

# A Hard Bargain

Written by Leucine

**Description:** At the behest of his friend, Dusk Shine found a means of communicating with the timberwolves that raid Sweet Apple Acres. Never one to shy away, Applejack volunteers for testing and in the hopes of negotiating a deal with the pack.

Still, there was only one way to really test it: go out and talk to them. Luck being with him, the Alpha Male of the pack proves receptive. There remains one caveat: the rest of the pack would never accept a deal with a mere pony. Unless, Applejack suggests, there was some way for him to appear the dominant party. Unless the wolf were to rut him like a mare in heat.

He would have to relay to Dusk just how diplomatic he could really be.

*Contains: timberwolf on pony sex, knotting, oral, anal and slight cum inflation*

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"So that's it, Dusk, I just didn't know who else to turn to." Applejack hung his head limply, pressing the hat against his chest. "Granny's gettin' too old to go out and scare 'em off and you know how she is; there's no stoppin' her."

A light tingling filled the air as Dusk Shine levitated books down from their shelves. "I understand and I'll do everything in my power to help. In fact," Dusk said, a note of optimism—that Applejack latched onto—creeping into his voice, "I've been looking into ways to solve this timberwolf problem for good. Now, while we can't simply remove them..." Applejack's gaze shifted to a glare at his friend but the unicorn went on, "Sorry, Applejack, but I know you've talked to Butterscotch about it too. The Everfree Forest has its own ecology and removing them would upset that too greatly."

"I know," Applejack grouched, setting his hat back on his head, "And I still don't like it. If we can't just get rid of 'em then what *can* we do?" The grin his friend suddenly wore sent a chill down Applejack's spine. "Dusk, I hope you're not thinkin' of any funny magic business."

The smile disappeared just as quickly and the unicorn spoke with barely restrained offence, "Magic is *never* funny business, Applejack! And I assure you, we'll be taking every precaution possible to ensure you remain safe."

"Knew it was gonna be some stuffy unicorn..." Applejack trailed off, whinnying suddenly as Dusk's words sunk in. "Hold yer horses, I hope you're not thinkin' of doing anything to me."

Dusk rolled his eyes dramatically, stepping over beside Applejack while levitating an open book alongside him. "That's what I was trying to tell you! We can't get rid of the timberwolves from the area. However..." he pointed a hoof at one of the pages, indicating an illustration of a pony with various symbols coming out of her mouth, "we may be able to reason with them."

It was as if somepony had told Applejack that Princess Celestia raised the moon and Princess Luna the sun; it was simply *wrong* on every possible level. Granny Smith had told him on countless occasions that the timberwolves were ravenous beasts, bent on plundering whatever they could from the orchard. Luckily, the presence of so many ponies was enough to keep them at bay but the zap apples... oh, those creatures would do anything to grab those. And if they did, the timberwolves would grow stronger, increase their numbers. Maybe even overrun all of Ponyville. He as much owed it to the town as his family to end the threat.

"Dusk, you're askin' a lot of me. If this doesn't work and those timberwolves come back..." Applejack set his jaw as he trailed off, giving his friend a level look.

"It *will* work," Dusk insisted, looking back over his book, "at least, the spell will. Do you have any other ideas for what we can do?"

The question wasn't asked with malice but it still left a sour taste in Applejack's mouth. Dusk was right and he knew it. If there was anypony who'd have to take on the risks of this, it'd be him.

"Alright, Dusk, we'll try it your way."

The unicorn clopped his hooves together and scanned over the pages of the book one last time. Turning to his friend, his horn began to glow and Applejack felt the warm tingling sensation that accompanied being touched by magical energies.

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Applejack trotted along what looked like it might have once been a track on the forest floor. Maybe whatever creatures lived around here had kept it worn but he tried to keep his mind from thinking too much about that.

The Everfree Forest was just as he'd remembered it from the few occasions he and his friends had cause to enter. Trees grew thickly, with gnarled, ancient barks that might trick the unwary eye. Their canopies mostly obscured the light overhead except over this track and Applejack found himself thanking Luna for the full moon and clear sky.

Thick brush grew in clumps that blocked many more worn tracks leading off from this and combined with the scent of loam, gave the area an unnaturally wild feeling.

The deeper in the forest he proceeded, the less his gait was a trot and more a cautious walk. From what Granny Smith had told him, the timberwolves generally stayed near the edges of the Everfree which meant he shouldn't have to head too far into it. Still, outside of zap apple season it'd be impossible to tell for sure.

A twig snapped and Applejack froze, scanning about quickly before realising that his own hoof had crushed it. Breathing a sigh of relief and chuckling at his own jumpiness, the stallion continued on.

