>be currently unnamed Soviet pone   
>sitting by the midnight bonfire a few miles outside of a decently sized industrial city  
>you and 6 other ponies you've never met before just got shipped out to the outskirts of the town to stand guard from fascist ponies  
>you used to be a regular Citizen   
>but due to conflicts with the independent Nazi nation of Germaney you've become an unwilling mare of the hour  
>you had no experience with real-life combat but you loved your nation too much to cower before the better equipped, more experienced army of the Germanian  
  
  
>your band of comrades were playing music and singing songs from their villages  
>the chance of meeting any Nazis wandering this far north was unlikely to say the least  
>you weren't upset with your new-found comrades because of that fact  
  
>the heart of the Germanian's people still lay closely with the princesses   
>suffice to say encouragement to end the battle for ideologies from the princesses is the only reason Germania hadn't launched a full on invasion  
>and you thanked the Celestial sisters for that fact every single day  
>but despite the Princesses best effort though, the disgust your enemies held for anything not following their ideology still drove them to send out several Death-Squads who roamed your lands like a plague   
>killing anything resembling military stationed ponies  
>obvious scare tactics  
>but it worked on the general population  
>...and you

>the songs of home filled the chilling night and vodka ran like the Volga river  
>just when you thought this entire war thingy just might turn out O.K a low whistling sound could be heard   
>the singing and dancing stopped, frozen in their tracks   
>everypony knew what it was but it took a second to realize it  
>you yourself wanted it to not be what you knew it was  
>maybe if you wished hard enough..  
>no  
>this is a time for action  
>you roared out for your commands to duck and cover before hoping behind a log yourself  
  
>the blast of the artillery shell was deafening   
>your world turned to white   
>nyet  
>tonight was not the time to lose consciousness  
>tonight was the night you fought back the heartless monsters who murdered your fellow countrymen for fun  
>channeling the magic of your horn you grab a hold of your rifle and fire at the opposing force baptized in the shadows of the forest  
>you see several of your comrades pick up arms as well  
>one shot, two shots  
>the more you fire the more likely you are to hit   
>even if you can see them  
>you and your squad fire for a good thirty seconds at the forest flora were the Nazis were last seen  
>nothing  
"maybe we got them all?"  
>your comrades look amongst each other, the firing of their rifles seized   
>a beefy built stallion was the first to raise his voice  
>"Da, the fascist pigs cower behind the element of surprise, but are no match fo-"  
>you see his previous tired muzzle contort and twist   
>looking further down a tiny trickle of blood ran down his chest  
>accompanied by a massive exit wound by his left flank  
  
>vorrücken!"  
>a shower of lead hits your position and you flail to the ground on instinct alone  
>you can hear the agonizing screams of your comrades as the sound of germanian orders and machine-gun fire  
"T-they were not quick enough..."  
>you whisper under your breath  
>your breathing speeds up   
>after the machine guns had stopped mascaraing your squad you hear but a single pair of hoof steps approaching your position

>this is it  
>your chance to take one of these monsters with you to hell  
>as silently as you can you cast a telekinesis spell, unsheathing your rusty, dull combat knife  
>it wasn't the sharpest, or the most resilient  
>but jam it into a Nazi eye-ball enough times and it does it's job just fine  
>once you heard the hoof-steps had stopped just in front of your log you let pure, animistic instincts kick in  
  
  
>you swing over the log in one smooth motion and furiously slice and dice towards the Fascist pig standing in front of you  
>you saw red  
>nothing was gonna stop you from killing this deranged enemy of the motherland  
>you swipe right and the pony dodges   
>you swipe left and the pony doges  
>you overclock your magic and let out a barrage of stabbings directly forward   
>the pony in front of you positioning herself so that your knife finds it's target in one of the many reinforced pieces of armor every time  
>with your magic at the edge of burning out and your knife little more than a handle from hitting nothing but reinforced steel you weigh your options quick  
>seeing no other way out you toss aside your shattered blade and jump the Nazi, hooves first  
  
>before you even manage to land a single punch, your opponent has smashed one of her steel-covered hooves into your ribs, the force trowing you back against the log you previously used for cover  
>from your position you could see several other Nazi ponies, accompanied by a walking siege-machine, all amused by the beating you were receiving  
>you shuttered  
>'shouldn't have had so much vodka' you think to yourself before the Nazi finally spoke up  
>a low murmur of a giggle could be heard from behind her full helm  
>a movement of the neck, and consecutive sounds of metal clicks later and the mask of the beast came off

>cold eyes met your own  
>heavenly blue eyes beaming confidence and superiority looked down on you while you clutched your previously kicked-in ribs  
>her mane and coat was like from a propaganda poster  
>snow white upon blond yellow   
>there was no doubt in your mind that this pony was a full-blooded Aryan  
>"Meine meine meine. Ist this the best the Red Army has to offer?"  
>you tried to get a word in but were interrupted by another smug giggle  
>"Aw, look at you, totally defenseless against might of Aryanne. I could have killed you minutes ago. Und now you're covering your broken rib, shrunken into ze fetal position with no way of retaliating. Pah! You are the perfect analogy for your pathetic leaders."  
"W-why?"  
>"Why what? Why have I yet to embed my knife into your skull, showering myself in a fountain of your commie blood?! Ist that your wish little pony? Do you want momma Aryanne to make the pain go away?"  
>you could feel the rage inside you building up  
"Why are you guys doing this?! The death-Squads, why are you such a heartless witch!?"  
>that seemed to... insult her?

>her smug condescending look turned to one of legitimate confusion and surprise  
>"Hey! We are fighting the good Kampf! We're ze good guys, YOU and your fellow race traitors would sooner see us mingle with ... Urgh, zebras unt other undesirables, than to march forward into the dawn as a pure, united Equestria under one Princess! Ein Führer!"  
"That is crazy! You can not go around and kill off anyone who disagrees with you. What happened to friendship? Comradery? Compassion?"  
>she lowered her gaze towards you  
>"Such thinking is not fitting of the master race, outdated primal urges to help the weakest of our society? Poor bewildered little commie. Now, do you want to finish this or are you to waste more of my time by talking. Get up!"

>you try to get yourself back up on your hooves but your rips are protesting  
>"Get! Up!"  
>Aryanne produces a knife from one of her armor's many pockets and sheathes, and kicks it over to you  
>"In the fields of justice, blood is the ink of the history books, now GET. UP!"  
>you eventually managed to stand on all four  
>your chest heaving in pain  
>Aryanne locked eyes with you  
>she's so close to you now   
>you're almost touching muzzles  
>that's just when her pupils turned to needle-tips  
  
>surprise and disgust could clearly bee seen on her face  
>"Ist that... the stench of Wodka on your breath?"  
"Why so? Can the milk-drinkers from Germaney not drink proper drink before throwing hissy fit because is too strong?"  
>at least you had one last insult before you meet your comrades again  
>"Nein. I refuse to challenge a... Lowly DRUNK! To die in eine honorable death!"  
>she walked back to the Nazi seige-machine, stomping her hooves with every step and pulled out a first-aid kit  
>Aryanne angrily tossed the med-pack at your feet while snorting  
>"Come see me on er frontline when you've sobered up!"  
>she shouted angry orders towards the rest of the Nazis who followed her lead out of the forest without question  
>as a last farewell you could hear Aryanne screaming with anger within the depths of the forest  
>"This is nicht over, Kommunist! I will find you unt drink your blood in the fields of justice once you're back to full health!"   
  
