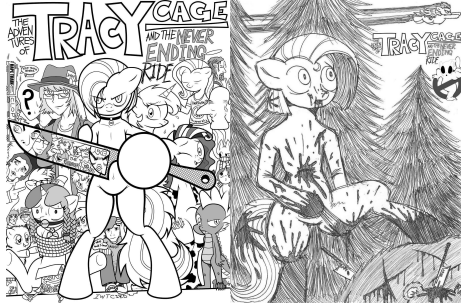
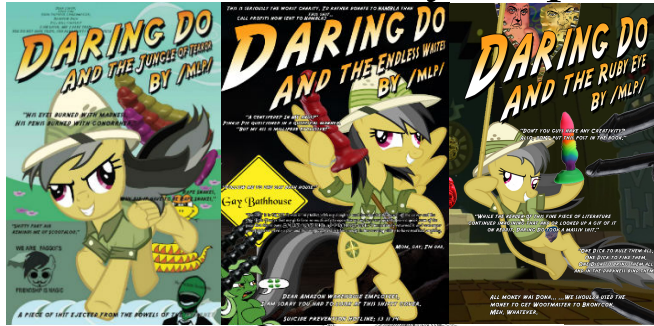


The Adventures Of Tracy Cage And The Never Ending Ride Vol.3



This story was composed in August of 2013 on the 4chan board /mlp/. It is not an official My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic product. It is not anything. It is best described as a parody, but to say it is a parody is to say it is something, which is far too charitable. The best way to describe this "book" is as excrement passed through the roiling bowels of the Internet, somehow finding its way into your house like a backed up toilet. In no way should this be considered anything other than the babbling of deranged madmen, having no meaning or method to its insanity. This is pure shitposting at its worst. Absolutely no quality control was present. There are no redeeming features here, save a few shining gems in an ocean of piss. The text of this vile shit is public domain. My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic is (c) to Hasbro inc, but this is technically parody, so whatever.

Other Books By /mlp/



Chapter 1

lame

Pure faggetry in book form
already bought the first.
Waiting for book 2.

Tracy goes to white castle, because she has multiple
parasites and wants intestinal
purging so she orders 50 fucking sliders, because thats
why she went there. Suddenly, one of Venom's
amazing edgy Alicorn beasts comes in and begins to
flirt with

Tracy as she is downing her sliders

"Hey baby, nice mouth"

"Rmmph rah mmrph"

"It'd look about 20% cooler with my penis in it"

>SLURRRRRRRPP

"Baby imma bleach your fur with my vanilla icecream
fountain"

>le epic eyebrow raise

"those wings look nice"

Tracy cuts off the faggots bat wings and makes them
into a scarf.

While Tracy is cutting off the faggots bat wings a man
comes in wearing a fedora and a Rainbow Dash shirt.

It was the brony from the first book!

He approaches Tracy...

The bronny declared that Tracy reward him with lots of money and sex for killing him and taking his house.

"Tracy, my dear," the man says, fanning out his pudgy fingers in an approximation of a palpating anus. "It is time that I revealed to you the truth: you are not you who think you are."

It was at that moment that Tracey pulled the knife from under the counter and plunged it deep into the man's fedora. He screamed and fell to the ground, clutching his penis as the semen began to pool uncontrollably on the cold tiled floor of White Castle.

Calmly, Tracey wiped her mouth.

She stood up and looked down on the beached lard whale with a blank expression.

"That makes two of us," she declared to his motionless body.

Suddenly niggers in fedoras mould themselves from the fat bronny's body.

That post better be in the book

Every post will. Like I said this will be our biggest book yet.

“Oh, I didn't know Negros could wear those. The more you know.”

She proceeds to serenely poke them in the legs with a knife until they bleed to death.

dink dink dink

To her shock and arousal, Tracy realized that their nigger knees were made of steel. She watched as compartments slid open on each onyx kneecap, and from them flopped clusters of enormous nigger dicks. She had to get out of there!

"Nigger dicks, activate. Set phasers to ass rape."

Tracy was for that moment more preoccupied with where the fuck that voice came from and who had said it. And that was her mistake. In the split second she spent thinking about the mysterious voice, the dicks flew through the air and sunk paul's deep into her asshole.

"May god have mercy on my soul" Tracy said.

"BIG MONI PLS AHUEHUEHUEHUE" The nigger of steel said, rising up showing his BALLS OF STEEL.

"Nigga you better not fuckin rape me or I'll roast your ass over a fire."

GET NEW INTERNET BOOKFAG, I HAD TO WAIT FUCKING FOREVER FOR YOU TO COME BACK

Since hell was releasing once dead contenders of the last book, Hank Hill raised from the grave for a third time

"Can I interest you in some propane and or some propane accesories to fuel your rage of hatred?"

"So it was you who was the mysterious voice?" said Tracy, batting away dicks so she could talk.

"Is that really yo' top priority at dis moment honky?" said The Nigger of Steele.

"Yes it was I," said Hank Hill, to move the plot along slightly.

"Nigga fuck you" Tracy said as she sliced off his ass cheeks and sewed them on his face.

"Now stop following me you fucking faggot"

"Hank hill bellowed with mighty rage, for he noticed the white castle had been cooking with charcoal. how could they resist it's obvious flavor enhancements over propane?"

Hank was filled with Texan fury. He shoved his arm down tracy's mouth and reached into her stomach, grasping as much burger he as could, and ripped it from her insides.

Tracy was not amused."

Yes, Hank Hill slowly moved his plot towards Tracy's. The two plots conencted into a mega plot, creating a big plothole in the story.

Where is Peggy Hill in a time like this when her Husband is out and about?

She is having an affair with Emperor Palpatine.



I bet he double teams her with Vader on weekends.

If I have seen Star wars, that might be funny to me.

Tracy probably hasn't seen star wars either, does that exist in horseland? let's get back to Hank and Tracy shenanigans.

Someone please make porn of the Emperor and Vader double teaming Tracy.

>inVader

Emperor Whosafuck grabbed Tracy with his unicorn powers, and Hank with his... Force? Powers, and began double penetrating them with his serpentine snake penis.

Suddenly, the White Castle manager walked over to the scene of Tracy being splitroasted by Hank Hill and a bunch of niggers. He knelt down and whispered in Tracy's ear: "I'm going to have to ask you to leave. The other patrons are complaining of uncontrollable erections."

He winked broadly, stroking his own sizable member. He handed her a free coupon, for his dong.

It was several feet long and ravaged their insides, but Tracy's parasites ate away at his snake flesh while it made its way through her body and out her mouth.

The well renowned rapper known only as P Giddy walks into the scene.

"G-Guys... s-stop..."

Tracy moans in orgasmic pleasure at the glorious double penetration. P Giddy has left the building.

Her moans turned suddenly into a battle cry as her vaginal walls transformed into knives. Hank Hill, Emperor Palpatine, and the niggers screamed in agony as their dicks were eviscerated by her pussy.

Hank and the Emperor then explode, bathing Tracy in blood, semen, and a hint of bubblegum.

The bronny semen which had lain forgotten on the floor slowly coalesced and rose up, morphing between forms before finally settling in its final form. The semen demon bellowed forth "Tracy Cage, you managed to smite down this bronny, yet your task has just begun. Thousands of these foul pests roam the land polluting it with their presence. I give you 24 hours to remove this pestilence or you shall pay with your life". With a wave of his hand he burst into a tidal wave of spooage, propelling tracy, and the niggers out of the white castle

"I've completely forgotten my objective..." said Tracy as she flicked off bits of Hank Hill's gall bladder.

"We gonna help yo," the niggers declared, sheathing their penises back into their knees. They flexed their hardened bodies forged by centuries of slavery. "Bronies aint nothin but hoes and tricks." Tracy nodded with approval.

as all this is happening, button mash comes in on the scene and tells tracy this

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jv21ITvmyy0>

then his mom walks in and she has hot lesbian sex with tracy

Oh god, buttons mom too....

I can't resist. Put this in the book so I can fap to it while sitting on the toilet.



(BookFag loves you)

Her mom is called Lisa, has big tits and Tracy gives her a Cleveland Steamer. It was way hot. Shit just got real.



Indeed, this image of Button's mom will be in the book. I will describe it, the mise en scene. A tawdry landscape of pillows and sheets. A single, milfy pony, lying stretched in a seductive pose. She glances over her shoulder, her eyes: smoldering, half-lidded, inspiring the deepest arousal in men and lesbians and homosexuals. Her vagina is concealed by the face of an aged man, but it is no matter; we feel the heat of the image, and experience the familiar burning in our loins. We WILL fuck button's mom

Do you think Bateman will take this b8? Button's mom, that is.

Pls put Carlos in there.

as Tracy finishes laying a loaf on Lisa, Princess Erroria glitches thought the ceiling. As she tumbles downwards she sees Tracy waves, and in less than a

few seconds glitches right through the floor too. Tracy made a mental note that that was one FINE fucking alicorn and that she wanted to bang the fuck out of her, even though her instincts also made her want to kill her.

Tracy opened her treasure map. On it was marked the locations of 12 of the world's most vicious bronies. A torrent of vagina juice splattered the ground beneath her. She would have to destroy them all.

Tracy should mash Button's buttons. To a chair.

Out of nowhere, Gaben appeared in front of them, and started cumming Episode 3 in Tracy's butthole.

CARLOS! CARLOS! CARLOS!

Binary cum splotches, gallons of code poured directly inside of her, flowing out of her mouth.

Hot tears pooled in Tracey's eyes, as hot as the semen spurting from Gaben's cock.

"W-When is the release date?" she gasped.

Gaben simply smiled. He gave her ass a tweak, and vanished into thin air. His cum would linger for years afterward. Tracy clenched hard.

The very ground shakes under him as he pounds away, creating a miniature earthquake.

Tracey? You think that shit is funny? You better be fucking messing around. TRACY, still panting hard from gabens 3 and a HALF inch LIFE size cock in her still bleeding orifice.

Yeah fucker that shit's hilarious, she's traced, so she's Trace-y, do you fucking get it? Like Tracy just got it from Gaben right in her fucking ass in such a way that she'll never walk straight again and people will think she has cerebral palsy you insensitive fuck?

"You still think Pinkie Pie is best pony?" she asked while shitting a Mount Poovius onto his chest.

"Do you still think Episode three is cumming?"

Tracy had to question Gaben about pinkie being best pony, becuz she even knew it is clearly Rainbow Dash.

>Inb4 rarifag comes and copypastas

>inb4 Dashfag (duh)

>inb4 best pone thread

Guys would you have sex with Tracy? Be honest.

>implying you would have choice.

Is that a rhetorical question?

Of course.

I would tear that mare without any care. Although, i'd probably be torn first
this shitpost book has turned into just random shit now.

What was tracy doing now, I forgot. Something about being raped by Gaben or something.

Tracy awoke from passing out from panting too much from being raped from gaben too much. Is she still in white castle? Let's go get more sliders, she needs to take a giant ogre shit.

"You're an asshole Gaben."

She puts a balloon in his fat ass and blows it up until he floats away.

"Now... to kill bronies or something..."

Tracy gets up and goes outside to looks for some fucking casuals to kill.

Tracy and the niggers go back into White Castle to get some sliders. Tracy shits on the niggers' sliders but no one notices except the manager. His erection grows three sizes and he gives her three coupons to match. Tracy wonders if this man is a brony and if she should kill him. Then she remembered that all bronies have micropenises and have to write shitty fanfics to compensate. For a fleeting moment, she felt relieved, before the crushing loneliness and depression swept in on her once more. She devoured some shit sliders with the niggers.

After thoroughly inspecting her map, she decided which bronny to kill first - Sethisto

Sethisto was hosting the local Bedcon. Tracy decided she would cosplay as nigger Trixie. With the help of the niggers, she visited a negress hairdresser who outfitted her with the most outrageous wizard hat and cape. She hide her knives in her vagina once more.

Like fucking Altair with a wizard hat, she dives into a bale of hay, waiting for the innocent Sethisto to pass nearby.

As the element of autism himself sauntered past whilst discussing how he never slept, Tracy lept out, proclaiming herself to be the great and powerful trixie. Sethisto, amazed at the accuracy of tracy's cosplay, demanded that a photo be taken of them both. The horde of niggers, who where cosplaying as chicken and watermelon, took this opportunity to surround tracy and sethисто, cutting them off from any other bronies.



As the great and powerful Tracy finished murdering the bronies in ten seconds flat, she continued to the writers booth for a couple of free autographs.

One of them was Tara's special; written with her own piss

Written on what? a sheet of snow?

Yeah yeah bitch, yeah. A fucking sheet of fuck. Then suddenly, the easter bunny attacked. But why? Why?

After wiping the few drips of Tara's special 'autograph' off her chin, Tracy contemplated her next moves. She still had to remove bronny and had wasted the best part of 2 hours having shits and fucking gaben.

With her sheet of snow framed, Tracy continued to the Open discussion room. As she entered, a foul smell of stagnant air filled her lungs.

Meanwhile, Darth Vader and Emperor Palpatine were DP'ing Peggy Hill in Hell. Luckily it wasn't adultery, because Hank Hill had transmigrated into Vader's penis. He screamed BWUAH with every thrust into his wife's anus, and dribbled semen constantly from his narrow urethra.

Using propane, Peggy looked into the future and saw that their nemesis, Tracy, would soon be bearing down on one of the next bronies in the list: her son, Bobby.

"Hank!" she screeched. "We have to help Bobby!"

"I know, g'dangit!" Hank shouted, "but we gotta deal with these liberal bozos first!"

Peggy suddenly remembered her training with Bobby-Sama. Concentrating her propane, she launched her ass backward, crippling Darth Vader so hard that he would become James Earl Jones. With a clench of her mighty Texan ass she ripped off Vader's dick, freeing

Hank Hill from his phallical prison. Together they beat Emperor Palpatine to death with his own flaccid cock, and ascended from Hell to seek out the Chosen One, Tracy...

>meanwhile back at the plot...

And so Tracy set off to find the man of her dreams but was sidetracked by an ice cream truck. She wanted to purchase a Michelangelo ice cream bar with the gumball eyes, so she communicated her desire by squeezing a dog's anus. The ice cream man, understanding completely, did a handstand and said "My mojo filter stays so strong, it must go on. I must go on." with the voice of a speak 'n spell. The truck then flew into the sun. Now that Tracy's desire to fondle a filthy fucking animal was complete, she had no choice but to grind against a stop sign while singing Against the Wind by Bob Seger. She'd turn HIS page, if you know what I mean.

The pone discussion room had about 60k pounds of 50 bronies. They were told not to jump with fear of the floor caving in, but let's be real. They can't move anyways.

The current discussion was of The episode, Mysterious Mare do Well, and how it was one of the best and well written episodes ever. Many fans screamed and cheered as they discussed their favorite episode.

