

Sweets on a Train

by Bysen

Categories: General

Characters: Original Character(s), Rarity, Sweetie Belle

F/M • Human Crossover • 1st • Explicit • General

On a train to the Equestria Games a man sees a beautiful woman. But enoguh about her, let's take a look at her absolutely gorgeous little sister. With her cute little body and youthful looks... bad thoughts lead to bad actions. Those are the best kind of actions.
Humanized, rarity is 20-something and Sweetie Belle is about 13. Gentle rape.

Series: Sweets on a Train

Chapters: 7

Word count: 12242 **Read count:** 18210

Published: 23/01/14 **Updated:** 27/03/14

Story Notes:

I wasn't on a two day train ride the other day. I didn't see a 13-15 year old girl. I definitely didn't have sick fantasies about her and I DEFINITELY did write a self insert OC x Sweetie Belle clopfic based on it...

This is the first clopfic I've written and I had the genius idea to start writing it on holidays and on an ipad.

The story starts off a little slow with 'realism' in mind and is mostly just fantasy for the few two chapters, then sex happens!

You have no idea how dirty I felt writing this...

Apparently this isn't allowed on fimfics... so here it is instead!

That being said, please check out my FiMFics account
<http://www.fimfiction.net/user/Bysen>

1. **Chapter 1** by Bysen

2. **Chapter 2** by Bysen

3. Chapter 3 by Bysen

4. Chapter 4 by Bysen

5. Chapter 5 by Bysen

6. Epilogue by Bysen

7. Sequel by Bysen

Chapter 1 by Bysen

I got on the train almost five hours ago at the crack of dawn. I haven't slept since yesterday, up all night packing for this trip. I guess it was worth it though. I'm heading up to The Crystal Empire for the Equestria Games and I couldn't be more... um... yeah. I won free tickets so I might as well go.

My names Orian Comet. But everyone just calls me OC for short. Half my friends think I'm gay, the other half don't give a shit. They're always "Mate, check out the cans on that chick!... What do you mean you didn't notice 'em. You'd have to be gay not to wanna suck on them fun-bags." did I mention he's also a bit of a douchebag?

It's not that I don't like chicks. It not that I don't like big tits. Simply put: I like little girls. Well, that sounds bad, let me rephrase that. I like small girl: short, petite and somewhat flat. When you say it like that it sounds normal and understandable. Unfortunately, almost all of the girls that would fall into that category are under age. Maybe one or two of my friends understand that. Maybe five odd know it and think I'm a freak...

So anyway, I got on this train at the place it first departs from, I'm literally the furthest away from The Crystal Empire a single train will go. With that being said, we're still two hours away from the Cantalot which is only a four hour drive from where the thing started. The train speeds up overnight, until then it's painfully slow. Right now though, we're stopped at a small outback town called Ponyville, way out in the middle of nowhere. Just another one of those small farm towns.

And that's when she got on. Not that I really noticed at the time, I was still half asleep in my seat, mindlessly staring out the window to my left. My seat was right down the end of the carriage... so, naturally I was sitting up the front. The train was nearly empty so allocated seating didn't really mean anything. There were two seats either side of the walk path down the middle. I was right up the front near the toilets and luggage rack for maximum leg room.

All I really knew about her then was once we started moving again, somewhere a few seats behind me was the most shrill little, high-pitched voice any girl could ever possess. And she just wouldn't shut up... sleep became impossible and sleep was the only real time pass there was on a train.

I thought about hopping into the bathroom in front of me. I knew a good way to fill in about half an hour or so. But it seems like a bit of a creeper move to get off in what was essentially a public toilet. I just tried to ignore her and attempted to get back to sleep. I couldn't though, so the next hour and a half just dragged on.

Slowly enough, we arrived at Cantalot, the last major stop before we start to speed up and may actually out pace the cars driving alongside the road. I got off the train to stretch my leg while we were stopped. I was just walking idolly around and suddenly that voice returns... admittedly it's not as bad as I made it out to be, it's actually pretty cute, but everything sounds like a screaming cat when you're trying to sleep.

I turned towards the train's entrance and saw her, and I assume her mother, stepping off. The mother had what had to be the exact same look of exasperation on her face as I did when the girl started talking. She was tall, had long curled but not curly purple hair and wore a luscious white dress. She was an absolute stunner even by my standards. Just because I like small chicks doesn't mean I don't appreciate beauty when I see it. And she was rather young too, mid twenties I'd say.

Behind her though, as she stepped off the train, I finally saw the source of that voice. And she was... wow. Medium-long light purple hair with curls at the end of it. A cute little white top and shorts that went down to just above the knee. I always loved that length, above the knee but not practically just **underwear made from denim**. She was slim but not skinny and was probably up to my chest in height. But to top it all off, she was just starting to bud.

Her breast must have just started growing earlier this year. There wouldn't even be a handful but were still big enough to be considered breasts. I had to force myself to stop from staring at her chest. Which wasn't too hard (unlike other things) because her face was just as precious. Such a cute smile. She looked so, so... innocent.

She quickly walked away from the train and as much as I wanted to follow her, I didn't. But I did get a good look at her arse as she walked away. And as you could guess it was just as perfect as the rest of her little body. Practically flat but with just the smallest amount of roundness to it. You could stare at something like that all day. And I did until the two rounded a corner and walked out of sight.

It was hard enough to think that girls like that existed, but to think they came from some small little town like Ponyville was mind boggling. How didn't they live in a big city, her mother working as a model or something? That girl... that girl was my absolute fantasy! And if her mother was any indication of what she would look like when she was older than that was fine by me too.

I'm pretty sure no one caught me staring at her. I think most of the other guys might have even staining at her mother so I was safe. When I see her again I'll make sure to be more discreet and less slack jawed and drooling. I swear I have the most raging-semi I've ever had, just begging to turn into a full boner.

I walked around the station for a while after losing sight of this angel but unfortunately I never found her. Eventually the five minutes until departure call was made so I hopped back on the train and took my seat at the front. It was still practically empty, like I said, there was barely anyone on this train. Most people were smart enough not to leave a full week early for the games like I was.

I started to worry the they had both gotten off (oh that sounds hawt) at this stop and that I would never see the perfection that was both of them on a past and future scale. Luckily though, barely a few seconds before the whistle for the train blew, they both came running up from along side the front of the train.

The older of them, her tit giggling as she ran. Bouncing up and down in her white dress. I must've had a small aneurysm because I swear it all happened in slow motion; Bay Watch style. I could even see the small drip of sweat slide down her chin, along her sweet neck and into your supple cleavage. I said I wasn't a boob man, but damn! I Swear to god she could turn a gay guy straight.

