

# Kings Wild

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**Description:** After a fun and victorious night of Appleloosa Hold 'Em and drinks with good friends down at the local watering hole, Spike and Rumble turn in for the night at Twilight's home and library. Though the couple usually spends the night at Rumble's cloudhome, Twilight is out of town for the week, leaving the two with the place all to themselves.

Soon, they find a rather interesting (and messy) way to make up for the silence...



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## **Kings Wild**

"I see your twenty... and raise you thirty-three!"

Gold bits clinked together on the table as they joined their siblings in the pot. Sweetie Belle wore a wicked grin, the cards held in her aura shaking with excitement. Sweetie had never mastered the art of the pokerface—or poker in general—as her marefriend was so eager to point out. As a result, Spike could read her all too well.

"You just raised it to thirty-three, dear. Not *thirty-three* more than him." Silver Spoon, her spectacles hanging loosely on the bridge of her snout, shook her head and sipped at her martini.

Sweetie's grin faded. "Oh... oops."

Across from them, Scootaloo and Featherweight groaned. Scootaloo facehoofed. "And after taking ten minutes to make that decision, Sweetie Belle!"

"Now, now, Scoots, let's not get too hasty..."

All eyes at the table turned to Rumble, the only one left in the hand. Seated beside his drakefriend, the stallion wore a dealer's visor and a gentle smile. With a wave of a forehoof, he said, "If Sweetie *wants* to raise me thirteen more, then, well, I guess I'll put thirteen more in." He threw a few bits from his stack into the pot. "I call."

Spike drew the new chips closer to the pot and nodded, one talon on the deck of cards. "Alright, guys, last card!" With that, he flipped over a fresh one from the deck.

The board now read like a royal rainbow—two queens, two kings, and a jack, all but the jack being of different suit than their compatriots. Flop, turn, and river spelled doom for most players, but the two ponies left in this hand showed no signs of displeasure.

Scootaloo knocked back a shot of whiskey and leaned back into Featherweight, who wrapped his forehooves around her waist. "Spike, if *you're* the dealer tonight, then why is Rumble the one wearing the hat?"

Before Spike could answer, Rumble said with a snicker, "Because he couldn't get this hat off me if he tried."

Spike scoffed and rolled his eyes, yet smiled all the same.

Rumble rapped the table, passing the action to Sweetie, who began to stare at her cards with the white-hot intensity of a thousand suns.

Featherweight sighed. "Remind me again, Scoots, why I let you drag me into this Appleloosa Hold 'Em game..."

"Because I figured you wouldn't go broke on the first hand, that's why."

Cheeks tinged red, Featherweight looked away from his marefriend. "W-well, it was my first night playing."

"My first night playing, I swept the floor!" Silver Spoon cackled and took another long sip of her drink.

"Be nice, Silver," Sweetie muttered. Sweat rolled down her forehead as she narrowed her eyes at her cards, unraveling the secrets of Equestria itself within their black-and-red printed glories.

Silver Spoon mumbled an apology to Featherweight, and the table fell silent again.

Spike tapped his claws on the table and sighed. Their weekly game was always an interesting break from his mundane duties as Princess Twilight's co-librarian and assistant. Tonight, however, Featherweight, Scootaloo, and Silver Spoon had gone out within the first few hours, leaving Sweetie (and her beginner's luck) with a large chip stack. Rumble had fought back, bit by bit, stealing chips by the hoof-full until their positions were reversed.

Soon, with a few bad moves on Sweetie's part, Rumble would be king of the table once more.

As they waited for Sweetie to make her move, Spike wrapped an arm around his coltfriend and nuzzled his mane. Rumble giggled and looked back at the tall, gangly dragon, his violet eyes shining up at him.

"So, whatcha got planned for after the game, Sweet Cheeks?" Rumble wiggled his eyebrows.

Spike snorted. "Nothing much, Casanova. Twilight's out of town this weekend on some Princess Summit, and she left the library all to—ow!" Spike brought a claw to his temple and rubbed his forehead as a coin landed on the table.

Scootaloo snerked. "Hey, lovebirds! Sweetie made her move... finally!"

"I... I'm all in," Sweetie said, voice nearly a whisper. Wide-eyed, she stared at her small pile of bits as they joined the pot. "I-I'm really all-in."

Silver Spoon nuzzled her cheek. "Okay, you got this one, Sweetie. Just relax. There's no way he has you." She smirked at their opponents. "Alright, Rumble, lay 'em down."

Rumble waved a forehoof and looked down at his cards. "Hold on, hold on! I haven't called yet, and—"

“C’mon, Rumble, we know you’re going to call. You always call,” Featherweight said with a huff.

