>The time:   
>6 in the god damn morning.  
>The reason you're awake:  
>"GET OFF MY LAWN, YOU FILTHY MUDPONIES!"  
"Fuck..."  
>You get out of bed and shuffle to the kitchen in your underwear, scratching your head.  
>Aryanne is standing near the window, her ears laid back and tail bushy.  
"You know it's six in the morning, right?"  
>She turns her head to you with cheeks reddened in anger.  
>"I was doing the morning praising of the sun, when I saw two filthy mudpony foals trying to break into our house!"  
>You know those two foals usually come around to look at the koi pond you built for Aryanne.  
>Sitting down at the table, you pick up the coffee she made you.  
"Why do you have to use that word? You know you're-"  
>She cuts you off and rolls her eyes, "I know, I KNOW. I'm a mudpony. But what if I was born a glorious Unicorn? If only I had been..."  
>She sits down at the table and sadly pokes at her cup.  
"I like you just the way you are. Even if you do wake me up at ungodly hours to stare at the sun."  
>As usual when you mention the sun, your girlfriend touches her brow and mutters, "Praise the sun."  
"Well now that I'm up, I suppose I can fix the downstairs sink before I head out."  
>Aryanne sips her coffee and casts a paranoid glance out the window, "Where are you going today, love?"  
"Over to Twilight Sparkle's. She wants me to help her with some issue concerning Diamond Dogs or something."  
>Aryanne seems to perk up and a dreamy look glazes her eyes.  
>"I like Princess Twilight Sparkle. Can I... Come with?"  
>Your body tenses.  
>A week ago, you had found Aryanne's diary left open in her 'Sun Praise Room'.  
>The words flash through your mind.  
>'Dear diary, I've been having a lot of dreams about Princess Twilight. And Anon. Together. I keep dreaming of their wonderful sweaty bodies coming together in passion, Anon pleasing a proper Unicorn as he deserves- And I watching one of the master race pleasuring my lover like a lowly Earth Pony deserves... Maybe I could bring this up to Anon?'

"No. No, she asked me to come alone..."  
>Aryanne sighs, "Okay. Can you tell her I said hello?"  
>Still feeling disturbed, you sip your coffee and nod.  
>After the coffee is finished your get up and head to the bedroom to change.  
>Just as you drop your undewear, you hear the door close.  
>Turning, you see Aryanne standing in front of the door with a look on her face that tells you she's ready.  
>You sigh.  
"Anne, I really should get that sink fixed. It's been clogged for weeks."  
>She shakes her head and stalks toward you, "It can wait another day. I need a good rut before you're gone all day and I'm all alone with only my vibrating horn..."  
>There's no denying her once she starts.  
"Fine. But I have to shower and eat before I go, so we haven't got long."  
>Aryanne reaches into the bedside table and pulls out something that makes the discomfort return.  
>It's a replica horn that attaches to the head with ties that go under the muzzle.  
>A purple replica horn.  
>You now understand that she chose for it to be purple.  
>She puts the thing on and wiggles her eyebrows, "I'm feeling kinky today, okay?"  
>Trying to act normal, you lay back on the bed and nod.  
>Aryanne crawls up on top of you, mounts and presses her lips against your shaft.  
>She leans down and breathes into your ear.  
>"Anon?"  
>Her voice is a bit shaky suddenly.  
"Yeah?"  
>It takes a bit of time for her to speak, like she's fighting with herself.  
>"Can you... Do me a favor?"  
>You stroke her mane, carful not to touch the horn.  
>To forget about the horn.  
"Anything."  
>Aryanne breathes out heavily.  
>"W-Will you call me princess during?"  
>Your girlfriend is weird.  
"Of course... Princess..."  
>You enter her and hold onto her flank and head while she gives enthusiastic cries as you make love.  
>"Praise the sun! Call me your Unicorn Princess!"  
>Your girlfriend is very weird.  
>But you love her.