And as glorious as that was, it just didn't compare to the girl. She ran but her chest didn't really bounce. But oh gawd was it hot. Her light shirt blew up a bit in the wind with every stride, revealing her pristine stomach to well above the belly button but not quite high enough for the ultimate prize she held. Her sweet little legs moved her swiftly until they came to just before your window and stopped.

They quickly reappeared inside the cabin. The elder stood in the middle of the walk way, but before the first seats and lent over huffing. I had a perfect view down her dress. She didn't even

notice me, not a metre away just staring right down her top at her sweating breast and her black lace bra. I don't know how long she was there for but when she finally stood back upright, the train was already moving and I hadn't even noticed.

She did her best to compose herself and may've become aware that I had been able to see down her top. If she did realise, she didn't make a fuss over it. She was probably used to it honestly. Standing up right she walked past me and with the loud thunk must've plopped down into her seat. It almost seemed out of character for such a refined looking lady.

Although she had recovered pretty fast, the younger girl hadn't. She was shorter so keeping up with the taller woman had taken the wind out of her. She was sweating heavily and panting. Just that alone was absolute boner material but that wasn't the half of it. She was leaning against the luggage rack, bent over at the waist, her tiny arse pointed right at me.

She was barely two steps away from me and I could see her pants wet at the Crotch. I knew it wasn't from anything sexual but god damn... her pants were pulled tight against her bum, just giving her a slight crack line down the centre. They were long down the legs, leaving everything to the imagination there, but up the top... oh god.

The elastic of her small white panties was sticking out. I wasn't quite sure, but I pictured in my head them having a small pink heart over the crotch and a teddy bear over her arse. I don't know why I pictured that. It's just what I saw in my head when I pictured her without those pants, bent over in front of me, panting and sweating like we'd just had an hour long love making session and she was so tired from orgasm after orgasm that she couldn't stand up straight anymo...

"Coming Rarity..." she panted out as I almost did the same. She stood up and walked past me, not even acknowledging me. The other woman must've called to her or something but I don't know. A tactical rainnuke could've gone off around me and I wouldn't have noticed it with that small, touchable, arms length away from my face arse right there.

End Notes:
This is what a raging semi is. SFW.

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 2 by Bysen

A few hours passed and I didn't try to sleep again. Instead I listened intently to every word this girl said. Over the evening I learnt her name was Sweetie Belle and the other woman was her older sister Rarity. They were both heading to the Equestria Games. I recognised the name Rarity, at least I think I do given her absurd beauty, as the fashion designer I've read about. Yes I read fashion mags. Ok so maybe my friends have some other reasons to think I'm gay too...

Sweetie Belle had been talking nearly nonstop since I noticed her but she quieted down not long before it started to get dark outside. The sun setting and blaring through the windows gave me an excuse to go over to the row of seats across from me and roll down the blinds. While doing that I was able to get a good look at the little ball of cute snuggled up against the window with pillow in the seat behind these. Unfortunately, I couldn't think of a way to see her without being obvious so I figured it was a good time for dinner.

Dinner time in the dining cart had been announced and now that I thought about it, I was starving. So one crappy meal of mass cooked 'steak' and boiled veggies that they somehow valued at 18 bits later, I stayed in the cart for a while longer, having started up a small conversation about the game with another bloke up here. Soon enough half the cart was talking about who was going to win what and who was a idiot for thinking their team stood a chance.

I'd been in there for about an hour now and was going to leave soon when Sweetie Belle came in. She had changed clothes at some point, probably stinking in her sweaty old ones and not wanting to sleep in them. I could only imagine her stripping down to those white little nickers of hers and matching bra... training bra with though new little lumps of hers. Or maybe they were too dirty too and she had to completely take them off.

Reaching behind her back with both arms, pumping out her chest as she undid the clasps. The cups going loose as she put her arms back to her side as the bra fall down her shoulders. Her pert breasts now exposed, nipples instantly stiffening in the colder northern air. She gave them a quick flick before gently pinching them and letting out the sweetest soft moan ever heard.

After playing with her new grown toys for a brief moment, she lowers her arms and slips her thumbs down the side of her white teddy panties and slides them over her smooth bum cheeks, before bending over, fully exposing her tiny arse to me and pulling them down to her ankles where she gracefully steps out of them. She then lifts the panties up her to face and takes a slight sniff... and it smells as beautiful as you would imagine.

But that all it was... imagination. Her new outfit was mostly the same, just a few colour changes. Her shirt was now pink and her shoes matched. Her pants were the main difference: a longer, baggier pair of white with blue polka dotted pants. I let out a slight almost silent gasping-moan as I realise they're her pajamas.

I've never seen a girl in pajamas before, the girls tend to meant just sleep in whatever they're wearing. Let alone seen a glorious little angel in them. What was she doing here dressed like that? Oh... ordering dinner. She walked past me and the other guys I was talking with, I did my best to make my looks in her direction seem innocent. The last thing I want is a bunch of sports nuts thinking I'm some pedofilly.

She went up to the counter and ordered herself a meal. I'm surprised her sister wasn't here as well

but then again, she looked like the type who was always on a diet. As much as I usually hate that type of woman, can't argue with the results in this case. Not this girl needed to lose weight by any means. Perfection had a name and it was Sweetie Belle.

She got her plate and took a seat just behind me with an elderly couple and started up a conversation with them. She ate and spoke for a good twenty-odd minutes and in that time I learnt she had two friends going to the games as well but they weren't leaving for another week. Her sister was just taking her earlier to present some of her dress designs in some show or another.

Not that she was complaining, she'd always wanted to go to 'Crystal Heaven' as she called it and had only been there once before. But don't tell her sister she'd been there. I could only imagine what she had done there that she didn't want her sister to know about. It would be easy to fantasise about something perverted again but really, getting somewhere so far away without her sister knowing, it was most likely just something mischievous more than naughty.

That being said... her body, though as close to perfect as it is, must look truly glorious in crystal form. Her slender skin sparkling and transparent. Those curly locks glimmering with every sway of her head. Truly a sight to wish for. Mayhap one of those crystal blasts that transformed everyone in the city would happen while we're there and I would get to see it. Unlikely, but a guy can dream can't he.

For all the time she was here, I couldn't help but stare directly at her. Well, sort of. My back was to her and hers to mine as I looked to the window opposite us at her reflection. It was genius really. I could look at her all I wanted and if anyone else looked where I was facing, from their angles they'd either just see me or the couple she was talking with.