Da end

>after you were sure the Nazis had left the woods you inspected the med-pack  
>the instructions were all in Germanian but you knew what you were after  
>you open the pack with your magic and located the painkillers  
>downing more than a few you flush them down with a sip of vodka  
>the effect was instantaneous  
>moving around didn't hurt that much anymore, but you weren't done  
>with a grimace you magically moved the corpses (or what's left of them) of your fallen comrades onto the bonfire  
>you'll be damned if they were left as breakfast for the wild animals in the forest  
>you stumble off towards the city for medical care and to report the attack to your commanding officer  
  
  
>after 3 weeks in the hospital all you have to show for your actions are a few promotions and Shell-Shock  
>your officers instantly promoted you after you told them that name  
>Aryanne  
>apparently she's a spook to the higher-ups in the military ranks  
>known to be ruthless, highly efficient and with absolutely no moral obligations towards torture   
>you're assuming they're using you as a 'people's hero' for surviving a run-in with her  
>but what you did wasn't heroic at all  
>you failed at killing, even damaging a single Nazi   
>on top of that your squad died in vein  
>It wasn't long until you were forced to go back to duty  
>your motherland didn't have time to slack off  
>it's either die at the hooves of the Nazis or get shoot for 'treason'  
>fucking great  
>Germaney felt they had waited enough and decided to invade while you were in the hospital, despite pleas from the Princesses

>now you're in the middle of a trench somewhere, shooting at Nazis   
>your forces outnumbered theirs 12-to-1  
>and it showed   
>for the first time in months motherland rifle sights caught a glimpse of Germaneian rump  
>they were retreating  
>the losses on your side were rediciolusly huge compared to theirs  
>but they were retreating for some reason  
>cheers all along what little offensive lines you had left could be heard as Griffons, Diamond Dogs and Ponies alike celebrated like brothers as the Germaneian forces were so far away they became little more than black specs in a frozen tundra  
  
  
>nothing good can last forever  
>a shriek could be heard from over the horizon  
>an ancient roar of myth and legend  
>the front lines became quiet now  
>the ear-shattering growl came back, louder than before  
>some griffons dropped their weapons to cover their ears  
>others flew away in horror  
>Diamond Dogs buried themselves underground  
>officers tried to get everybody back to their post   
>some even resorted to shoot at the fleeing soldiers for abandoning duty   
>another roar came from the unknown  
>this time loud enough to send chilling vibrations down your neck   
>this turned real ugly real quick  
  
  
>the front lines were in disarray  
>just when you thought it couldn't get any worse you saw it  
>a black smudge over the mountains  
>coming closer   
>you knew what it was, but you wished you didn't  
  
>"DRAGON!"   
>air sirens howled at high noon and whatever remains of your Motherland's forces entrenched   
>there wasn't much to be done with a full-grown dragon  
>this is the day you die  
>the monster of old gained speed towards you and your comrades  
>you sat down  
>back against the trench wall and hyperventilated  
"Why can't these Germaneians just stop this needless killings?"  
>you felt sick to your stomach  
>you were still so young  
>and here you were, probably sitting in the exact same spot you were dying in  
>propaganda offices at home would shrug your death of as if it had never happened   
>this is it

>as you were sitting in your own misery another solider spoke to you  
>you never bothered with making any friends as they had a nasty habit of dying in horrible ways in front of you   
>"HQ has ordered me to lead you to an emergency debrief, madam."  
"Tell HQ to go fuck themselves..."  
>"Madam, you do know the punishments for not following direct orders, да?"  
>this guy was getting on your nerves  
"Urgh, fine. But it can not be worse than being eaten alive by Dragon."  
>you follow the solider over to a small, damp bunker to a distressed looking higher-up  
>"The people's hero!"  
>god you hated that nickname  
>"You look devoid of hope, but there is one."  
"What?"  
>you answered flatly   
>honestly you couldn't see how anyone here could survive, let alone beat a dragon  
>"In the hills 10 minutes from here, we have stationed an experimental enemy captured a Howitzer rail gun."  
>"You will use this rail gun to skewer the best."  
>his mild optimism faded  
>"the rest of the forces will serve as a distraction..."  
>the room became quiet  
>"It is either us and the dragon, or just us. The choice is an obvious one."  
"Is that an order?"  
>"Yes."  
  
  
>why why why  
>you were so sick of all the needless killing  
>why wouldn't we all be farmers instead?  
>you managed to find the location of the Howitzer in your race up the hills  
>while removing the netting camouflage you see (and hear) the dragon swiping back and forth the base, engulfing your comrades in hell fire

>after adjusting the Howitzer for firing at the dragon you get to inspect the beast up close through the binocular reticle  
>the horrible creature was in obvious pain  
>it looked like thick bolts were drilled into the flesh and bone  
>the bolts holding up massive slabs of Germaneian steel  
>forced into it's atrocities by the Nazis, no doubt  
>deep breath  
>you took aim  
>and fired  
>the beast's roar was almost as loud as the weapon used to expose 1/3 of it's insides to the outside  
>falling from the heavens the dragon hit the ground hard enough to feel the shock-wave from your position   
  
  
>rushing down to the charred wasteland that was your base you start looking for survivors  
>nothing  
>at least there weren't that many ponies turned to cinder from dragon fire frozen in their last horrifying moments lining the trenches  
>the majority must have escaped  
>but that didn't mean there were still some ash-statues of former-comrades  
>you decide to check out the dragon  
>the trenches became too unbearable to hang around in  
>to your surprise you could hear movement from the other side of the massive corpse   
>if that Howitzer didn't kill it, nothing would  
>fortunately when making your way around the giant dragon it looked very, very dead  
>unfortunately you saw a familiar face

>"I am sorry SS-Oberführer Aryanne! I don't know what killed the Dragon."  
>It sounded like a stallion, with that distinct Germaneian accent  
>you load your rifle using your magic just to be sure as you approached the two  
>"Sorry is nicht gut enough! You were zupposed to watch out for enemy projectiles!"  
>"It hit us close range SS-Oberführer Aryanne! There was no way in tartaros I could have seen it coming!"  
>the stallion was laying on his back dying   
>Ayanne was bleeding a lot from her chest were the impact of the ground had torn out a huge part of her torn-up uniform and coat  
>"You useless little piece of-"  
>she noticed you  
>starring deep into your eyes with those unreadable blue orbs hiding malicious thoughts and intent   
>she flashed you a genuine smile  
>"Meine little zelebrity! What is ze nickname your goverment has given you because I did not gut like a pig you a few weeks ago?"  
>you frowned  
>aligning your rifle you aim straight at her head  
>"Oh there will be time for THAT later, believe you me. Fist I wanna show you something."

>her genuine smile turned slightly sinister   
>"Tell me, little Soviet. Do they teach you ze Ezekiel choke during those five minutes of training you get?"  
>you have a gun aimed at her and she's still degrading you   
>you reply through gritted teeth  
"No we learn how to do the stabbings of Nazi eye-ball though."  
>Aryanne simply giggled like a little filly  
>highly inappropriate seeing hos she was covered in her own blood  
>Aryanne wiggled her hips and sat down on the dying Germaneian solider and cleared her throat   
>the Germaneian solider looked too tired to protest while he was fading in and out of consciousness  
  
>"Ze Ezekiel choke. Snugly wrap your hoof around your opponents neck. Grab the sleeve of your own uniform."  
"What are you doin-"  
>"Now, pull the sleeve of your own uniform, causing the outer ridge of your hoof to wedge against your opponent's carotid artery!"  
>"Posture up"  
>she raised her shoulders  
>"pull down unt put your hoof sandwiching his neck."  
>you heard a fleshy crunch   
"I don't- You killed own comrade! What Fuck!?"  
>"Now we can have a little privacy."  
>she got up from the corpse of the Germaneian solider  
>"You did not disappoint, commie scum~ You came from me after all, murdered a Dragon for himmel's sake!"  
>her voice calmed down  
>"Ist respect that. Remember what i told you, Kommunist? That I would find you unt drink your blood in the fields of justice?"  
>"Well now that you found me we can get thiz over with!"

