

# Conditioning

Written by Evil Betty

Content Warning: Consensual hypnosis, pet play

---

If there's one thing I love in this bright pastel world,  
It's tales of inhibitions, uptightness unfurled  
Gather round, my ponies, in this moonlight aglow  
I'll tell of two colts who met not long ago

Now one was a soldier- brave, loyal and true  
Hiding hesitation 'neath steely eyes blue  
Though courageous and strong (and the Princess' pet)  
When it came to the stall'ions he'd stammer and sweat

The other, a farmer, who I know you all know  
In most ponies' dreams he's the star of the show  
Oh he's quiet and shy, our hardworking hunk  
But that facade hides strange desires - who'da thunk?

Oh and lest I forget, your humble narrator  
Yours truly, the herald of chaos and laughter  
I was there that night too - 'fact I'd set it all up!  
Did you *really* think these two would meet off the cuff?

However, let me make this perfectly clear-  
All of that lovestruck dreck? Feh! Not allowed here!  
I'd much rather ponies use their tongues to please  
Than blushing proposals when they're on their knees

Now I prefer stall'ions all muscles and sweat  
Flares puffed out and dripping the harder they get  
You want a love story? Come some other time.  
Grunting cries, spurts and whines, *that* is my design!

And now, little ponies, the pack's been released-  
The tables are set for this grand, lustful feast  
Our stallions are ready to growl, gasp and rut  
Go ahead, turn the page! Time to SADDLE UP!



Artwork by Equinox.

Art created outside of the Saddle Up! project

Stand at attention. Close your eyes. Deep breath in through your nose, deep breath out through your nose.

One of Shining Armor's commanding officers used to tell him that all the time. Whether he was addressing a thousand troops, foreign dignitaries, or the Princesses, remembering that gruff mare's advice had helped to calm his notorious stage fright quite a bit over the years. It even helped now, sort of.

Shining twisted his hoof in the dust. Just one more minute. The barn doors towered over him, a dim light and deep, hushed voices spilling from the cracks and corners. Those huge doors seemed to dwarf all of the public addresses he'd done, all of the rallying speeches he'd made to thousands of troops - this was a different sort of stage fright than he was accustomed to.

Attention. Eyes closed. Deep breath in, deep breath out.

Shining pushed the wooden door in and took a step inside. The voices within were indistinct, murmuring and giggling to themselves. Rounding a stack of hay bales, Shining wished he could have made a noise at what he saw.

Two stallions lay in front of him on a messy pile of straw. Big Macintosh had his back against the ground, legs splayed upwards and curling into the pony atop him as they kissed, gentle and slow. The stallion bucking his hips against Mac looked an awful lot like himself. White coat, blue mane, shield and star cutie mark and okay actually that stallion looked *exactly* like him.

"*Ahem.*" Shining finally managed to cough out, his voice unsteady and ears focused ahead. A vision of himself straddling Big Macintosh, nipping at the gently moaning stallion's ears wasn't exactly an unwelcome sight, but he couldn't help feeling a little uneasy. His last experience with doppelgangers hadn't exactly gone well.

"Whoops, looks like the rehearsal's over!" The other Shining's head perked up, a bit of drool still on his grinning lips. The voice that came from his doppelganger was clearly not his own.

Big Macintosh's head snapped up, small pieces of straw sticking in his mane, giving one glance to Shining, then another glance to the pony who'd been on top of him. Groaning and rolling his eyes, he let his head fall back against the straw.

The other Shining began cackling, so carried away in his fit of laughter that he fell onto his back. Both of the ponies' erections were now on full display, stretching stiff over their bellies. Shining took a few hesitant steps forward, telling himself to keep his gaze forward and to not, under any circumstances, stare.

"*A-hem.*" The noise made Shining jump, quickly averting his eyes from between Macintosh's legs. His double was staring him in the face, still grinning like an idiot. "I was *saying*, Big Red over here was a little nervous about tonight, so I took the liberty of warming him up a bit. And I thought *Fluttershy* was bad."

"...Lousy decoy trick of yours ain't funny, ya know." Macintosh muttered, his voice muffled by the straw.

"He hardly managed to squeak out a 'howdy' before I gave up and just started makin' out with him." Shining's double muttered. In a puff of green, cherry-scented smoke, he was gone.

"But hey, soldier boy made it!" Without so much as a sound effect to announce his presence, Discord lay stretched out beneath Shining, mismatched arms crossed behind his neck and the look on his face as smug as ever. Shining Armor yelped, jumping again. "So glad the ol' ball and chain let you join us for the evening."

"She *does* know what's goin' on here, right?" Macintosh stood, shaking bits of straw from his mane as he approached. Shining couldn't maintain eye contact for more than a moment, but he knew the stallion had that gentle smile of his on. "Howdy, by the way."

"Hey," Shining's reply was muted by his embarrassed grin. "And yeah, Cadance actually encourages this type of stuff. Should've seen her face when I told her about you guys' arrangement."

"Oooh, someone married the right Princess of Love!" In the space of a single blink, Discord had vanished from under Shining and reappeared, coiled around Big Macintosh's belly. Mac didn't even seem phased. "She didn't want pictures, did she? I'm not *that* kind of abstract chaos deity you know - I have an image to uphold."

"Nah," Taking a few steps toward the two, Shining felt his nerves ease up a little. "Just the usual stuff - have fun, be safe, send up the signal and the entire Canterlot guard will storm the barn."