Scootaloo patted him on the muzzle. “Don’t mind Feather here, Rumble. He’s just sore you flopped that full house off seven-deuce offsuit.”

Rumble shrugged. “What can I say? It was the right move. Anyway—” he met Sweetie’s eyes—“since you’re my friend, Sweetie, I *guess* I’ll call.”

Once his chips clinked against hers in the stack of growing gold, Sweetie slammed her cards on the table.

There, beautiful and triumphant, was a pair of queens.

“Q-q-queens,” Sweetie muttered, unable to look Rumble in the eyes. She shivered in spite of the tavern fireplace behind her. “I-I-I-I flopped q-q-quads a-a-and I-I—*showyourcardsRumble!*”

Spike and the others flinched at her sudden squeak.

Slowly, casually, Rumble turned over his cards.

The olive that Silver Spoon had been chewing on fell into her martini, as did the Featherweight’s orange slice into his accompanying beer.

The King of Spades and King of Hearts lay beside the queens, grinning wildly in their eternal, painted smiles.

Rumble began to gather the coins himself rather than waiting for his dealer. “And I flopped a full house. But made up for it on the turn. Good play though, Sweetie Belle. It was the right call, but that’s how the cards fall sometimes, you know...”

“N-n-n... Nice hand,” Sweetie mumbled after a long pause, her ears drooping.

Silver Spoon threw her forehooves up. “Oh, come on, Rumble! That was just cruel!”

“Yeah!” Scootaloo chimed in, slamming her shot glass on the table. “Don’t slow-roll the bucking *nuts!*”

Featherweight’s eyes darted around the crowded tavern. “Scoots, language!”

“Oh, don’t ‘language’ me, Feather! This is the third time tonight he’s pulled this hustle!” Scootaloo argued as she pointed a forehoof at Rumble.

Rumble huffed. “Hey, you all know I’ve played the Cloudsdale Circuit and the Equestrian Poker

Tour! You know how I play! Yet, you still invited me when Spike asked, so don't even start!"

Spike held up a claw at each of them. "Guys, guys! It's just a game. Maybe we should calm down?"

Silence swooped in, drowned out only by the clinking of glasses and merry laughter at nearby tables. A moment passed before Rumble finally sighed. "Alright, alright, you're right. I'm sorry. That wasn't cool."

Scotaloo opened her mouth, then closed it as Featherweight spread a wing around her and mumbled something in her ear. She then met Rumble's gaze. "Apology accepted. Just... don't do it again, okay?"

"No slow-rolling. Got it." Rumble saluted.

Across the table, Sweetie giggled, her fallen smile returning. "Oh, Rumble, this isn't the Wonderbolts Academy!"

"Maybe not, but Scoots is still one of my captains."

Crossing her forehooves over her chest, Scotaloo declared, "You're damn right I am!"

As Spike scooped up the cards and chips, he was pleased to see that the tension had broken. Conversation between the five others quickly ensued once more. He let Rumble catch up with the others while he packed the cards back into the deck, stacked the chips, and put both into the poker set he had brought with him. He then took their empty glasses and brought them over to Berry Punch at the bar counter.

"Hey there, Spike. Appleloosa Hold 'Em all done?" Berry asked as she put the glasses beneath the bar.

"Yup. Rumble won again!" With a chuckle, Spike offered her a toothy grin. "Not that I expected anything less from him."

Berry wiped at one of the glasses with a rag. "Yeah, that stallion's hitting the cards just as much as the gym." Her smile shifted from pleasant to cheeky. "I can imagine what he looks like in that tight Wonderbolt uniform."

Fire spread across Spike's scaled cheeks. "Weeeeeelllll... It's... pretty nice, if you know what I mean."

"Oh, but I do." Berry grinned up at the towering drake. "If I were you, Spike, I'd be taking advantage of that every chance I got."

Looking over his shoulder, Spike smiled as his stallion's joke prompted the table to burst into laughter. "Yeah, well, he's not just a pretty face, you know," he said, turning back to her.

"Didn't say that he was. Just that you should count your blessings."

"Trust me, I do."

"Hmm. Well, I don't know if you follow, but when I said 'Count your blessings,' what I really meant was 'Pound that nice piece of—'"

Spike slapped a few bits down onto the counter. "Okay, thanks, Berry! That should do for our bar tab, right? Yeah, I think so—"

"Whoa, whoa!" Berry raised a forehoof. "C'mon, Spike, it was just a joke. Don't take it like that."

Still blushing, Spike reluctantly met her eyes. "Yeah, I know. It's just..." He sighed. "Look, don't tell anypony this, but... Well... Rumble and I don't exactly..." He scratched at the claws on his bicep. "Uh, well, y'know, that very often."