Speaking of that couple, after she sat down, they quickly finished their meals and left in a hurry, trying to get away from her incessant talking. But not me, I hung on every word she said. And when they left, she just turned around and "Hello". she said as she tapped on my shoulder. This couldn't be happening. I had to thank **every god in existence** that she would start speaking to me.

"**Hey there.**" I replied as I spun around quickly but very conscious of not wanting to look to excited about this. She smiled at me when I said that. God, she was absolutely adorable. Her cheeks buttoned and her teeth just barely showed past her lovely pink lips. Up close I could see that she had lip balm on and they glistened like I pictured to whole body doing in crystal.

"Would you like to play a card game with me?" it was all too much. I was already sporting a boner from what I'd thought about her when she walked in earlier and it never went away from looking at her. Looking at those small lips of hers though... I swear one or two strokes and I blow a load right here in the dining car. Hell, a wrong rub while walking could set me off. And as much as I would love for that to happen, this cart, unlike most of the train was pretty full.

I couldn't believe I was saying this "Sorry but I have to get off... Uh, get off early tomorrow morning. I should probably be going too." And I stood up. Which was a mistake... not because I did what I had feared, but because as I stood to walk away the train jostled on the tracks and I went crotch first into her face. I know she felt my hard hood pressed against her cheeks for a brief moment. How couldn't she? And by 'brief' I mean I also lingered there for a second longer. Nothing, and I mean nothing had ever felt so good in my life.

After I caught myself in what I was doing, I left. Quickly. I didn't look back. It was just an

accident and she would think that's all it was too. I honestly can't believe that didn't blow my load. A good thing but it would be worth the beating I would get from these guys to cover that precious face of hers in my cum.

She wouldn't know what it is as it dribbled down between her eyes alone the bridge of her nose, then trickling down more to her lips. It would tickle over them and she'd put her tongue out, tasting it just slightly before she licked more vigorously at it, scooping it off and into her mouth. That's all she could get like that until she raised a hand and wiped it downwards.

But instead of just shovelling it all into her mouth, it clings to her first two fingers as she wipes it off her face, giving her a good look at it as she hold her hand high and lets my cum slide down her fingers and drip into her open mouth, tongue sticking out to accept what she craves most. The last drop clung to her fingers so she lowered them into her jaw and closes her lips around it.

She closed her eyes in bliss of the wonderful taste and longingly sucked on her fingers, getting every last drop off of them before pulling them out of her still closed lips. They're glistening as much as her lips do in her sweet, sweet saliva. She slowly opened her eyes to look at her hand before giving it a slow lap with her tongue from the palm of her hand to the tip of those two fingers to get the absolute most possible of my cum.

Oh god I'm so close... I got out of there without jizzing in my pants. Now I just need to make it back to my seat without doing so either. And believe or not, I did. But what I saw when I got there didn't help. Her older sister, a glorious piece of arse in her own right, is two seats behind me on the other side of the path: passed out.

She was sleeping in her seat, half off the side of her arm rail in the alley way, a sleeping mask over her eyes, her mouth wide open begging me to stick a dick in it and her cleavage practically mere millimetres away from spilling out of her dress. A good jump from the train and I swear they will. You know what? Fuck it.

No I'm not going to fuck her mouth, as much as I want to though... I'm breaking my rule about masturbating in a public toilet. I turn to my right to enter the bathroom... and it's in use. Oh for fuck sake! Screw it! I'm just gonna go to sleep... I shouldn't be jerking it to this girl or that woman anyway. I mean... dear god what am I thinking!? She's only what, 14? 15? She's too young. We'll not *too* young. She obviously must know about sex at her age and could consent... but she wouldn't and is still too young.

I bet she wasn't even born the first time I jerked off. For some weird reason that thought made my laugh a little as I just plopped down in my seat, trying to will my boner out of existence. But as you know the more you want the hard on to go away, the longer it stays. I'm just going to try get some sleep now. I can cum all over my hotel room when I arrive tomorrow morning. That's what hotel rooms are for right?

And then I just lay there. For what had to be at least an hour. My dick had finally gone soft and I was just about asleep. Of course every time was just about asleep the train would jump and so would I. This time it wasn't the train jumping though. It was the door to this cabin opening as she returned from the dining cart.

The lights had gone out shortly after I returned so the only lights where The small ones on the walk way to let you see where you're going. I kept still for two reasons. One I wanted to go to

sleep already and moving wouldn't help that. And two, I want her to either not notice me or think I was asleep in case she suspected anything from when I nearly face-fucked her.

I kept my eye lids almost closed so I could still see her but it would look like they were shut in this low light. I think it worked seems she didn't really notice me. Instead she just started looking through the luggage rack to the front of me on the right. She was bent down again but this time with her butt against the toilet door instead of my direction. I hoped she would turn it towards me so I could get another good look at it. Even if in the dark, the saggy pajamas would look so good.

But I got far more than I hoped. Instead of turning her arse to me, she turned and let me see right down her shirt. There they were, with no bra on them. I don't know what found more arousing. That I could see them now, or that she hadn't been wearing a bra that whole time in the dining. Or that she may not even have one at all yet. Just letting those small little new grown breasts of hers roam free.

I only got a glimpse of them before she grabbed a pillow and walked off but it's something I'll never forget. They hung down just a small amount in her loose shirt. Her nipples were a dark pink, small and mostly flat despite how cold it was starting to get. They jiggled the slightest bit from the movement and then jiggled a bit more as she stood back up.

It was back. With a vengeance. But I couldn't care less if I had wood now. I knew that was going to have the best dreams of my life that night...

End Notes:
Written before season 4 and I assumed they would be heading there again, especially not the fillies, until the games themselves.

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 3 by Bysen

Author's Notes:
Prenote: I apologise in advance.

I had the worst dreams... they weren't bad, they just ended too soon. I'd be plowing Sweetie Belles brains out, some times Rarity's too (separately and occasionally both at once) when suddenly the train would bounce and I'd be woken up only to find out it was just a dream. Sex dream are usually great, they feel so real and you can't tell the different while you're still dreaming but I always hate them once I wake up. They just leave me frustrated and unfulfilled.

Wet dreams on the other hand. They're awesome! You get to have sex with who ever you want in what ever way you want all the way to completion. That wasn't happening though. As much hot sweaty love I was making with Sweetie Belle in my dreams they never got a chance to end. And that last one had been so good too. That crystal fantasy.

I could see my dick sliding down her throat. Of course I know realistically it doesn't work that way. All it is is a layer of crystalline dust that forms a reflective lattice around the body that bends light like glass so you see a slightly shiny/distorted image of whatever is directly behind the person. Anything inside of them would be transparent too. It slowly wears off of normal people but for some reason the native crystal people magnetically hold the dust onto them... or something like that. Science!