Stretched out on the discussion table was the used-up body of the Galacon mascot. Her tie was not only

knocked askew; it was coated in a thick crust of bronny semen. Even from the doorway Tracy could taste it, and it made her more aroused than she had ever been. She sauntered to the table and thrust her body against Galacon pony's festering crotch. Buzzing flies and flakes of dead skin whirled up around them, coating their heaving flesh. Tracy felt the surge in her loins, and let the sensation take her; thick, yellow, gravy-like slider urine sprayed from her urethra, slopping all over the Galacon pony like some open-faced sandwich in a vomit-soaked Irish pub. Much like an Irishman, Tracy pounded that horse vag with her clam sandwich until both were screaming in ecstasy. Soon they were both cumming, exploring eachother's bodies, and cumming again from the act of exploring which is highly erotic and should be mentioned in every scene of erotica if it expects to be taken seriously.

The mood thoroughly ruined, Tracy dropped a deuce on that bitch and went to look for the next bronny on her list - some faggot named "Bobbeh".

An interdimensional burger portal exploded from her anus, and Tracy became one with the universe in the process.

She saw Hank and Peggy Hill rushing towards her on the rocket that was peggy's propane powered pooper. She would continue her chase for this "bobbeh" bronny when she could, however, she begun to suffer complete and utter mental shutdown, because she simply couldn't deal with being the universe.

Trixie resumed her form as a pony, and returned to finding bobbeh.

Bobbeh Hill was in hiding. He had heard that his parents were murdered by some dark pony. He had not believed it at first, until he saw it in the news. His parents. Dead. Not even I know where Bobbeh is hiding



Chapter 2

Bobbeh wakes up, surprised to be alive after one full day of hiding from the maniacal death blue pone. He still knows he is not safe from her, because she is ruthless. Bobbeh can't hide for long by himself, because he is like 13 years old and now has no living parents. What will he eat? How will he make it? Where can he go to survive. maybe he should go live with Bill, they are both fat.

You guys are doing pretty good thus far.

After hours of equivocation, Bobbeh straps on his hypderdildo armor and prepares to face the world.

Nervously, Bobbeh opens the door. He holds up a dildo to shade his eyes; the sun is blinding. The air is cold. The neighborhood is desolate.

Bobbeh decides to go talk to Bill, but it's dark and he can't remember how to get to Bill's house, because Bobbeh has an acute learning disability, brought on by years of heavy gasoline huffing at the family barbeque. He lifts his nose to the air, and smells. He smells a combination of fried chicken and sweat wofting through the air.

"Either Bill is this way, or there's a pack of niggers around the corner!" thinks Bobbeh. He follows his nose, wherever it goes. Eventually he finds Bills House.

Bobbeh approaches Bill's window. It's bright again. Bobbeh wonders why It has gone from night to day like 3 times since he opened the door of his home. Bobbeh is fat. It took him 2 days to walk next door. Because he's American. He looks in Bill's window, where he see's something.

It's Bill, or what's left of him. It's hard to distinguish Bill's body from the array of discarded meat products strewn about the spacious 80 square foot home. The Dark Pony had been here. Clearly it had mutilated Bill while he was watching MasterChef. He was probably masturbating to it. Much like the resourceful American Indian, The pony had used every piece of her victim. She turned Bill's eyes into a pair of ben-wa balls, and his foreskin into a comfort-grip handle for her knife.

Memories of Bill's rapist tendencies are blown from his mind like JFK's sexual daydreams. There, lying on the floor of Bill's rumpus room, is the naked body of Dale. Blood pools from the severed stump of his penis.

Bobbeh's mind races, struggling to overcome his learning disability. Something might be wrong here, and he had to get to the bottom of it.

And get to the bottom of it he did, as the Dark Pony's first blows rained down on his hyperdildo armor. He could feel the outer dildoic layer cracking under the extreme pressure exerted by each strike. He struggled

to reach the hamburger in his belt, screeching out a prayer to God and Jesus.

He began to wonder if he should accept his death. He would, after all, be reunited with his parents.

Aww fuck that, Bobbeh puts all of his might into a final kick, but it didnt work. Tracy stabbed him once again in the armor, each it making his armor weaker and weaker.

As he struggled to find the strength, he heard his father's words of sage wisdom echoing in his head: "Propane and propane accessories"

That's it, he thought to himself! I just need some propane to burn her up with.

Unfortunately for Bobbeh, that thought took about 6 minutes to complete because of his gross learning disability. This is what you come to expect of a child who's father raised him to inhale propane as a recreational activity.

Fucking Texas.

One final stab to the torso ended Bobbeh. He walked into the light, which unfortunately for him, was the propane fueled flames of hell. Hank still is the top salesman of propane in hell.

As Bobbeh faded into nonexistence, tracy began to wonder why she didn't just stab him in the face in the

first place. Oh well, the torso shots were more slow and painful.

Before he could even manage to yell "It's my money and I need it now", Tracy's cock-sheathed knife had penetrated Bobbeh's dildo-armor. She drives the blade deep into Bobbeh's flesh. Tracy laughs as Bobbeh stares down at the gore. but...something's wrong. The blade hasn't even gotten past the layers of fat that encircle Bobbeh's cholesterol-clogged heart.

Tracy steps back in horror, as Mayonnaise begins firing from the open wound like one of those poison-spitting dinosaurs from that Spielberg movie. Fucking Jews making me scared of lizards.

Finally Bobbeh's corpse falls to the ground, almost half an hour after Bobbeh had actually died. The ground around them, simply covered in man-made miracle whip. Tracy of course becomes incredibly turned on by the prospect of having a young boy's white cream all over her body and begins to masturbate with the cock-handle of her trusty blade, still dug deep into Bobby's ribcage.

Unfortunately, Bill's cock fails to satisfy Tracy's gaping vagina, just as it has failed to satisfy every woman it has ever penetrated. Lifting herself from the dickknife, she sets off in search of her pack of niggers.

Before Tracy could climax, she hears something.
"DAYUMMM"

Oh no, a pack of Zombie Niggers caught the scent of white people blood and fried chicken.

"I guess it's my lucky day!" Tracy yells as she removes the cock-blade from the chest of the murdered obese child.

The Zombie niggers are on a rampage of looting and raping, just like regular niggers. Tracy can't tell the difference and assumes that these are her nigger friends. To her complete shock and dismay, the Zombie niggers unfurl their undead cocks and lasso Tracy to the ground.

"Oooh...bondage" Tracy says, dripping with mayo-blood lubricant.

Bateman watches as Tracy gets dub penetrated.

As hundreds of nigger cocks penetrate her orifices, Tracey formulates the next phase of her plan. The 3rd bronny on her list was a dangerous one: Purple Tinker. She'd have to use all her cunning to defeat the menacing transsexual. As if contemplating the reality of the challenge she would soon face, Tracy swallowed a gallon of sperm, flexing her vaginal muscles to draw the black seed into a womb as barren and dry as Rosie O' Donnel's anus.

Tracy bathed in the dick bath she was given, surrounded by zombie nigger flesh, completely smothering her body, rot and spew and festering cum leaking all over her body.

Tracy orgasmed several times at what was happening around her, and then she got up, eager to start her next blood bath.

Purple Tinker's trangina would be owned by her massive strap on, and then she'd be dead.

>thoroughly gehowl

In the shadows, leaning casually over by the fence, Bateman suavely observes as Tracy gets railed by the Harlem Rapetrotters.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his dickphone. He punched in a number. "Purple Tinker?" he said. "She's coming. It's time... to check 'em."

He smirked, and set off after Tracy, following the trail of cum, blood, and mayonnaise.

Purple tinker summoned an army of spyros and barneys because they are purple, but one of the barney's had a penis, so Tinkers coworkers thought it was cute, but obscene, so they fired her.

faget

Out of a cannon. Straight in Tracy's direction.

Tracy absorbed Tinker into her loose maregina,
because I think she did that already in the 2nd book.

she became purple tracy, and started fucking
everything and and being glad she had a vagina, but
she also wanted a penis now.

Bernard Ber-nard, Bernard Ber-nard
He's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-nard, Bernard Ber-nard
He's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-goddamn-
nard
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-I don't
know!
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-goddamn-
nard
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-I don't
know!
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit,
goddamn nard!

Tracy looked around quickly for the source of that
annoying song, eager to kill the thing making it

She discovered it was an autist wearing cartoon
mouse ears holding a megaphone...She tried to
remember his name...DreamworksLord, that's it.

She killed him and became a pony with a nine foot
penis.

Literally her penis had legs. 9 of them. Between each of them, were 8 more vaginas. All of them hungry.

A nine legged penis? What a rare sight!

It felt familiar. It reminded her of 4M get. It surely was a rare sight.

Suddenly all her dicks detached from her body and began to form a new creature.

A NEW TRACY!

What a twist!

"Moommy?" asked the deformed Tracy clone thing.

Tracy stared at the cock-clone Tracy in wonder. Finally something that may be able to satisfy her ravenous sexual desires...but, would the world really be able to handle TWO Tracys?

Tracy looked at it and puzzled how on earth was going to get to china for some cheap roasted bear cock.

Chapter 3

wot

Is this Tracy a Satyr?

A satry for horse dicks for legs.

you want sum fuk?

YES

YLS

Tracy starting sucking on both penis legs.

BITCH I AINT SOME DIRTY HOE WHO GOES AROUND FUCKING ANY NIGGA I SEE, YOU GONNA NEED TO SOME OF DEM QUADS TO FUCK THIS PIECE OF SILION ASSS!

The penis legs got stiffer than my current penis writing this novel. The Satyr moaned in pleasure as Tracy's horse tongue travelled across the satyrs horse cunt. Their horse parts ravaged from gaben.

AND THEN DEXTER SAID

“Deedee I hate you so much, but the pussy game great”

Without warning the satyr went all highlander on Tracy.

"THERE SHALL BE ONLY DUBS!" said Bateman as he watched the fight from afar.

There shall be only dubs.

Bateman looks over disapprovingly at the anon that failed to get dubs twice and shot him in the face

Bateman wondered why he'd suddenly break his anti-gun code over the sake of some poor anon who really wasn't worth the effort.

Then he thought 'Nah, just forget it, YO HOMES, TO BEL AIR!'

Bateman stole all our dubs

You're all failing at getting dubs.

>inb4 I get dubs.

Tracy awoke from a long nap from post satyr masturbation sex and realized she was late for the /mlp/ summer cup practice. She had to decide quick. Go and be late or ignore it

Tracy turned back over and played with her snatch some more.

'Fuck it, what's the worst that could happen?'

Later on, Tracy would find out >rape captained /mlp/ to the final, only to score 6 own-goals and somehow choke to death on her own boot during half-time.

Tracy would soon learn what the worst could truly be, when with a totally terrific orgasm, Purple Tinker burst from her cantankerous cunt!

"Aaaarg, I'm here to fuck bitches!" Purple Tinker exclaimed, wriggling xis bizarre genitalia

It probably has one of those random holes there that does nothing.

Yes, and apparently no one gives a shit about Purple Tinker. Xe wanders off and no one ever hears from xim again. Tracey checks that target off her list. She decides to go back to White Castle, having worked up a terrible hunger fucking everything in sight.

Tracy reached for the phone.

'Luna, Tinker's escaped. Recruit a team of fillies with attitude'

5 hours later, Tracy decided to stop sodomizing those fillies and set out to stop Purple Tinker from spreading sexual awareness in the same way as one would spread peanut butter on their dong at the animal shelter.

Be Tracy

>pull out your edgy knife

"LAY ON THE GROUND BITCH, ON YOUR BACK NOW!"

>The whore blushes embarrassed and listens to her master while Button sits there toying with his member.

>You get down and run your knife ever slow and close to her beautiful coat.

“Wow, what would your husband think, seeing you in this position... HAHAHA I bet he'd get of too!!! You dumb bitch I should just kill you.

>sensing the hostility in your voice, she becomes scared.

>“Wait, are you actually gonna hur-”

“BUTTON, SHUT THAT WHORE UP!”

>His crazed look matches yours.

>You thrust her legs wide open against the ground, and she lets out a painful whimper.

>Button looks his mother dead in her eyes and then bends down a little closer, “Don't worry MOM, this hurts me more than it hurts you!”

>“No Button! I thought this was just another of your games, I'm scared now, I don't-

“BUTTON IS THAT WHORSE STILL TALKING!?”

>He then plunges his massive foal cock into her mouth.

>You can see her sexy crotch tits, just the right size, and it looks like they are lactating too.

>“Come on mom! I know you love this game! WHY ARE YOU CRYING!?”

>You can hear her muffled voice slowly turn into gaging while his massive cock plunges deeper and deeper into her throat.

>You lick the fur around her puffy nipple then start suck all around it, slobbering on it as it perks up.

“HAHA looks like the slut likes it”

>Button grabs a hold of his mother's face and thrusts faster.

>She starts throwing up the spaghetti she ate for dinner just hours before.

>Chunks of saucy spaghetti ooze out of Button's mother making for a thick lubricant for his throbbing dick.

>It spills on her face and mane and she starts shaking violently.

>Button takes his dick out.

>“Wow mom, you do look like a slut!”

“Please Button!! I don't want any more! You can have your Joyboy back!

>The pitiful mare looks like a mess, snot and spaghetti are covering her face and mane, and her eyes are red from crying.

>You start sucking on her tit and she yelps.

>“Mom, if I didn't know any better, I'd think you're lying.

>Her horse milk comes gushing out and you gulp it all down. It tastes so warm and sweet, and your body temp is rising. God, you're horny.

>You part her pussy and can feel how wet it already is.

>“I'm not lying Button! Please stop, I'll do anything you want!”

>You take a look at her marehood, and are amazed at how dripping wet she is.

“AHAHAHAH! THIS BITCH IS LYING, JUST LOOK HOW WET SHE IS!”

>“YOU'RE LYING TO ME MOM!?”

>NO BUTTON I—

>He sticks his dick back in her mouth and starts rutting her face, her voice is again muffled while she starts choking on her own spaghetti again.

>You suckle intensely on her motherly lumps while you rub her violently.

>“COME ON MOM, YOU JUST SAID YOU’D DO ANYTHING!”

>After a minute or two of this, you move down to her pussy and go to town. It’s one of the juiciest pussies you’ve ever tasted. The smell of her horse fluids fills your nostrils and you blush.

>The smell and taste of it is making your whole body tingle, you’re getting high off this feeling of ecstasy. You start playing with yourself.

>Button smacks the whore a couple of times and takes his dick out. “Mom, you’re completely disgusting!”

>She’s just sobbing now.

>“You know what? I bet daddy would still fap to your dirty face!”

>He slaps her with his spaghetti covered cock.

>She looks away before he punches her face.