"That right?" Berry asked, propping her head up with a hoof. "How come?"

Seeing where this conversation would lead, Spike pulled up one of the barstools and sat down. His feet scraped the floor even when he sat up straight, but it would have to do. He leaned down as he spoke to her.

"You see... It's not that we *don't*. It's just that, well... We barely get any time to ourselves. Rumble's busy with the Wonderbolt Academy, Twilight has me following her to some event or another half the time, and when we do get a night off, we usually want to catch up with our friends, you know?"

Berry nodded.

"That, and, well..." Spike was as red as her mane when he continued, "Even though we've been together a few years now, I'm still not sure if he wants it as much as I do. So I don't push it."

Berry leaned closer to him. "So... You're saying you aren't exactly... pounding that ass?"

Sighing, Spike shook his head.

Berry laughed, making his spines bristle. "Look, Spike. I'm not going to pretend I understand how a gay relationship works exactly—hey, I might swing both ways, but two mares isn't the same as two stallions—er, a stallion and a dragon—but I do know this. Communication is just as important as spending time together. So..." She grinned. "If you wanna take a few more bites outta that hunk—"

“Berry!” Spike glared at her despite his blush.

“—Then you gotta show him that. Make him feel wanted.”

Spike snorted. “Berry, Rumble is a stallion, not a mare. He doesn’t need flowers and chocolates if that’s what you mean.”

Berry rolled her eyes. “Not what I mean at all. What I mean is to take the first step. You know, flirt a bit more. Tease him. See how he responds. And hey, at the very least, it might help with some of that tension of yours.”

Spike slammed a fist on the bar counter. “I am *not* tense!”

From the table, Rumble called to him, “Spike? Everything okay?”

“Yeah, j-just a minute!” Spike called back. Then, he turned to glare at Berry.

Berry swept up the bits he had left on the counter and sighed. “Look, it’s just a little advice from one friend to another. Take it or leave it. All I can say is that if I was in my twenties still, I definitely wouldn’t be spending them not having hot sex.”

Spike wanted to bicker further, but Berry had turned away to put the money in the cash register. While her back was turned, Spike looked over towards the table and rubbed his chin.

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As much as Spike hated to admit it, Berry had a point. Rumble would only be in Ponyville for the weekend before he returned to the Wonderbolt Academy in Cloudsdale for a few more weeks of training. Although Spike had grown quite a bit over the years, wings still eluded him—and he doubted asking Twilight for a lift up there would go well. Explaining that he wanted to have a rendezvous with his coltfriend would most certainly not be an acceptable excuse in Twilight’s eyes to cast the cloudwalking spell on him.

So, after a little more thought, Spike made his decision. Once Berry had turned back to him, he fished for another bit from his pocket, laid it on the counter, and gave her a small smile. “Thanks for the talk, Berry. I’ll... I’ll think about it.”

Berry smiled back. “No problem, Spike. You guys gonna take off now?”

“Yeah,” Spike said as he rose from the bar stool. “I think Rumble and I have something we need to get to.”

“Good to hear.” Berry winked, then headed off to attend to other customers.

Spike made his way over to their table, where Scootaloo and Silver Spoon were engaged in a



hoof-wrestling contest. "Ready to go, Rumble?" Spike asked, laying his claws on his shoulder.

"Hmm?" Rumble looked up. "Oh, uh, sure. But why so soon?"

"Yeah, don't you want to stay and watch?" Sweetie giggled. "I have ten bits on Silver, and I'm playing winner!"

"If... you... wanted to... hold my hoof... you could... have... just... asked!" Silver Spoon managed between grunts, her forehoof shaking as it interlocked with Scootaloo's.

Spike replied with a laugh and a shake of his head, "Nah, I think we better get going. Twilight wants me to watch the library for her anyway. But have fun, you two!"

Scootaloo and Silver Spoon grunted in reply, twin rivers of sweat rolling off their foreheads and manes as they stared daggers at each other.

After exchanging their goodbyes, Rumble and Spike left Berry's tavern and stepped into the crisp autumn night.

"... And that was when Scoots had him fly a hundred laps backwards! I bet he'll think twice about calling anypony a chicken ever again!"

Spike belly-laughed along with Rumble as they made their way through the streets. The night was quiet and still, most residents either asleep or tucked into their third round of shots down at the tavern. Only the wind was there to laugh along with them. And laugh it did, its howls sweeping over their fur, feathers, and scales, drawing them closer.

Spike wiped a tear from his eyes. "Hoo, wow! I wish I'd been there to see that!"