>you sturdined your rifle with your magic  
"You are way too wounded to fight, surrender now!"  
>Aryanne pulled out a knife from her last intact uniform pocket  
>"There is no getting around this."  
>she took a step towards you  
>"There can nicht be a way out of this."  
>another step, more shaky this time  
>"I am ze Übermensch! Failure is weakness, I am not weak!"  
>a light trail of her crimson fluid could be seen painting the pristine snow  
"We do not need to do this. You spared my life, I promise I will spare yours in return, I swear on the motherland."  
>"nein nein NEIN! I do not require sympathy from the enemy! You did, I do not!"  
>Aryanne falls down to her left knee but struggles to get up  
>her eyes are fiery with rage   
>she huffed and puffed but couldn't manage to get back up on her hooves  
  
>eventually she fell over, exhaustion and blood loss taking over  
>you walk up to her, looking over her wounds  
>"Why do I keep putting all this pressure on myself?"  
>she was staring into nothing, eyes wide as saucers, probably talking to herself, her voice not louder than a tiny whimper  
>"As-if it is possible for me to ever be better than myself."  
>"No... All the ponies murdered, it must have been a cause."  
>"Of course it was for eine good cause."  
>she froze up  
>"Even if... Even if I leave this earth, the day still looks the same, the sun still sunny."  
>the elite Nazi Officer locked eyes with you  
>she bore a true, heartfelt smile, with tears dwelling up in her eyes  
>"Ich am so sorry I am not strong enough to fight you."  
>"Ohh but don't looks so gloomy. I am sure your Kommunist masters will shower you in medals for putting one right between my eyes."  
>she let out a weak giggle   
>"so, this is vengeance, this is justice. Do it."  
"Nazi, if you would just-"  
  
>"...Kill mich."  
>the pony's eyes were fluttering, she was having trouble remaining conscious  
"Calm down Aryanne, you will be treated fairly in a-"  
>was she still breathing?

>you galloped towards the bunker, Aryanne squeezed tightly in your grip  
>with your rifle you smashed the lock off the infirmary medical cabinets   
>you immediately found some bandages and patched her up to the best of your abilities   
>3 hours had passed since you managed to get her indoors   
>you've done everything in your power to save her, it was up to Aryanne now  
>trotting around her makeshift bed the most conflicted emotions run through you  
>you should hate her, and you do. A lot  
>but you also didn't want her to die which was strange considering all she's done and what she's put you through  
>all you knew was that right now you didn't want her to die no matter what  
  
>the sun was lowering  
>so was the temperature  
>living in these cold lands your entire life you knew the best way to stay warm  
>it was seriously messed up to even consider it  
>but you knew you had no choice this time of year  
>you snuck inside Aryanne's bed   
>carefully moving the carpets you previously covered her in off her you make physical contact  
>moving ever closer you eventually wrap yourself around her in a full-body-hug from the back and apply the various layers of carpets on top of both of you  
>breathing out a sigh you try your best to get some shuteye  
>it was best not to think about that you and the single enemy solider currently being spooned by you were the only two survivors left in a war-torn trench-and-bunker complex in the middle of nowhere  
  
da real end  
  
Thank you and good night all you National Socialists and Communists!

>the cold winter nights weren't kind to you

>nightmares were par for the course

>Shell-Shocked dreams of contorted memories painted horrible imagery that vandalized your brain with frantic patterns

>war, death destruction

>past events intensified by your vivid imagination

>and in the middle of the hieronymus bosch-fueled night horrors were Aryanne, laughing manically while knees-deep in corpses, motioning you to come closer

>you awoke from the bed-time bad dream

>your coat was absolutely drenched in cold-sweat

>you look over to the source of all your nightmares, still laying in your hooves

>laying your cheek carefully against her neck you check her pulse

>still ticking away despite her major lacerations and your half-assed medical treatment

>getting untangled from all the blankets surrounding the two of you was no easy task as you tried your best not to disturb Aryanne

>she might be comatized but you knew better than to move around too much around those lost in the dreamless sleep

>you eventually manage to get out of the blankets, thanks to your magic and your hooves touch icy cold concrete

>with a shudder you make your way out the bunker door

>the night was silent, not a breeze in sight

>but it was cold

>really cold

>you walked a few meters from out the heavy infirmary door and shook yourself from head to tail

>the cold air crept around in between the hairs of your damp coat

>it was no shower, far from it

>but it eradicated the feeling of sweat and that's just what you needed

>tired, you securely lock the door behind you and go back to bed with Aryanne

>your mortal enemy, borderline psychopath with a twisted world view

>gets an apparent thrill from murder, seems to enjoy it somewhat

>fueled only by hate towards the 'un-clean' with the intent of eradicating it just for being different

>on top of physically being the finest specimen of equine anatomy you've ever seen

>everything you fought against, personified

>but pathetic enough the closest thing you could call a friend

>even if your feelings obviously weren't mutual

>the rest of the night went by surprisingly painless with no new nightmares in sight

>you stretched out both hooves in a satisfying yawn

>you haven't been able to sleep-in since you were first forced to join this stupid conflict

>peculiar enough by the looks of it, Aryanne was starting to twitch and move as well

>Aryanne fluttered her eyes

>her drowsy look soon turned to one of annoyance

>she turned around and covered her head in the blankets sounding little more than rustled

>"So. It finally happened. All ze glorious days on the front lines caught up to me. Well Hades, do your worst because Aryanne got a proper send off, on the battlefield. Like her Mutter would have wanted."

>frankly you felt insulted

>again

"You are not dead, Nazi. You are very much alive and kicking."

>"So this isn't meine eternal punishment?"

"Nyet"

>she looked around, observing her environments

>"I am in eine bed."

"да."

>"With you."

"да"

>she grimaced

>"Unt what in the seven hells am I doing sharing beds with eine un-washed FEMALE bolshevik?!"

>she kicked you out of the bed

>a gasp of surprise could be heard as she rolled with you over the edge of the bed due to the fact that both of you were wrapped tightly in the same blankets

>the kick didn't hurt at all, it was just surprising. Even if you should have seen it coming

>she was too weak still to do much damage

>Aryanne got the worst of the fall

>landing on her bandaged wounds she yelped out in pain

>you stare back at her, slightly pissed off

"Will you calm down for One Fuck minute?"

>"Were did you violate me?! Were did you touch me?"

>you got up on your hooves and started to fold the blankets strewn across the floor using your magic

>taking a deep breath to calm yourself down before answering

"It is old trick for keeping warm during winter. We exchange body heat, we survive. Simple as that, no?"

>"But I, but you.. GAH! Have it your way, Schweinehund!"

>you flash her a smile

"Good. Now, want some breakfast?"

>she didn't respond, but you dug out a couple of extra rations from some cupboards regardless

>while you were busy preparing food, Aryanne walked up to a medical tray filled with rock pieces and metal fragments

>"Hey bolshevik! I see you brought TRUE Motherland cuisine!"

>she rattled the fragments and horribly mimicked your accent for emphases

"No, Is fragmentation pulled out of you from last night,some old, some new."

>she blinked in revelation and studied the pile of fragments big enough to fill one an a half servings of cereal

>The somewhat impressed Nazi let out a low whistle

>"No wonder they call me die Iron Mare!"

"You stuck up Germaneians got bad sense of humor."

>"What do you know, bolshevik."

"I have a name you know"

>"Well out with it, If i have to hear myself say "bolshevik" one more time Ish will deepthroat a rifle."

"The name is Veronica."

>you looked over to the mush you were preparing

"Oh, look. Breakfast is ready!"

