give mich foalz, human. Let me carry your zpawn!"   
>you detach her off your face and toss her gently over one of the the white tent booths   
>as gently as you could throw a pony anyways  
>these earth pones were sturdy enough to rough around with  
>and that suited you just fine  
>the beer mare from before was one of the few ponies who hadn't left since the fight broke out and she giggled profoundly as she left her tent winking at you   
>she knew what you were going to do   
>the budge in your pants made it obvious   
  
>so obvious   
>mental restraint was all but gone at this point   
>the way she laid on her back clutching her hooves together over her chest with her hind legs spread   
>your hips were just about gyrating on their own at this point

>you start unbuttoning your shirt  
>fuck this  
>half unbuttoned you struggle to get the fucker off you  
>you manage  
>eventually  
>you slam each knee on either side of Aryanne's magnificently toned hips  
>she gasps in surprise at your sudden approaches  
>you lay comfortably over her, digging your fingers into her back as you take an intoxicating whiff of her snow white, pristine coat   
>smells like beer and pony sweat  
>the sweetest beer and pony sweat you've ever smelled in your goddamned life  
>you start nipping at her beautiful neck with your canines, causing her built-in 'pray animal' instincts to send shivers all over her body  
>"Gah! Anon, take mich"  
>she was panting now  
>pones were so adorable when they were bordering that frantic, panic'y state  
>though the state was not without its risks  
>like when Autistic Alicorn Ascended sparkle lit your ass on fire  
>fucking Schizo Sparkle  
  
  
>with your fingers still in her coat you start gyrating your hips against her crotch  
>nothing  
>wait what?  
>you look down to see your pants still placed firmly placed on your lower body  
>damn  
>you let go of her coat and rise back up to your feet to take them off  
>Aryanne looks up to you, eyes pleading  
"one second, Aryanne. Just gotta take these off real quick."  
>she gets up as well, sticking her face in your crotch trying to rip your zipper off with her strong earth pony teeth  
>yeah, no   
>You might be intoxicated but you had a very few pairs of pants and you'd be damned if her excitement was gonna ruin a valuable set  
"Bad Aryanne, bad!"  
>she gets the notion and slowly back off  
>as you fiddle with your zipper she impatiently trots around in a circle in front of you  
>you finally work the zipper right and kick off your pants only to find Aryanne bent over one of the beer barrels in the tent exposing her luscious marehood to you  
>"We do it in ze mizzionary pozition… ja?"  
>you cross your arms grinning  
"Aryanne, looks like i have to teach how to differentiate me from these little ponies"  
>"Was?"  
>shit-eating grin initiated  
>you walk over to her and apply weight to her side, causing her to tumble over and land on her back  
>there is something so immensity satisfying in tilting ponies over  
"If we're going missionary we'll do it my way."  
♪MY WAY ON THE HIGHWAY♫

>"Anon! Is thiz how human culture treat their mare- Mff-Mff!"  
>was all that managed to come out of her before you locked lips with the mare  
>still holding the kiss you lay down on top of her  
>this time you caught her by surprise and as a result you're currently winning the tongue wrestlemania  
>caressing her tongue with yours you feel her calming down and seize struggling  
>you pull your head back and take in the sight of your mare, her hips locked in place by your knees at each side of her   
>you align your member and start gently grinding your erection over her wet, velvety marehood  
>tree strokes in you feel her 'wink'   
>she quickly shy's her face in her fore hooves  
>"Ohh, Anon, torture like thiz was outlawed during the Geneva convention."  
>she's right  
>you can hardly hold yourself back now anyway  
>you close your eyes and your spiritual master reveals himself to you  
>it's the French philosopher René Descartes  
>"Give"  
>"her "  
>"the"   
>"Dick"  
>you salute while nodding and open your eyes one more  
  
>deciding you've coated your bunker buster with enough of her mare juice and slide the tip inside of her  
>she moans into her left hoof, doing a really bad job at muffling it  
>you slowly inch yourself into her, deciding to go easy because you aren't really familiar with horse vagina  
>Aryanne was having none of that   
>Se bucked your knees to their sides from under you and you stumbled down on top of her, shoving your dick deep inside her in the process  
>"JAAAAA~"  
"Aryanne, what the shit man?"  
>she was biting her lip  
>"Make no mistake, Anon. I am letting you take mich."  
>something about that statement was really hot  
>you kiss her neck and get back to business  
>already being near balls deep you start to rock your hips back and forth to get a sense of this new territory your penis is currently exploring  
>you could feel that pony pussy was dancing to quite a different drumbeat  
>first of, it was bigger  
>left you with more room to move around  
>that is, until Aryanne tightened up  
>you could feel her muscles worked to accommodate you  
  
  
>now you were the one at your partner's mercy  
>man this felt amazing  
>you started pumping again  
>feeling the contours and textures of her sex tightly grind against your member all along the way with every new notion of friction  
>not only was Aryanne's marehood your new favorite thing ever, judging by Aryanne's facial expressions she was quite thankful for it as well