These were canny beasts, not easily fooled that could make quick work of a lone pony. The only thing working in his favour was that they generally avoided ponyfolk; better to stick to fruit to avoid too many problems.

Another sound, this time like rustling and he knew it wasn't him.

"Hello?" he called out, "any timberwolves out there?" Applejack immediately kicked at the ground. *Nice way to get yerself jumped on, AJ.*

His thoughts were made manifest by a pair of green glowing eyes that suddenly appeared in the brush next to him. They were joined by another and then another pair to his other side.

"Little pony speaks like us," a voice growled from among the growing throng of eyes, "the alpha will want to hear of this."

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The creature that stood before him was like no other timberwolf Applejack had seen before.

Where the others looked like constructions from an amateur carpenter pony's workshop, *this* one looked like a true creature of the forest. His limbs and joints fit flush together and there was barely a flat surface to be seen. Parts of his body were covered in what looked to be moss and the eyes that peered down at Applejack glowed softer than those of the other timberwolves around him.

They'd returned in force, a number remaining behind before then. This one, larger than the others, strode out of the brush while the rest followed after, forming a ring around the two.

"So," the... alpha, they'd called him, growled, "*you* are the pony who speaks as a timberwolf." The alpha approached Applejack and sat. "How?"

For a moment Applejack could only stand there and stare. If he weren't in fear he might've admired this creature for its natural beauty. As it was, he swallowed hard and mustered up the courage to speak.

"I have a friend." He looked about at the other timberwolves, looking on dispassionately. "He's a unicorn pony; y'know, horn on his head, can do magic?" The alpha continued looking down to him for a moment and then nodded. "He, uh, knows this spell, let's me talk like another friend I have, so—"

"Fascinating, I'm sure," the alpha replied dryly, "but who are you? I know I have seen you before."

Applejack's ears swivelled forward. It recognised him? That didn't exactly bode well.

"I'm... I'm Applejack," he said warily, "I run the farm just on the outside of the forest... here..." he trailed off at the sight of the timberwolf waving a large, wooden paw.

"Yes, yes, I know you. You are the one with that old mare who attacks us each year." The others began to growl, one or two advancing before the alpha turned about to them and growled back. "And why have you come here, little pony?" The voice was like tree trunks grinding together. "You look as tasty an apple as any in your orchard. Perhaps I should eat you up as a

snack before I make a start on the rest.” At that the timberwolf made a show of swiping his vine like tongue across his wooden lips.

“You won’t,” Applejack said with all the bravado he could muster. Around him, the timberwolves growled and more than one stepped forward. “I... I know what’s goin’ on.” He lowered his voice before continuing, “about how your numbers are goin’ down.”

The alpha—who had begun to pace around Applejack—paused in his tracks in front of Applejack, looking over his shoulder at the pony and quickly scanning some of the timberwolves about him. He turned, stepping close to Applejack, close enough that he could smell the warm, earthy breath that came from the alpha.

“So you have come to deliver our end? Or to warn us to leave, lest it be brought upon us?” Applejack didn’t need Butterscotch’s knack for animals to grasp the note of sorrow in the timberwolf’s voice.

“Look, consarnit,” he swore under his breath before continuing, “I’m not here to get rid of y’all. In fact... I thought we might be able to work somethin’ out.” Regardless of what his friend had told him, Applejack met the green, glowing eyes of the alpha. The timberwolf stared back, looking over his face before nodding, almost imperceptibly.

The timberwolves gathered around him continued to mill, though none advanced on him as before. Some looked to each other but more still kept their eyes trained on their alpha. Should he have tried to meet in secret, away from them? Would they attack him just out of being insulted by his offer?

“Why would you do such a thing?” The alpha asked, his eyes narrowing. “Surely you aren’t doing this without wanting something in return.”

*At least I’ve got ‘im talkin’. That’s good, right?* Allowing himself a breath of relief and the creeping hope that he might yet get out of this alive, Applejack sat back on his haunches. He was surely no diplomat, no fine speaker like Elusive or possessed of a quick wit like Dusk but as his friend had told him, honesty was just as important in matters like this. And in all his days, in all his dealings, being honest with others had always secured good deals for all involved.

“You know I wouldn’t have come all the way out here for that.” The alpha scoffed. The sound was like wood being split, causing Applejack to wince. “I just have the one request: stop attackin’ our orchards, especially during zap apple season.”

The alpha’s eyes widened and the few timberwolves that were close enough to hear, growled and passed word onto their fellows. They began milling about again, opening maws to bear sharp wooden teeth. Suddenly, Applejack wished dearly that he’d accepted his friends’ offers to join. One of them, at least, would surely have been able to handle this better.