>GLORIOUS SOVIET RATIONED OATMEAL (made from oatmeal extraction, contains no trace of real oats)

>you brought out a big wooden spoon and served two healthy portions of the sad looking gray goo

>using your magic, you placed one bowl over to Aryanne while serving yourself with the other

"Motherland favorite, coming right up. You will absolutely be the likings of this!"

>you snickered under your breath, knowing damn well she wouldn't

>Aryanne forced a smile

>"Thank you Veronica"

>Germaneians always took food quite seriously

>even if the politeness in her voice was faker than the oats you were serving you still enjoined it

>breakfast time went by awkwardly silent so you decided to speak up

"How is you liking the food?"

>Aryanne tried her hardest to keep a grin up but features of cringe still shined through

>you let out a hearty laugh

"You'd get used to it eventually. Even I think it tastes like rat-shit."

>that seemed to break the ice

>"Thank die Führer! It tastes like conkrete unt paper."

>you let out another laugh, softer this time

"But it will keep us alive"

>Aryanne looked directly at you with a thoughtful expression

>"Speaking of. Why did you nicht sticke eine knife in my throat while Ich was unconscious?"

>you shrunk down a little

>"Why did you not shoote me when you first saw me? Ich told you I did not want sympathy from der enemy."

"First off our chance of survival increces by folds of ten if two are alive instead of one."

"Second of all you choose not to take my life the first time we met, so I will choose not to take yours, it is only fair. Whether you like it or not."

>once you both finished eating you rose from the concrete covered floors and took out the two bowls and placed them on a nearby counter with the help of your magic

>you trotted over to Aryanne and spoke up

"We will need to work together if we are to survive in these lands. We are in the middle of nowhere with both armies believing us to be dead or worse."

>you stretched out a hoof

"Are you with me, comrade?"

>Aryanne stared daggers at your hoof but eventually sighed in defeat

>"If anypony asks, Ich was water-boarding you ze entire time"

>she reached for your hoof and got up

>"Mein Freund."

>because of this mare

>ignoring the fact that she was part of the death squad that threatened your life in the first place that is

>...and that whole dragon attack

>nevertheless she let you live

>"So what is on today's agenda? Du know these lands better than me."

"Well, first off we need the wood. Then food."

>the food stockade burned down along with most of the bunker-trench complex you were currently inhabiting

"We salvage here then look for food and wood outside"

>"Unt what are we going to eat outside? If you did not notice your lands are frozen all the fucking time. Iz it true that your army makes you cook soup on rocks?"

>you rolled your eyes

"I am a unicorn, I will heat the snow around grass and harvest."

>she still looked at you, not satisfied with your answer

"And NO! We have never been the askings of cooking soup on rock."

>you and Aryanne looked through the various bunkers spread out through the trenches for supplies

>you found a large amount of weapons and ammunition

>none of which you let Aryanne keep

>it's not that you don't trust her

>O.K. You totally didn't trust her with a firearm

>not that you needed weapons

>what you were looking for was fur coats

>you eventually came across a locker with the thick, vital coats

>you grin as your rifle smashed another lock

>sweet, saddlebags

"Here Aryanne, put one on!"

>"Nein, wearing enemy Red Army uniforms is degenerate behavior."

"You will look good with one one, promise."

>She looked over it once more, inspecting the symbolism stitched in it

>"But it is eine degenerate!"

>she whinnied

"Would you rather freeze to death?"

>"But-But!"

"If you are going to be this stubborn all the fucking time I will simply leave you locked inside the infirmary until I return."

"You do not wish to be the burden of our little operation, do you? You talk big about weakness and strength. Is a coat stitching gonna affect you That much?"

>She sighed in defeat once more and shuffled into the coat laying next to her

>this pony

>like talking to a fucking child sometimes

>dressed in the fur coats you produce a small woodsman axe and flash it in front of Aryanne

"I go gather grass, you go gather wood, we got deal?"

>"Ohh, so you're entrusting me with eine Axe but nicht eine rifle? I could take you out with either just as easily!"

"But you wouldn't."

>"Unt why is that?"

>you pranced around her joyfully

"Because if you wanted to you would have tried long ago~!"

>this seemed to infuriate her

>you really shouldn't play with fire like this but after all the insults she's thrown at you you deserved some fun

>"I-I... I WOULD kill you if you were not ze local expert in survival in these Celestia forsaken lands!"

"Suure you would."

>you magically place the ax in one of her many coat pockets

"Now get wood, we'll meet back at the infirmary bunker in 3 hours."

>you went your separate ways

>you went to microwave snow off grass

>Aryanne went to chop wood

>if it wasn't for the circumstances regarding the entire war thing you'd actually be pretty relaxed

>you shut your eyes and hummed a tune from the motherland while reminiscing of times on your farm before the war, were your only concern in the world was getting up early enough to stand in line for groceries

>how the good times change

>hours went by and your saddlebags were filled with fresh grass

>somewhat fresh grass

>fresher than the oatmeal you had for breakfast at least

>you met up with Aryanne at the scheduled time waiting for you at the entrance

>"S-s-scheiße! This place is so fucking cold!"

"You shouldn't have waited for me at the door, Aryanne, that wasn't necessary."

>"I did no s-s-such thing. This is meine second wood run."

>you opened the door and was treated by the instant feeling of warmth from the fire inside

>impressive

"Quite a pair of legs on you Aryanne, two runs in that time?"

>"Ja, master race remember? We execute everything faster u-unt more efficient. Now shute der door Ish am freezing!"

>the poor mare was shivering so you obliged

>you and Aryanne enjoined a big portion of grass each by the warm glow of the gentle flames

>the fire actually making the bunker's interiors rise into manageable temperatures

>you both went to bed early, determined to save as much energy as possible

"With that fire going on we no longer have to clench onto one another for warmth to survive the night, is this not great comrade?"

>"Yes it is mein Freund!"

>Aryanne beamed

>"You probably have fleas in that filthy coat of yours anyway."

>you huffed

"Good nights Aryanne."

>"Gute night, Veronika."

>you both faced away from each other before preparing to sleep

>just as you were about to go to sleep, powerful hooves warped around your neck and belly

>your initial instinct was panic

>you should have seen this coming from a mile away

>she was just using you

>just like her fellow Nazis had used you and your comrades for target practice

>just like your own government had used you to further their own power by sending you into a war you wanted nothing to do with

>you clenched your eyes shut and waited for the end

>...

>when it didn't come however you turned curious

>looking behind you you could see Aryanne totally relaxed while holding onto you with an embarrassed expression on her face

>"This never happened. Not a soul will ever believe you in a million years if you were to survive the things Ich would do to you if you told anypony."

>you smiled a generous smile and laid your head back on the pillow

>with your body now relaxed by the first feeling of genuine kindness you've felt in a long time, sleep came to you easier than it ever has been since before the war

>it just goes to show that it is possible to like WHO someone is but hate WHAT they are.

da end for now

>the night fell silent over the bunker once more

>you dreamed of the usual

>a war-torn motherland with Aryanne at the head of the Blitzkrieg

>ponies crushed under cold, machine-like hooves

>tanks tearing asunder farmland

>like clockwork you wake up in the middle of the night, shaking, covered in sweat

>with shaky hooves you rummage around in the blankets, Aryanne is nowhere to be seen

>shit, your rifle!

>you hop out of bed, sporadically looking for it

>it stands at the bunker door, untouched

>if not to kill you in the middle of the night, what is she up to?

>you carefully thread outdoors, making sure to grab your coat on the way out

>Luna's moon glowed radiantly in the night sky

>with no light-pollution out here one could really adore Luna's beautiful work

>a sudden realization hits you

>what's the ONE thing that would interest Aryanne in this winterized wasteland?