"Ah ah ah- it's not fair to tease an ancient timeless weirdo with the prospect of hundreds of hunky stallions and mares." Discord rested his head atop Macintosh's, scratching gently at the stallion's golden mane. Like a cat, Macintosh arched his neck upward, the pleased grin on his face barely even noticeable.

Being this close to Big Macintosh, gentle breaths coming from his nose and muscles coiled up in Discord's embrace, Shining Armor found himself unable to reply. Though the two had met before - at the Grand Galloping Gala, no less - they hardly had any time to get properly acquainted. It didn't help that every conversation they'd had that night consisted of about two minutes of intense flirting, followed by an awkward excuse, followed by a long period of being too embarrassed to approach each other for a while.

"I, ah, I just..." Shining stumbled for words, silently kicking himself for getting so tongue-tied. *Nothing to get all nervous about! Just a night of blowing off steam, no pressure, time for us all to relax and get to know each other* - Discord's sales pitch from the night of the gala echoed through Shining's head. He couldn't let his nerves get to him now. "S-so, how do you guys, uh, usually..."

"Nggh-" Big Mac suddenly grunted, scrunching his face. Discord's tail, which Shining had hardly noticed, seemed to have slipped between Macintosh's hind legs. Both the reptilian tail and Macintosh's hindquarters - *firm, gorgeous, flank a bit dusty probably from a very long day of sweaty hard labor* - begun shifting, grinding and pushing into each other. Mac's face relaxed, his breathing still uneven. "Usually like that."

"Because I'm convinced you enjoy playing the big shy boy character a little too much. And now I have *two* awkward stallions to deal with." Discord sighed his best prima donna sigh, leaning his

face forward and smirking at Shining. "Don't mind me though- I'm here for a reason. I can earn my part."

Macintosh grunted, the coils of Discord's whole body squeezing, caressing, shifting from his shoulders to his belly, over his cutie mark and just out of Shining's view. Gulping, Shining instinctively pulled his legs closer together. His erection was growing firm- still in its sheath, but there was no doubt he was bulging by now.

Something pressed against his snout - it was Macintosh, giving Shining the slightest nuzzle. "No need to be shy 'bout it."

That gentle, bass voice of his sent a shiver through Shining. The smell of dirt and straw from Macintosh's coat drew deeper breaths from Shining as he pushed his muzzle back against the other pony. Shining found himself no longer caring about how stiff he was getting - he didn't even blush too much when Discord *ooed* as his cock dropped from its sheath. Macintosh grunted, tensing up and thrusting his hips, his shallow breaths gently caressing Shining's nose.

It was hardly Shining's first time kissing a stallion. If he wanted to, he could think of a few stallions off the top of his head who he had done quite a bit more with than just kiss in the past month, more often than not along with Cadance. Those other males, those fellow members of the Canterlot Guard or royal consorts, were little more than distant memories as soon as Shining's lips pressed into Big Macintosh's. His deep, rumbling moans were more felt than heard, the touch of his lips both delicate and firm - Shining even dared to consider that Macintosh might be a better kisser than his wife. He made a note to leave that part out when Cadance would inevitably press him for details.

"Aww, aren't you two just precious." Discord licked his lips as he ran a claw over Shining's horn. The stallions' lips parted, leaving only bashful smiles between them. Big Macintosh's didn't last long however - Shining could only see a hint of sudden movement from Discord's tail, and in that instant Macintosh gasped, letting out an undignified groan.

Making sure to brush his body along Mac's as he walked, Shining moved to the red stallion's side. From there, just beyond his cutie mark and under his docked tail, Discord's own fuzzy tail caressed, teased and fondled Macintosh's balls, the strands of hair acting strangely prehensile as they twitched and traced the curvature of his smooth testes. His tail dragged its smooth hairs over the bottom of Macintosh's balls, the wispy strands occasionally reaching up and brushing at the base of his cock for only a moment, forcing a strained grunt from the stallion as he thrust at the empty air. Below his groin, Mac's cock was fully dropped from his sheath - his bright pink shaft hung stiff, occasionally tensing up and slapping against his belly, eager to relieve the tension Discord's constant teasing certainly wasn't helping with.

Shining couldn't lift his gaze from Macintosh's hanging shaft if he tried. He was all too aware of how his jaw was hanging open, and that both Mac and Discord were watching his erection firm up from behind. He only had to look over his shoulder at Macintosh, and Macintosh simply nodded.

Shining had never ducked under a stallion so fast. Big Mac wasn't quite flared yet, but his tip was certainly beginning to thicken from all the excitement. Leaning forward, the scent of Macintosh's sweat and musk sent a powerful blush through him. Touching a lip to the warm, pink flesh, it twitched and stiffened even more. The warmth of Macintosh's cock pressed against

him, and after a few excited breaths, Shining closed his eyes and dragged his tongue over the smooth tip. Another lick, slow and tracing the edges of Mac's flare, and Shining could hold back no more. Shining breathed deep as Mac's thick erection passed his lips, losing himself in the heady taste and deliciously masculine smell of a pent up, needy stallion.

Macintosh's grunts and huffing breaths buried his words, but he had been whispering something to Discord. As his tongue dragged along Mac's gently bucking shaft, Shining heard the red stallion's whispers turn to low, desperate muttering. "I wanna do it now. C'mon. D-Discord..."