Just as he was sure one of the timberwolves were about to lash out and strike him, the alpha rose up and snarled at those assembled. More than a few cowered back, ears pressed tight to their heads and the few that remained standing afterwards paused as their leader growled in return.

*So, not much different from other creatures*, Applejack surmised. As long as the largest could assert his dominance, the rest would fall in line.

The alpha turned back to him, mouth coming shut and the growl in his throat dying off. "That is not acceptable. There is not enough food in the forest to sustain our numbers. You have said yourself, you see how we have begun to..." The words died before spoken and the alpha turned away momentarily. "We would surely perish as if you had struck the killing blow."

*Alright then*. Applejack thought to himself, *this is more like it*. There was never a business deal concluded without at least some haggling and Applejack had years of experience at markets and with wholesalers to bolster his confidence. What was this but another kind of deal?

"You're right." The alpha pulled back again but Applejack was thankful the other wolves didn't overhear. "I'm only sayin' we wanna to keep y'all out of the orchards. Let us harvest in peace. If you'd have left us alone, you might've seen how large our harvests are." He watched, then, as the gears began to turn in the timberwolf's head. Just long enough for him to puzzle out most of it. "Large enough to share some of 'em."

For the first time that night, the alpha sat back on his haunches. The glow from his eyes softened and the hackle-like branches that protruded from his neck folded back. The other timberwolves looked among each other questioningly but remained silent and their alpha leaned closer to Applejack, speaking softer, "You would do that? Share your harvest with us? Simply so that we might leave you in peace?" His eyes narrowed suddenly but he made no move to rise. "Even so, that would only be enough to sustain our numbers; maybe only barely that."

"Well," Applejack said, unable to keep himself from smirking, "There's plenty of other creatures in the Everfree that'd love to feed on our apples. Some of 'em do. Might be in your best interests to keep 'em away. Harvest yield would be even bigger."

The alpha laughed and the sound was like logs tumbling together. "Little pony, you are one who knows the ways of bargaining." He drew himself back slightly. "But it cannot be so simple."

Applejack waved his hoof, finally feeling the last of his nerves settling down. "We can work everything out but as long as we've got an understanding..." he trailed off expectantly.

His response was quiet; not low and menacing as before but almost... thoughtful.

"The others." The alpha glanced back around himself. "They will not be so quick to allow this. And while I may be their alpha," he rose his voice slightly as Applejack was about to speak, "there are some things that they would challenge me on."

Celestia darnit to Tartarus! That couldn't be it, he couldn't have come out here, taken this chance all for it to fall apart right as they were about to strike the deal. It was perfect, better than he could've hoped for. There was nopony back in town that would either outright object or couldn't at least be brought around. They wouldn't even have to give the entirety of their extra produce to the timberwolves! It'd leave them with more to sell.

Applejack looked around at the others assembled; they watched on dispassionately. He heard them speak just like the alpha, but were they as smart? Or was he unique, in which case any hope of trying to negotiate with them at large would be pointless? The older timberwolf at least saw the sense in the proposal. There had to be another way.

"However," the alpha spoke, stirring Applejack from his thoughts, "It... is possible that we may convince them." Applejack sat up, listening. "They would not accept this deal, there is no way for me to convince them it is of my own making. They will not take the word of a pony alone."

Applejack thought back to why he was here, who was at stake. The answer was clear. "I'll do anything, just tell me what it is."

The pony did his best to remain sitting when the alpha rose and stepped over, dwarfing him. He could feel the beast's breath wash across his body as the alpha sniffed at him, murmuring appreciatively. It was the first time Applejack truly took in how sleek the beast was - the other timberwolves were clunky, haphazard looking creatures but *he* was something altogether different. Every joint fit together almost seamlessly, the bark looked smooth and shone dimly in the moonlight.

On the few occasions where the timberwolf poked his nose at him, Applejack fought against the desire to recoil or turn and run. Each time the alpha would continue on his way until he completed a full circuit, coming around to sit before him again.

"You *are* a little pony," the alpha intoned carefully, keeping his eyes on Applejack's own, "too small to even be a morsel, as delicious an apple as you might make." Some of the others snickered behind him. "So speak. Tell us all of why you have come here."

Applejack took a deep breath, feeling his nerves settle. The alpha been been as open and honest with him in return so far, there wasn't anything to be gained by duplicity that couldn't have been done outright before now.



“Y’all need our apples *and* our zap apples, right?” The alpha nodded back. “And we need enough for our own harvests. Suppose we weren’t to fight any more; we could make an arrangement that’d be beneficial fer both of us, I reckon.”