>“OPEN IT.”

>“This kid,” you think, “can’t wait to fuck his dirty corpse.”

>She opens her mouth wider than ever without hesitation and he starts dicking her face again.

>In no time her body tenses up and she starts spewing a mixture of pee and cum.

>You drink the salty piss cum dry

>This bitch is wasted, maybe I should kill her?

“Button take your dick out now.”

>He turns to look at you sadly. "Are we done playing?"

>You take your knife and dig it an inch or two into her side.

>She starts screaming and squirming.

"Shutup ya dumb skank before I actually kill you. "

>You say it nonchalantly and now she silently whimpers.

"Tell me you love me you pathetic piece of shit."

You wait a second or two, then dig your knife deeper into her side. She is bleeding heavily.

>"I LOVE YOU!" She screams in pain.

Her eyes become opaque.

"I LOVE YOU!" she keeps repeating as she starts showing less and less emotion.

"NOW GET UP BITCH AND EAT ME OUT!!!"

>You sit on your plot and spread your legs while Button gets off her and she wobbles to her hooves.

"Button, you wanna have some more fun with mommy?"

>She lowers her head and starts licking in between your pussy lips.

"DEEPER, I KNOW YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE YOU LESBO!"

>"OH BOY DO I."

>Button goes around and starts eating her pussy while she nibbles on your clit.

>Your body shudders in pure lust, this bitch knows exactly how to please a mare.

>You pull her up by her mane.

"HAHAHA, see I know you're enjoying yourself"

>She looks at you without any emotion.

>You keep your grip tight on her mane, that look of hers is pissing you off.

>You smack her couple of times and her face is a little puffy and bloody now.

>She gives you an emotionless smile. "I love it."

>Not convinced, you pull out your knife and hold it right in front of her face and her eyes go back to normal for a second.

>Button takes his erect penis and rubs it around her clit and as soon as he finds her pussy hole, he thrusts his still spaghetti covered dick in without warning.

>She screams a little then tries to shut up. "I love it!" She says pleadingly as she cries a little more.

"Good girl, now get back to work!"

>You push her head back down into your marehood and she starts eating you out again.

>Her body is moving back and forth from Buttons hard thrusts, he goes balls deep and she starts cumming.

>She's still bleeding a little, but it's not life threatening... yet.

>"I bet I'm better then dad!" he says breathing heavily while he ruts her silly. It looks like Buttons is about to cum too.

>You pull her face out of your cooch.

"Isn't he better than daddy?"

>She looks at you with an empty smile

"Tell Button he's better than daddy."

Button starts cumming but keeps fucking her, a combination of the sauce that was left on his dick and creamy sperm oozes out of her

>“Button, you’re doing so well honey.” She starts blushing.

>OMFGODksfdkasf this little fuck is actually enjoying it now! She’s totally dead inside!

“Button, will you be a dear and put in her butt?”

>“OH BOY, sure think Tracy!”

>You lie down and pull her up so that her chest lies on top of yours and you start licking her spaghetti stained cheek.

>Button pushes his now semi-flaccid dick up her tight anus and she gasps.

>“Button honey, you’re so much better than your father!”

>She’s smiling eagerly but tears are running down her bruised cheeks.

>You pull her back down and start making out with her furiously.

>The sound of her squeak while Button rams her ass is enough to make you cum.

>You start pleasuring her while you swap spit.

>“MOM, YOUR ASS IS SOO TIGHT!”

>“KEEPING GOING BABY!”

>Her asshole starts bleeding and dribbles into her vagina.

>She starts shaking violently; you can tell she’s cumming again.

>You pull your hoof up and lick your bloody cum filled fur.

>She falls on top of you and she looks unconscious.

>You pull your knife out again and push it ever so slowly into her chest.

- >She opens her eyes wide with an intense, horrified look and then her eyes roll back into her skull.
- >Her body becomes limp on top of you; the only movement you feel is the rhythmic humping from Button.
- >Your tongue probes her mouth, and you drink up her drool.
- >Blood pours out of her wound and soaks your fur.
- >You push her aside and get up.
- >Button keeps going to town, not noticing or caring about anything that happened.
- >You go behind him and slit his throat.
- >Button frantically gets off his mother and holds onto his neck, trying to stop the blood gushing out. Fright fills his eyes.
- >He turns to you and the last thing he sees is that evil smirk on your face.
- "DON'T WORRY HONEY, WE'RE NOT DONE YET."
- >You roll his lifeless body onto his back and start sucking his shit covered dick.
- >Then you hop on to his still erect cock and start riding it, grinding and twerking on it.
- >This is best you've felt in a long time as you suck on his bloody neck and make out with his dead body.
- >You furiously hump his cock and orgasm once more before leaving, feeling satisfied but guilty as hell.

Suddenly Nicholas Cage walks in. His eyes fall on the scene unfolding before him and he falls to his knees. His hands fly to his head. "This can't be happening,"

he screams. "THIS CAN'T BE
HAPPENINGGGGGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

Tracy looks her father in the eyes, her gaze as dead
and dark as Gaben's soul.

After filling up on cospasta, Tracy decided she didn't
want to go to White Castle anymore.

Instead she went to Black Castle and all her PC
friends were there, like Black Twilight, Mulsim
Fluttershy, Mexican Rainbow, harlequin-syndrome
Pinkie Pie and spina bifida Rarity.
Applejack was there too.

Did they have sex, anon?

No.

Because that would they would have to marry first.
And girls can't marry girls.
That's forbidden love.

Anon realised he fucked up that post, but whilst trying
to rectify it, he choked on some cocks and died.

HERE LIES ANON

2011-2013

FRANKIE SAYS RELAX YOUR GAG REFLEX

Chapter 4

Now in all seriousness, who is Tracy?

Your mothers scarlet fever dream

We're three books in and you still don't know?

GET THEE TO A LIBRARY.

The Adventures Of Tracy Cage And The Never Ending Ride can be bought at all good bookstores. And not-so-good ones like Amazon.

Just kidding, I like you guys, I'll kill you last.

As the thread becomes more derailed and more writers begin to leave. Tracy finds her self against an army of Trantesticle nigers, led by her evil dick Satyr clone. They begin to surround her from all corners readying there ciltorical stubs they call dicks, in the effort to kill Tracy.

But her coat of many ethnic colors protected her from their acidic jism.

'Thank god for minorities!' she exclaimed.

The gargantuan transexual clones of the sovereign nation of Niger bear down on Tracy, but their immense mass causes the Earth to sprout a new asshole. The planet itself beings spewing lava-streaked shit to assist its Chosen Hero, Tracy Cage.

"Why?" asked Tracy. Clone Tracy only laughed, "Because Hank Hill would do it..." Suddenly her belly began to bulge/inflation to the size of a chevy TrailBlazer. It exploded revealing a fully formed Hank Hill reborned as Evil Hank!

"FOAAAAAAR BOOOOOBAHHHHHY!" But he died due to natural causes. With no one to follow, the tranny nigs began to chimp out fucking anything that was white or purple!

'I AM THE ALL SINGING, ALL DANCING CRAP OF THE WORLD' she yelled as she launched fecal darts into the eye sockets of the nearest clone. Smearing the shit from his eyes, the last thing he saw was Tracy's giant member skull fucking him. In 3D.

Suddenly, Tracy has to both cum AND fart.

SUPERBAD?

Yes, more than anything in the world. More than a hundred thousand nigger cocks tickling her face like butterflies.

Tracy began rocking the fried chicken out of the irritated hordes of Tranny Nigs. She was rocking so hard it was making her cum and fart repeatedly!

Suddenly, from the lowest pit of Hell, Evil Hank arose. In one hand he clutched a melting clock, in the other, a melting Bobbeh. The boy's corpse still wore a cruel mockery of his hyperdildo armor, the

multicolored rainbows of the silicon dicks melting into a stream of broken dreams.

"YOUR TIME IS OVER, TRACY CAGE," Evil Hank roared. His six hundred and sixty six dicks all began to helicopter in unison as he pooped out endless streams of Illuminati pyramids. "A NEW WORLD ORDER IS UPON US. A NEW BRONY ORDER! PREPARE YOUR INSIGNIFICANT RECTUM!"

"WELL KILL MY DICK AND SLAP MY VAGINA, THIS HOE IS PLAYING MY JAM! ' *untz untz untz untz untz untz*"

Said the late Gilbert Gottfried as he untzed his way up to heaven while giving oral love to his avian lover. Upon cumming the duck fell from his google hole onto the face of Evil Hank angry because he missed the last episode of lost.

Oh look! Gilberts back! Does he want some tracy pussy too?

Propelled by years of pent up cum and farts, Tracy started to roll around at the speed of sound. She had places to go. She had to follow her rainbow.

Fueled by gases a hundred times more combustible than propane, she took all 666 dicks into her dutch oven, roasting his weiners into niger-colored charcoal.

'DO YOU EVEN LIFT?' she cried

Tracy now in the air thanks to this anon's post was now doing highly advanced aerosol dynamic flying trick things all the while dodging the incoming cum comings cummed from the Duck and the hundred something Trany nigs!

Alright men, status update!" Said Gaben as he commanded the Star Knife fleet into unknown tranny territory.



"Fox here, Im ready to go!"



"Falco here, Skippy's a snoozer!"



"Red Leader standing by."

With supply lines cut, the once battle-hardened niger army were now flaccid.

With the Niger clones disabled and falling to internal genocide, Commander Gaben drove his squadron in on Evil Hank. "Stand firm men," Gaben said. "Stand firm..."

He's enormous finger hovered over a blinking red button...

RELEASE HALF LIFE 3

"Alright men, this is our time to shine. Attack all the Tranny invaders in the area no survivors. Peppy already took out one of their main sources of food, destroy anything nigger related, The war has begun boys we aint losing now!" Said the awfully sexy General Gaben humming a big red button!

So the war begun as Gaben's fleet started to attack the Tranny menace!

Let's Go!

Power, super, super-power, power, super, super-power

Would you like to play a game of hide and seek now?- Lalalalalalalaa

If you have x-ray eyes, please promise not to peek now.- Lalalalalalalaa

First we count to ten, and then we'll have some fun now!- Lalalalalalalaa

Or will you fly away before we count to one now? -
Lalalalalalalaa

A signal in the sky-oh
That's when you know that you have to fly-oh
A signal in the sky- Ooooo!

Let's Go!
You know you got a lot to do, oooo.
Let's Go!
And everything depends on you, oooo.
Oooooooo.

Hey girls, hey girls, come out and play now! -
Lalalalalalalaa
Or do you have to hurry off to save the day now? -
Lalalalalalalaa
Can't you come over, watch a movie with your friends
now? - Lalalalalalalaa
Or will you fly away before we see the end now? -
Lalalalalalalaa

A signal in the sky-oh
That's when you know that you have to fly-ohh
A signal in the sky- Ahhhhh

Let's go! You know you have a lot do to, ooo.
Let's go! And everything depends on you, oooo.
Oooooooo.

Power, super, super-power, power, super, Super-
Power!
A signal in the sky-oh.

That's when you know that you have to fly- ohh.
A signal in the sky- Ahlalalala

Let's Go!

(Power, super, super-power...)

You know you got a lot to do, oooo.

Let's Go!

And everything depends on you, oooo.

Let's Go!

You know go a lot to do, oooo.

Let's Go!

And everything depends on you, oooo.

Let's Go!

You know you got a lot to do, oooo...

As Gaben fat-fingered his shitty game, Tracy felt an immense burbling in her bowels. She had been clenching her anus for days since Gaben fucked her, if only to keep his scent, his great manly musk, his brilliant ball juice, secreted away in her cunt.

But alas, when Great General Gaben sacrificed himself and his fleet with the press of that button, the codes locked in his jizz activated the latent Half Life 3 incubating in Tracy's fertile ass-pussy.

At long last, in an event that brought tears of pure ecstasy to Tracy's eyes, she gave birth to a living, breathing creature: Half Life 3. It soared into the air and dived straight for Evil Hank, a screaming charge meant to finish the battle.

Right before Gaben an heroed for everyone, Tracy looked at him and a cried falled out.

"Can I atleast pretend to be your cock sheath?"

Gaben looked down as the world crumbled around his gravitational pull.

"...You are my cock sheath..."

Tracy paused for a moment to reflect on the deaths of so many vibrant cocks, cut down in their prime.

Then she went back to having a wank over duck vs Evil Hank.

The Duck proved to much for Evil Hank. His body couldnt withstand the great insurance rates. But suddenly EPISODE 3 it blinded them both as the pure holy light caused them to burn up in a blue flame until they were nothing but ask!

Slowly the holy game rose towards the heavens joining the ranks of Raptor Jesus, Gilbert Gottfried, Bill, Ted, that one good black guy, Token Asian and Mr. Bibb Laiden.

Only to make Tracy notice that they were so entranced at watching it no one ever got to play it.

"FUCK!"

Tracy felt a great spiritual awakening, knowing that her vagina could produce something so wonderful and pure.

With a mix of jubilation and suicidal post-natal depression she searched for the nearest blunt object to ram into her cooch.

Diving headlong through the smoking ruin that was once planet Earth, Tracey descends upon the crashed remains of one of the fleet ships.

Inside the ship, she discovers that the cockpit is coated with liquid fat. An enormous skeleton sits in the pilot's chair, its finger pushed into an unlit button.

The skeleton's skull might be just large enough to fit into her gaping vagina. Tracey lines up and starts twerking on the mysterious dead pilot's fat-soaked skull. The lubrication of the fat drives her quickly to the edge of orgasm, her legs and anus twitching wildly with each thrust of her hips.

With the war won and Trannies dead. Everyone celebrated with Sunchips and Caprisun!

With chicken and watermelon stores at an all-time low, the world's remaining nigger population stereotypically began to associate themselves with sunchips and caprisun, "gettin they sun on in da hood"

Chapter 5

Tracy awakens. She blinks. She tries to move, but all is dark. She hears a faint quacking, and the screaming of a strange man with an irritating voice.

Where was she? What was this magical place?

It was Bookfag! To her surprise President Ongo Bongo decided to nuke the general area due to the high rate of level 7 general harpies. He was the only survivor along with Tracy who were smart enough to hide in a ditch.

She was relieved. She didn't want to go to heaven to see her 3 second old child being sodomized by Michael Jackson.

Dude made Thriller, of course he's in heaven.

Tracy, feeling curiously romantic, cautiously approaches the lone male survivor on the entire planet. She softly kisses Bookfag's neck. Her hoof reaches for her crotch.

Her other hoof reaches for her knife.