"Only if you promise to be a *good* boy...can you do that?" Discord whispered. Macintosh merely nickered and thrust his hips against Shining in response.

"Hey Shiny!" Discord called. With a slight pop, Shining pulled off of Macintosh's cock. Wiping a bit of stray drool from his muzzle, he peeked out from under the stallion's belly. "Dial it back for just a second. I think you'll want to see this."

As tempting as it was to bring his muzzle right back to Macintosh's waiting erection, he couldn't help but be curious. His body no longer lounging on Big Mac's back, Discord was hunched over, staring eye-to-eye with the red stallion. He ran his lion's paw through Macintosh's mane, his eyes locked forward, grinning deviously as ever.

"You're ready to be a good boy, aren't you?" Discord's eyes began to shift - circles within circles of all sorts of relaxing and strange colors - Shining looked away quickly. But Macintosh, his nose less than an inch from Discord, kept staring. "Nod if you're going to be a happy, obedient, *good* boy."

Big Mac's nod was slow and lazy, as though he could barely remember what his body was supposed to do next. His breaths were getting slower, his face, eyelids and entire body becoming slack.

"You work like a dog day in and day out, isn't that right, Macintosh?" Discord's tone was gentle, concerned. "Sweating in the sun, pushing those muscles of yours to their limit - you want to relax so badly, don't you?"

"Yuh...yup..." Macintosh continued nodding his head gently, his lips moving sluggishly as he slurred his words.

Shining circled around to get a better look at Macintosh. Twilight had told him about Discord - how he could entrance ponies with a mere gaze, among his other, possibly innumerable strange abilities. What caught his eye was Macintosh's expression. Though he hated to admit it, Shining had logged more hours training against mind control spells than any other guard on record following his incident with the Changeling queen. Even when he didn't know it was coming, even when the spells were designed to overload the mind with pleasure, Shining's face had never looked as content as Big Mac's. His muzzle was plastered with a hazy, wondrous smile. His breaths were slow and even. There was not one twitch, no hint of resistance.

Macintosh was enjoying this.

That pink shaft of his had barely lost its stiffness, slapping against his belly as Mac gently sat his hindquarters down. Discord shivered with delight, reaching between Macintosh's legs and

cupping his plump balls. A formless groan came from Macintosh's smiling face as the draconequus played with his heavy testes, rolling them through his skilled talons.

The mere sight of Mac's flare bobbing back and forth was enough to make Shining's mouth water. The thick, musky taste of Macintosh's flare was so fresh on his mind, tempting Shining to fill his muzzle once more - but the stallion told himself to be patient.

"It'd be so nice to be a relaxed, good doggy, wouldn't it?" Discord's claws massaged Macintosh's temples. He let out a small groan in return. "No more stressful pony thoughts, let them all float away. Let your words float away until there's nothing left but simple barks and growls. Are your thoughts all gone?"

"Rrr...rurf." Came Mac's sleepy reply, hardly more than a mumble. Shining couldn't resist chuckling a little - it all seemed so absurd. He couldn't deny though - Macintosh looked awfully cute like this.

*"Good boy."*

Discord snapped his claws. Macintosh blinked. The colorful rings vanished from his eyes. His head snapped up, expression returning to life as though he had suddenly woken from a dream.

Big Mac's gaze flitted about the room. He moved his head in slight jaunts, his ears twitching and swiveling as his attention was pulled this way and that. His jaw still hung slightly open, tongue pressed at the edge of his lips. When he looked forward and saw Discord, his face broke into a full, open mouthed smile.

"Rurf!" Macintosh panted as Discord, unable to contain his guffawing laughter, ruffled his pet's mane. The stallion's cropped tail wagged, swishing against the dirt floor of the barn.

"I assume Twilight told you about when the Elements of Harmony and myself had a teensy little disagreement?" Discord scratched at Macintosh's belly with his lion claws, his groping paw inching its way towards his twitching shaft as the stallion growled in delight.

"Y-yeah..." Shining's words were caught in his throat as he watched Discord's paw pads trace the base of Macintosh's shaft. Mac's panting grew louder, his forelegs twitching in the air as he squirmed. "She mentioned something about you messing with a lot of ponies' heads."

"Well yes, I've done quite a lot of that in my time. This one though?" Discord slid his paw up Mac's shaft, squeezing and massaging at his flared tip as the stallion growled and groaned. "First pony to ever come back and beg me to do it again. Always the quiet ones, eh?"

"Oh my gosh." Shining's response was breathless, almost reverent. He had hardly noticed his own deeply blushing cheeks and just how stiff his cock had grown. As soon as he spoke, Mac's ears twitched.

Jumping to his feet, Macintosh rushed at Shining, tongue hanging from his muzzle and tail swishing through the air. Clearly, Macintosh had no idea how big he was - even though he simply meant to push his nose into Shining's chest, the impact would have easily knocked the smaller stallion flat on his back if he hadn't been braced for it. The dull pain and shortness of

breath quickly subsided, replaced by the tickling sensation of Mac's nose as he sniffed at Shining's chest, neck, face...

No matter how quickly it happened, Shining could safely say he was never quite ready for Macintosh to lick his face. Shining cried out, a mix of laughter, confusion, and simply being startled that he couldn't quite place, quickly bringing a hoof to wipe the stallion's slobber from his muzzle. When he opened his eyes, his view was a bit different.