"It was priceless!" As he calmed down, Rumble snickered. "Some ponies take Scoots for granted, since she's the smallest of the Wonderbolts and all, but she shows 'em good."

"Good. Just don't get caught in the crossfire."

Rumble shook his head and groaned. "Yeah, yeah... You sound like Featherweight. 'Don't pull pranks on Scoots,' he says. 'Don't fill her pillow with chicken feathers,' he says. 'Don't expect Alula to take the blame for you again,' he says."

Spike smirked. "Sounds like you should listen to us, then."

"Yeah, yeah."

The two walked on in silence for a minute. The Golden Oak Library loomed into view, as tall and proud and strong as it had been when Spike and Twilight had arrived in Ponyville almost a decade ago. Its branches were covered in swaths of red, yellow, orange, and brown leaves, which danced in the howling wind. If Spike sniffed the air deep enough, he could smell the ripening apples—and, underneath that, the waiting cider—from Sweet Apple Acres' orchards only a few miles away.

"Say... When are Babs and Apple Bloom going to be back?" Rumble asked, slowing his gait as they turned towards the library.

Spike shrugged. "Not sure. Their last letter said they were in the San Palomino Desert, and that was a few weeks ago."

"Only a few days by hoof and train, if they hurried."

"I'm sure they'll be back soon. Why the rush?"

Rumble smirked. "I need a *real* Appleloosa Hold 'Em player to join our games once in a while."

"Always winning with you," Spike muttered, feigning annoyance. He hurried up the path to the library's door, then fished for the key in his pockets.

"And always dealing with you." Rumble slapped him playfully with a wing. "When are you going to join in?"

Finding the key, Spike then unlocked the door. "Maybe I will if you let me wear the hat. Now come in, it's gonna start raining soon."

Spike opened the door and held it aside for Rumble to enter. Once he had, he closed and bolted it behind them. Green flames lit the lamps in the foyer, and the main room was bathed in a dim, flickering candlelight.

Although she had been crowned the Princess of Friendship years ago, Twilight had never opted to live in Canterlot Castle—or any castle, for that matter. She preferred this home, with its comforting scent of books both new and yellowed, its cozy layout, and its proximity to the friends whom had made her the mare she was today. Spike, too, was grateful he had remained in the home he had come to love, and for more reasons than familiarity.

If Spike and Twilight had left for Canterlot once Twilight had sprouted a pair of wings, in all likelihood, he would not have met the stallion that stood beside him now.

Rumble looked around the room. "So, Twilight won't be back until Sunday?"

"Monday, most likely. So I've got a few days to myself." Spike set his suitcase of poker supplies down next to a bookshelf, mentally reminding himself to properly pack it away later. While Rumble's back was turned, he reached over and snatched his visor from his head.

Rumble spun around. "Hey!"

Spike jammed the hat on his head. "It's my visor, dork."

"Yeah, but you know I look so cute in it." Rumble wiggled his eyebrows again and ruffled his wings.

Spike just stuck out his tongue.

Rumble chuckled, then studied a nearby bookshelf. "So, you just have to stay here all weekend? Sounds boring."

"Wouldn't be the first time I've done it." After setting the visor atop the suitcase, Spike joined his side. "Or the first time since we've started dating." He started reshelving a few of the books, fixing their crooked spines.

"True."

"What do you have planned for the weekend?"

Rumble shrugged. "Nothing, really. I already had dinner with my folks, and played cards with my friends, soooo..." Turning back around, he added, "I was *hoping* to spend some time with my drakefriend, maybe."

Remembering Berry's words, Spike raised an eyebrow in response. "Oh really?"

"Really. But y'know, there's just one little problem..."

Spike tilted his head and rested a claw against the bookshelf. "What's that?"

Rumble leaned against the bookshelf Spike was reshelving and ran a forehoof down his chest. "Oh, he's stuck doing this really boring work. Watching a library all weekend."

"Sucks to be him," Spike said, trying to play coy as his heartbeat quickened. Rumble stood right beside him, running a forehoof through his mane and spreading his wings. *Keep teasing him*, he thought, Berry's voice merging with his own in his mind, *and then when the time is right...*

"I know, right? I mean, he's twenty-two and still living with his sister. But that's not really the problem, to be honest."

Spike put the book he was reshelving down, not bothering to fix its crooked spine. “Oh, what’s the problem, then?”

Rumble leaned further against the bookshelf, his forehooves behind his head. “He’s always so... serious. Sometimes it just seems like he doesn’t want to cut loose, y’know?”

Spike’s ear spines drooped. “Oh...”