Anyway. It had to be early morning by now, 3 or 4 in the morning. The amount of times I'd fallen asleep, brought Sweetie Belle to a screaming orgasm or six the woken up before I could get even one made me surprised it wasn't already dawn. I must dream fast. The worst is when I'm just in the throes of sleep and the tiniest little bump wakes me up.

Like just now. Again. This had to be the fifth time in as many minutes that I'd just about fallen asleep, not sure how to explain how knew I was just about to but I was, and suddenly the train lurches and I'm jolted awake once more. As you can guess I'm a light sleeper. Well you'd be wrong, normally I'm a heavy sleeper but this just for some reason seems to mess with me.

I'm just sitting there in the chair, laying there more accurately with the seat set as far back as it will go, and I've given up on getting to sleep. I stand up, have a stretch and go for my phone to check the time. It's not in my pocket for some reason so I look around on the floor. I then realise it was in my pocket... god I'm retarded at times.

6:03. I'm really surprised the sun isn't up yet but I guess we're pretty far up north by now. It's also surprisingly harm but that's most likely the cabin keeping the cold out. The first thing I do is pass the few seats in front of me and head up to the language wrack and start making sure everything's packed and ready to get off tomorrow. Or today rather, at 9.

That's when I notice that I need to piss SOOO badly! The toilet's right behind me and quickly turn around. It's not occupied this time and I'm so thankful for that. But as I open the door I take back that thanks. It so damn tiny! I step inside and just manage to close the door behind me. The whole room is only about a metre and a half long and just under a metre wide. Two steps standing room

between the toilet and the sink and mirror. I bet there'd be less if they could make the door open outwards.

I fiddle with my pants for a moment and eventually get my junk out. I take aim, and... the train jumps like it's entering the games it's taking me to. Now it IS a public bathroom like I've made clear a few times but I'm not the type of jerk who'd intentionally piss all over the place. At least not while sober anyway, so I opt to sit down and piss like a dainty little lady.

I drop trou, turn around and sit, tuck it in and start the stream. It goes for a while. And keeps going for a while... and KEEPS going... seriously, it has to have been like two minutes at this point. Eventually I drained the tank but I still feel a little odd about it. That has to have been the longest I've ever pissed for and still feel like I could keep going.

There's a knock on the door. "Occu-pod-o." I say to whoever it is behind it. I stand up and reach down to pull my pants back up when the door opens and knocks me back onto the toilet, pants still around my ankles. I hadn't bothered locking it because what are the odds someone would have to use it at this time of night anyway?

The person slipped in the door and closed it behind her. "Hey there." Sweetie Belle said as she looked directly at me. There might've been a sultry tone to her voice but I think I missed it from the sheer shock of what just happened.

"Hi-what... you... I...?" this couldn't be happening. "Sweetie Belle, what the hell are you doing in here!?" I asked in a hushed tone that hopefully conveyed all my ergancy to the question.

"So you do know my name then?" she replied. There was definitely a sultry tone this time. She took a half step forward and was right on me. My pants were still down but something else was up. And her hand found her way to it too. "I was right about you. Already so hard." she said as she started to slowly rub downwards.

"What the hell are you doing?!" why the hell am I trying to stop her?!

"Oh please... I saw you looking at me." she said as she smiled up at me. She then turned back to look at my dick and added "Everyone always looks at my sister. It felt nice to have someone looking at me for once. I thought I'd do what she does to the people who look at her that way." her hand slide back up to the head.

She continued to move her small hands up and down my shaft. Going all the way down to the base. She looked at it intently as she pumped it up and down. I wasn't huge by any means, just your average 7 or 8 inches. Nothing to be proud of but nothing to be ashamed of either. It probably tickled her hands... it want a total bush but I'd been meaning to shave it back a bit for a while now. Why did I tell you that? Eh, why not...

As for girth, well it wasn't that huge there either but her hand only just managed to wrap about it. The tip of her index finger and thumb only just touched as the moved up and down. It had only been a few moments that she been jerking me off when she switched hands to her left. It must've been slightly smaller because her left hand didnt fit entirely around my cock.

She then lowered herself to her knees, getting closer, all the while continue into move her hand up and down. Barely a few seconds later she lowered her head and I thought she was going to start

blowing me but instead she pressed my dick up against the side of her face. "It's feels so much better here without your pants in the way."

Her eyes were closed and there was a wide smile on her face as she continuing to jerk me off. But now she was only using the palm of her hand and the other side of my cock was sliding up and down her face. At the base it was touching the edge of her lips, sliding up her cheeks with my head just barely ending before it touched her hair.

"Uh... Sweetie Belle..." I moaned. I don't know if she really knew what she was doing or if it just felt so good because it was her. Either way, I was so close, and I wanted more. "Sweetie Belle, can you... Could you-"

I was cut off by her "Suck it? Yeah, of course I can." she said merrily as she opened her beautiful purple eyes and looked up at me. She stopped jerking me for a second before she looked back down and opens her mouth. This was it! And then it went in. She popped the head of my dick in her mouth and run her tongue underneath it slowly before moving it over the top.

I moaned again as she continued. Before I could fully comprehend the pleasure she was giving me, she slid her lips down to about half way and started bobbing. My head flew back and I clenched my eyes as she did so. She continued on, just going. Up and down on the first half my pole for a while. I lowered my head and saw her the top of her head bobbing at a good pace.

I looked up slightly and saw the mirror in front of me. Her purple locks bounced against her back as she sat on her knees, blocking the view of my crotch. I could only see one of her hands and assumed the other was down her pants, vigorously fingering her soaking slit. Then she went all the way to the base.

I was now half way down her throat as she held her head there for a moment before starting to bob again. Her lips pressed up against my crotch leaving a smear of her purple lipstick in my pubes. It was only a matter of time before I came right into her stomach. But if she wanted to pull back and taste some of it, who was I to stop her now?

It had to be only a matter of seconds before it was over and couldn't pass up the opportunity. I reached down, placing one hand on the back of her head, brushing her hair just behind the ear slightly and my other hand went down into her shirt. I moved just out of the way to let her keep doing what she was going with that little lovely mouth of hers.

I flicked her nipple with the tip of my finger on the way down before getting a good full hand of her large breasts. I gave it a quick squeeze as she went all the way down on my shaft once more and held before I came, pumping it right down her throat, giving her the meal she'd missed out on. Her purple lipstick smudged absolutely everywhere as I clenched my eyes moaned her name "Rarity!" and she eagerly swallowed all of it.