Big Mac stood before him, hind end only a foot away from his face. He short tail was lifted and to the side, his forelegs crouched down, presenting himself like he was an animal in heat. Macintosh was looking over his shoulder, tongue still hanging from his mouth and chin wet with drool, giving Shining a look of desperate desire. Between his red, fuzzy thighs hung his plump balls and thick cock, slick with sweat and some of Shining's latent saliva. And just under his tail, practically right before Shining's eyes, was Macintosh's cute, inviting -

"Isn't it just a *pity* there aren't any good words to describe a pony's derriere?" Discord appeared on Macintosh's back in a blink, his elbows resting just above Macintosh's tail and palms cupped against his chin. "It's not like you guys are shy about them or anything. You'd think with such a pronounced, cute little bit of anatomy so often on display, one of you guys would have come up with *something* decent."

Touching a single talon to Macintosh's puckered ring, Discord gently tugged. Macintosh shuddered underneath him, letting out a needy whine. "I mean, you've got clinical terms like 'anus', childish euphemisms like 'butt' or 'ass' but that just doesn't get the *feel* of it across. How they're so squishy and pliable and really quite-"

Discord's stroking talon slipped inside Macintosh's entrance, and the stallion beneath him grunted and quivered.

"...sensitive."

A slap at his own belly snapped Shining from his blushing stupor - his cock was almost painfully hard, Discord's teasing finally bringing him to his limit. Bringing his whole body closer to them, Shining touched his tongue just below Macintosh's tight ring, smooth and hairless between his muscled thighs. Discord withdrew his talon just enough to tug at Mac's entrance again, giggling to himself as Shining gently dragged his tongue upwards.

Something between a long growl and a gasping whine burst from Macintosh, his body shaking along with his shallow panting. As Shining met the curve of his puckered entrance, Mac raised his hind end further, stretching his back legs again and again, his desperate body language as well as his primitive, barking cries begging for more. Macintosh's blonde tail, short as it was, draped over Shining's mane as the unicorn lapped, dragged, swirled his tongue, gorging himself on the musky scent of the entranced workhorse. Macintosh's entrance was so soft, so warm against his thick tongue. Stomping his hind legs, slapping his belly with his cock, letting out deep, drooling groans - the sight of such a stoic pony so absolutely beside himself thrilled Shining to no end.

Mac's tail twitched as Discord buried his nose in the short, blonde hairs mingling with Shining's mane. Inhaling Macintosh's scent deeply, the draconequus reached his paw down, past Mac's cutie mark, and under his belly.



“Rurf-” Macintosh whined as Discord gave his shaft a squeeze. Stroking the underside of Macintosh’s shaft in time with Shining’s fervent lapping, it took the two of them only a few moments for them to reduce the red stallion to a desperately bucking, whining mess.

When Shining paused to catch his breath, Discord pushed a talon inside Macintosh again, about as deep as he could go. As he slowly pulled, pushed, tugged at Macintosh’s entrance, forcing all sorts of noises from the stallion, Discord cast a sideways glance at Shining. “I think we both know it’s not your tongue he’s really after.”

As Discord traced his paw over Mac’s quivering flanks, smearing the stallion’s own seed across his cutie mark, Shining hesitated. His cock pulsed, stiff and only slightly flared.

“Can I?” Shining met Discord’s gaze. Discord simply responded by sitting up on Macintosh’s sloping back, indicating with both mismatched hands the pony’s presented rump and lifted tail.

“He’s been asking you this whole time. I swear, he always wants to be rutted as soon as he goes under.” Discord sighed, shrugging his shoulders. “I suppose I have a very spoiled doggy on my hands, don’t I?”

Macintosh simply panted in response.

*Deep breath in, deep breath out.*

Shining tucked his nose between Macintosh’s thighs, sniffing and lapping at his smooth, heavy balls, the musky, masculine stallion taste flooding his nostrils and tongue. Dragging his licks upwards, Shining lapped slowly at Mac’s taint, nipping softly at his red flanks as he ascended further and further. Just under his tail, Shining let his tongue rest against Macintosh’s puffy ring for a moment. Then, locking eyes with the smirking chaos deity sitting on Macintosh’s shoulders, Shining lept forward.

Macintosh’s fur was warm, with damp streaks of sweat running throughout. Against Shining’s lower belly, the sensation only spurred his stallion instincts on. Though his cock only managed to push against Mac’s wet hindquarters with his first, second, and third attempts, with one more shove of his hips Shining hilted himself inside Macintosh’s tight entrance, eliciting a lilting, blissful bark from the pony beneath him.

“Up! Up, boy!” Discord clicked his tongue and patted Macintosh on his side. The stallion shakily stood from his crouched, submissive position, lifting Discord off the ground. Now standing upright on all four legs, being mounted from behind and with a grinning draconequus seated backwards just over his shoulders, Macintosh squirmed as Shining’s forelegs dug into his sides, gripping his sweaty fur tight. Discord scratched at Macintosh with his claws. “Good doggy.”

“R-rurf.” Macintosh barked through a wide, dopey grin.

Shining’s thrusts were small and slow, attempting to adjust himself atop the now standing stallion. Macintosh’s entrance twitched and squeezed as Shining carefully pushed and pulled his hips, warm and tight around his stiff, flaring shaft. A shivering moan overtook Shining as he laid the rest of his belly flat over Big Mac, properly mounting the dazed, eager workhorse. Just

as he settled, Shining's chin rested on something smooth and warm. And vaguely strawberry scented.