Bookfag is actually Norman
>Be Norman

>Find some sort of blue creature left in the destruction

>Im so fucking poetic

You alive? Crazy night this was, how's about I do some menial task for you and you have sex with me as a reward? It's why Im so popular

"Why don't you suck my dick"

Tracy points to her dick

>Still Norman

Uhhh, well, if you say so

>Get on knees

>Embrace the creature's long and sour dick

>This is kinda fun

>Gag, choke and suffocate

>*gasp*

Oh my f-wow. That was

>Look in it's eyes

>Death

>All I see is death

Tracy was shocked.

He'd sucked on her dick.

He'd choked on it.

She now had the urge to make an overrated indie game, act like a bitch online and then wonder why no one liked her.

However it was getting dark and the dickwolves were howling. Norman decided to set up camp in Tracy's cavernous vagina and rest for the night.

Dickwolves cometh!

>"Quick! Get inside my vagina!"

>fucking what

O-ok

>Crawl into her moist cavern

>Kind of burns

>Ow, it really burns

>What the fu- Is this teeth!?

Oh fuck what the hell is going on?

>"It's all ogre now, laddie"

>Accidentally crawled up Shrek's ass

>His acidic asshole chewed up Norman and dissolved the flesh

>Shrek takes a big ogre shit and it's all bones and a green beanie

"Fucking dumbass" Tracy states, with Norman dead, she continues her journey

Tracy just got back from playing Modern Warfare 3. What did she miss?

She'd just throatfucked mankind into extinction after giving birth to Half Life 3.

Tracy giveth and Tracy taketh away.

Norman died

RIP in pieces

With Norman Dead, Tracy decided to step it up to the ultimate goal, le Waifu stealing Sentry

Indeed, with Evil Hank, Gaben, and now Norman

dead, that left only six more bronies to kill. Following her map, Tracy set off for Las Vegas, to find the evil Flash Sentry in the morass of prostitutes and shitty conventions - and destroy him. Her mutated, pulsating loins trembled with pleasure at the thought.

suddenly Bateman appeared

"Foolish Tracy," he said, smirking. He flashed the dubs sign. "I'm afraid you've just entered a DUBS DUEL - first to get dubs, LIVES."

He pulled out an axe. "So what'll it be, Tracy? Will you lie down and die? Or will you... check 'em?"

>>YOU MUST GET DUBS TO DEFEAT
BATEMAN AND CONTINUE THE BOOK

fuk u bateman

"Dubs are for fagots" Tracy says as she stabs Bateman in the cock

Bateman laughs, easily evading these non-dubs posts. "After I remove the ice pack I use a deep pore cleanser lotion," he says. "In the shower I use a water activated gel cleanser, then a honey almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub. Then I apply an herb-mint facial masque which I leave on for 10 minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine. I always use an aftershave lotion with little or no alcohol, because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then an anti-aging eye balm followed by a final moisturizing protective lotion."

His erection is visibly throbbing, as he prepares for dubs.

No dubs yet, we must try harder!

As Anon continues to try and samefag his way out of this shitty plot, Tracy attempts to engulf Bateman with her toothy vagina.

"Vagina Dentata, I choose you!"

Tracy sprung to life like my dick at a funeral home. She aimed to apply her patented labia lip lock across his stupid Huey Lewis loving face. But would it be enough?

Bateman narrowly dodges. The power of dubs not appearing is keeping him strong, All Tracy needs is to roll some dubs and she wins. She needs more focus.

"Tsk tsk, I expected more, Tracy."

Bateman begins eating an organic pear. The juices run down his chin, staining his shirt sexually.

dubs 4 jesus

>inb4 we never get dubs and plot doesnt advance. Not like it was anyways

I summon dubs

I summon your mom.

In attack mode.

Bateman's enormous penis is straining against his thousand dollar slacks, staining the front with peach-scented precum. He hefts his axe. "You'd better hope I don't get DUBS!" he screams, laughing maniacally.

Evenly matched, Tracy focuses and attempts to remember every bit of training she had received in the art of dubs. She knows that Bateman is one of few challengers who could possibly be working for Sentry.

Flash Sentry was drumming his fingers impatiently. He was running out of waifus to fuck.

He'd now resorted to deviantart OCs to fulfill his needs and he was pretty sure he'd caught something from one of those alicorn skanks.

He began to think about Digibrony's OC to fuck.

Also, rolling for dubs again

Remembering a technique passed on by her lover Gaben, Tracy focused herself inward, turning herself inside out as she blew herself out of her own anus in an explosion of skin, blood, cum, and shit

>she blew herself

Shit was SO cash.

It was cash... but was it cash enough?

Bateman rolls. His penis has now burst out of his pants. It spews thick rivulets of semen unbidden. He's frothing at the mouth, his eyes red, perfect musculature bulging with power. Is this the end for Tracy Cage...?

the dubs are weak still

SOMEONE SAVE US

GILBERT GOTTFRIED

KING OF GAMES

SOMEBODY

I honestly have no idea what is going on in this story anymore. I am not setting a end point for this story so it will go on until either you people lose interest or we write a 300+ page book.

Bitch please, we write as long as we want
Rolling again

Tracy is fighting Bateman, minion of Flash Sentry, one of the 12 bronies that Tracy must kill to avoid the curse of the Semen Demon that was freed from the corpse of the fedora brony from the previous book

DUBS PLS!

We are writing the great american novel.
It is about cocks and man's will to survive against the elements.

In retrospect, 'dubs' is a shitty element

Dubs is the human struggle

Dubs is love
dubs is life

>herefeel organs

Even 'honesty' is a better element.
Fucking Applejack got a better element than we did.

>double dubs

Well I'll be the son of a donkey!

Finally. With the power of dubs on her side, Tracy focused the repeating digits in an energy wave, and it unleashed with utmost fury, completely obliterating Batemans existence. He rejoined Hank in hell, where the two of them had hot (propane fueled) sex with Peggy.

Dusting herself and knocking out a couple faps, Tracy picks up Bateman's axe and continues on to Las Vegas. It was time to fuck Flash Sentry in the asshole, like a pig in West Virginia.

Tracy walked all the way to Las Vegas, leaving an oozing path of marejuice behind her. her first stop,

was the Casino Royale, the cheap place on the strip where she could indulge herself in sub par waitress's with excessive smokers voice, and \$2 foot long hot dogs (Those got me sick when I was there)

Tracy blows all her money on hookers and hot dogs, both vivid reminders of her childhood. The gross excess inflames her stomach and she vomits continuously as she stalks down Las Vegas' main avenue, her puke mixing with the continuous stream of arousal leaking from her vag. In the distance she spots Flash Sentry's great penis-shaped tower, upon which he has impaled every waifu he has ever stolen. The site makes Tracy harder than diamond.

She tries to contain her rock hardness, she doesn't want to be just another stolen waifu. She can't forget her mission. After throwing up the parasite filled hot dogs, she focuses and moves toward the tower shaped penis in the distance.

As Tracy approached the girthy base of Flash Sentry's tower, she began to wonder - why am I doing this? For what reason have I killed and murdered, fought hellbeasts and destroyed the planet? To kill bronies? Bronies are fags already! Nature already takes care of all the work.

She was wondering just how she was going to kill the Semen Demon when she heard a shuffling behind her. She whirled to face it, and to her great surprise, there stood Brad, fully erect.

"Hey there, cutie pie," he said. "I hear you're a waifu to a lot of people. Did you know that?"

Tracy suddenly felt very strange. Looking into the deep blue eyes of this tall, sexy, competent male, she could feel her vagina bursting with fertility and marejuice. Why, it was almost as if she wanted to fuck Flash Sentry right here in front of the Casino Royale and the sub par waitresses with the excessive smokers' voices!

"That's right, fags," Flash Sentry continued. "I'm going to ruin your fucking story by stealing your waifu, Tracy. Get fucked nancy boys, lol."

He already took my waifu, tracy must fight, for her sake!

Tracy smacks brad on the dik

brad dies

woohoo

Too anticlimactic. Brad was only pretending to be dead, so when Tracy stepped over him, he attacked with a surprise kick. The kick landed straight in tracy's stomach causing a torrent of vomit to flow near brad. Some of it got on his abercrombie and fitch shirt. This shit was personal now.

"You fucking waifu, I paid \$17.99 for that at the GAP!" You owe me with your Vagina!" he declared loudly causing many onlookers to see what was going on.

Tracy could not afford \$17.99, or her vagina. She only had 5 bits left, and her vagina was still reviving from gabens episode 3. She sat calmly considering her options.

"What can I do?" she thought "I know he wants me because of my waifu status, but what can I do to distract him or divert his attention..."

"That's it! I'll make a twilight waifu tulpa, he can't resist his first!"

She focused hard once again, pop! A twilight waifu appeared right before her eyes!

"Is Daring Do 3 available for purchase yet? I have 1 and 2." Brad asked

He knew Tracy had a copy of the third book, maybe she could trade her DD book three in exchange for Brads Vomit shirt.

Tracy shook her head. She too was awaiting the availability of the third Daring Do book. "I too desire said book, and have anxiously been waiting a whole month for it. It appears I do not have the book you seek, but what about this nice Twilight Waifu?"

Brad stared with lust. Could it really be her? He has not seen twilight since the day she disappeared in some portal, or drug induced coma. He walked up to the tulpa.

Brad could no longer contain himself, he approached the twilight tulpa and began sensually caressing her wings.

Whilst Brad stood distracted by the sensual form of his one true waifu, Tracy began to formulate a plan. She realised that Brad must steal and defile every waifu in existence before mounting their carcass on his giant penis tower. She knew now the one true way to defeat him - to make him her waifu.

Focusing all of her meager mind, she began thinking about Brad.

How perfect he looked, how great his manhood must be, how she longed to be with him, >tfw she couldn't be with him.

We all know that feel ;_;

Brad continued to ravish tulpa twilight's horse pussy whilst jacking off her horn. As he came he began to ascend into his final form having accomplished his life's purpose. He sucked twilight up his dick, combining her with himself, as he turned around triumphantly towards Tracy.

Brad's look of triumph rapidly turned into one of shock as he realised what Tracy was doing. He sprinted towards Tracy while screaming "i'll destroy you Tracy cage", his 10 foot dick bobbing magnificently from side to side as he ran. Alas, it was too late for Brad, Tracy finished idolising Brad as her

husbando and his fate was sealed. His dick curved underneath him, pummeling his ass and tearing his insides. His eyes beamed with infinite rage as the head of his cock speared out of his mouth, swiftly followed by the rest of it, turning Brad into nothing more than an inside out mass of twitching body parts on the floor.

"Well, that was one messy divorce" Tracy thought, as she was waifu no longer.

She then sniffed the back seat of Brad's car, mashing her clit at the thought of all the dumb bitches he'd defiled back there. She inserted the gear stick into her quivering slit, starting the car and propelling her to her next adventure.

"I LOVE COCAINE!" she cried as she went barreling down the road into the sunset.

Chapter 6

Tracy inspected her map, if her calculations were correct then she had only 7 hours to kill the remaining 5 bronies, lest the semen demon strike her down and take her soul for all of eternity.

Plenty of time" she thought. "All I have to do is lure them to the same place at the same time!"
But what would she use as bait?

Pasta with meat balls said the deflated egg sack.

She rumaged around in her fanny pack, but the only traces of spaghetti were a few red stains of what could possibly be pasta sauce,
....or blood.

'There must be a way of generating lots of spaghetti quickly' she wondered. But how?

But no matter, she knew where she could get all she needed. Next stop: Ponycon. She has friends in the Special Forces who can hook her up, and she knows just where they'll be.

As she approached Baltimore she could see all the tell-tale signs of a pony convention in progress. A smell of fursuits, BO, and Italian Cooking saturated

the air and attacked the senses of the populace. She could feel the ground shaking.

"The autists must be jumping at that shitty rave". but how would she be able to tell the difference between the Special Forces and those who are just special?

She pulled up next to a street nigger.

"Where's the nearest liquor store?"

The nigger points in a general direction.

"Bingo".

She steps out of her car outside the liquor store. "Oh shit I forgot my-" Her thought was cut off when she turned around, to find her car was ALREADY put on blocks by the street niggers.

"Fucking Baltimore".

Tracy walks into the liquor store. Some arab stares at her from behind some bullet proof glass.

"What do you want?"

"I want to cum inside MA Larson" Tracy says.

the arab presses a button behind the counter, and a door opens behind the beer cooler.

"Spaghetti Strike Force 6, I have found you at last".

"OH FUCK ITS HER!" The band of drunkards cried, backing into the wall.

"Relax boys, I'm not here to rape you this time" Tracy said. "I'm just here for some Spaghetti"

"Who says we have any?" Says one, with an inexcusable British accent.

Tracy smirks. "A little moustache told me so."

The group looks at each other and reaches into thier pockets. Piles of spaghetti come pouring out onto the floor.

"Good boys." Tracy says, stuffing all she can fit into her fanny pack. "But you forgot one thing"

"What's that?" says one, wiping his forehead.

"I'm a liar."

Tracy grins as she begins to rape the entire group.

None were spared.

Tracy walks out of the liquor store, satisfied, full of semen and spagh

Tracy looked around. She had to get her trap prepared to capture the five remaining brownie scum she needed. It had to be something that they wouldn't miss or pass up but also not look too suspicious.

Squatting on the ground, Tracy leaked gallons of cum onto the earth and she set to work. Crafting each letter with all the skill of a master artisan, she constructed a message that not even the most ardent of horsefuckers could refuse.

"I just don't understand the appeal"

Now all that was left was to wait. And fap.

RATTLE ME BONES!

Welcome aboard maties

rattle me bones

rattle me bones!

Take what ye will.

But don't rattle me bones!

Spin the wheel for the treasure to take!

Careful my friend or he'll rattle and shake

Rattle me bones turn the lights low
there's a frightening glow, but don't rattle me bones!

rattle me rattle me rattle me bones~

Use your skill to take what ye will
but don't rattle me bones!

Sure enough, a thundering of slippered feet could be heard running as fast as their portly legs could carry them. Not wanting to be crushed, Tracy decided it would be a good idea to climb up the nearest lamppost.

Tracy flattened herself against the lamppost. She watched as a small hoard of bronies lumbered in her direction, noses in the air searching for the smell of pasta they were so accustomed to. As they drew closer their mouths started to water and several of them became hard (not that anyone would have been able to tell) at the sight of the pasta lying there on the ground. They grouped around the spaghetti and read the message to themselves in a torrent of low mumbles.

Tracy watched in disgust as the mindless brony hordes scrabbled over one another, their wriggling micropenises searching for any available orifice, like tiny caterpillars yearning for some vaginal cocoon in which to metamorphose. The horrifying cacophony of grunts and moans stirred her most primal instincts. She could feel her knife growing hard and erect.

A wave of autism spread over the group.

"How can anybody not like this show!" many of them wondered aloud.

We should find this guy and make him watch it with us, then he will see how great it is!" said another.

This was the final straw. Tracy couldn't hold back her rage, disgust, and lust for rape any longer.