The other timberwolves began to mutter and growl and Applejack was sure he picked up the word ‘arrangement’ being spat with contempt. One of them began to advance suddenly, baring his wooden teeth before the alpha snapped back and growled, sending the smaller timberwolf back to his position.

“Y’all keep off our land and leave our harvests untouched. Keep whatever you can in the forest and away from us.” The others began muttering again, louder. Applejack raised his voice in response. “And in return we’ll *give* you enough of a portion from the harvest to keep yerselves goin’.”

The sounds from the timberwolves died then as all eyes turned to their alpha.

“It is a simple bargain. Our numbers would only grow as a result of this.”

Applejack nodded back. “All the more of ya to keep them other critters in the Everfree. Which means more apples for us and you.”

The alpha laughed, getting to his paws and stepping closer to the pony. “You are wise, little pony but,” he said, stopping short, “how are we to trust you?”

Applejack puffed out his chest, standing straight. “My word’s my bond and I’m as good a pony as y’all will ever find of keepin’ his word. That said,” Applejack continued with a small smile, “if there’s somethin’ you think would work to seal the deal, I’m all ears.”

In response, the alpha sat back down on his haunches and smiled a toothy grin. He raised a wooden paw, plainly showing his claws. Two of the sharp claws curled back while the timberwolf turned his paw about and pointed with the one extended claw between his hind legs. Applejack’s eyes bulged as he realised just what the creature was getting at.

And sure, it made sense. Why not? They were *timberwolves*; he’d seen dogs assert dominance over each other, surely wolves wouldn’t be much different. He took a breath, closing his eyes and steeling himself against the night ahead. Surely it wouldn’t be that hard, right? *Just like... a real big stallion*. Quite suddenly, the nerves that had begun to gnaw at him relaxed and Applejack felt a warmth grow between his legs.

He rose, slowly, making sure to keep his head bowed. The others watched carefully, glowing green eyes following his every movement. Here, there was only the soft sound of the alpha’s breathing and the quiet clapping of his hooves against the dirt. Warmth filled Applejack’s cheeks

as he found himself in a far better position to view the alpha's... He had to stop himself from smirking at the thought.

He felt a shiver run down his spine that was momentarily in fear before he recalled himself and just what the alpha was really getting at. Applejack lowered himself down, inching forward on his knees until most of his body was obscured by the large alpha's haunches.

"See how eager he is?" The timberwolf called out to the others and at their mutterings of approval, Applejack felt his muscles relax. "I could not stop him from supping upon me if I were to try."

The claw on his back lifted slightly, enough so that Applejack could move more freely. He looked up. Applejack was no botanist, but years of working the orchard and farmland had taught him a few things. The sheath and testicles of this creature looked distinctly leaf-like in texture. He reached up with a hoof, touching a part of the sheath experimentally - sure enough, it was soft, smooth and had a certain give to it.

A hiss sounded above and behind him and the sheath bulged, the tip of something poking out from it. No, not *something*, it was definitely, unmistakably a thing Applejack recognised and it made his breath catch in his throat. The alpha's cock looked to be of the same leaf-like material the rest of his equipment was, and the pony couldn't stop an enquiring hoof from reaching up. That same hoof traced a small circle on the tapered tip, making the timberwolf growl and leaving a trail of an amber-colored, viscous fluid in its wake.

The smell of that substance alone was enough to make Applejack lift his hoof to his lips and taste - slightly sweet, like sap, but with a deep, rich muskiness that was unquestionably *male*. It was a taste that he had not experienced in too long and where another gentle touch of his hoof had more of that throbbing member sliding out of its sheath, it was his lips and tongue that followed in short order that made the timberwolf yelp and thrust forward. Thankfully, there wasn't enough of that organ exposed to cause any real problems but Applejack still pulled back, momentarily taking a breath.

He was sure he heard the alpha growl what sounded like an apology but beyond that, there was no indication of his stopping. It was certainly not the way Applejack had expected the night to go, but if this is what it took, it didn't look nearly as high a price as some of the fantasies he'd concocted. Drawing himself up and leaning back, Applejack stroked a hoof along the sheath, his lips coming back down around the tip of the cock that bobbed towards him. The taste of that fluid was near-intoxicating, like taking a swig of Big Mac's private stash of cider. The stallion was left wondering if perhaps there was something else at work here.

Whatever noises may have been coming from the others around them were lost on Applejack, his mind now turned completely towards the alpha. Was this what he'd been missing out on? All this time, fighting them off instead of just offering this up?