"Oh, whoops." Discord tutted to himself. Opening his eyes, Shining found his muzzle pressed into the draconequus' scaly crotch, which presently held no features aside from a subtle reptilian slit. Shining's nose happened to be resting on said slit. "Completely slipped my mind. You have a thing for the *au naturel* scent of pony cock, don't you? I'll fix that."

Shining paused. "I...how'd you know?"

Discord grinned as he leaned in, his serpentine body doubled over so his nose could touch Shining's. "I can see into your mind," he whispered.

A blush splashed over Shining's face. He felt Discord's talons cup around the back of his head and pull him further in between his scaly legs. His nose was just inside Discord's strange slit, and when he took a tentative breath the scent of pure, masculine equine cock sent a thrill through him. Exploring with his lips and just the tip of his tongue, Shining felt something stiff growing, threatening to breach the surface of Discord's scales. "...Really?"

"Nope!" Discord pulled his head back, his smug laughter shaking his whole body. "Not even remotely. I can just see it though - big macho Captain of the Royal Guard, sniffing sweaty jockstraps after hours in the locker room..."

Shining rolled his eyes. "Haven't done *that* since I was a private."

Shining felt something warm and stiff push gently against his nose. It smelled heavenly, reminiscent of the thorough inspections he often gave to guards just after drills. Pressing his tongue against it, there was no mistake - it was a large equine flare, easily the biggest that Shining had ever seen. As more of Discord's shaft showed itself, Shining's eyes widened at the sight for just a moment. He couldn't resist giving a slow lick up the underside of his increasingly massive flare, savoring its intoxicating scent and taste.

Another whine from the stallion below him, and Shining resumed his thrusts, harder and deeper than before. Sighing, grunting, groaning into the thick shaft before him, Shining attempted to stretch his lips over Discord's intimidating flare. He would press his lips against the flat end, tonguing its little pronounced hole as it drooled precum, but no matter how wide he stretched his lips, he kept falling short.

"Even the Captain of the Guard has his limits, hm?" Discord snickered.

Pulling his head back to catch his breath, Shining tossed his mane out of his face. Macintosh's tail wagged again as Shining pulled back, bringing his now fully flared cock almost to the edge of the stallion's tight ring.

Both Discord and Macintosh cried out as Shining lunged forward. In a single motion, Shining hilted himself, his balls meeting Macintosh's wet, fuzzy thighs, while he pushed his lips and tongue flat against the thick flare before him. Shining's horn glowed, and a light purple aura surrounded Discord's mottled brown shaft, constricting and caressing as wisps of magic teased at his scaly thighs.

"Ooh, I *like* you!" Discord thrilled as he gripped at Shining's mane, thrusting his own hips and shoving his cock against the white stallion's hungrily suckling muzzle. His lips already messy with precum, Shining broke away now and again to run his tongue up and down Discord's shaft. Between the three of them, the scent and taste of stallion sweat was thick in the air, teasing Shining's nostrils, filling his lungs and forcing from them grunts and moans of pure delight.

From his balls to the tip of his sensitive flare, Shining felt it building. He must have been leaking so much pre inside Macintosh, and with every thrust the ache within him built. It wouldn't be long before the pony he'd so often fantasized about would be marked as his - mind reduced to that of a simple dog and hind end leaking his thick cum. But as his breaths became shallower, his laps at Discord's flare became shakier and his magical aura teasing the draconequus squeezed tighter, a thought sparked in Shining's head.

"I want...I want to do it too." Shining's voice shook as he paced his thrusts, trying to hold out. The look on Discord's face quickly shifted from disappointment to an expression of devilish surprise.

"I'm sorry, did you just say what I think you said?" Tentative pride swelled in Discord's voice. He turned to Macintosh. "Did I hear that right, boy? Did I?"

"R-rurf..." Macintosh panted, his tongue hanging over his spit-drenched chin.

"Discord, I'm- c'mon, hurry? Please?" Shining's forelegs shook, digging into Mac's sides again. Discord tutted, snaking his neck downwards until he was staring into Shining's face.

"I don't do rush jobs, kid. And remember when I told you I can't read minds?" Discord's eyes began to swirl again, and though Shining instinctively closed his eyes, he steeled his nerves and hesitantly peeked his eyelids open. "Tell me *exactly* what you want. Otherwise, no deal."

"I...I wanna..." Shining felt the tension slowly fading from him as his own eyes began to swirl with color. His tense legs gripping Macintosh's sides, his loud, shallow breaths - even the imminent ache of his arousal seemed to drift further away. The words he felt embarrassed to say just a moment ago almost fell from his mouth. "I wanna be a doggy. Just like Big Mac. I want to be your doggy, Discord. Please."

"Sir, yes, sir!" Discord boomed, his back straightening as he gave a mock salute.

Discord pressed his claws and talons against Shining's temples, leading the stallion back to his stiff erection. Shining felt the lingering effects of Discord's gaze echoing, amplifying, fogging his awareness. All he could think about was the brown, splotched cock in front of him, and how wonderful it felt on his tongue as he licked it up and down. How wonderful it felt to push inside the warm pony beneath him.

"It's probably not that difficult for you to turn into a sweet little doggy, is it, soldier boy?" Discord's voice rang clear in Shining's head - it sounded like a voice in a dream, but every word felt true and calming. Shining swirled his tongue lazily at Discord's flare. "After all, you're captain of the royal guard, so you're probably just barking orders all day long, hm?"