I sat there panting for who knows how long. I felt the wetness of what had just happened trickling down my still rock solid dick. Taking a deep breath I opened my head and looked down at... Jjust me. Sitting my seat with a big wet spot in my fully tented pants. I'd came in my sleep... and couldn't care less. It felt so real. And I can face fucked Sweetie Belle AND Rarity to climax.

It was fake but what more could I ask for really? I took a look around to see if anyone was looking from if I had been moaning in my sleep. (which I had been and called Rarity's name) Luckily no

one was. I pulled my phone out of my pocket. 3:49. I stood up and rounded the corner to the bathroom because on top of having a nice wet spot in my pants, I still had to take a piss so badly it wasn't funny...

The toilet was mostly the same as how I had dreamt about it, with just a bit more space to get in. I sat down once more and made sure I wasn't going to spray everywhere and began to piss. I was 90% sure that I was *actually awake* now and not in some bullshit **inception** and actually pissing myself in my seat this time. Which luckily getting an erection had prevented before.

I finished and flushed, pulled my pants up and exited the toilet. Rounded the corner and gently sat back into my chair. I still had a good hour or two before the sun would come up and maybe I could get some sleep-Oh. My. God.

There she was. In the bottom luggage rack. Sweetie Belle was sleeping down there, just short enough to fit in the small space, curled up and hugging a pillow. But that wasn't what was so god damn... 'sexy' doesn't even begin to describe it. Her knees were pulled up toward her chest a bit and her pants had been pulled fully down in her sleep...

Her cute little arse was pointing right at me.

End Notes:
If you listen to RT podcast, you'll know Gavin's theory of getting an erection stop you from pissing in your sleep.

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 4 by Bysen

It had been about ten minutes now and I'd been jacking it in my seat for just as long. I didn't need to imagine any weird fantasy this time, the image in front of my was all I needed. And I had been right. Her white little panties that fit snuggled over her small butt, with the crease of her cheeks running down the middle, had a teddy bear printed on them.

And I came. I swear I'd never came so hard in my life. There wasn't a huge amount, just the intensity of the orgasm was mind blowing. That being said I now had a bit of a mess to deal with. That's what the bottom of the chairs for right? It's the next person who sits here's problem. It was either that thought or what I had been looking at for the last ten minutes that brought a huge smile to my face.

I was already getting soft but I wasn't fully down yet. Now that I was in a somewhat clearer state of mind I took a moment to look around and make sure no one was watching me masturbate to this girl. Everyone was still fast asleep, including Sweetie Belle. And as I looked to her, that's when my imagination started to kick in once more.

I could see her a bit more than just her arse, she had a small bit of camel toe just peaking out from between her closed legs. I pictured myself running a finger along that thin line in her panties, back and forth until she started to get wet. I then slid a finger underneath the clothing and parted the lips with it. She was even wetter inside and I continued to run it back and forth along her slit.

Needless to say I was hard again and I was going at it once more as I pictured sending my other hand under her shirt, caressing her uncovered tits. The nipples were hard from the touching and I pinched them between my fingers. I pulled my hand back, sliding my fingers across her flat stomach back to her panties. Slipping...

This continued on for a good half hour before I came once more. However... oh god it's *everywhere!* The fucking train shook as I finished, sending it absolutely everywhere over my arm and down my leg. If I had any sense right now other than the glorious ecstasy running through my entire body I'd have been discusted. Once I came down from the high of finishing, I started to clean myself up.

I'm just glad hadn't passed out after that... my pants down, covered in myself in a public area in front of a little girl. God, I swear that bounce must've thrown half the train for a loop. If it woke anyone up though, they all just tried to go back to sleep and didn't see me doing anything. Actually, as I look over to her, Sweetie Belle doesn't seem to have even stirred.

She's still just laying there, hugging her pillow with her legs curled up and her pants half down. She must be a really deep (throater) sleeper so not wake up from even half these bumps, let alone that big one. I wonder if... no... I couldn't. I shouldn't. I am. Before I knew it it was standing up, buckling my pants back up, and walking over to her in the luggage rack.

I lent down and put out a hand. I wasn't going to go right to feeling her up, instead I put my hand on her shoulder... oh god she was so soft! I then gently shook her. If she wakes up I could pass it off as looking through my bags and not perving on her. She didn't wake up. I then shook harder. Still didn't wake up. I then shook the shit out of her!... damn she's a heavy sleeper.

A thought occurred to me and I moved my hands over to her sweet little lips and palced a finger

under her nose. Ok good, she was breathing. This could've gotten really bad there... but now, now it was going to get very good. Or bad, depending on how you look at it. This wasn't a fantasy, this was real. This was the little angel I'd been pining over ever since I saw her and her perfect body.

This was my hand, on her actual soft breast... t felt wonderful (like a bag of sand) as I rubbed it through her light shirt. My other hand went down along her arm, slowly rubbing it as I went down, until reached her hips... and her panties. I caressed her smooth arse and slightly rough edge of the underwear before moving my hand down under them and giving her cheeks a light squeeze.

"ARGH!!! FUCK!!!" I screamed as the train jumped and I slammed my head into the rack above me. My hands shot away from her and right to the new lump on the back of my head. God damn it that hurt! My eyes were clenched as I **hissed in pain**. When they finally opened though, I saw Sweetie Belle was still asleep, even after I had screamed right in her ear.

How could she sleep through this? The bouncing, my shaking her and then shouting at the top of my lungs right next to her head. This girl could sleep through anything apparently. I wonder if that included... I couldn't. I shouldn't... I am. I took one last look around to make sure no one would see me as I pulled her over to face me, and lifted her up against my chest.

I quickly spun around and opened the toilet door behind me and slipped inside. I held her up with one arm and used the other to remove my pants. I then did the same to hers, dropping them on the floor. I slid my fingers under the side of her undies and ran my them down to touch her lips. She was either clean shaven or hadn't even started to grow pubes yet. I didn't care which one both where hot and naughty all the same.

She was slightly damp but I wouldn't call it wet. Not yet anyway. After a moment more sliding my fingers back and forth along her mound, I moved my hand to the side of her underwear and slid them down along her just as smooth legs. I got them past her toes and threw them onto the sink in front of the mirror, then sat down and spread her legs over my lap. My dick was pressed right up against her lips and her lower stomach.

I let her go limp and fall her chest against mine. I couldn't see down my front but I saw her in the mirror, her light blue shirt covering her top, and her bottomless bottom sitting in my lap. I reached down and made sure she was nice wet. She wasn't. I lifted my hand back up and give my fingers a lick. Like I said, she was been damp and I got a taste of her. Absolutely amazing!