>you haul ass over to the hill were the stolen Howitzer was located from the battle with the dragon

>true to your gut-feeling you can see Aryanne's rump swaying side to side while tinkering with the enormous gun

>as you watch the sight before you in the dim lighting provided by a basic spell, you start to notice details you've never paid any attention to before

>Aryanne's swaying of the hips were hypnotizing in a way

>her rump like chiseled marble, with strong earth pony thighs to back it up

>no doubt from decades of athleticism

>your mind wanders back to your first encounter with the mare

>with your mind in rage and her body covered in heavy armor at the time her noticeable features slipped you by

>but the result of said features did not

>the way she easily out-maneuvered both you and your telekinetic-controlled knife was awe inspiring looking back

>"Enjoying ze view?"

>you immediately turned away blushing

"No! I mean yes- I MEAN-"

>"Now who's ze one who needs to calm down? Relax, I am not offended, meine rump is one of the finest ones in Equestria."

>she turned away from her work to look at you with half-lidded eyes

>"You know, if you think ich bin a freak now, you should see me in der beedroom~"

>you try to dig your face further into your coat

>you were not prepared

>while looking like a school filly who had just been told what a pee-pee was you must have looked pathetic in the eyes of Aryanne

>well, more than usual

>the mare let out a giggle

>"You commies are all the same, you'll charge into certain death with a smile on your face, yet you are raised so sheltered that the slightest touch of sexual tension crumbles our facade into that of a little filly. Remind me to report back to meine army and have them dress all of our solders in latex corsets unt fishnet stockings~"

>nope nope nope

>get that image out of your head Veronika

>wait, report... back?

"What you mean report back?"

>Aryanne sighed

>"Look, Veronika. This thing."

>she pointed her hoof at you then to herself

>"Going on isn't going to last forever. No matter how fun outdoor camping in burned-down bunkers are Ich still have a war to win."

>why did it hurt you for her to say that

>she was, after all an awful, awful pony who did horrible things

>were these emotions the result of bonding, or just loneliness on your side?

>you try to counter her

"How are you even to do that? There is no radio out here, and no way for it to send or receive signals out here even if you had one."

>"Do ho ho, you I have eine radio on ze dragon corpse."

>she popped a lid off the Howitzer and a errie blue glow filled the freezing air

>"You underestimate the enginuity of Germaneian tech, Veronika . With ze Howitzer's power core I can juice up just about anything to capacities unheard of to Equestria since before the Celestial age!"

>she did a dramatic turn

>"Why do you think a lowly Howitzer could not only pierce, but IMPALE an ARMORED dragon?!"

>she was ecstatic in her words

>"All Ich need do is to Jury-rig it to ze radio unt my voice could be heard from beyond the stars!"

"Aryanne, i..."

>"What?"

"You do not have to do this."

>"Why whatever are you talking about, commie?"

"This... This war, the killings. It needs to stop. For both of us. This conflict will be the end of both nations and you know it."

>"HAH! Pish posh! The Gremaneian forces have defeated tens of thousands in mere weeks. We are advancing onto your territory. This war WILL be over, but we will stand as ze victors!"

>you scoffed

"These lands will always remain Red, comrade. You've attacked villages and medium sized outposts this far. The head of the Motherland has yet to notice you, generals in Moscow hasn't even recognized your advances!"

>you stared at her intensively

"If you were to radio ANYTHING to your higher-ups it would be to turn back now, flea your armies and never return! In the heart of the swarm lies Evil. Within our boarders waits more soldiers than your nation has bullets, even if you kill thousands, MILLIONS, your attacks would be rubbed off The Red Army's hide."

>you softened your tone of voice a bit, recognizing that you were getting loud

"I am not telling you this as opponent, I am telling you this as friend."

>Aryanne looked... sad?

>"Mein Freund, this is the way things should be"

>wincing a little the Nazi spone once more

>"War is all I know, it is what I was born to do. I know no other traits"

"I believe ponies can change."

>"But only for the worse. Meine government is just waiting for me to bite a bullet, they know they don't have a remote chance to control me, so they send me out on these STUPID SCHEISSE suicide missions, hoping that the likes of me will not return to society."

>tears rolled down her cheeks, radiated in stunning blue by the Howitzer power core as they hit the radiant snow bellow the two of you

"We can fix you, Comrade. War is hell, you know this better than anypony. Just look what it has done to you! There must be a way to stop it."

>Aryanne shut the hatch in the Howitzer and the blue light dimmed down

>"Maybe. Unlikely. But maybe."

"We will sleep on it, yes? Figure somethings out in the mornings."

>"What's one more day, sure Veronika."

>with that you followed her back into the Infirmary bunker and lit a fire to warm the mare

>you both got onto the bed and covered each other in blankets

>for the first time you both slept facing eachother

>not for warmth, not to kill of agonizing loneliness, but as friends.

>you awoke up to a constant disturbance

>"Hmph! You are getting drool all over meine perfect coat, Schwein!"

>she was poking(/hoofing?) you in the chest, trying to wake you up

>fluttering your eyes you see that both you and Aryanne were still embraced in the same hug from last night

>at least she didn't try to kick you off the bed this time

>baby steps, Veronika. Baby steps

>with an audible yawn you respond to the mare

"Good mornings Comrade."

>Aryanne shifted her focus away from your belly

>"Ah, Veronika! You are awake, finally."

"What is with the cherry tune?"

>Aryanne froze up a bit

>"No reason. We have a lot of tasks to handle today so get your lazy rump outta bed and grab der coat!"

>you give her a quizzical look

>weighing your options between the inevitable goose chase or bed cuddles your choice of action was obvious

>but Aryanne seemed determined

>more determined than usually

"What is of such terrible importance that it can not wait for a few minutes?"

>Aryanne scrunched

>"We have two tasks that rank highly on our to-do list today!"

>oh boy here we go

>"Ein. We require more firewood, this place is cold enough as it is without being left with no way to fend off your country's horrible cold."

>"Zwei, we need to loot ze dragon corpse for supplies, if my mind serves me right, and it always does. There are a lot of neat contraband stacked somewhere on the carcass."

>Aryanne lent in towards you and delivered a deep, hard kiss to your lips

>she tasted of heavenly saliva and fresh mowed grass

>withdrawing from the bed and your mouth she tossed on her coat and dashed towards the door

>"Get a move on, Russisch! We don't have all day!"

>you still lay in the bed

>utterly bewildered at the sign of affection.

>before you even managed to reply she was out the door

>you hurriedly grab your own coat and rifle to catch up with her

>opening the bunker door Celestia's radiant sun blinded you for a moment

>shit!

"Arianne!"

"What is the fuck rush?"

>"Ich told you, we have a tight schedule."

"This tight?"

>"Ja this tight. Now start gathering some wood with mich."

>you look towards Aryanne's saddlebags and sure enough two axes lay comfortably at each of her sides

>you holster your rifle to your right flank while picking up one of the axes with your magic

>"Onwards, Veronika! We have many trees to kill."

"Aryanne."

>"What?"

"What was up with kiss this morning?"

>"Kiss? Ha ha ha!"

>she condescendently petted your mane with a hoof

>"Ich would never have done such a thing to an enemy of ze Reich."

"But... You literally just-"

>"Didn't happen Bolshevik. Now let's get to der chopping of wood."

"But I. And you.. Fuck it, we will talk later."

>"Gut! Glad we understand eachother!"

>you both proceeded to hack away at the local trees

>after a couple of hours of casual banter Aryanne announced she had to take a piss

>you think little of it as you proceed to chop wood

>manual labor was no stranger to you

>it was moments like these back home that relaxed you the most

>simple workings of the land to net something of value

>you turn to see Aryanne was still walking away from you

>was she embarrassed?

>before the kiss you would say no, but now..