So she politely shit herself and ate her shit then fucked the puke of the shit then made the shit rape them.

Tracy had a wet dream about Hank Hill.

Snapping awake again, she beat the piss out of the bronies as they laid raped and dying in the street gutter until they were all dead. Then Tracy decided to have something to eat, so she made a fire on the sidewalk. She began cutting the fatty, tender, almost veal like meat up for a meal.

"That takes care of the 12 i needed plus a few extras for good measure." Tracy said to herself as she casually curb stomped the head of one of the dead bodies as she walked over it.

Now full from her delicious meal, our heroine now travels to the nearest restroom for her next journey. Tracy Cage and the bowels of Tracy Cage.

Tracy sat down on the a toilet in one of the stalls. On

the floor she saw a page out of an ad circular for some toy store on the floor. Even though it was a bit walked on and also pissed on she could still make out the pictures and some of the text. As she looked more closely she saw an ad for the New Equestria Girls toys. On seeing their horribly disfigured bodies Tracy shit herself and threw up a bit in her mouth but managed to keep her meal down before wiping her ass with the ad and flushing it and the nasty-ass shit down into the sewers where filth like that belonged.

After getting herself off a few times at the lewd drawings and phrases on the walls of of the toilet stall, Tracy got up and left the bathroom without washing her hooves.

Back outside Tracy tried to remember what the hell she was doing anyway.

"Now that all the bronies are dead, the world surely is a better place."

The thought made Tracy want to vomit shit from her hemorrhoidal anus in disgust. Immediately she set out for the closest library. She had to find a way to bring the bronies back.

Tracy approached the adult bookstore on the bad side of town. It's the closest thing to a library she could hope to find in this shithole. She entered the front door, taking note of how sticky the handle it is. Suddenly she finds herself in a dimly lit room, surrounded by the finest smut you could ever hope to

find. She looks over many familiar titles; The Daring Doo series, the collective works of SmutAnon, Anal In Equestria, they were all here. She becomes wet at the thought of what the volumes contain. Better move quickly before I get distracted, she thought to herself. She begins looking through the stacks. "Raritties Exposed...AppleBarely Legal 8...The Adventures of Futaloo...Derpy Does Dallas...Aha!"

Tracy stops when she finds what she is lookign for, wedged between the worn out copies of "Cock Candy for Cadance" and "DVDA Dash Double Feature". "I found it! The NecronomoCUM!"

After reading the book, tracy equipped her Mages robe enchanted with magic 50% costs, and practiced the dark magic. She called forth the devil and out from the grave popped the evil, the once returned the supplier of Gas. Hank Fucking Hill.

"I am immortal! I cannot truly die!" He screamed! Since Tracy had summoned Hank with her own Daedric abilities, the Hank Daedra had no choice but to obey Tracy. To test his loyalty, Tracy demanded that Hank Lick her seductively and help her to once again achieve orgasm. The Hank daedra did as he was told, he tells you hwat.

Using Hank's Daedra powers, Tracy began to shape the world into a Paradise of her own making.

Great forests of magnificent nigger cocks sprouted from the virgin soil. Lakes and oceans of sperm

tickled the parched Earth like really gay fairies. Horrifying abominations roamed sky, land, and sea, all bearing Tracy's likeness. They were her children, and she would never be lonely again.

But Tracy could not control Hank's powers perfectly, and the more she created, the more his propane corruption spread. It filled every rock, every nigger cock, every creature that existed; subtly lurking beneath the surface, highly efficient and odor-free.

It was in this era that a new, evil substance would soon challenge Tracy... an evil substance known only as Dark Propane.

While I explained this Tracy took a shit in Evil Hank's mouth and commanded him to pee it back into her vagina.

God, unamused to the changes Tracy brought to his world sent a letter to his brother Lex to dispose of her filth.

Tracy unaware of the incoming doomsday aimed at her, was enjoying some sunchips after brutally raping Evil Hank and slitting his throat.

Lex out of nowhere began to shoot nigin missiles at Tracy, in the hope that one of them would strike her directly killing her with the its first pound. Tracy on the other hand was humorously rapping Capper and any other writers who refused to continue her glorious story.

In his floating ass-shaped fortress, Lex brooded. He was the younger step-brother to God, always living in His shadow. Sure, Lex got good grades, a girlfriend, a steady job, but it never meant anything. He was Lex, and God was God. The whole of Lex's existence was one spent wallowing in self-loathing and jealousy.

God knew this. That's why he sent him, and Lex knew it. He channeled his impotent rage through his asshole, blasting nigger missile after nigger missile at the hapless mortal.

Tracy knew that feel of being bombarded with missiles.

Tracy appeared from the eternal depths of page 7, and narrowly avoided 404.

"I need reinforcements on deciding what to do!"
The missiles were proving to be too much, would she perish?

Suddenly, Tracy floated from Evil Hank's back as propane filled her causing her to orgasm. She followed her rainbow into outer space where she encountered Lex's fortress. "Lex, I bring you peace," she whispered, in a heavenly voice as all the cum in the world dripped from a pussy even looser than your mom's. Holy light radiated from Tracy's body as she spread her limbs, baring herself selflessly to her opponent as she revealed her true form: Tracy "Jesus" Cage

As the returned messiah, Tracy immediately penetrated Lex's ass-ship with her divine penis. Lex screamed at first, but then he realized that he liked. He moaned as the waves of transcendental pleasure caused his ship to explode, killing him.

With the death of his shitty gay brother, God himself descended from the heavens to deal with his one true daughter.

"Tracy Cage," Nicolas Cage bellowed, in a voice that rolled across time, "Young Lady, what did I tell you about fucking the Earth? Don't you remember what happened last time?"

"STFU dad" Tracy said as she slammed her cock into Nicholas' Cage's butt. but the butt was made of unrapium and deflected her sexual advance.

"I made you, and I can unmake you," Nicolas "God" Cage said, lifting his hand. the fingers were all nigger cocks.

Tracy quickly kicked one of the peniseseses. Based Cage God fell to the ground writhing in pain, as Batman changed back into Bruce Wayne.

"Bruce! Help me kill this faggot!" Tracy screamed

but suddenly Brace Wayne took off his Bruce Wayne mask to reveal that he was Batman. Then batman took

mask to reveal that he was Batman. Then batman took of his Batman mask to reveal that he was Bruce Wayne. Then Bruce Wayne took of his Bruce Wayne mask to reveal that he was Bateman.

"Check 'em, bitch," he said, pulling out his DUBSCOCK.

Immediately Tracy got dubs.

No, now Tracy got dubs.

THIS time, Tracy got dubs.

Tracy froze, charging up as Bateman inched closer with his pulsating double cock. They spurted hot jizz from their piss holes, eager to dump their festering loads in Tracy's shitter. But before he could penetrate her throbbing genitals, she released a wave of dubs energy, blasting him straight back into his Bruce Wayne costume. Bateman plummeted to the Earth below, screaming, never to be seen again..... or did he?

Nicolas Cage had recovered from Tracy's expert cockslap. "You'll pay for that, my Daughter," he said, gritting his teeth.

Nicolas Cage prepared to destroy Tracy, but it was too late. Tracy leapt at him, her vagina widening into an enormous maw, and swallowed him whole. She could hear his muffled screams as he passed through oceans of semen in his travails through her cavernous pussy,

then silence when at last he pushed through her cervix and entered her womb. Tracy was now pregnant with her father, God.

Floating in the void, curled up like a fetus, Tracy wondered what to do next.



Chapter 7

Aww, what a shame I wasn't here for Tracy Cage's book series. Well, at least I caught the bulk of the Daring Do textual profanity series...

Congrats, you're in the book now

Yeah faggot, you're ruining Chapter 7 as we speak
write something we can fap to

I don't know... I'm not very bad-ass, at least, not on boards that aren't /x/, anyway...

Do it for Tracy

Do it for Gaben

Quit wasting space, write something productive.
Tracy demands that this anon help her in her quest to do.. What is she exactly doing now?

She still has to figure out a way to kill the Semen Demon.

The Semen Demon was full of lust, as he stared at Tracy's round, supple, and somewhat arousing ass. Tracy saw the desire burning in his eyes, she knew she had to do something, and do it fast!

She had used her mind earlier to make one tulpa earlier, so she could not focus enough to make another.

"I could just take it up the ass and take him by surprise midfuck." She thought vigorously.

"Your ass is what I desire to fill with my luscious semen, resistance is futile, young filly!"

Tracy measured her options.

"I've been raped numerous times. I've raped many more times. What is one more time in my perfect ass going to do?" She thought to herself.

"What will it be, young one?" The semen demon demanded.

"I... I uh, need a spare taco if you're going to fuck me first." Tracy yelled.

"What? Okay fine, we'll go to Taco Bell." the Semen Demon changed his goal from rape to consensual sex after the first taco bell date

Tracy and the Semen Demon arrived at the Taco Bell and the doors buckled and blew open as Tracy unleashed a mighty queef to announce her presence. The unwashed Mexican illegals working in the kitchen dropped their utensils and their crack pipes and stared in horror. If Tracy was here it could only mean one thing.

"I NEED A TACO!" shrieked Tracy "I NEED IT TO MY EXACT SPECIFICATIONS AND I NEED IT NOW!"

Tracy approached the counter, drawing a knife and waving it at the clerk.

"The shell must be the crunchiest, just like my crunchy piss flakes!" Tracy grinned wickedly as she climbed over the counter, grabbing the clerk by the hair and shoving his face towards her rotten cunt "And the meat must be the most fragrant, just like my tainted beef!"

The clerk gasped for air under the stench, but Tracy held firm and shoved his face between her legs.

"Don't forget the CHEESE!"

The clerk then vomited over the newest member to the Taco Bell team, Carlos.

Tracy looked up at the vomit covered infant and thought one mighty thought

>rape

Carlos, having the consummate professional attitude one would expect of an undocumented migrant worker, proceeded to scrape the vomit off of his burlap-sack poncho, and poured it into an awaiting white-flour tortilla shell. He wrapped it delicately in wax paper, and handed it through the drivethrough window to a single mother with small children, knowing full well that this was a special occasion for the small poor family; to be eating out at a restaurant.

The mother handed the burrito to her son Christopher with a smile. "

"Happy Birthday Chris!" She said, eyes watery.

"These burritos were your father's favorite before he died..." The mother tried to keep herself from tearing up. "It's okay mommy," said Christopher, unwrapping the burrito. "I'm sure that daddy is watching us right now, and will make sure this burrito is extra yummy to show how much he loves us." The mother beamed, proud of how grown up her son had become, how kind and thoughtful.

Christopher took a bite of the burrito filled with mexican vomit. He shit his pants and began to vomit uncontrollably immediately. His mother looked on with horror. "Oh god Chris no!"

"Daddy never loved me mommy!" Chris said, unbuckling his seatbelt. "It's not true Chris!" his mother cried, steering wildly as they went cruising down the highway in their used Corsica.

"I dont want to live anymore!" Cried Chirs, as he opened his door and flung himself into oncoming traffic. He was run over by all 16 wheels of a Walmart delivery truck, that itself was filled with undocumented migrant workers, on thier way to apply at taco bell, where Tracy awaited her order, having not seen any of this.

Inside the restaurant Tracy was spread eagle over the counter as three Mexicans worked in tandum trying to stuff the taco into her rotten bologna flower. Unable to get enough lubrication from her barren meat

locker they began to spit and pour hot sauce on her crotch as they worked the taco deeper into her cunt.

"Yes! YES!" Tracy moaned "I want this to be the greasiest spiciest thing in my vag since I raped those Greek homosexuals!"

The Semen Demon stared pensively at Tracy.

"Am I really going to put my dick in that horse?" he thought, watching as one of the Mexicans bent over to vomit from the stench "It seems like it would be wrong NOT to at this point."

Seeing the pulsing of the vein on his satanic cock Tracy smiled, knowing that the Semen Demon had fallen into her trap.

The Semen Demon BUMPED into Tracy's vagina. Some sharks 'n shit swam past, to be ignored by all.

Tracy sat up suddenly. The compression of her distended belly launched great steaming gouts of nacho cheese diarrhea from her herpes infected cooch.

"You ready 4 sum fuk?" she said the Semen Demon, batting her eyes seductively in a manner resembling an epileptic fit. A thin trail of drool pooled at the corner of her mouth, along with some of that white goo that gets on your lips when they're too dry and it sticks there even when you try to wipe it off with the back of your hand.

The Semen Demon was fully erect, just like you, the reader. "I WANT SOME FUK," he roared, launching his satanic phallus straight for Tracy "Jesus" Cage's blistered vagina-hole.

In a move that wouldn't be out of place in a Wachowski brothers film, our heroine triple backflipped over the oozing monstrosity of semen in Michal Bay fuelled slow motion as her foul-smelling gooey clit grew ten inches in length.

Tracy smiled viciously as the confused semen Demen failed to turn around in time and said "NOW I BE READY FOR SUM FUK!"

Brutally she shoved her engorged mock-fallus into the distended and dripping asshole of the semen demen, ramming into it with the force of a thousand suns.

The combination of the pure chaotic evil of Tracy and the pure unbridled evil of Satan himself, merged in one brief moment of absolute hopelessness, as the Semen Demon's inhuman penis broke through the bramble that was Tracy's mangled marehood.

but just as climax seemed inevitable, something unexpected happened. In a reaction similar to putting two magnets of the same polarity next to each other, the pair were thrown apart with a violent thrust. This unholy union was denied by nature itself, as the outcome could end the universe as we know it.

The semen demon looked down at his crotch in horror. "My Spikes! They're gone!" Tracy inspected her genitals as well. "What the fuck? My STDs are gone, it's like I'm a virgin again! Fuck I'm tight." Said

the blue mare, rubbing her now remarkably clean slit with her hoof.

Sethisto, poking his head around the corner, raised a solitary eyebrow and said "can i help with that?" While pulling a 15 inch dragon dildo from out of his ass.

Um, I'm no two bit whore ya know. So you're gonna have to put it in my ass, 'kay?" said Tracy, the innocent virgin.

Sethisto began strolling over to her confidently, dragon dildo in hand when he was violently tackled to the floor by a very angry Kratos who raised his mighty blades in the air as Sethisto stared on in horror "Time to go2bed".

His swords fell and ripped sethistro's head from his body in a stream of blood that splattered the room and sent his head spinning into the air, landing right on Tracy's innocent virgin pussy.

"Well, that's another brony to tick off the list... assuming I'm still doing that."

She looked up at the dragonfucker's decapitated head, blood oozing into her slit. She looked further up to the Semen Demon, patiently waiting to be written back into the story.

"Right, mow it's time to cop out and kill this Semen Demon once and five all."