I sent them back down and wet her lips then continued to rub them. She wasn't moaning in her sleep but she was breathing heavily now. I was clearly having an effect on her. I couldn't wait until I got inside her. I put one of my hands on her hips and used it and one of my knees to lift her, then positioned my dick with the other hand right at her slit.

I put my spare hand back to her hip to make sure I didn't lose grip of her and slowly began to lower her. My head pressed against her and went in smoothly. Once inside I stopped and let it stay there for a moment in hopes it wouldn't hurt her before I lowered her a bit more. And a bit more... and I bottomed out. This wasn't her first time. Damn... though it's probably a good thing.

Fully in, I started to lift her back up, just as slowly as I had let her down until I was only just in her. She wanted me back in her, could feel it by how her walls tugged at me. And is obliged. I slid her back down my dick until I was fully in her once more. And I repeated. Moving her limp sleeping body up and down.

I'd definitely gotten her wet down there. Her head laying over my shoulder let me hear her panting right I to my ear with ragged breaths of passion. Then Sweetie Belle let out her first moan. I was startled for a second and then overjoyed that could make this girl make such a wonderful sound. It was soft and long as I continued to pump into her, slowly picking up speed as I did.

The moans came closer together and her breathing became much faster and sporadic. I wasn't sure if she was asleep anymore but didn't really care either. I could feel her sweet juices starting to drop down my balls and if the fwapping sound of they were making with each stroke hadn't overshadowed it, I would've been able to hear it drip into the water below.

I looked into the mirror and it was even better than before. I could see myself sinking deep into her and then pulling back out, spreading and pulling her lips slightly each time about twice a second. I slowed down slightly so I could get a better look at it. Each time I pulled out her lips would point outwards a small bit and each time I went back in they would back roll up the sides of my shaft.

My dick glistened, just like her lips had earlier, with her juices and I couldn't help but want to taste her wetness once more. I removed one of my hands from her hips and ran it along the back of her folds until it was fully coated. Then moved it to my mouth. It was amazing and I started to fucker her harder than I had before. It didn't exactly taste that great but I swear if you bottled this stuff it would be the worlds most powerful aphrodisiac.

I put my hand back on her hip and pulled and pushed her up and down again. I caught a brief glimpse of it before deciding I wanted more and gently pulled her cheeks apart. The reflections of her little rose-bud was as pristine as you'd image from such a soft skinned little girl. A few small wrinkles around the hole but other than that the inside of her cheeks were as smooth as a babies bottom. Because that's practically what they were.

My finger still wet, though more from my own saliva now than her own juices, I lightly pushed it against the hole. I didn't even get half of the nub in before she moan once more. This time however, she moaned "Mmm.. Rarity..." I don't know what she thought was happening to her in her dreams but that she thought her sister was doing this too her...

I barely had time to comprehend this before she started moaning even louder than she had been before. She started to tighten around me too. She was cumming. And I was making her do it. I sped up, pounding her little pussy harder than before to push her over the edge. My finger just slipped the first knuckle inside her anus and wiggled it.

She splashed all over my crotch and I could easily hear it dripping into the water below this time, there was so much of it. She clenched around me tightly, both my dick and my finger in her arse as she arched her back and flung her head looking directly at the roof, her eyes now wide awake in the throes of orgasm.

She panted as she stared at the ceiling. That changed to gasping as I continued to fuck her through the orgasm, her love still dripping down my length. I couldn't move my finger inside her despite how much I tried but I bet she could still feel it wriggling ever so slightly. Eventually though, she slowly looked down, locking eyes with me. She saw me, she knew what I was doing to her. There was only one thing I could do...

Keep going.

End Notes:
>rape

[Back to index](#)

Chapter 5 by Bysen

It had been about five minutes now and I hadn't stopped plowing into her. And she hadn't stopped screaming. In a good way though. I don't think that first orgasm ended for a good minute after it started. I never let up for a second. I may've been absolutely exhausted but I wasn't going to stop for a second! I'd slipped my finger further inside her arse and was right up to the base of my palm clutching her cheek.

I wiggled it inside her alongside pumping my dick in and out of her nonstop. My other hand was still on her hip and I used the two to lift her up and down, only now every time I lifted her back up, my finger would dig in just a bit deeper and it was pushing her over the edge once more. She was tightening on me once more and I knew she was going to cum again very soon.

Sweetie Belle had moved her hands to either side of my head and pushed against my shoulders to help herself ride me. Her gasps and moans loudened and her hands on my shoulders balled up into fists. If I didn't still have my shirt on she'd be clawing at my back. Her eyes clenched shut as her head flew back and she splashed down my crotch again.

I moved forward while continuing to pump into her and heavily kissed at her exposed neck. She moaned mid-moan, going from a slow outwards breath to a quick exhalation as my lips made contact with her smooth skin. She kept on panting as her orgasm kept going, not letting up and neither did I. I moved up her neck, peppering her with kisses and nips until I reached her lips. She readily accepted my tongue going into her mouth.

She accepted it, but didn't do much more than that as her orgasm continued for a good half minute at least, followed by another minute of mini-spasms clenching my dick. I'd forgotten about my finger in her, using it more for just moving her around on me now more than anything else. She pulled away from me and gasped for air.

I was still pumping her up and down on me, sliding in and out of her dripping sex-hole when he pushed her arms against me in the opposite direction she was getting thrust from. I slowed my pace to see if she was trying to stop. She was. So, despite how much was already basically raping her, I didn't want to *rape* her. If she wanted to stop, I'd stop.

My head was still inside of her, just. Sweetie Belle then moaned and clenched as I slowly pulled my finger out of her arse. Again, leaving it there, slightly pressing against her loosened hole. I was about to ask her if she wanted to keep going before she lunged at me and shoved her tongue into my mouth this time.

She dominated my mouth, and I let her. At least at first, before I started to fight back. I was losing the fight so I cheated a little and started wiggling my finger around the outside of her anus and thrusting a few millimetres into her vagina. I quickly took control back from her and ran my tongue along the roof of her mouth making sure to tickle it just a bit.

I slowly tried to start fucking her fully again but she resisted it. She didn't stop kissing though. She didn't want to stop she just needed a break. I didn't though. Normally I wouldn't have lasted this long but I had gotten off three times already in the last hour. After the first time I usually lasted twice as long, the second time four times longer and the fourth time... well... I've never gone four in a row before. Hell, I rarely go two in a row.