Warmth spilled down his throat as the timberwolf's cock continued to push free of its sheath and the more that emerged, the thicker it turned. Applejack pushed himself down until he felt his jaw stretch to its limit - there was still more to go but the alpha remained motionless; he sat there, a small, high whine coming from him. Slumping forward, the stallion reached out and pressed his hooves to the balls that hung from the timberwolf. They had that same firm but giving texture, the same softness under hoof.

But the large bulge in the sheath was from something different, something Applejack only recalled now upon seeing it. That thick knot of flesh would keep any potential mate in place - which meant he was going to be tied.

Applejack groaned, bringing his hooves back up and pumping at the sheath, squeezing at the bulge that began to quickly rise through it. He felt a hot hardness between his own legs as his mind turned over possible images of that bulbous thing; if he was going to do this, he was darn sure going to enjoy it. If he could just... get this... thing...

There was a loud pop, Applejack flopped back and there above him, standing firm, was the full length of the timberwolf, the thick knot at the base now free of its sheath. The shaft was the colour of Fall leaves, turning a deeper red at the base.

He pressed a hoof to one side of it, watching as the alpha's legs twitched and his cock throbbed; his own now stood firm, not quite measuring up but doing its best to. Under other circumstances he would've liked nothing more than to wrap his hooves around that organ and pull it down against his own. Tonight, however, required a different touch.

One hoof did go up, stroking along the tapered head and making the timberwolf shudder, then down along the throbbing shaft. A few droplets of sweet-tasting pre fell to Applejack's lips and he readily lapped them up, drawing the organ down to his mouth and flicking his tongue against it.

"You're doing well. Very well. Keep going," the alpha said, his voice strained.

Maybe it was the headiness from the musk but Applejack found himself unable to resist the alpha's words. A wooden paw came back against his head as the stallion lapped at the timberwolf's cock, lightly nipping the underside of the shaft until he found himself facing the thick knot. He hadn't noticed when or how he'd come back to his hooves and lay down but now, just as subtly, Applejack began to twist around and wiggle along the underside of the timberwolf.

His nose poked against the base of the cock that bobbed above his head and quite suddenly, Applejack found himself afforded the perfect view of the creature's knot. It was rounded, bulging out from the shaft and his hoof came up and traced the outline of it.

In spite of the alpha's heavy panting, he continued to stroke until he felt a bead of precum drip onto the top of his chest. His nose came back, pressing to the heavy, swollen balls that drooped down; a warm, moistened tongue quickly followed and the growl from above him told Applejack all he needed to know about how he was doing.

The scent back here was sweet and almost loamy. Under better circumstances, Applejack thought, he could spend an evening tending to these things. But this was a show and for that, the best thing to be done was simply lavish attention upon them. Too large to fit into his mouth, the stallion greedily lapped and sucked at what he could while keeping a hoof rubbing at the tip of the timberwolf's cock. From somewhere beyond his partner, he heard hushed voices saying that perhaps they had misjudged these ponies.

"Enough!" roared the alpha, quickly lifting his hind legs from under himself. Applejack was left silently bemoaning the sudden departure of those delicious balls, but marvelling at the way the alpha's cock bounced against his moss-lined stomach, sending a thick string of precum streaming over the pony's body.

Applejack crossed his hooves over his chest, watching as the creature above him turned about until he stood over him, facing in the opposite direction.

"On your hooves, pony," the alpha barked, his voice clear and commanding. Applejack wasted no time in scrabbling to right himself. "Turn around and walk forward."

He did as he was bade and suddenly found himself intensely aware of the gazes baring down on him from all around. His tail twitched, held high and his cheeks reddened at the sound of the alpha's laughter and the warm breath wafting across his rear.

"He is more mare than stallion, you see?" The others snickered. "So very eager to please us."

Applejack lifted his forelegs and planted them on a fallen log, looking back over his withers at the advancing timberwolf. His cock swung between his legs with each step, dripping precum. The sight was enough to make Applejack whimper; farm work lent itself to idle fantasising and little real relief.

"My dear little pony," the alpha growled just loud enough for Applejack to hear and pressed a paw to his tail, pushing it aside, "you have nothing to fear."

He couldn't hear or see it, but Applejack immediately felt the alpha's cool lips and viney tongue snake against his rump. The sensation made him jump, but the way it moved so slowly kept him in place, curious to see just what the timberwolf was up to. From taint to dock, that tongue licked in one, slow movement; Applejack shuddered, straining to hold his legs up. Warmth followed the movements of the alpha's tongue, quite different from his wooden lips.

Down it came, then, swirling in a wide arc around on Applejack's pucker. The stallion bit on his lip but couldn't stop his cock from bouncing up against his stomach every time the alpha's tongue swiped inward. Saliva dribbled down over his taint, dripping from his balls and forming a small pool between his shaking legs. The alpha pushed forward, gently pulling more of Applejack's tail out of the way and pressed his lips firmly to the stallion's backside.