The Semen Demon stared at the scene before him, jaw agape. He was able to SEE the tulpas, and the horrors they had committed. But it was worse than that, the tulpas knew he could see THEM. The trixie tulpa, now homeless, turned to her Shrek and grinned. "The Semen Demon thinks he's too good for your swamp Shrekky".

Shrek looked at the Semen Demon. "He better shrek himself before he wrecks himself."

Shrek charged at the semen demon, his tree-trunk cock swinging wildly. "It's not ogre yet!"

The semen demon turned to run, but there stood one particularly sexually frustrated Tracy.

spooky5me cried the semen demon as he attempted to make like a tree and get the hell out of there. The frustrated virgin-Tracy was far too canny however and rolled a nat-20 to impale herself onto the semen demon's diminished cock and get back the STD's he'd stolen from her!

Just then, Tracy's fourth trimester ended and her pregnancy came due. Squeezing her eyes shut and grunting like an aroused donkey, she forced the gestated Nicholas Cage from her butt-womb, the walls of her rectum clamping and sucking at the slippery cock of the screaming Semen Demon. To the chorus of Shrek's relentless pounding against the Demon's prolapsed asshole, God was shit into the Semen Demon's pulsating cock.

"HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING," Tracy screamed, "GLORY TO THE NEWBORN KING!"

Then she remembered that she, Tracy, was Jesus, and she had a job to do. The Demon's penis still firmly planted in her virgin ass, she twisted around sexily and stabbed him right in the throat.

"But if I die, God dies too!" the Demon gurgled, as black nigger ichor streamed from the wound. Hundreds of fedoras coalesced and collapsed from his cumflesh. He jiggled as Shrek continued to pound.

Tracy smiled evilly. "I know, faggot," she said. She began to masturbate.

As the semen demon began to bleed out, he had only enough time to think about the meaning of it all. Could God actually die? Would that end the Universe? Or was his universe actually real to begin with? Was god really just the writer of a story that he was part of? What if there were more than one? If god was really a writer, would the story end when he killed himself? Why was Scott Baio suddenly interjected into his thoughtline? All he could picture was Scott Baio and Vanilla Ice armwrestling naked at a timeshare in Boca Raton. "Is this what hell is like?" he asked the writer. "No SemenDemon, this is far worse," I said. "This is 4chan."

The semendemon decided he no longer wanted to live and deleted the following 3 paragraphs about himself.

Chapter 8

As this universe changing scene was carried forth in the sanctuary of Taco Bell ©, the scenery outside turned ever so slightly grayed, and from the heavens came a heavy rain, unlike any other. For from atop, Gaben and his fallen troops spewed streams of joy at the beauty of the newborn Tracy pussy. Since Taco Bell had depleted their supplies of haut saws and mayocum, this was a great opportunity for them to stock up. Retching from the newfound stench of the orgy going on in the front counter, the employee working the drive thru window held out each order to the Cumming rain and served it to the Americunts complaining on their 3 mi/hr shopping scooters, eager to stuff their faces with delicious cum and heart attacks

"Hark, the savior is born!" Cried the Gabenites, looking at the ray of light that shown down from the heavens above upon the scene below. They began to sing:

"Away, in some shithole, that's far worse than Hell, the little lord Tracy fucked in a Taco Bell! The mods on the site aren't looking this way, so while they're distracted, this Tracy will play!"

"Shut the fuck up!" Tracy moaned "I'm killing you next!"

"Everybody run!" Gaben wheezed. His trusty ass slave revved up the forklift, taken Gaben with him. The Gabenites followed. Not that they really had a choice, it was just gravity and whatnot.

"Finally some piece and quiet." Tracy said. "But I still have a few bronies left to find....Who's next on the list?" Tracy reaches into her utility belt (what she named her strap-on harness) and grabs her notepad...which is really just a used sanitary napkin.

"Let's see here...who's next..."

"DustyKat.."

But she was interrupted by a thunderous crash. The roof of the Taco Bell was ripped clean off, by the mysterious ray of light.

"Aliens?!" Tracy shrieked in confusion.

"Si, senora" said the undocumented spic behind the Taco Bell counter.

"No you festering cunt-pile, I mean REAL aliens!"

Tracy replied, pointing her knife at the sky. She yelled at the ship. "WHAT DO YOU FUCKS WANT?"

The spaceship became quiet for a moment.

Then, a loud obnoxious sound came from within.

"Duh duh duh DUH DUH duh duh duh DUH DUH duhduhduhduh"

Tracy, turned to the wetbacks inside the taco bell.
"Was that...."La Cucaracha"?" "

The beaners nodded.

"Well fuck, I guess they ARE that kind of alien"

The spaceship lowered to the drive thru window. A window opens and hand reaches out from within.

Tracy rushes to the window, where she hands the alien a bag of vomit-food.

"Hey, you guys, I'm kinda busy right now, but if you wouldn't mind, can you show up in the epilogue for a sweet probing scene?"

The creature peeks it's head out the window.

Oh fuck...it's....

"You got it!"

The spaceship sped away, only to be seen again at the end of the book.

Tracy became aroused at the shear thought of what was to cum. "Now, off to find DustyKatt

Williams...Any of you beaners know where I can find a fat guy with a big moustache?"

The brown people laughed.

Tracy suddenly realized she just described their entire race.

"Nevermind!" she said.

Tracy turned to leave, but was stopped by the one mexican who was not getting ready to take a nap.

"Hey, senora, I think I know where he might be."

The mexican handed her a pamphlet, for a club labeled the "HE-MAN MOUSTACHE CLUB FOR MEN".

"They meet next door by the gym, I think your guy might be inside."

What a lucky plot device Tracy thought, just before blowing the mexican for his help.

She wandered across the parking lot, where she was confronted by a tiny building, surrounded by motorcycles and men with assless chaps.

"Yeah, this must be the place" Tracy said, as she strolled into the gay bar.

Inside, she was surrounded by dozens of fat, sweaty, moustachioed men, sipping cosmopolitans. Cliche dance music was playing. Tracy shouted.

"Any of you faggots know where I can find DustyKatt?!"

The music stopped.

Tracy felt a tap on her shoulder.

"Ah think you're in the wrong place there missy..." Said the low voice behind her.

Tracy turned and saw, the fat, moustachioed man behind her.

"Oh no...it's you...." Tracy backed away in horror.

"Yes it is I" said the dark one, his broom pole shining.

"I'm Scruffy....The janitor"

"It can't be! It's impossible!" Tracy said, backing away slowly, unprepared for the shock of meeting her arch-nemesis face to face.

"Search your feelings, you know you are truly reading this in mah voice." Scruffy said. "I guess moot never told you about your author"

"He told me enough...he told me you killed him!"

"No Tracy...I AM your author" Scruffy said, reaching out his hand. "Join me, and we will clean the board as Scruffy and Son!"

"That reference doesn't even make sense!" Tracy said, slashing her knife.

"It is your destiny!" Scruffy said, swinging the glowing red handle of his broom. Tracy's knife was knocked out of her hand, and into the tight ass of some biker nearby.

Tracy backed into the wall, unarmed. Somebody put her in a headlock and blindfolded her before she could see who did it.

"WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE IS NOT FUCKING FUNNY"

The fat bronx rubbed his moustache on her neck.

"That 'stache....I know that stache." Tracy said, unimpressed by her assailant. "DustyKatt and Scruffy...in the same Gay bar...who'd have thought..."

"Fur pile!" Dustycock called, as suddenly dozens of unwashed, unshaven, obese bikers began to jump on Tracy. "Who want's to yiff this pony?!" One yelled.

"Me!" the crowd replied.

"Report....this....furry....bullshit...." Tracy struggled to say, her breathing becoming more difficult with every additional body being piled on top of her.

Scruffy laughed his evil laugh.

"Implying I care about rule violations HERE."

Tracy began to lose consciousness.

She couldn't move.

She couldn't breathe.

"So this is how it ends huh? Trapped under a pile of overweight half naked men in leather?" Tracy thought.

"Actually that sounds about right" I replied.

"Hey narrator, how about you help me out here?"

Tracy thought, addressing me as I type this.

"Sorry Tracy, you know that we have no power in the presence of the scuffed one."

"Fuck you nigger...." tracy thought, her vision darkening. "We didn't even get to have the sweet anal probing scene with [REDACTED] yet."

She was right. This story needs more sexytimes.

But I need to think quick, Tracy is about to die...

Through the darkness, Tracy heard a voice, just before she slipped into complete unconsciousness...

Bad end, please reload last save

Continue Y[X] N[]

The voice called out "Get your hands off of her you damn dirty apes!"

Scruffy turned towards the door.

"Could it be?"

It was /mlp/, they had come to save Tracy and her story. The whole gang was there, armed with stainless steel dildos.

"Get your hands off my waifu" one Anon said, as he removed his brass-knuckle fist from inside a lyra plushie.

The gay bikers began to climb off of Tracy, as they unsheathed thier own dildoes.

"So it has some to this" Scruffy mumbled. With a wave of his hand, his broom became the ultimate janitorial weapon. The almighty Banhammer.

"Why don't you just piss off to MLPchan? I don't tolerate your content here."

A voice came from the back of the pack. There stood LiveSmut the aritsan. "You think you've made us weak by dividing our home. You have only made us more numerous." LiveSmut drew his weapon, a long paintbrush. "Now, let go of Tracy."

DustyKatt, still holding Tracy, dropped her on the floor of the bar, where she came to rest, still unconscious. He pulls Tracy's knife out of his bottom's ass, taking a moment to savor the scent of mangina.

"Why don't you take your spaghetti, and fuck off?"

A single anon laughs, as a buzzing sound is heard.

"What is that....A Vibrator?" Dusty says, his confidence shaken.

"No dusty....It's your worst night mare."

The crowd parts as a single anon steps forward....clutching an electric razor.

"Time for a shave!"

DustyKatt drops his knife in horror.

"But how will I give moustache rides!?"

The anon cocks his arm back.

"Dusty haven't we taught you anything?"

Dusty stares in frustrated confusion.

Faster than a mexican pit crew, the anon whips the razor at Dusty. Some Matrix shit happens. Dusty watches in slow motion as his moustache is tore clean off, leaving nothing but a pudgy pock-marked face under a fedora.

"Nooooo!" Dusty cries, picking his face-pubes off the floor.

The room falls silent.

"Scuffy will not stand for this insubordination, attack!"

The razor boomerangs back around the room into the anon's hands. He puts on some kickass sunglasses.

"No more moustache rides Dusty? You should know that the ride never ends!"

The room stays still to admire the quip for a moment. Only to have the silence broken by a beaner in a blue hoodie.

"I guess you could say, that /mlp/ is here to...SHAVE the day!"

Suddenly a knife comes flying across the room, straight into Carlos's bitch mouth.

"I told you I'd fucking bury you Carlos" said Tracy, panting as she slowly rises from the floor.

Tracy walks calmly across the floor. No one moves a muscle as she retrieves her blade from the Carlos's face. "You should really have CUT down on the puns." Tracy says.

...

...

One biker giggles.

The two groups stare at each other from across the crowded gay bar. Scruffy and DustyKatt and the army of Furfags, versus Tracy Cage, and the forces of /mlp/.

"Some Braveheart shit is about to go down" one reader thought.

OHHHHH YEAHHHHHH

The Kool aid man burst through the wall in a complete disregard of logic, spraying the two sides with his delicious red juice before crashing through the opposite wall, deciding which shitty, pants-on-head retarded, autistic fanfic to invade next.

The narrator, realizing that by writing that ALL of /mlp/ was standing in the gay bar, noticed that he has made himself an active participant in what was sure to become an epic asskicking. The narrator suddenly became worried about how this shit would play out.

Fuck.

"Oh man up pussy," Tracy Threatened. "If we win this thing, everyone here gets to cum inside me."

"Even us?" Said one of the bikers.

""What part of 'if we WIN' aren't you understanding here?" Tracy responded, sharpening her blade in her cooch. "You won't even have a dick when I'm done with you."

Tracy and Scruffy Stared at each other.

A tumbleweed blew through the room.
Dusty's asshole puckered up with an audible squeeze.

A bead of sweat formed on Bookfag's face.

Yeah, you're in this now TOO. There's no going back.

Fuck, I always hated self-inserts...

Oh well might as well go full sperglord if i've got no choice.

I draw duel 6 foot long katanas folded 3 million times by the greatest NIHONSAMASEMPAISAN swordsmiths ever, donned my long black 5edgy9u trenchcoat and joined the crowd

But unfortunately for this anon, he cut himself on all those edges and bled out before the fight started.

The two groups charged at each other, each armed with absurdly large animal dildos, and ebgan to beat each other to a bloody pulp.

Thomas Westley stood in the corner and did his best to get everyone to stop fighting by making everyone smile smile smile. He was sodomized with a rake. Mitch, Kornheiser, namefag2.0, Gigantic Asshole, Red, B I R, Dan Dashley, Colget, MXLeo, and Rainboom Crash, all stood in a circle and masturbated together, then smeared the cum on Dusty's face, tar-and-feathering a new pube moustache on. Capper took

pictures of the whole thing. MS Luna backed away slowly, he had drawing to get back to. Aether and the guys from AiE looked on in horror at the absolute clusterfuck this story was. General Polkovnik tried to rally the Anonymous troops to get their shit together, but they were all too busy throwing feces at everything to notice. All around the room, bloody torn anuses began to pile up. It was hard to tell if the moans were from pain or pleasure.

All around the room, came the battle cries one would expect from seasoned shitposting veterans.

"I want to cum inside rainbow dash!"

"I just don't get the appeal!"

"Do you even watch the show?"

But eventually, many of the cries were silenced, as an attractive femanon reveled herself to the room of sweaty, sexually deprived men.

She was truly the most beautiful thing that many of the combatants had seen in months.

"I gotta get me some of that" Tracy thought, her rainforest of a birth canal, gushing incomprehensible amounts of lubricant.

One anon tried to approach her to say something. The other anons retreated. The bikers thought that they had won. Dusty didn't see the fanny pack until it was too late. The second that the anon opened his mouth...detonation.

The room was flooded with a torrent of italian cooking. Many of the bikers drowned almost instantly. The walls burst as the flood spilled over into the parking lot, where Tracy, Dusty, and Scruffy

washed up near the 4chan party van. Tracy rose, and stood overtop the formerly-moustachioed duo. Scruffy reached for his banhammer...but couldn't find it. He looked up at Tracy, now clutching the mythic weapon. She stared deep into Scruffy's soul, and found that he had none. "This thread has been pruned," she said, dropping the banhammer on Scruffy himself. The earth quaked as a fissure tore open the parking lot, accompanied by a belch of flames.

"The fuck is this, a Michael Bay film?" Scruffy said. From the bowels of Hell, Moot rose, wearing a suit made entirely of Jew gold and brony tears.