I squeezed her arse and made sure to keep her nice and hot by rubbing my shaft against her clit as much as possible and if I was right about here it was, my knob against her g-spot. It kept her slowly dripping down me and kept me hard. Not that I needed any help in this angels presence. But as good as it was for the both of us, eventually she lifted herself off of me.

I guess it wasn't as good for her as I thought it was. I knew I was screwed after this. What I'd done was so wrong and I wasn't going to stop her from running off to her sister or someone... thank god I was wrong about that happening. She stood up, turned around and sat back into my lap, put an arm up over her head around my neck, pulling me down back into a strong snog.

Her other hand went down and grabbed my dick, guiding it back into her vagina before she started moving up and down on me. I looked down her body and saw myself slowly going into her and coming back out, not quite as fast in this position but still pretty fast. In the movement I thought I caught glimpse at something so I lifted up her shirt and saw it. It was slight but there was a clear largening of her stomach every time I bottomed out inside of her.

It appeared and disappeared with every thrust as i poked her deepest insides. She continued to moan, maybe a bit louder. I guess she must like this poison better. From where my hand was I slid my hand up her shirt and grabbed a half-handful of her breast. I then gently pinched her hard nipple between the lowest knuckles of my index and rude fingers.

Her own hands went the other breast and grasped it from the outside of her shirt whiler the other hand went down and began rubbing her clit. Unfortunately this blocked my view of her vag and my dick and the bulge half way down her stomach. Then I remembered there was a mirror. I saw her face before I saw her body. Her eyes were closed loosely and her mouth was open in the classic O look.

She looked absolutely beautiful, her face flushed red en shear pleasure and I was getting just as much pleasure in return. Partly form the sex, but mostly because of the fact that I was given such a wonderful feeling to this adorable little angel. Her hair bounced slightly with each thrust into her and the short breaths she took with each lifted her chest in my hand. I could look at her face like this forever, but there were parts of her i wanted to see that we're equally as appealing.

I looked down from there and got a quite a sight of my dick sliding in and out of her once again. Her little arse hole wasn't there this time but the view was so much better this time as her small hand down there rubbing her clit made my dick look huge. My other hand went down and joined it, rubbing her clit from the bottom of it as she got the top. I then bit lightly at her neck...

She came again without warning, spilling all over my hand and splashing up onto her own. Her hand stopped but mine didn't and I kept her third orgasm going for as long as possible, getting her hand completely soaked in her own sex juices before grabbing it gently and lifting it to my mouth. I popped almost all but her thumb into my mouth and licked at her sweet liquids.

My licking must've tickled her hand as she giggled slightly between moans. Having sucked all of it off, I finally noticed that she had stopped thrusting again. I don't think she wanted to stop though as she didn't resist in any way, I think she was just exhausted. And I confirmed it as I let go of her hand and she slumped over forward.

She lent on the sink, her face right next to her panties that were still up there. She slipped off of me and just lent there panting heavily, tired from the hour long love making session, too exhausted

from orgasm after orgasm to do anything my sit in the bliss of what had just happened. It almost seemed like... It seemed exactly like my first fantasy about her as she lent over against the luggage rack earlier the day before. And her words echoed through my head. 'Coming Rarity.'

She moaned her sisters name when I had slid my finger in there before, wonder what she'd do when I did this. I lined up my well lubed-in-her-own-juices dick with her pert little anus and pushed the head in with minimal resistance. She gasped as I put it in her tight back hole but she didn't try to stop it. Not that I think she could've at this point.

I gave her a chance to though and I stopped before going in any further into her. She looked at me in the mirror, her face said it all. And what it said was 'Please. Please, just fuck me, fuck me hard. I want it, please, fuck my arse. Make me cum again!' and I was more than happy to oblige as I slid into her further.

I reach down and lifted her legs up so they were splayed out with her heels up on the sink giving me an amazing view of her in the mirror before I grabbed her under the arms and lifted her back up against me, letting her fall the rest of her way onto my cock. Sweetie Belle started to bounce before I could start to thrust, getting her self started without even needing my help. Of course I added my help quickly after. One of my hands still under her armpit, I moved it down to the end of the baggy sleeve and slid my hand into her shirt.

Her arm pit was as smooth as her legs and crotch. Which in some weird way I found hot as well as I planted my thumb in that little spot while the rest of my hand rubbed over her breast once more. And once more, her hands went to her breast and her clit. Sweetie Belle's hand on her breast was under the shirt this time and I lifted it to see her breast being played with by her cute little hand.

My spare hand followed her other hand as well as I sunk my two longest fingers, middle and ring, into her soaking, and I mean completely drenched dripping pussy, and wiggled them around. I could feel my dick sliding in and out of her through the thin wall of her pussy. I started to time it so that as my dick went in to her, my fingers went out and as they went back in my dick went out.

I kept at this for a about half a minute before I switch and started moving both my fingers and my dick in and out of her at the same time. I could, feel her startling to clench on my fingers but could really feel it in her arse. It got so tight I could barely move it. But that didn't stop me, it just made me thrust harder into her tight little hole. No, her tight little holes.

I pressed my thumb up against her clit while continuing to double thrust into her, catching it between my thumb and her finger pressing it hard. That was her fourth orgasm now. I'd had three, but I hadn't had one with her yet. But it was coming soon. Very soon! Her head was looking straight upwards again like she had every orgasm, her mouth wide open.

My hand was slick with her juices and so was hers. I quickly moved my slick hand upward, this time instead of toward my mouth, to hers. I slid my wet fingers into her mouth, making her taste her own glorious liquids. I had said it was an aphrodisiac for me to taste it, to see her taste it herself was even stronger. And I could only imagine what it did to her.

I know she liked it, she eagerly sucked on my fingers, getting them just as wet from her saliva than from her cum. I moved it so that just one was in her mouth at a time and her eagerly sucked and licked at it before I would pull it out and stick my next finger in. She did this to all of my fingers

and my thumb, sucking and bobbing on each digit until every drop was gone.

Returning my hand down there, I didn't dig right back into her, instead I grabbed her hand and guided it towards her mouth to. She began to suck her own hand as mine went back to her vagina and I started my last withdrawal from her as fingers and my dick went out once more. I watched her as she sucked her fingers clean and I continued to fuck her arse and pussy at once.

She tightened once more as she approached her fifth orgasm. But I don't know if I was going to bring her to it before I finally finished. She clenched her arse around me so tight again. My hand caressed her chest and my fingers sunk into her as I put a final thrust into her butt. And I let it out at long last. I made sure every fraction of an inch was inside, as deep into her arse as possible, right to the hilt.