It was like nothing he'd ever felt when the timberwolf plunged his tongue into Applejack and his forelegs gave out, the stallion flopping forward onto the log and finally spilling forth a series of grunted oaths. No pony's tongue could ever compare to the one that snaked inside him, stroking against parts that sent rippling twinges of pleasure through his body. More surprising was the way those lips sucked at him, just as the alpha started pulling his tongue out. Applejack only had the time to catch a breath before the tongue pushed forward into him again, eliciting another whimper from the quivering stallion.

In, out, in, out... If this was to be a taste of what he was in for that night, Applejack found himself glad he'd taken Dusk's advice. Still, all he longed for was one of those paws to just stroke his cock, just *touch* it even! It was maddening to stand there and simply take what was given and no more.

The slaving timberwolf pulled back suddenly, saliva dripping in equal amounts from his maw and Applejack's backside, and the latter was left shivering from the cool wind against his now sensitive skin and the high that still buoyed him. A wooden paw sneaked around to his mouth just as the alpha's tongue quickly lapped at his balls, the cry from Applejack muffled just enough to prevent the others from hearing.

"Now then, my little pony, I am sure we are both going to enjoy this." The alpha stood back, stepping forward and letting Applejack's tail go, though it remained tucked across his back.

Something hot, hard and wet poked against Applejack's rump, making him moan just loud enough for his partner to hear. Then it poked again, not quite hitting its mark and bobbing about, smacking once against his left cheek.

"You really are a *little* pony, aren't you?" the alpha said with a small chuckle. One last poke saw his cock press down against Applejack's anus. "Ahh, there. I will be as gentle as I can but—"

"No," Applejack grunted through gritted teeth, "You... you're darn well gonna rut me." He panted, lowering his head and looking back to those green glowing eyes. "You rut me like a mare in heat!"

Pushing back against the alpha's cock silenced any further objections; the tip just barely stretched his pucker and Applejack clenched down on it. True to his words, though, the alpha didn't dive forward and pull his charge back; Applejack grunted as the timberwolf leaned

forward, slowly pushing himself inside the pony. That cock was fatter than he was used to, widening the further in it went, stretching his muscles.

The saliva was doing as good a job as could be expected but the alpha had barely gotten the tip in before he met resistance. Applejack wiggled his rump, struggling to push back and take more of the timberwolf; warmth filled him as the alpha let loose a thick spurt of precum but otherwise continued to barely inch forward. Wooden joints creaked as the alpha dug his paws into the dirt and pushed himself forward.

It lasted but a moment before the two stopped, both panting heavily and muscles straining to hold each in place.

“Oh Celestia, please,” Applejack groaned. “*Please.*”

“Hush, little pony,” came his response, “they must not think you’re enjoying it so.”

Every movement of the alpha, every throb of his cock made Applejack’s legs twitch and his breath hitch in his throat. When he started moving again, the stallion bit down on his tongue to stop from crying out, but could not stop his cock from slapping against his stomach nor his insides from squeezing down on his partner. A long, low growl came from above, barely a warning before the alpha thrust. Applejack’s body was thrown forward, pressed to the log and it was only that which ensured the timberwolf’s cock sunk deeper.

If he thought his jaw had been stretched to its limit he sorely regretted thinking that; right now he felt like somepony was slowly pulling him open. The alpha paused again, still panting but otherwise unmoving. A little over half of his length still waited to be pushed into Applejack who was shivering, trying to stop himself from clenching. At least the alpha was taking it slow, affording him the time to acclimate himself to the invading organ. When he felt himself ready to keep going, he gave his rump another wiggle and waited.

Another thrust, this time Applejack dearly hoped the alpha’s cock had reached the apex of its length. It wasn’t painful—he’d been with enough stallions to grow used to varying sizes—but this was something that pushed his limits. His head now resting against the mossy tree trunk, Applejack picked up its earthy scent and was instantly reminded of that which he smelled from the alpha when lapping at him. Rich, intoxicating... and set to fulfill certain desires.

The alpha pushed forward, pulling with claws that dug deep into the ground, until Applejack felt the gentle bump of the knot against his rear. That was enough to make him freeze - surely the alpha would want to get *that* in, too and while the way he was stretched was beginning to take on a tingling pleasurable feeling, could the same be said of that thing? He ran a hoof along his abdomen as surreptitiously as he could, tracing the outline of a small bump that marked the outline of the alpha’s cock; it made him shiver and quite suddenly the idea of being filled even further wasn’t so worrisome.