"*Barking* orders, *panting* as you run from one piece of royal business to the next - you act like you're the pony in charge, but it's always been below the surface, hasn't it? The desire to give up the pretense, *bark* and *yap* and *obey* orders like the lapdog you really are..."

Shining's oral attention to Discord was losing focus as he absently thrust his hips harder and harder against Macintosh. His tongue drifted lazily, slobbering across Discord's erection. Dipping down to lick at the underside of Discord's shaft, Shining found the large equine cock laying atop his muzzle.

"You can feel it building in you, can't you? Just under your tail. All those *stiff, rigid* military thoughts just dying to *burst* from you, leaving nothing but a happy little doggy in its place." Discord's tone wavered as he lowered his talons from Shining's drooping head, grabbing his own shaft and rubbing it against the stallion's muzzle. Shining felt it. He wanted to nod, to beg, to say yes, but his words were drifting far away from him. Down between his legs with all of his other thoughts.

"Uf...rr..." Shining grunted, unable to articulate much else. Discord smelled so good. His mouth hung open, breathing in as much of his musk as possible. Was he drooling? Shining wasn't sure. He wasn't sure he cared.

"You're so close, aren't you boy?" Shining's thrusts against Mac's sweaty hips were becoming downright frantic, yet he was hardly aware. All he felt was the building ache between his legs, the stiff equine cock tapping lightly against his muzzle as Discord rubbed it, drooling tip pointed directly between Shining's eyes. "Ready to be a messy little doggy?"

"Rr...ruh..." Shining half-nickered, half whined. The pounding need between his legs, inside Macintosh, he couldn't stop pistoning in and out and in and-

"*Good boy!*" Discord grunted as a rope of thick seed spurted across Shining's face and mane.

For a moment, Shining felt nothing. As his senses slowly returned to him, the first thing he noticed was a series of shouting, gleeful barks. It took a few for him to realize they were coming from his own mouth. Spurt after spurt of his seed flooded around his aching cock, running down his twitching shaft and dripping off of his balls. Streaks of thick, white cum ran down his face fur and into his open mouth as Discord's dripping flare squirted more thick ropes across Shining's muzzle.

"Ruff!" Shining's tongue hung from his mouth, catching the last few ropes of delicious cum from Discord's twitching cock. Unable to contain himself, Shining shuffled off of Macintosh, letting loose a splash of seed from inside the stallion's freshly used hole.

Sitting clumsily on his hindquarters, Shining found himself overwhelmed - everything felt so fresh, so new! The smell of the sweat covering his body, the tickling sensation as thick cum dripped over his softening erection, the taste of Discord's seed as it rolled on his tongue - it filled Shining with a pure joy he couldn't remember ever feeling before. As Discord appeared next to him, ruffling his dripping mane with similarly sticky talons, Shining's shameless doggy grin only grew.

"Very good boy, Shiny!" Discord praised as Shining licked at the sides of his messy muzzle.

Though there were few things that passed for coherent thought in Shining's head, one was abundantly clear as he stared lovingly at the draconequus towering over him: *master*. His kind, loving, perfect master. His master who had just made him feel so good, letting him play with that red-furred puppy and spurning all of that yummy sticky seed on his face. "You bred that big puppy so well! Good boy!"

Discord smiled, rolling Shining onto his back and scratching his wet belly. Shining barked a light, breathless bark - he was a good puppy for his master, and nothing else mattered.

Huffing breaths and a warm, tickling tongue suddenly assaulted Shining's face. Yelping in surprise, Shining found himself lapping back, the taste of drool and cum fresh in his senses. Discord kept scratching, his talons and claws occasionally straying to tease the base of Shining's soaked shaft before quickly darting back up to his belly.

When he was finally able to open his eyes, Shining found himself staring up at Big Macintosh, his face plastered with a wide smile. Shining almost felt like he could remember a few things about this big, fuzzy presence with frazzled mane and heavy breaths.

*Puppy. Friend. Happy. Friend.*

Shining yapped, attempting to stand and greet his friend, but Discord's hands held him down, his back against the cool dirt. Macintosh's coat was covered in lines of sweat, some hairs of his tail and mane sticking to his face and legs. His thick pink cock hung dripping under his belly, and the fur just above it was matted with fresh precum.

"Aww, he's been so *patient*." Discord's words cut through the fog in Shining's mind. "You know Shiny, *good* boys always clean up the studs they breed."

Reaching up and touching a claw to Macintosh's head, Discord whispered something into his ear. His eyes swirled with color for just a moment as the stallion stepped forward, just enough so his legs were on either side of Shining's head, and his cock hung inches from Shining's muzzle. The pink flare that dangled above him was thick and full, streaked with precum and smelling as strong and male as ever.

Shining, his face, mane, and twitching ears sticky with spit and cum, panted with determination as Discord's words echoed through his foggy head.

*Clean. Stud. Clean. Good. Clean.*

Shining gave a quick lick to the dangling droplet of pre that hung just above him - getting a taste of the slightly salty liquid just before Macintosh's cock jerked upwards, slapping against his wet belly once more. Whining, Shining craned his neck upwards, just enough to catch the pink flare and wrap his lips around it. He tasted so sweaty, so overworked from the thorough breeding he had been given - Shining bobbed his head along with the gentle thrusts of his new stud friend, making sure to give that delicious shaft extra attention. He needed to make sure his stud was clean. He was a good boy.