>that mare had some deep underlying issues that's for certain

>that's probably what causes her to deny the fact that she kissed you as well

>pride most certainly has something to do with it

>along with her devotion to her Reich

>if she actually had feelings for you, you almost felt bad for her

>not because you would shoot down her advancements, far from it

>but that her own set of twisted views on 'race' and ideologies would tear her up from the inside

>turning your head to guide your horn's magic towards some loose branches you heard an ear-piercing rifle shot

>you immediately throw yourself onto the thick snow to make yourself less of a target

>"stoppen!"

>you turn around and see 3 figures moving onto your position

>you desperately try to un-holster your rifle to fire back but are instead rewarded with another rifle bullet flying right past you

>this one was so close

>it was an obvious warning shot

>your hooves were tied

>you lay in the snow silently, not moving a muscle

>the three figures turned out to be war-torn burly Germaneian stallions with cold glares

>daring to raise your gaze to the one in the middle, you're rewarded with the butt-end of a rifle smashed against your skull

>"Where ist SS-Oberführer Aryanne?"

>one of the soldiers placed a solid kick in your gut

>you wince in pain as the middle one spoke again

>"Were ist SS-Oberführer Aryanne you inkompitant Schweinehund?!"

>the question was followed with several more rifle-ends to the back of your cranium as you did your best to protect your horn

>you felt your mane getting violently pulled by a pair of teeth, exposing your bloody face to the third stallion

>the middle solider and apparently the one in charge drew a pistol with his magic and placed it at the template of your forehead

>"I am going to ask you again, subpony scum."

>his lips shook with disgust

>"Were is the Dragon rider named Aryanne? Answer truthfully and your death shall be quick"

>your life was flashing by in front of your eyes

>did Aryanne sell you out?

>no

>these ponies don't know were she is

>or maybe they do know and were just ordered by Aryanne to lie to you

>so that in your final moments you wouldn't judge her?

>you hear the gun getting cocked

>sweat was pouring from your brow onto the snow

>you shut your eyes and waited for the end

>you hear, and feel one of the soldiers spit on you

>"I am going to ask you one more time, retarded Weizen Scheiße."

>"Were is SS-Oberf-"

>"RIGHT HERE YOU INSUFFERABLE LITTLE SCHWANZLUTSCHER!"

>out of fucking nowhere Aryanne jumped up and onto the stallion to the right

>with a furious stomp of her hoof, the stallion collapsed under a brutal crunch, no doubt the result of a broken spine

>Aryanne continued from the broken pile of a stallion to plant her wood axe into the throat of the pony threatening you

>showering both you and her with blood in the process

>panicked gurgles of blood could be heard from the stallion as Aryanne struggled to dislodge her axe from the Nazi's cervical vertebrae

>"Viktoria! Shute der other stallion!"

>while struggling with her axe, Aryanne delivered a powerful buck to the stallion on the left, throwing him off his hooves

>you fumbled with the holstering

>drew your rifle

>and pierced the rising stallion's skull with white hot lead

>right as you were to lower your rifle you heard another sickening crunch

>it was Aryanne who finally managed to pull her axe out of the Nazi stallion's throat, coating her in more of the crimson fluid

>upon examining you, Aryanne flew into your hooves and started to whimper

>"Don't you EVER do that to mich again, Geliebte!"

>her forelegs were wrapped around you tightly

>her face was filled with the odd mix of excessive amounts of fresh blood and tears

>you don't think she was even aware of the fact that she was laced in gore at the time, as she just kept hugging and crying into your chest

>eventually Aryanne's rapid breathing quiet down and she turned away from you to look at the sole surviving stallion, the one with the broken back

>her face was hard to read

>she was still shaking from crying, her mouth bore a wicked sinister smile

>her pupils the size of pin-pricks

>the unfortunate stallion winced at the sight of her while pleading in Germaneian

>"...Veronika."

"Yes?"

>"Go to the dragon corpse, pick up eine great orange crate and go home."

"Are you not coming?"

>she let out a hollow chuckle

>"In a minute, Ish just need to set the record straight."

"I am not leaving you with this stallion, Aryanne. "

>"Do ho ho, yes yoo are. I do not want you to think any less of me. Trust me, you do nicht want to see this."

>she lead you into another hug

>"Be safe, always."

>during your trot back towards the dragon corpse some klicks away you could hear the unrelenting sound of the surviving Nazi stallion who attacked you howling in pure, relentless agony

>even your most deprived imagination wouldn't dear try to comprehend what Aryanne was doing with him to make him scream with such horrible sincerity

>you try not to think about it as the bloodcurdling screams from your previous location returns ever quieter

>arriving at the slain dragon you soon find the orange box sticking out like a sore thumb

>being a little too heavy for your limited magic you decide to simply push the thing back to the bunker, it wasn't that far anyways

>back in the bunker with the box and a sore neck you wait up for Aryanne

>it didn't take long until the bunker door creeps open and a grinning Aryanne meets your gaze

>she was still just about covered in blood but it seemed to have stagnated somewhat

>"Guten Evening, meine Freund!"

"Hello again Aryanne, did you finished 'taking care of the businesses?"

>"Sure did!"

>her smile faded a bit as she looked herself over

>"Himmel, I am redder than sentral Moscow. This place don't happen to have a shower?"

>that was a really good question, you hadn't showered in days

"Now that I think about it..."

>life takes you to the strangest places

>first you're on a farm deep in the heart of the motherland

>then you're on the front lines, trying not to get killed

>now, that would be the end for most ponies in your position

>yet here you are, further away from your starting point in life still

>in a cold, industrialized bunker shower

>face down in your mortal enemy's lap as she carefully rinses any traces of Nazi blood out of your mane

>you don't know how long you've spent washing each other without a single word uttered the entire time still

>the grumpy protests of the pipe-workings, the only thing to disturb you two from absolute silence

>you both walk back to the makeshift bed you've made for yourselves in the infirmary and lay down, finally clean from all the piss and grime from the outside world

>while laying down on your back you notice Aryanne cuddle herself up to you

>she placed her lips against your ear and whispered

>"I lovezyoo so much I zink I would die wizout you. Please don't ever leave me. I'm sorry i'm difficult. You make me so happy."

>she brought her head up and looked you in the eyes

>without a word she quickly kisses you

>"I love you I love you I love you I love you."

>over and over she whispers it

>you could feel her smooth coat against yours as she slowly starts rocking back and forth

>she buried her head in your chest-fluff

>"Never leave me."

>Aryanne lay next to you, snoozing away

>you swear to Celestia you were scared shitless

>there is more to your life than your selfish, old self

>you had a motherland to defend

>yet here you are

>having one of the biggest aggressors against everything you stand for not only in the same room as you

>but in the same bed

>she wiped the blood out of your yellow eyes

>defended you against her own countrymen

>you slowly got out of bed and looked yourself in the mirror

>who had you become?

>you hadn't seen your home in months, you didn't have the luxury for such simple vices

>thoughts sprung back from all the village ponies you used to laugh and play with when you were young

>you sigh

>kids always think they're smarter than adults until they grow up and see that life is hard when you're adult

>looking back to the happy little filly you once was, playing in the streets with the other children during the beautiful springs of youth

>you truly can not recognize yourself anymore

>you felt like chocking up but nothing ever came of it

>was it the war?

>did it desensitize you?

>were you on your way to become like the Nazi sharing your bed?