"The worst is over," a voice growled, "are you in any pain?"

Applejack shook his head and tapped at one of the paws by his side, just to be sure he gave a quick squeeze of his muscles around the timberwolf. His own cock was painfully hard and desperately aching for attention but as the alpha had told him, the others had to assume this was simple domination.

He wasn't sure how long they simply stood there breathing, taking longer, slower breaths. With every beat of his heart, every pulse of the alpha's length, he was intensely aware of just how full he felt. Any attempts to move were fruitless, thinking was like pushing through a haze, his forelegs ached from holding himself up until he simply let go and flopped against the log.

The last thing Applejack expected was to hear the quiet creaking of his partner's wooden joints as the alpha started to move back. He pushed his face against the log, hoping to dull the sound of his moan as he felt the alpha's thick cock exit him. Inch by agonising inch, it left an emptiness that had been taunting him so much as of late.

Warmth spilled from the stallion's rear as the alpha continued to pull out, a thick mixture of precum and saliva that glazed the pony's taint, dripped from his balls and ran down his hind legs. Applejack shook, straining to hold onto the alpha as he slowly pulled out, trying to keep as much of that wonderful member inside himself as he could. But a part of him knew he could never match the timberwolf's strength, and it was only after a few short moments that the tip was all that was left inside him again.

Applejack wiggled his rump weakly, hoping his partner would get the message. There was more creaking and he looked back to see the alpha spread his hind legs wider. This time, when pushing forward, there was no stopping and starting, no growled encouragement or questions. It was slow, achingly so, but the alpha pushed in one smooth motion. Applejack ground his face against the log, whining and feeling his rump quiver when the alpha bottomed out, knot bumping against his cheeks again.

Before he had any time to react, to ask, to make a sound beyond the whine that just tapered off, his partner began to pull back again.

"Going to speed up." The voice sounded strained. "You... sound like you're enjoying it."

Pulling out was as smooth as pushing in and the timberwolf leaned forward on his next thrust. *Thrust...* Applejack's eyes rolled back in his head when he felt it. From feeling utterly empty to deliciously full in but an instant and having felt his own cock bob against the small bulge in his stomach was almost too much. There was a soft squish when the alpha sunk in until his knot pressed against Applejack once more, precum still liberally flowing from him.

The rhythm the alpha struck up was slow to start, his movements punctuated by jerks and odd thrusts. The other timberwolves were forgotten in all of that, Applejack's world reduced to the timberwolf standing over him, to the way he was repeatedly stretched and filled. He could smell the musk in the air, almost *taste* it. His own panting was lost over the squish-squish-squish of the alpha's thrusts becoming more insistent. The pre was, thankfully at this point, doing its job and making matters far easier for both.

There was no warning when the alpha leaned down, bringing his head almost level with Applejack's; the movement coincided with his speeding up, hips pumping furiously.

"C'mon, c'mon, c'mon," Applejack muttered, sure his voice wasn't heard, "c'm—whoah!"

The very last thing he expected was for the alpha to suddenly pull out entirely and step back. Looking over his withers, the timberwolf cut an impressive figure - his chest heaved with his panting and further down still, that thick cock bobbed and spilt precum like a faucet.

"Turn over," the alpha gruffly ordered. Applejack merely stared back, dumbfounded. What in tarnation was he being asked to turn over for? And how, with that log under him.

Unfortunately he was given little time to consider his options - the alpha took the pony in his paws and turned him about, placing him back down on the log with his rump resting on it, pointed towards the moonlit sky. Applejack could only watch as the alpha stepped over, bearing down on him for the second time that night and quickly after feeling that insistent poking at his rump. A little wiggling saw them connect again, his partner quickly sinking his member back in.

Applejack reached out, wrapping his forelegs around the alpha's but had them pushed aside - worryingly, the alpha then pushed down on Applejack's hooves with his paws.

"Fear not," he said between pants, "I have no intention of harming you."

The pony could only let out a muted grunt as he felt the alpha thrust inside him. His knot had swollen slightly, and while Applejack couldn't recall why, he knew that detail to be important. At that moment, however, the stallion was more taken by the way his partner more insistently pushed the knot against him with each thrust. Quickly overshadowing that was how the alpha's cock strained against him in this new position; it pulled upwards, rubbing against all the right places inside him.

Applejack moaned louder than he expected and was suddenly greeted by a paw coming over his mouth.

"More of that and they'll catch on!" The alpha looked about himself then back to the stallion beneath him. "Just... just a little longer."