>she was huffing and puffing now  
>her walls contracted and expanded, frantically trying to pump you dry of liquid   
>"A-anon! Klimax!"  
"Working on it."  
>she was pushing her hips against you now  
>locking her back legs and her fore hooves around you she stared moshing against you with raw earth pony strength  
>Jesus Christ, you can't hold it for much longer   
>Aryanne never once faulted in her ongoing assault on your dick  
>upping up the pace of her thrusting Aryanne's eyes started to roll back into her skull  
>"Jaaaaaa~"  
>Her breathing was now rugged, she was dolling like mad as well  
>"You are going to give me ztrong foals."  
"I never consented to that!"  
>"Hmmf! Nicht eine queztion Anonymous!"  
>she was still 'riding' you upside-down  
>this missionary position kinda worked when Aryanne wasn't playing headcrab with your crotch  
>plus you were kinda on the fence whether you were applying too much of your weight on her while on top  
>not that she couldn't take it of course, earth ponies were built ridiculously compact for their size   
>but still that nagging feeling lay present  
>and you were sure going on like this would eventually lead to a back injury  
  
>you turned around to lay on your back  
>Aryanne was sticking to you like glue, her hips still in full swing  
>She seems to ease into the cowgirl position nicely   
>you look upwards to catch your breath  
>nothing out of the ordinary on this side  
>beer barrels, beer barrels, beer barrels, Canon Burst furiously clopping while recording your lewd actions with Aryanne, beer barrels  
>wait a minute  
>Canon Burst?  
  
"STOP JERKING OFF!"  
>his face turned bleak as he shouted back, panic filling his eyes and scrunches filling his muzzle   
>"I''M TRYING!"  
>god fucking damnit  
>you were about to get up to ring his neck when Aryanne spoke up  
>"Let'z \*huff\* give this lowly pegazi \*puff\* a show"  
>you weren't in a position to protest as of now   
>might as well ride this one out   
"We're gonna have a serious conversation about this when we're done he-"  
>"AH ANON, WOAH I-I AM-"  
>she contracted her sex over your dick and opened the floodgates   
>her grip on you intensified  
>"OH MEIN GOTT"  
>she yelped into your neck  
>Aryanne hugged you tighter as she rode her orgasm like a horizontal cliff-wall  
>"IH!-IH!-IH!-IH!"  
>continual squeaks could be heard coming from the mare  
>sounded like she was trying to catch her breath while on helium  
>for something inherently evil as a Nazi pony she was dangerously cute.  
>her marehood was getting really hot now  
>whatever produced a pony's sexual fluids were working in overdrive  
>each of her spazams was followed by a wink and heavy gushing of pony pony juices  
>she composed herself and slowly began pushing against you  
>she wasn't done  
>neither were you  
  
  
>you grabbed both her flanks and started helping her move up and down your rod  
>"Hmpf! Why are you nicht cumming?"  
"Keep going, Aryanne, you're doing great!"  
>"You didn't awnser meine queztion."  
>she slowed down her hip movements, giving you a questioning look  
>shit  
>"Look, it isn't important alright. Inter-species thingies i guess"  
>these ponies were about as predictable as a box of chocolate  
>wait that's probably the wrong phrase  
>"Hmm."  
  
>"Alright!"  
>her first-rate hips kicked back in gear as you slowly ran your hands over her hind legs  
>good grip on those hips you let your fingers play around them  
>Aryanne kept gyrating her thighs  
>the scent of her sex was now looming thick in the entire tent  
>the odor was exhilarating, stirring your primal urges  
>your grip on her hips were rougher now  
>uncompromising in her vaginal maneuvering skills, you knew you weren't going to last much longer  
>you could hear Canon Burst in the background but you didn't care  
>the feeling of Aryanne's glorious moist marehood was simply exceptional   
  
  
  
>oh, shit. Her coochie started to quiver  
>you worked your fingers over and nuzzled her belly and sides as you administered more force into her hip movements  
>sloppy slaps of her marehood was now prominent and distinctively audible, throughout the tent  
>aside from Artyanne's excessive moaning and semi-neighing the sounds of your genitals connecting was the only thing that could be heard  
>with the added force of you pushing down her hips, and Aryanne using her strong hind legs to bounce back up the two of you were rapidly approaching the zenith of pleasure  
>you tightened your ass-cheeks and started pushing against the mare  
>your hands stroaking her magnificent white coat all the way up to her little pony shoulders  
>you guided her from down her cowgirl position to a more intimate Reverse missionary  
>with one hand on her withers and the other one on the back of the head Aryanne was now shouting Germaneian gibberish into your collar bone  
>you felt her chest expand and contract rapidly against your own  
>your lower spine started to tinkle and you you felt the build up  
>point of no return  
>TheTimeHasComeAndSoHaveI.jpg  
>"ANON ICH BIN CUMMING!"  
>her legs clamped down on you even harder, as did your hands on her  
>you pushed her head and back ieven harder into you as you felt every little twitch and spazm coming from the mare's perfect frame.  
>locked in an embrace you both rode the continual waves of orgasm   
>in a beer tent   
>in the streets of Germaney  
>with your best friend movie taping you while jacking off  
>conditions couldn't have been better  
  
  
  
>you can feel Aryanne's adorable pony panting into your clavicle and it relaxed you  
>the both of you still holding each other  
>you still inside her  
>bathing in the afterglow of sex  
  
"Aryanne?"  
>"Ja, Anon?"  
"you're the best thing ever to have come out of an airport, y'know that?"  
>you booped her nose  
>"Unt you are the bezt thing ever to have cumed inzide"  
"Oh shush"  
  
>you daied there for what seemed like minutes, both too cozy to move   
>eventually you dosed off, with Aryanne still on your chest   
>You were sure laying on the ground like this would hurt your back tomorrow but you didn't give a shit  
>damn, you kinda did, but laying here with your fascist pony was more than worth it