>you felt sick just thinking about it

>had you been any other pony she just happened to NOT get emotionally attached to she would have killed you by now

>if you were lucky

>if you were unlucky she would have made it slow and utterly agonizing

>your disgust for the things she did was obvious

>and if you were in the unfortunate position that she didn't see you differently you don't know what you would do

>probably curse her name the moment before she would have snuffed you out

>you glance to the corner of the bunker door

>your trusty rifle lay ever vigilant and ready for use

>if you did it now she would be a sleep as the bullet passed through her skull

>no pain

>no final words of disbelief about how could you 'betray' her like that

>death was a gentle punishment for what she's done to ponykind

>how many lives she's taken

>how much suffering she's caused

>she deserved a whole lot more than a peaceful death

>despite this you didn't hate her

>you hated what she was, what she stood for, what she did

>but you didn't hate the pony Aryanne

>not that your irrational feelings towards her excused her for the crimes she had done, and will do to the motherland in the future, should she live

>and that's why you were so selfish

>the motherland, hell. The entirety of Equestria would be a better place without this mare around to murder, plunder and torture anything she can excuse for being 'impure' or 'lesser'

>and here you were with all the resources needed to kill her and more

>yet the only thing going through your mind was the texture of her coat

>her constant jabs at you and your ideology

>her laughter

>the way when faced between a secure transport home to her fatherland with 3 handsome stallions she choose to murder them unprovoked instead of joining them in finishing you off

>and the way she spilled her guts in front off you, knowing damn well you could have ridiculed her for being 'weak'

>she wasn't weak

>you were weak for wanting her for yourself

>in believing that somehow this could all work out like in the ponytales of old

>you were weak because instead of going for your rifle, you lay down to bed again

>you were weak because you longed for her embrace and warmth

>you were weak because you kept telling yourself act justice in the names of every comrade fallen under her hoof, some other night

>Aryanne's needy hooves found your torso and pulled you towards her in a sleepy hug

>you lean your head against her soft mane

>you swear to Celestia you were scared shitless

>you could feel Ayanne twirl and move around

>she was waking up

>you however, hadn't slept the entire night

"Good morning Comrade."

>she let out a cute little yawn

>"I am nicht your comrade, Veronika."

"Fruiend, whatever."

>"It is pronounced 'Freund' you stopid Kommunist."

>so it's gonna be one of THOSE days, huh?

"What was in the box from dragon again?"

>her mood lit up

>"Oh! Ja, der box. It is precious contraband, being as high a' rank as I am I can enjoy certain... benefits others can not."

>you felt a pang of guilt

"So. What is to become of rank after what you did to Nazi soldiers last night?"

>Aryanne playfully nudged you with a hoof

>"Oh, that? No one knows it was I who did it, that is the beauty of leaving no survivors!"

>with another heavy yawn she scooted out of the bed, leaving you behind to hog all the blankets

>you replied to her while she popped the lid off the orange box

"So you feel no remorse for your actions?"

>"Remorse? Meine dear little Veronika, such an emotion has been hammered out of me a long time ago."

>you don't know whether to feel relieved or worried because of that fact

>"Ponies are walking pieces of meat and magic, all i did was to take around thirty to fifty years away from them, it's no skin off my back. They were going to die eventually no matter what."

>she rummaged around the crate until she found what she was looking for

>"Aha! Chocolate, cigarettes, sweets, Snaps unt more!"

>"Get over here, Schwachkopf. Today we eat like Princesses!"

>you hadn't had chocolate sweets in forever, such a thing was a luxury in the motherland, especially during wartime

>Aryanne motioned you to sit on the floor beside her

>"dig in, Kamerad. There is enough for the both of us."

>you had rarely seen her in such a cheery mood as when the two of you were enjoying the imported, contraband goodies

>after the best meal you've had in a while your belly was stuffed to breaking point

>the lack of sleep last night, and the added weight of your body digesting sugar made your eyes heavy to hold up

>"You look tired, Veronika, did you sleep well last night?"

>you huffed through the sleep deprivation

"Nyet. Couldn't sleep, nightmares."

>you lied

>"Oh, well then. Ich need to unpack some supplies from der crate so you just go on ahead and take a nap in the meanwhile, Ja?"

>that offer just sounded too good right now

"I might just take you up on offer, Aryanne. Thank you."

>"Oh don't mention it, Veronika, you deserve a nice bit of rest!"

>she's right

>you do deserve a cowpone stretch

>laying down on the bed and comfortably covering your body in the blankets, you let your mind wander into the realm of dreams

>your usual nightmares were replaced by a flower shop in the streets of Prance

>it was placed in an idyllic village right outside of the capital

>the scent from a hundred different flowers hit your snout in a beautiful symphony of gastronomic delight

>by your side was Aryanne, giving you a smooch on the cheek

>"Ish need to go to work now, sweetheart~ Make sure to pick up our child from practice in a few hours, Ja?"

>this was bizarre to say the least

>she vanished out the door and left you to smell and sample all the pretty flowers on your own for the rest of the dream

>that must have been the most fucked up dream you've ever had, what was your psyche trying to tell you?

>"Oh Veroooonika~"

>that didn't come from the dream

>"Wake up kleine sleepyhead~"

>reality rushes back to you and you're faced with two big blue eyes mere centimeters away from your face

>you try to scoot backwards in surprise

>getting a sense for your environments you realize your torso and hind legs are tied to the mattress you were previously sleeping on

>your fore hooves were each tied down as well, pointing outwards leaving your chest and face exposed

"Aryanne, what gives?!"

>you heard a sinister laughter you were all too familiar with

>"Oh I've been waiting too long for this, Veronika~"

>getting a better look at the pony in front of you, you see her decked out with the top-half of a medal-decorated Nazi officer's suit, presumably turned sluttier by her own doing

>the lower part of her back hooves had long, latex-like hoof socks, snugly fitted on them

>in the middle she wore a minimalistic, jet-black dominatrix corset

>last but not least she wore a Germaneian, Nazi, Luftwaffe, Officer's Hat

>your cheeks were burning red with with embarrassment

"Wh-what fuck are you doing Aryanne!?"

>a low murmur yet again turned into a giggle

>"Oh mene kleine pony. You know exactly what i'm doing."

>she gave your cheek a long, hard lick

>"Gah. Tastes like weakness. You must be punished~"

>Aryanne pulled out a riding crop

>grinning through the riding crop in her mouth she managed to word out your commands

>"Lick der mistress's hooves."

"You can not possibly be of seriou-"

>"Lick them!"

>she was standing on all fours over you while you were flopped down on your back, your head and neck supported upwards by a few pillows

>the Nazi mare extended a squeaky clean, polished hoof and playfully wiggled it in front of your snout

>you went to push her hoof away with your nose but were greeted by a riding crop whip over your face

>the lash stung like a bitch, you could feel your heart-rate race away

>"Ohh! A feisty one~ Your mistress will hold back on your punishment if you do exactly as I say."

"And if i don't?"

>"Simple, I will drag you into the forest unt murder you. Now, lick!"

>you didn't know if she was serious or not so it was best to be on the safe side

>carefully rolling out your tongue you swirled it around the tip of her hoof

>Aryanne's face contorted in delight

>"Gut little Untermensch."

>she carefully turned her hoof about, allowing your tongue to roll over places you couldn't before

>Aryanne pushed her hoof further into your mouth, forcing you to suck and kiss on it

>"Do you value your life, Kommunist filth?"

>you nod, unable to speak with her hoof wall in your mouth

>"Well I do not, you and your kind are filth, vermin to a perfect society. You do not belong under the new world order we will instill."

"Hmmp mhhhm mmm.."

>Aryanne looked you over with fake amusement

>she slowly pulled her hoof out of your mouth, leaned in and assaulted your lips with her own

>the mare forced your lips open with her powerful jaws and started sucking on your tongue

>just as fast as she entered your mouth, she pulled back and left it, a string of saliva still connecting you two

>you tried to follow her lips but your restraints made that quite impossible, she left you wanting more

>she wiped your face with the riding crop again, this time drawing blood

>the singing pain burned though your cheek, but you soldiered on regardless

>your display of pain seemed to excite Aryanne

>"Meine, meine. Sub-pony, Soviet shitstains!... Should never speak without permission. Ja?"