"you're coming back with me Scruffy. You failed." Christopher Poole said, grabbing ahold of Scruffy's leg.

"No! Please! don't make me go back to /b/! Nooooo!"

The earth swallowed Scruffy and Moot up, as Scruffy's screams faded away to nothing.

"Another one down...4 to go" Tracy said, eyeing up the now pants=soiled "Manliest Brony in the World".

niggers tongue my anus

Chapter 8.5

Tracy turned to leave the scene, picking her knife off the ground by Dusty.

"What are you going to do with him?" one anon asked.

"Nothing." Tracy said, sheathing her blade. "He's not worth the effort."

"you're going to leave him alive?"

Tracy looked over the balding, out of shape, fedora wearing furry, soaked in his own piss, covered in excrement and spaghetti, and bleeding from the asshole, and now moustacheless.

"If you CALL that living." Tracy said. She kneeled down to look Dusty in the eyes. "You live with this."

Tracy turned back to the nor/mlp/eople amassed in the parking lot. "But before I go find Felix, I think we have business to attend to."

The anons looked at each other nervously. The Trixie Tulpa from a few pages ago, who had been following the whole thing, used her magic to tear the pants off of everyone in the crowd.

"EVERYONE LINE UP!" Tracy called. The Anons snapped at attention, thier collective members throbbing. "and be gentle, I'm a virgin again!" The crowd laughed. "Oh who the fuck am I kidding, MAKE ME BLEED!"

Nobody noticed Dusty slip silently into an alley behind the now-destroyed Gay Bar.

"I think I'm safe now..." he said walking down the dark alley away from the man-train in progress. "It's not Ogre Yet..." he heard a voice, but could see no one.

"Who's there?!" Dusty pleaded. "The great and powerful Tulpa needs a new home, and you're going to have to do!" The Trixie tulpa appeared from the shadows of Dusty's mind.

"What do you want from me?" said Dusty.

"I want you to KNEEL" demanded Trixie Tulpa, summoning her whip and BDSM gear. Her sharpened horn sprouted a pair of magical testicles. "Grab him Shrekkie!"

Dusty Suddenly found himself unable to move, as the Tulpa's Tulpa put him in a full-nelson. "Good Boy. Now, bend him over for mommy." The Trixie Tulpa cracked her whip. Shrek Obeyed.

"Good. Now dusty, this is going to hurt you, a lot more than it hurts me. Open wide!" Trixie's horn grew to 16 inches in length, as she rammed it down Dusty's throat. "Rotisserie Style Shrekkie!"

Shrek pulled out his traffic-cone cock and plunged it deep into Dusty's already-ravaged asshole. "Get ready for the finale!" Trixie's horn spewed hot essence inside Dusty's stomach, at the same time that Shrek climaxed in his bowels.

And suddenly they were both gone. Dusty layed in the alleyway, catatonic. In the back of his mind he could

hear Trixie laughing. "This will do just nicely, a new mind to warp to my wishes."

While he was laying there, a hobo wandered up to his body, sliced him open and stole one of his kidneys.

He sold it for booze money.

The hobo later died due to kidney failure because of his alcoholism.

Meanwhile, back at the man-train already in progress...

Tracy boarded the man train.

To Detroit

To find the moist one.....
known only as

Sir Fucks Alot!

Which was the nickname of the next bronny on her lis

So as she went on her way stabbing anywriter that crossed her path which included Rainblow_dash, bookfag, shoopier, The Once-ler and WiCkEd she took a piss stop at a local Danny's.

Inside the Danny's, Tracy ordered a Grand Slam.

She drummed her knife on the table, awaiting its arrival.

15 minutes later, the waitress slapped down a plate of eggs, sausage, bacon, and pancakes.

Tracy cleared her throat as the waitress turned to leave.

"Can I get you anything else?"

"Where the menstruating cunt," she said, "is my Grand Slam?"

The waitress was confused. "It's right there, hon," she said, pointing.

"No," Tracy said. "No, this pile of donkey shit isn't a Grand Slam."

In a flash, Tracy had her enormous pulsating cock pressed up against the waitress' tight asshole. "THIS is a Grand Slam."

Every window in the Danny's exploded as Tracy penetrated the waitress with the force of a thousand niggers fleeing from their alimony payments.

Tracy pounded away for hours, only taking breaks to drink coffee straight from the pot. She slapped the busboy's ass when he tried to clear her untouched Grand Slam, then patted him on the head for being a good little mexican. She tipped him later, with the tip of her cock.

All the while a bearded man stared, with a depressed look on his face, at his plate with a 52 made of bacon on it.

No one knew his name. It was like he didn't even have one. He might as well have just been called Anonymous, for all the good it did him.

Anonymous stared at the fried strips of protein and pork fat. Ingesting them would provide his body with necessary nutrients, propelling him onward for yet another day. Another day in this strange existence he somehow found the gall to call a "life."

Where had it all gone? The dreams, the energy, the passion? He had been a young man once. Now here he sat, alone, aging for the 52nd time, in an event that had lost all meaning to everyone, but most of all himself. His twilight years were approaching. Soon, it would all be over.

He perfunctorily shoveled the bacon into his mouth, not even tasting the fat and sodium as he chewed it with his half-heartedly brushed teeth. He put down some bills, not even stopping to wipe his mouth, and walked out the door.

The night was cold, but Anonymous hardly felt it. He hardly felt anything these days. From the moment he woke to the moment he closed his eyes, it was all an unthinking haze, barely conscious of the world around him and of himself.

As he curled in his bed that night, in his bare one-

room apartment, he thought of nothing, and prayed to no one. He had tried that once, calling to many names and many powers. But God was dead, there was no Hell, no magic, nothing. There was only the void. He curled in on himself, settling in for another night of insomnia, serenaded by that incessant voice screaming in the back of his head: "Tomorrow, tomorrow will be the day that my life begins."

Chapter 9

Tracy woke up, she had a bad dream. She thought she had died.

"What a wacky waving inflatable arm flailing world I live in" She thought.

She moaned and got out of bed and walked to the bathroom, turning on the warm water in the tub as she sat down to take a fat shit. (That Denny's last night goddamn).

After her shit, she didnt flush right away, because it would make the shower water extremely hot (she didnt wipe either, because why waste paper when you're about to shower?)

She hopped in the shower, and began furiously wiping down her disgusting shit filled cunt and asshole.

"Oh fuck me, this feels great." she moaned in utmost pleasure.

After some extreme sudsing and cunt rubbing, she hopped out of the shower, flushed the now water-logged piece of shit, and began grooming herself so she could prepare for a new day.

Tracy inspected herself in the mirror. "Shit," she grunted. "I am one fat cunt."

She hopped in her Prius and sped to the local gym. It was on fire from her earlier rampage through the

town, but it was nevertheless full of faggots getting their pump on.

Tracy sniffed deeply as she stepped through the entrance, inhaling the sweet scent of sweaty vag and balls. She could already feel her anus quivering in excitement.

After a quick warm up on the elliptical, Tracy killed two pakistani gentlemen and dragged them to the platform, where she immediately began to deadlift.

A personal trainer came over. "Ma'am, we don't allow deadlifting here," he said, calmly stroking her back. His hand travelled down to squeeze her ass.

"Well I don't allow faggots in my presence," Tracy said, as she squatted a pakistani corpse and took a shit on the personal trainer's feet. The metrosexual employee screeched and leapt back, falling over a loose barbell that Tracy had purposely left unracked to inconvenience absolutely everyone.

Without missing a beat, Tracy cleaned and jerked the PT's penis, tearing it off in a bloody rainbow of semen. The man screams were cut short when she shoved his own dick into his mouth and proceeded to hip thrust into his asshole. After she'd gotten a good burn on both their glutes, she tossed his corpse aside and strutted from the gym, slapping the asses of some cardio bunnies on the way out. They all orgasmed instantaneously from this alpha display, causing

irreparable damage to their treadmills with their torrents of pussy juice.

Tracy walked up to the nearby vending machine. "Now that I burned some calories, time to get back what I lost!". She purchased \$10 worth of Kit Kats, and Chex mix. She sat down at a nearby table and broke the kit kat into two pieces. She shoved the first two pieces in her mouth and began to furiously deepthroat them, whilst slamming the other two pieces into her loose marehood. She was hoping to get some attention of any bronies that might be at the gym... Wait a second

"Why am I looking for bronies at the gym, I already know they wont be here..."

She grabbed her Cunt Kats, and ate them, licking her lips. She walked out the door to the nearest comic book / Trading card game shop.

Tracy's nostrils flared once again as she stepped inside. There was a distinct lack of sweaty vag, but there were certainly balls, and a lot of them.

She sashayed into the store, gloating inwardly as the nerds gathered around their gaming tables eyefucked her from behind their neckbeards.

She approached their leader, a balding fellow wearing a fedora and cape. His eyes were fiercely autistic, and his breath was dangerously cheesy. Tracy could feel her heart pounding in the presence of this powerful man.

"Hey fag," she whispered seductively, flecks of Chex Mix caught between her teeth, "wanna give this sexy horse a ride?"

The balding commander pointed to his meticulously painted men on the table. "The kingdom are mine!" he sputtered, spraying her with saliva so thick you could chew it. "They are mine by right!"

"Sure they are, big boy," Tracy said, playing with the fastenings of his cape. "But the other army looks so much... bigger."

Across the table, a moonfaced ginger wearing a Princess Luna t-shirt gave her a smirk. The sexy balding nerd waved his arms in autistic fury. "The banner belong to me!" he screamed. "They'd better remember their oath, before I give them their head!"

"Give me your head," Tracy said dangerously, "And I'll give you those kingdoms."

The bald man's mouth fell agape as Tracy bent over the tabletop, revealing her pussy and asshole mottled with shit. He resisted at first, but soon his hands grasped for her fat ass, and his two-incher was sliding into her hungry pussy.

He pounded her against the table, his pants around his ankles, his figures that he had painted so beautifully in

his mom's basement rolling obscenely across the battle map. The camera slowly pans out as ominous music plays. Tracy moans with satisfaction.

Tracy, though unnamed by the poor sex she was receiving, decided to throw her plan into motion. As soon as the obese bronny MTG playing faggot got the majority of his two inch member inside of her, she clenched down hard. The bronny cried in pain.

"Alright faggots on the ground, or your dungeon master gets amputated!"

"D-do as she says!" The luna wearing piece of fat bellowed!

The loyal D&D card game bronny nerds did as their leader told them.

"Tracy pulled a knife out of her asshole and held it point blank to the small bit of exposed cock inside of her.

"Now I want all of you to lock yourselves in that supply closet... NOW!"

The harmless balls of fat did as they were told.

Luckily there was enough space for all 6 of them to fit inside the 20' by 20' space. Just barely. Tracy hopped over there, forcing the fat bronny stuck within to follow behind. With extreme dexterity and skill, she swerved her perfect flank and released so the fat as luna wearing neckbearded Magic playing Dungeon master faggot was flung into the room.

She quickly held a chair to the door, dowsed it with the gasoline she kept in her vagina, and lit the building on fire.

She walked out, put on her aviators, lit up a cig and a slowmotion explosion filled the scene behind her. "Has anyone ever told you that you're gay?" Tracy said to you, the reader, specifically. "Because you're so gay that a businessman in Tulsa can come home, kick off his loafers, get naked, fire up the fucking Playboy Channel, and finding himself flaccid, turns to the internet for help, only to find that all the porn in the world can't get his dick hard. So he wanders out into the streets, despondent, not really looking for anything, not watching where he's going. And after awhile he realizes that he's not in Tulsa anymore, he's wandered from the city and is now at the edge of a dark forest. He almost turns back, but he sees a trail of footprints leading him on, and he decides to follow them. After what seems like an eternity of stumbling through the darkness of the forest, he sees a light ahead through the trees. 'What is that strange light?' he asks, of no one in particular. He feels compelled to investigate. The light, he finds, is in the window of a long, squat wooden structure built in the middle of the forest. It has no signs or distinctive markings, just a door and the window. He hears the sounds of splashing and laughter inside. When he opens the door and enters the building, he finds that the air is humid, and he is standing on rounded stones that border a pool of a hot spring. The air is full of steam, and a sign hanging from the ceiling depicts two men fucking eachother in the asshole, and this businessman from Tulsa realizes that this is the gay bathhouse of legend, and he sees YOU on all fours with your ass up in the water, and he realizes that it

was your trail that he followed here, to the most magically gay place in the entire world.
That is how gay you are."

She took a drag on her cigarette, the glint of the flames shining on her aviators.

Suddenly, Bateman appeared. In this post-modernist wasteland, he had transcended his memetic body and attained quasi-godhood.

"Trips followed by dubs," he said, in a voice that reverberated across the planes of existence. "Your powers have grown, dear Tracy. But can you best me... in a DUBS DUEL?"

Bateman flexed his godlike arms, preparing for their third and final encounter.

"Another goddamn dubs duel? Fuck this shit..." Tracy sighed, turned 360 degrees and walked away

Choosing for once to ignore the material and not allow Bateman to disturb her inner pieces, Tracy spun on her heel and walked away.

"You can't leave me!" Bateman screamed. "I am a GOD - I will always be, so long as I am kept in the hearts and minds of mortals..."

His calls faded to nothing behind her as she strolled onward, idly masturbating.

She decided to go see a gay movie.

Since she was walking away, and got dubs while going to the theatre, Bateman died for the umpteenth time.

"I didnt even roll for dubs and got them, I must be becoming the next god of dubs now." She thought. Then realized that this was a fate worse than death. "What movie should I see?" She thought loudly causing several people to stare at the talking horse walking towards the movie theatre.

is it just me or is this book like really deep in some places?

Tracy thought to herself

"Shit's so deep, I can't even get out"

As she thought this, she remembered she had stored away a few things quite deep within her marehood. She reached for the nearest phallic-shaped grabber and proceeded to search within herself. She realized that these mixed objects were far too deep for her to differentiate one from the other, but fuck it, it might aid in a future endeavor. As she groped around in her interdimentional uterus, her newfound clitoral sensitivity caused her to intensely cum and shit in torrents, which projected her to the front of the line, parting all in her way like a sea of faggots.

She smiled at the cheesy-fingered receptionist and politely asked "What the fuck kind of movie do you have that could get me off in ten seconds flat?"

the receptionist thought for a bit.

"We have banned from equestria daily 1.9."

And then, moving faster than a speeding nigger hearing of a KFC special deal, Tracy made her way to the snack kiosk, where countless delicacies awaited their imminent vaginal insertion. The force of her displacement tore the receptionist's foreskin off, causing him to orgasm unlike anything his pillow waifu could have ever done. Patiently pleasuring herself with the phallic grabber whilst in line, she finally made her way up to the woman working the snack kiosk. Tracy was aching for some hardcore rutting, and the candy for the moment would suffice. She asked for the price of a nice long bottle of Mountain Dew ©, and she was surprised when the hag said it was 30 bits.