A squeeze at the base of Shining's shaft pushed a muffled yap from the suckling stallion. He could feel Discord's talons and claws searching and fondling between his legs, playing with his balls and massaging his fuzzy sheath.

"Come to think of it, little Shiny - that big pup you're fellating didn't get *his* mounting privileges for a few weeks." Discord's claws traced Shining's taint. "I'd be a terrible master if I didn't establish my dominance, hm?"

Shining paused, holding Macintosh's stiff shaft just outside of his mouth, and cast a curious look down between his splayed legs. There his master Discord crouched over him, his fanged grin wide and something red and pointed protruding from the slit between his legs.

*Master. Cock. Happy. Cock. Happy.*

Shining whined through his wide, empty-headed smile. His master's cock was different from before, it was neither as big or as thick - instead it was deep red, coming to a point at the end instead of the usual flat-tipped shafts he was used to. The bottom of it looked especially big, growing more bulbous by the second as it emerged more from between Discord's legs.

Something warm and heavy nudged Shining's smiling muzzle. Without even a moment's delay, he lifted his head and let Macintosh's cock into his mouth once more, moaning and huffing as he felt Discord's lips begin to rub and gently tug at his sheath. Shining was already beginning to grow firm again and, as his flared head poked out, Discord gently sucked at its edges, a low moan slipping from him all the while.

A long tongue slithered over Shining's sensitive entrance, followed shortly by the sensation of Discord's strange, pulsing erection rubbing against his own. Shining thrust his hips against the sudden stimulus, grinding his sweat-soaked back against the dirt.

"Mm. I see why everyone prefers the equine variety around here. Just as well."

Discord's claws and talons pressed into Shining's coat as he gripped the stallion's muscled hindquarters. Shining's tail could only twitch against the ground in a vague imitation of wagging, his muzzle far too busy for more than a few eager groans.

Slowly and gently, Discord's hot, tapered shaft pushed its way inside Shining. His ears pressed against his head as the pressure within him built. Unlike the pink cock that teased at his tongue, his master's erection seemed to only get wider the deeper it pushed inside him. Shining's lips loosened from the thick flare in his mouth, drawing a few ragged breaths of the musky air when Discord's gentle thrust came to a rest.

Discord tightened his grip, his paw pads and talons rubbing small circles in Shining's cutie marks. Macintosh let out a low growl, his tail twitching back and forth. Shining could see little else than the fuzzy red fur on Mac's underbelly. He could barely keep all of the sensations, the smells, the tastes on his overwhelmed, frantic mind at once. Even so, in that fraction of a second, Shining somehow knew to close his eyes and pause his excited panting to take a deep breath through his nose.

"Oh, who am I kidding?" Discord's grin twisted his voice. "You've totally done this before."

In an instant, Discord's hips met Shining's. Slick as his shaft was, the sudden stretching of his entrance caused Shining to jerk his head forward - right into the stiff, spit-coated equine shaft before him. Before he had a chance to react, Macintosh let out something between a bark and a

groan, thrusting his hips forward and pushing that thick pink cock of his deep into Shining's mouth.

If the sensations surrounding Shining were overwhelming to his little doggy brain before, then the suddenly relentless thrusts across his tongue and under his tail, the claws digging into his hind end, the heavy smell of Macintosh's cock - it went beyond anything Shining had felt before. Staccato *yips* of pleasure, muffled by the thick erection pistoning in and out of his muzzle, were the only noises he was capable of making. Every drop of sweat running over his exposed belly and down his sides, every twitch of his ears and tail that were beyond his conscious control, every grunt, gasp and growl that the pair let out as they worked Shining over - it was all that echoed in Shining's mind. There was nothing conscious about Shining Armor as he bobbed his head, lapped his tongue, twitched his splayed legs and panted shallow breaths of thick air that smelled of straw, sex and stallions.

*Good. Happy. Good. Boy. Good.* The mantra in Shining's head repeated. He didn't fully understand the words, but he knew they were true. He was *Good. So Happy. So Good.*

One of the sets of claws retreated from Shining's flanks, and a moment later a soft lion's paw pad begun pushing down on his exposed erection, pressing his stiff shaft into his wet, white fur. Shining shuddered as the paw rolled against his erection, pushing his flare against his stomach in rhythm to Discord's thrusts.

"Try doing *this* with those tough hooves of yours." Discord muttered, possibly to himself, as the words were muffled by Macintosh's thick thighs, the grunting barks from Shining's throat and the hazy fog in Shining's head.

The paw pads rolled and caressed, and with every thrust of Discord's hips, the pool of pre wetting down Shining's belly fur grew. Shining let a low moan rumble through his throat as he felt a trickle of Discord's pre drool from his tight entrance, crawling over the root of his tail. His eyes had grown half-lidded, content to let his vision grow as bleary as his thoughts as he pursed his lips, tonguing the thick ring in the center of Macintosh's .

He was cleaning the big red stud so well. His mouth so full of hard, thrusting cock, so full that the flare teased at the back of his tongue. Master made so much noise, grunting and breathing hard as he filled his obedient puppy. His stud was going to be so clean. Master was so happy. Shining was a good boy.