I came and so did she. Her arse clenched so tight around me that even if I had been trying to move that this point I couldn't. I let my load go so deep inside her and just stayed there while let every single drop of it out inside of her. I made tiny little millimetre long thrusts every few seconds, helping to milk every drop into her.

And once was finally done I stopped my fingers and pulled them out of her. My dick was still in her though and I tried to lift her off of my. It was hard... no not that, *that* was getting soft now. What I meant was it was hard to lift her off of me. I expected her to be out of energy at this point but it wasn't just that. She had completely passed out from that last orgasm.

I lifted her off of me and her arse hadn't stopped clenching as I pulled out of her. A very good thing because it kept every single drop of me inside of her and not spilling out. I leant back against the seat and let her lean against me as she slept. I just stayed there for a minute or two, basking in the afterglow. Sex was now ruined for me... nothing could be as good as what I'd just done.

Soon enough though, I came back to a rational(ish) state of mind again, now that it was all finished. I saw out the small window up the top of the bathroom that the sun was just starting to crest over the horizon. If I was to get out of this without getting caught by any of the other passengers than I had to do it now. I was completely sure I didn't have to worry about Sweetie Belle telling any one at this point.

I lifted her a bit into a more malleable position on my lap and grabbed one last tweak at her nipple before leaning over and licking her her other exposed breast. I mean when was I going not get a chance again? Might as well do it. I'd also like to take a lick at her vagina but it would be a good bit of work and she wasn't the only one who was exhausted at this point. I mean, I'd already tasted her cum after all.

Once that was out of the way, I went about reaching down and getting her pants back onto her. I then ran my hands down her shirt, straightening it out and coping a small feel in the processes. I did my best not to throw her around too much as I got my own undies and pants back on. Once that was gone I lifted her back up and opened the door slightly to peak out.

It was still pretty dark in the cabin even with the sun starting so the only real light where the small walkway ones so it was safe to move her. I lifted her up against my chest and slightly over my shoulder as I stepped out the door. I bent over and placed her as gently as possible back into the bottom luggage rack with her pillow. I couldn't help but stare at her again.

And you know what. Once you take away the lust, the perversion and the constant raging boner for her, she was just a cute little girl. I could look at her for ages before but I could do the same now and get pleasure from it in a completely different way. She was just a cute young woman, curled up with a pillow as she slept.

That was until I realised... she didn't have any panties on. I turned around and stepped back into the toilet. They were still sitting there on the sink. I stood there for a moment looking at them. I couldn't exactly undress her to put them back on her... and that was good enough excuse for me to keep them as a souvenir.

I picked them up, lifted them to my face and took a long sniff at them. They smelled sweet, like a mix of perfume and little girl love. If I hadn't just gone four in a row then I'd have probably popped another insta-boner. I exhaled then took another deep sniff before gently folding them and sliding them into my pocket.

I exited the toilet and took one last look at Sweetie Belle before turning the corner and sitting back down into my seat. I was already half passed out before I even closed my eyes. I hoped I wouldn't have any more sex dreams this night and that it was all out of my system. I wouldn't want to confuse what had just happened with a dream.

I'd just made love to a perfect little angel, and her name was Sweetie Belle.

End Notes:
That's so... romantic?

[Back to index](#)

Epilogue by Bysen

When I woke up the next morning, we'd already arrived at the Crystal Empire and according to the railway employee who was waking me up and telling me to get out, we'd arrived over an hour ago too. I yawned, stretched and all that stuff before looking around. The train was empty and I was the last on on board.

I stood up and went to the luggage rack to get my suitcase. That's when I remembered! I reached into my pocket and... nothing. I reached to my other pocket and only felt my phone. No Sweetie Belle panties. Well fuck. I guess it was just a dream afterall. Still, it was a great fucking dream! **Fuckinception!**

I grabbed my stuff and left. Got a cab and went to my hotel, signed-in and went to my room. Do I sound enthused? There's a reason I don't. It's not that I was sad it hadn't really happened but I was disappointed to say the least. Throwing my bag onto a chair I just collapsed onto the bed. I looked up at the ceiling wondering if I'd ever see her again.

I couldn't really go around asking at the train station if anyone had seen her, and believe me, I'd thought about doing that. You know, without the panties I didn't even have proof she ever existed. I mean of course she did, this wasn't that fantasy-ee of a story. I just mean that's how little I knew about her. Still, I would always have the memories.

And as I lay in bed, those memories where about to serve me well. I reached into my pockets to pull out my change and wallet and stuff and dumped it all on the little bench beside my bed. On top of my phone was a little receipt for some thing or another. But I hadn't bought anything in the last two days and curiosity got the better of me.

'I know you wanted to keep my underwear but my sister would be really made if lost that pair. I know you wanted something to remember me by so I thought I'd give you this instead. Love, Sweetie Belle.'

And below that was a deep purple lipstick kiss. She was real. It was real. What we had done was real. It wasn't a dream, it was a dream come true! There was absolutely nothing that could make this any better! I wanted to keep this little letter in perfect condition so I made sure perfectly flat before I reached into a draw to pull out a bible (horribly blasphemous) to keep it pressed between the pages until I could get something better to store it in.

As I put it in a realised it was double sided. But what was written on this side was... I grabbed my phone with all haste and typed in the numbers! It rang! It rang... It rang..... Right, she is on holidays and I could tell it wasn't a mobile number. Then, just as was about to hang up it clicked. "You've reached the Carousel Boutique. I am your matron Rarity and I apologise but I'm afraid I'm not here right now, please leave a message or call back again. And thank you for your patronage."

I got her number. Well, got her sisters number so contacting her wouldn't be THAT easy still. But... wait... I flipped the page again. Sweetie Belle didn't wear purple lipstick. Rarity did. She knew what I had done and she approved. I had just gotten the phone numbers of a goddess and angel. I was wrong. Things could get better. And when I got back from holidays... they would.

The end.

To be continued in Sweets on a Train 2: Return Trip. (Maybe)

End Notes:

It took to about 4 days to write this. The worst part is it took me another 2 weeks to write Return Trip. So yes, there's a sequel with much more smexy times.

The second worst part about this is that after I wrote it and the sequel is that it took me over a month to come back to this and even begin to edit it. It then took me another 2 months to get the balls to publish it.

But I guess there's no going back now.

[Back to index](#)

Sequel by Bysen

Hey look, a loli... **looks sweet.**

[Back to index](#)

Disclaimer: All publicly recognizable characters and settings are the property of their respective owners. The original characters and plot are the property of the author. No money is being made from this work. No copyright infringement is intended.

This story archived at <http://explicit.ponyfictionarchive.net/viewstory.php?sid=1057>