But he couldn't help himself, even if one of the others were to advance, Applejack wouldn't have been able to stop his now free hoof from trailing over his stomach and tapping at the bulge. Nor could he have hoped to stop himself from stroking his own cock. The relief it brought was temporary, doing little more than to inflame his already unbearable desire. His hind legs splayed out, affording the alpha as much access as he wished and the timberwolf greedily took it; with a particularly hard hump he stepped forward.

The alpha was leaning down into him, hips moving in a flurry and with each thrust he pushed his knot harder against the stallion's rump. Applejack could spread his legs no further but still, he tried to push himself back, to angle himself just right, to do *anything* that might get that thick thing inside him. From the way the timberwolf was whining and how his cock was spilling pre like an upended bottle, Applejack surmised he was close.

With one last thrust, the alpha buried himself in Applejack, right up until the knot bumped against his rear again. This time, however, the timberwolf didn't pull back; he held his place, digging his claws into the dirt, pushing himself forward. Applejack lifted his cum-stained hoof from his cock and wrapped it around the alpha's foreleg, pulling himself back. The two struggled and strained, legs working in all directions, the stallion doing his utmost to keep the most important muscles lax and then...

There was an audible *slurp-pop*; Applejack felt... it was almost like his first time all over again, that gritted-teeth moment of being entered and having his tightness fought against. When the alpha first entered him there had been the sensation of fullness but this rivalled it. This surpassed it; the base of his abdomen bulged with the knot that swelled up inside him. If not for the alpha keeping a paw firmly over his mouth, Applejack was sure his cry would've reached the farm. Between that and the alpha's own growl, the others never noticed a thing, beyond perhaps a fast growing pool of precum on his stomach.

It was too much. Applejack couldn't hold himself off any longer. *Let 'em watch*, he thought in a fit of bravado, *maybe they'll like it*.

His hoof snaked down his abdomen, bumping against the bulge as he took his cock in hoof. Even touching it was enough to make him hiss. It wouldn't take long for him to finish at this rate.

At first he tracked a wide circle on the flaring head, letting the copious precum there do the job of lubing his hoof. With the alpha still humping at him it was all he needed to get started. The circling quickly turned to pumping and while he met eyes with the alpha, who only continued to look down, he was glad that paw still covered his mouth.

The alpha, however, was not done. His hips bucked and thrust, heavy balls slapping wetly against Applejack's dock. No matter how the timberwolf pulled, there was no getting himself back out, and from the ever-increasing frantiness of his movements, the stallion realised

there'd be little need for it anyway. There was a sound growing in the alpha's throat, low and aggressive. It began as a whine, quickly growing in volume and depth.

When Applejack felt those wooden hips smack against his own, holding their place as the alpha let out a howl, he knew this was it. The knot had swollen to its apex, locking him firmly in place as the first thick strand of cum shot from the cock buried within him. It was followed shortly after by another and then more, coming faster and thicker.

Hotter than Applejack expected, and his eyes widened at the sight of his stomach bulging - the volume was not something he'd thought of. He could feel it leaking out around the alpha's knot and down along the cheeks of his rump, filling him to a point he had thought only possible in his dreams.

Feeling himself swell up like that, feeling the heat and wetness filling him, Applejack's hoof worked furiously over his own length. Every throb of that organ inside him sent another spasm of pleasure from his rump up the length of his cock. His hind legs crossed, a familiar warmth spreading along the rest of his underside as he felt the head of his cock flare fully.

The first spurt of cum made Applejack's eyes cross. His body reflexively clenched down on the alpha in time to his orgasm but it only made the timberwolf buck his hips futilely. Thick strings of cum rained upon his chest and the alpha's paw and still it didn't move.

The alpha held him down, cock twitching with each strand of cum let loose, his paw never moving from Applejack's mouth. His hind legs came crashing against the stallion's as the timberwolf, too tired to continue standing, fell over. He rolled onto his back, Applejack still held in place with the knot and coming to rest against his stomach.

Every thick spurt of ejaculate made Applejack twitch, never enough to quite send him over the edge. He could only lie there against his partner, gazing into those glowing green eyes that had softened since he last looked into them. As the alpha's orgasm wound down, neither noticed the others slowly recede into the forest. One by one they left, until at last it was only the pony and the timberwolf, still tied together.

The alpha took his paw from Applejack's mouth and turned it to stroking the stallion's sweat-covered back.

"Is... Is this the nature... of all pony diplomacy?" The alpha let out a ragged laugh, not waiting for Applejack to answer before he gently hugged him. "Rest, little pony. Tomorrow... Tomorrow I will repay."

Clouds blew across the moon overhead, as drawing a blanket over the two. Though not spent, Applejack found himself too tired to consider it further and instead wrapped his forelegs over the alpha's broad chest. The two lay there, an accord between them finally reached.