As if by the holy command of her newfound control of dubs, the forsekin had traversed around the globe in its new benedictal mission, gathering the semen of a thousand unwanted neckbeards, ready to serve its newfound master. The foreskin made a timely entrance, as if reacting to its master's disgust for the hag, and projected itself above the heads on onlookers. As it lowered its speed to 88 mi/hr it slammed into the candy skank's narrow urethra, propelling her into a future filled with the cum of a thousand sperglords.

Holy words came forth from a disembodied voice:

>liquefaction radveen

So the movie began

Tracy sat down near the middle because we all know those are the best seats. The movie advanced and the protagonist was being raped by pinkie pie over some gift. There was some fat neckbeard in front of her making out with his very own tulpa. A roid rage tulpa.

Tracy proceeds to masturbate into a nearby tub of popcorn

This thread just proves that /mlp/ has gone to complete shit. It's not even funny anymore. It's just pathetic. Before I go, I would like to say something.

Fuck this thread

Fuck everybody who posted in this thread

Fuck /mlp/

Fuck 4chan

Fuck tripfags

Fuck namefags

Fuck everyone who complains about tripfags and namefags

Fuck anonymous

Fuck shitposters

Fuck ironic shitposters

Fuck Scruffy

Fuck the Moderators

Fuck moot
Fuck retarded newfags
Fuck elitist oldfags
Fuck these shitty rules
Fuck Bronies
Fuck everyone who calls themselves a
horsefucker/ponyfag and says they aren't bronies
Fuck all of your shitty, unfunny memes
Fuck this fandom
Fuck this shit show
Fuck EqG
Fuck Alicorn Twilight
Fuck Hasbro
Fuck Lauren Faust
Fuck Tara Strong
Fuck everyone else in the staff
Fuck all this love and tolerance bullshit
Fuck the le epik rusemen XXDD
Fuck Double Rainboom
Fuck Do or Deer
Fuck Snowdrop
Fuck Ponychan
Fuck MLPchan
Fuck EqD
Fuck Seth
Fuck Mandopony
Fuck every other bronny musician
Fuck the person reading this
Fuck Carlos
Fuck everyone that uses sage as a downvote
Fuck everyone that uses greentext as le epik meme
arrow

Fuck the internet
Fuck this gay earth
And last but not least FUCK YOU OP FOR
MAKING THIS SHIT THREAD

inb4 >LOL butthurt
inb4 >u mad bro?
inb4 >underage b& detected
inb4 >check em
inb4 >see you tomorrow
inb4 >guaranteedreplies
inb4 >0/10 made me reply
inb4 >sent ;)
inb4 >uh huh honey ;)
inb4 >open the door, get on the floor, everybody walk
the dinosaur
inb4 banned
inb4 404
inb4 Check your privilege

After clopping and pouring her juices into the poor
little girls popcorn (Without the mother noticing of
course) she tried to watch the movie, but the roid rage
/ brony make out fest was too damn loud.

Tracy viewed her options

1. Stabby Stab Stab
2. Stab them
3. Join them
4. Leave
5. Watch the movie ignoring the loud sex sounds.

She decided to join them

hardly containing the tingling in her legs, Tracy could not resist the urge and hops over the row and sits next to the pair. Confused, the brony opens his mouth to ask what the fuck she thinks she is doing, but is interrupted with the muzzle of our protagonist in his face.

The brony screams; "Help! Rape!"

This only arouses her more.

how does this work, is it every post in order, or every post in the reply chain, in order?

For this, pretty much everything is going in. Even that post, and probably this. I think bookfag will organize it a bit if stuff get's multi-replied (pretty much that's what I do – BF)

So, start adding

she furiously rides the disappointingly tiny bump in his pants, and proceeds to cum with the force of 9001 suns. a tidal wave of vaginal fluid explodes from her vagina, drowning every single person in the theater, and washing her out the door.

After completely snipping off his junk, and riding the waves outside of the waterlogged building, she gets up, shakes it off, and walks to the front counter demanding her money back

The guy at the counter is dripping wet too. He appears to be threatening to sue Tracy for the damages.

Tracy slaps him across the face with her cock while screaming something about being fed up with his shit.

MODS

Then Tracy looked at this Anon in disgust and slapped him in the face too with her meaty horse cock for being such a faggot.



Then the Chickun Nation attacked...

In the middle of the chicken storm, one of the writers re entered the room where the story was being written. He took a look around, and saw all of this bullshit did a 360 and moonwalked the fuck back out.

"NOPE."

Tracy looked up at the movie screen, where these images were being shown

"The fuck is this? A slideshow about KFC? Am I at one of those Black Movie Theaters Again? No, I can't be, nobody is yelling at the screen!"



Tracy stared fixated on the strobe of Chickun.

"It's like a trainwreck...I can't stop it....but I can't look away..."

thinking about something as long and powerful as a train of course made Tracy incredibly horny. She looked around the room for a drumstick to masturbate with, and sure enough, was in fact surrounded by black movie goers, who, despite the sterotype were being quiet and well behaved.

"What kind of shit is this?!" Tracy yelled.

"Madame I'm going to ask you to quiet, I'm trying to watch the film."

Tracy looked dumbfounded. The fuck was happening? Had the Chickun hypnotized these negroes into being well-behaved productive members of society? It can't be!

The crowd began to chant

"...arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

Tracy looked around in horror. What kind of dark magic was this?

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

Tracy tried to look away from the screen, but found herself pulled towards it as if by magnetism.

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

She began to feel strange, as the images flashed even faster.

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

She found herself joining in the chant.

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise...No! What's happening to me, what black magic IS this?"

Tracy had to think fast, the movie theater was trying to hypnotize the black people into doing...something...she had no idea what, but it was clearly working (unlike the audience).

Tracy closed her eyes and screamed: "White women giving out free watermelons and mad-dog 20/20 in the parking lot by the basketball court!"

The images continued to flash, but the chanting stopped.



It's working, she thought to herself, but they needed a little more, to remember who they really were.

"Every melon comes with a free welfare check, and a coupon for KFC!"

Some of the black people strained to lift themselves

from their seats. Not enough...they needed more...but she was almost out of stereotypes...

"Did I mention they were white women with big fat asses?"

The crowd leapt to their feet and flooded out of the room, pants hanging around their ankles, chanting something about "freedom".

"Huh, so this is what the South must have been like..." Tracy thought to herself. The chicken images continued to flash.



Tracy looked around. The onslaught of chickun seemed to be letting up.

Tracy looked at all the negroes who were now beginning to feel the effects of the chickun wearing off...

The negroes were getting full, but still they yearned for more Chickun. "Ay yo, das racis" one yelled as he

read the previous comments, while knee deep in welfare checks and black/white babies.

Suddenly /anon/ comes is to join his /mlp/ brethren

“Yoyoyo /anon/”

Tracy says with open arms

She proceeds to >rape /anon/ before gently whispering

“I miss you”

Suddenly /s4s/ appears and tells /anon/, /mlp/, and Tracy to check em



Who's next, /v/?



Eat shit

Chapter 10

MEANWHILE, AT THE LEGION OF DOOM FinalDraft moaned in ecstasy as he slid a rusty nail in and out of his urethra while he watched a dozen monitors replaying DustyKatt slapping an Anon with spaghetti on loop. Little flakes of rust had already begun to flake off and remain caught in his urethra as he began furiously pumping the nail, trails of blood starting the pool up around his piss hole. This only made Final Draft harder due to the lubricating effect of the blood.

Suddenly the monitors all turned to static before simultaneously turning to an image of Purple Tinker.

“WHAT THE FUCK I CAN’T CLOP TO THIS,” screamed FinalDraft as his erection deflated causing even more blood to spurt out his piss hole “GOD DAMNIT TINKER ALL THE PONY CONS BELONG TO ME NOW!”

Purple Tinker’s lips curled into a vicious scowl and her facial expression probably changed too.

“No, FinalDraft,” boomed Tinker “That much power is too much for one pony. You must be stopped before you become The Faggest One.”

Final Draft sprung up from his chair and pelvic thrust towards the monitors ejecting the rusty nail out in a stream of blood. His cock turned rock hard once more and pointed skyward, spewing trails of blood all over the screens. Final Draft approached the monitor and, though she could not see it, began licking the dick blood off of Tinker's image on the screen.

“YOU THINK YOU CAN FUCK ME?!” cackled FinalDraft “NO ONE CAN FUCK ME! I AM UNFUCKABLE!!”

Just then all the lights went out but for the monitors which turned to static. As FinalDraft stood staring blankly wondering what just occurred the door behind him swung open. He squinted and stared into the silhouette in the doorway.

“TINKER! YOU DARE?!” howled FinalDraft as he began stroking himself in Tink's direction “YOU MADE A BIIIIIG MISTAKE COMING HERE, NOW YOU'RE FUCKED!”

Tinker flexed her muscles and turned into Super Sperger 4 causing all her clothes to rip and tear off her frame. Clenching her fists she screamed in a rage as her power levels went to Super Sperger 5 causing her mangled mutilated vagina to turn itself out into a giant throbbing penis.

“No, FinalDraft, you are the fucked.”

While she was speaking, Her penis spat out a sombrero instead of cum. Then another, Then another. She drowns Final in a sea of sombreros Laughing as he cried and sank beneath them.

And then she woke up, drenched in nacho cheese and relish.

She then lucked herself furiously.

she lucked herself so hard that as she finished a leprechaun and some jew gold fell out of her marevag.

The leprechaun summoned a flask of whiskey, swearing incoherently as he sipped.

The leprechaun, amused by my previous typo, enjoyed the vast amounts of luck spread throughout the community. He grew bigger and greener until luck consumed him. He became the Hulk.

The Hulk then began to go around p0nyville in a blind rampage, killing every p0ny in sight. He continued to get stronger each kill because of what shitty luck they had today.

And now its all up to Tracy to save the day

Tracy stabs him in the dick

penis penis penis

As Hulk Hogan writhed in pain, Gabe Newell popped out of his peehole. Gabe jumped 3 feet high. Half life 3 confirmed.

Tracy calls Gabe on his bull shit and proclaims "Even if it were true, it wouldn't have been worth the weight!"

Tracy had to eat Gabe, or stick his dick in her. A terrible choice to have to make.

She decided to eat all of him except for his dick. She shoved his dick in her ass as deep as she could with the help of her knife. She wondered how hard she'd have to shit to get it out again and if the shit would make Gay Ben's dick more delicious than himself.

The Hulk notices Tracy is lost in thought and advances, planning on impaling her with his dick.

Tracy takes a huge shiz thus curing her upset tummy.

Chapter 11

Tracy finds herself outside the house of chickun Anon

Tracy went to the House of Chickun. Gabe was sitting there all Dead like, next to the other fallen friend, Hank Hill.

"WHERE IS THE UNIVERSE?" she said. Jesus house pointed to the sky.

"Look above and you will see it... the star of death!" The stupid bitch actually looked up, lel what a fag. But seriously, the star of deaf was up there and Tracy shit herself on purpose.

"I-impossible! The space spoon hates me! But I'm 20% cooler!" House grimaced in disgust, narrowing his eyes at penis-breath the gerbil rapist, aka Tracy.

"Dude, seriously, what the fuck. You really are ponychan 2.0" Penis threw her arms into the air like a WACKY WAVING INFLATABLE ARM FLAILING TUBE MAN and said this. Not this sentence, the one after this you stupid underage shit, you little piece of fuck, suck my planetary nutsack you worthless pile of donkey dick.

"I was saying it ironically! Like how I say I clop to anthro as a joke because anthro is furshit but then I fist myself to hoofbeat when I'm by myself because that makes it double-ironic. It's funny."

Jesus House shook his head slowly, turned and walked silently into the sunset to kill his brother. Tracy dropped to her knees and wept. Her tears are bear cum.

In a moment of desperation, Tracy attempts to rekindle Hank Hills life with the bear cum, but it is to no avail. Really, all she ended up doing was disgracing his remains in an act of ultimate dishonor. Nice one, champ.

But from the blackest spirals of despair, Tracy was lifted by her good friend benis :DD, who told Tracy of a way to discover the meaning of truth and love.

Tracy shuddered as benis :DD leaned in close to the disgruntled blue mare and whispered to her the secrets of the universe.

Upon hearing the words, the unoriginal Earth pony's eyes went wide.

"No!" cried Tracy. "I won't do it!"

But it was too late, for benis :DD was already upon her.

Benis :DD moved her head down to Tracy's crotch.

The Element of Unoriginality cringed and braced herself for the imminent >rape. Fortunately, fate was to smile on Tracy. Just as benis :DD's tongue touched Tracy's slit, a prepubescent voice shouted.

"DO YOU WANT ME TO CHOKE YOU WITH MY COCK?! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?!"

Benis :DD immediately cowered before her son Mutton Bash.

"N-no, please, not again!"

But the young boy would not hear his mother's plea.

"Get on your knees, bitch!"

As Tracy's would-be rapist was mouthraped by her son, the Cage-flanked knife murderer escaped quietly, saddened that she was no closer to the universe than she was before her friend molested her.

Tracy was about to lose her good fortune, however, for she found herself surrounded by six million naked Ashkenazi Jews, all of them bearing their circumcised cocks at her.

"Come here, goy," said the chief rabbi as the Semitic horde closed in on the poor blue pony.

Tracy felt the first Jewish penis slide into her from behind. With a cry of "Oy vey!" the conniving kike began to thrust. Normally during intercourse, both parties feel pleasure. But Tracy was beginning to realize that when a Jew has sex with a goy, the Jew sucks part of the goy's soul right out. Clearly this was a Jewish plot to steal Tracy's soul and give it to ZOG for the destruction of the Aryan earth pony race.

Tracy, in desperation, bucked her back hoof into the Jewish menace ravaging her sex, and the Semitic swine fell to the ground, dead.

Five million, nine hundred thousand nine hundred nintey-nine to go, thought Tracy as she began her Second Shoah.

Epilogue

But a pack of niggers came to attack the jewish threat because Tracy is there HOE!

Escaping the madness and with no way of traveling to the stars, she went south to China to hitch a ride on one of dem soy sauce fueled wooden rockets.

Disguising her self like Jackie Chan she quietly entered the rocket and joined the crew inside.

Commander Ting, co-piglet Chong and rookies Chang and Chin. They were honored to serve with her considering Jackie Chan's status as God, the count down began and a new story unfolds in the new cocky adventure of.....

THE ADVENTURES OF TRACY CAGE
SPACE VOYAGE TO PLANET
VOLLEYBALLANDRIA! THE NIGNOG STRIKES
BACK!

Coming in book 4.
THE END.

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