>you slowly nodded

>"Gut, test your mistress' patience again unt sowing you back together would be a waste of stitches."

>she moved in and started to lick your wound, sating the taste of your blood

>this was too disturbing for your mind to handle, you were pretty sure you were suffering from shock

>she stuck a rolled up sock forcibly in your mouth before speaking again

>"Now, Ich will get some tools, don't go anywhere, alright?"

>hesitantly you nodded

>"Sorry, what was dat?"

>this mare turned to page 45 of bad guy cliche dialogue: The "Sorry I can't hear you, please repeat your groveling because it gets me off" page

>once again Aryanne fooled around in the orange supply crate until she pulled out what looked like a suitcase, turned toolbox

>she gleefully opened the toolbox suitcase thingy in full view of you

>to your horror the case was filled to the brink with instruments of death and torture

>everything from blades with hooked edges, drills, hammers, razors, saw-blades, vials of what you can only assume to be acids and poisons

>Aryanne looked at your dread-stricken expression in confusion

>she looked back at the suitcase thingy again and got let out a hearty laugh

>"Oops, wrong case. This one is work-related punishments, nein. Ich need meine private stash."

>relived at the fact that Aryanne was clearing out her torture kit, your mind wanders of what her 'private stash' might be

>that could be everything from expensive chocolates to even more grotesque tools of flesh-sculpting

>revealing another tool kit you could feel yourself sweating

>not knowing is the worst

>"Don't look so gloom, whore. You didn't think i'd cut you into hearts unt hooves ornaments just yet?!"

>"Nein, the day is still young!"

>you audibly choke back tears

>"Why, whatever is the matter, you dirty slut?"

"Why are you doing this to me? I- i thought we were friends!"

>"Don't play der sympathy card with me, filly-filth. The day I appeal to emotion is the day I consume a cyanide capsule unt shoot myself in the head~!"

>"Now, were were we?"

"You still did not of tellings why you-"

>another lash came quick as lightning, you didn't even see it coming

>damn, this mare fast

>"Donkeys are not allowed to speak while the master race is thinking, oh, right meine personal equipment!"

>this one didn't open up from the side but rather from the top, so getting a sneak peak was impossible

>"Ohhh Ja~ We'll start out with the basics and work our way from there, sounds good?"

"No."

>"Excellent! I knew not turning you into a fleshsicle was a gut idea! Ich am so happy you would bear through this kind of treatment for your mistress!"

"I said no!"

>Aryanne dropped the whip and pulled out a candle

>with the help of the strategically placed fire you used to heat yourself with she managed to light it as well

>prancing around your restrained body Aryanne hummed tunes like a little filly until the candle had started to produce hot wax

>she looked you over with eyes positively glowing from the reflection of the candle she held in her mouth

>taking her agonizingly sweet time she started to drip melted wax over your crotch

>you desperately tried to shield your marehood by clashing your hips together, unfortunately one of the drops of wax hit your right nipple

"mfghf!"

>you yelped out in pain, with no fur to protect you there the heat of the candled and the unfamiliarity of just what the fuck she was doing made you crack the facade and voice your displeasure

>"Your screams! Are so! Erotic!"

>the fascist fetishist dove down and slowly nibbled the now-dried wax of your teat

>as much as you hate to even recognize her actions as pleasurable she really knew what she was doing

>she alternated between soothing, circular licks to sucking and kissing them

>driven by lust alone you try to gyrate your hips towards her mouth, maybe i you could just...

>"Hah! Ich knew your weak mind could not stand against the touch of eine superior being!"

"Please Aryanne, we was having the fun, now would you just-"

>"Zorry, I could not hear you, who is dis Aryanne character? I am to be referred to either by rank or mistress."

>you can't even begin to figure out hot to curl your tongue enough to say "SS-uberdubersulfur" so mistress it is, you wonder why she even gave you an option when the first one was impossible for you to pronounce

"Please.... Mistress, we was having the good times. Go on."

>Aryanne looked at you, still not happy

"This is getting to be ridiculous, you already have me tied up. You pull this dominatrix shit-.. What does a mare have to do to get a break around here?"

>"Repeat after me."

>she cleared her throat

>"I Veronika am a stoopid, vodka addict who gets turned on by her beautiful mistress."

"\*sigh\* I Veronika am a stupid vodka addict who gets the turned on by her beautiful mistress."

>you rolled your eyes

>"I vow to give meine very being over to SS-Oberführer Aryanne 'White Death' Hoofler for the night. She is to have her way with me because I am a lowly Soviet mutt who needs domestic training!"

"I vow to give my very being over to SS-uberfurver Aryanne 'White Death' Hoofler for the night. She is to have her way with me because I am but lowly Soviet mutt who needs domestic training..."

>"Close enough."

>Aryanne rubbed her snout in between your hips with intent on launching an assault against your marehood

>while scrunched up against your pussy Aryanne started to moan heavily

>the vibrations of her muzzle against your Communist Cootchie drove your senses wild

>"Heh, Ich have yet to take action, yet the Soviet still trembles, figures."

>with puckered her lips, Aryanne extended her tongue and sampled juices from your Volga river

>she kept passionately fondle your marehood with her mouth, every move seemed strategically placed to inflict as much enjoyment as possible

"Ngh.."

>if you didn't know any better you'd say she knew your cunt better than you did

>Aryanne locked eyes with you from her position at your crotch

>all you could see was those big blue orbs of hers bobbing up and down between your thighs, giving out a familiar, unreadable expression

>all you could hear was the wet, sloppy noises as Aryanne mixed her warm saliva with the sexual fluids from your Soviet Snatch

"Mmn..!"

>all you could feel was pulses of pleasure running up and down your spine

>your hind legs started involuntarily kicking against the restraints as the constant sexual simulation became overbearing

>"I take your pain... I put my straw in it! \*slurping sounds\* And I DRINK IT UP!!"

"S-SUKA MFFF!!"

>Aryanne furiously licked on your clit, you were getting teary eyed from the pressure put on your socialist sex-hole

"ARYANNE I AM GOING TO!!! AHHH!"

>your old-gold colored eyes rolled into your skull as your body wiggled and squiggled after months of no way to relieve yourself

>you heard the distant sound of Aryanne's maniacal laughter as she engorged herself in your sexual fluids

>your released barrage after barrage of your feminine Bolshevik fuck batter, your mind still snowblind from the orgasm currently dancing the Motherland's proud Kozachok-dance on your nervous system

...

>after your body had calmed down and your body was yours to command once again your attention shifts to your tied up hooves

"Aryanne... That was.. wow!"

>"Did yoo enjoy yourself, Sklave?"

"Yes, i mean ho ho. Yes, just fucking do the tellings of when you plan to do anything like that in advance the next time, yes?!"

>"Oh meine little Veronika. I expect yoo to take the initiative sometimes as well."

>she nonchalantly blew on one of her hooves, looking as overly bored as possible

>"That is, unless the ingenuity of the unrelenting Red Army is greatly extradited."

"Do not get in front of yourself, we wield the stronkest army."

>Aryanne gave the cheekiest of smiles as she lay on top of your belly and booped your nose

>"Pfft, sure yoo do."

"Are you going to release me or am I having to bite that hoof?"

>"That depends, are you going to make it erotic like ze last time?"

>Aryanne saw in your face that you were sick of teasing and decided to untie you

>"Now remember what I said, bolshevik. Your Red masters do nothing but preach sharing unt... urgh. 'equality'. I expect you to eventually return ze favor."

>she rolled up the bed sheets from under were you were previously tied up and threw them at your face

>"Now go clean this mess up! I am going to make an evening meal."