Under the strong pressure of Discord's paw pads, Shining's flare had grown thick once more, strands of his wet belly fur sticking to his wide tip as his master's paw rubbed and groped. Macintosh crouched his hips, his thrusts across Shining's outstretched tongue increasing in speed while his plump balls swung just short of Shining's chin. Big Mac's pre dripped heavily over Shining's tongue, and though the red stud's whines had steadily grown deeper and more strained, though his thrusts became quicker and shallower, all that mattered to Shining was-

*Clean. Stud. Good. Clean. Clean.*

The first warm spurt threatened to fill Shining's muzzle, though the eager stallion was quick enough to swallow most of it. The second spurt puffed his cheeks, and though he tried to swallow more of the hot cum that his tongue and his stud's twitching shaft swam in, a single streak of seed dribbled from the corner of his mouth. In the next moment, Shining was gasping

for air as more thick white spurts painted his muzzle, his horn, his fluffy chest. Quickly pressing his lips against the pink, dripping flare, Shining gulped down the less forceful squirts almost as soon as they landed on his tongue, the excess pooling up at the edge of his chin.

“Rrrrrfff...” Macintosh let out a low groan as his tail drooped, his orgasm cooling down as the last few drops of seed dribbled over his flare. Shining gave the pink flare one last lick before it began shrinking away, shiny with his spit. At once, Discord thrust himself deep inside Shining again, the base of his erection stretching his puffy ring wide, until its immense girth suddenly popped inside.

Shining’s breathing was labored. Craning his neck, he looked down, across his belly, meeting his draconequus master’s wicked gaze. His paw massaged just underneath Shining’s dark gray flare, which leaked all across his sweat-drenched barrel. That ache, that need, it was going to burst from him again, and no force in the world, not even his beloved master could stop it now. Shining laid his head back, staring up at the fuzzy red sheath that hung over him, and the pink flare slowly retreating inside.

*Clean.* Shining thought with strained smile.

Discord’s cry was by far the loudest. His warmth filled Shining in a matter of moments, his pulsing shaft not budging from its place, firmly locked inside the stallion. Though his mouth was free, Shining’s panting barks were barely audible as his own orgasm splattered over his soaked muzzle, his sticky mane, his drenched and matted coat. One of his own spurts landed on his tongue, and as Macintosh’s heady taste mingled with his own, Shining couldn’t help but let out a large, happy sigh as his cloudy-white seed dribbled all over his belly and into the dirt beneath him.

Jumping slightly as something touched his horn, Shining let out a breathless yap as Macintosh’s smiling face leaned into him, dutifully licking the cum from his blue mane. Another, longer tongue joined Mac’s, cleaning the other side of his face - though his cock was still stiff, firmly wedged inside Shining, keeping him feeling nice and full, Discord had laid his long, serpentine body over Shining’s barrel.

Discord and Big Mac lapped at the grinning, messy Shining - Discord giggling and Macintosh panting heavy breaths all the while. Shining kept his eyes closed, enjoying the smacking sounds of Discord’s wet scales against his belly, the tongues tickling his face, and the pleasant, subdued thoughts in his head.

*Good. Clean. Good. Happy.*

--

Shining’s mouth felt very dry.

He smacked his lips a few times and attempted to move his legs.

“Ow.” Shining stopped trying to move. Everything felt sore. Like boot camp all over again.



"Mornin'." Came a deep, rumbling voice Shining knew too well. Opening his eyes, Shining found himself laying on his side in a pile of straw. Next to him lay Big Macintosh, staring back at him with a half-smirk on his face.

"Oh good, we didn't completely knock you out. Drink up." A teacup was thrust into Shining's face. Discord had been laying on his other side, a full tea set arranged on a tray in his lion's paw.

"Thanks." Shining's voice was raspy.

It was funny, he hadn't expected his memory to be so intact. He thought he would vaguely recollect the previous night, not have crystal clear memories of mounting a muscular stallion and barking at the top of his lungs.

The mint tea felt nice in his sore throat. "I uh...wow. Morning."

The three of them were facing the open barn doors. The sky was painted a deep purple, and just over the horizon Celestia's sun could be seen peeking up. Shining found himself looking at Big Macintosh as he laid his massive body back in the straw. Without a word, Macintosh shuffled over, pressing his warmth against Shining as they both stared out the door.

"Ah. Well. Think that's it for me then." Discord hopped to his feet, dusting himself off and emptying the entire tea set, china and all, into his mouth. "I'm afraid I've fallen behind on my PG-rated chaos, you know how it is."

"Aw, wait-" Shining attempted to lift his head up, but the soreness in his neck forced it back down. "Ow."

Macintosh wordlessly gestured Discord back towards them. Showing a genuine, almost teary-eyed smile for just a moment, Discord slithered across the two ponies' bodies, contorting himself in such a way where he, too, could see the sunrise.

"So...not too weird?" Discord twirled a bit of Shining's mane in his lion's claw.

"Very weird. I feel like I need a long shower and a deep grooming." Shining smiled. "But...wow. Cadance is gonna be so jealous."

As the sun rose, bathing the sky in a deep pink, the two ponies and the ancient timeless spirit of chaos let silence overcome them, letting the sound of their quiet breaths fill the room.

"...Wouldn't it be funny if the sun came up one morning and it was just a scale model of Celestia's ass? I think I'm just going to-"

"No." Macintosh didn't even bother to move.

"Hmph. Fine. Whatever." Discord settled back against the two ponies. Though it was too painful to move his neck, Shining didn't have to look to know Discord was smiling.