“Yeah. I mean, we barely get enough time together and...” Rumble looked away, his forehooves across his chest. “And when we do, it just... it feels like he’s holding back...”

Spike almost reached towards him, then flinch, guilt flooding his thoughts. *Make him feel wanted. C’mon, now.*

“Like... we’ve been together for a while now, but... Sometimes, I just worry...”

Spike wrung his claws and looked away, the words echoing in his ears. *Take the first step.*

Rumble looked at Spike from the corner of his eye. “Do you know what I mean?”

As his heart thundered, jumping in a mix of excitement, guilt, and fear, Spike moved himself closer. He heard his voice in his ears, but it sounded alien to him—full of a confidence that alcohol had nothing to do with, a confidence he didn’t know he could have. “Yeah, I know what you mean. But you know what, Rumble?”

Rumble flinched at his advance. “Er, wha—”

A pair of lips on his own stole his words, tasting them with a flick of a soft, long, prehensile tongue. A moan escaped the stallion’s mouth, followed by a gasp as he was pushed against the bookshelf. A cascade of books and scrolls fell from the carefully organized shelf, raining parchment on the floor.

Spike tightened his grip around Rumble’s waist and brought him up to kiss him fully. Closing his eyes, he pushed through the fire in his veins that spread through his features and dove down below. He kissed him harder, deeper, moving his claws up to where Rumble’s wings met his back and stroking the tender flesh there in soft circles.

Rumble broke the kiss with another gasp, blushing scarlet. “Spike! D-damn, where did that come from?”

“Uhhhh...” Mind blanked, Spike forced a chuckle and half-smile. “W-well, um, you were right.”

Rumble stared at him, lost for words, until he finally blinked. “Right about what?”

"I..." Spike took a step back, allowing Rumble to stand comfortably. "I was holding back before. But not because of anything you did!" he added, seeing the stallion's eyes widen. "I just didn't want to push you."

Rumble blinked again. "Push me into what?" He chuckled. "Spike, it's not like we're virgins."

Spike grinned, a little growl escaping his smile. "You've got that right."

"Heh, well, yes..." Rumble brought a forehoof to Spike's chin. "So what do you mean, push me?"

"It's just—well, I know we haven't had much time together these past few months, and I didn't want to use it all up with sex." Spike frowned. "And sometimes I feel like I might have the, uh, greater drive, so I don't bring it up much."

Another long pause followed, along with an incredulous stare. Finally, Rumble snorted in a weird sort of laugh. "That's what the issue's been? That you think I don't want sex as much as you do?"

"Um... yeah?" Spike answered with a nervous chuckle.

Rumble laughed, his booming baritone echoing in the still library. "Spike, I love you. You know that. And I know you love me, too. So let's not hide things from each other, okay?"

"Yeah... You're right. I'm sorry." Spike wrung his claws and looked down at the floor.

Rumble raised Spike's chin with a forehoof. "Don't be sorry for that. Be sorry you have such a bad pokerface." Rumble kissed his snout. "But to answer your question..." Lowering his eyelids, he said, "I... really like the time we do spend together, and I wouldn't mind a bit more of it now and then..."

Catching on, Spike returned the seductive gaze. "Oh, is that so?"

Rumble hummed. "Only one problem, though..."

"What's that?" Spike asked huskily, his breath warm against Rumble's ear.

Rumble shivered before answering in a hushed tone, "I'm afraid that my drakefriend's sister might get mad if we buck in her library..."

The two looked into each other's eyes for a moment before Spike said, slow and quiet and smooth as billowing smoke, "You know, that's a good point. Good thing your drakefriend knows a thing or two about cleaning."

Rumble flicked a strand of mane from his eyes and grinned. "So there's a—aah!"

Spike shoved him harder against the bookshelf, evoking a cry from Rumble. He wrapped his forehooves around Spike's neck and held tight. The claws that had ached to tease him moved quickly, returning to their favorite place where his wing joints met his spine. Cold, sharp, and delicate keratin danced over his skin and fur, massaging lightly at first, then deeper, until his wings sprung to full height.

Heat flooding his vision and his core, Spike moved to join his lips with Rumble's. The stallion responded eagerly to the kiss, expecting it this time, and parted his lips to allow Spike's tongue entry. That long, flexible tongue swept across Rumble's teeth before joining the stallion's tongue and wrapping around it.

As Spike's claws moved further up, stroking along his sensitive primary feathers, Rumble groaned as he felt himself begin to harden. Down between them, his pure-black stallionhood emerged from the sheath, extending out towards the soft, light-green scales of Spike's underbelly.

Spike broke the kiss and leaned his forehead against Rumble's, then looked down. "Hah, wow. Already?"

Cheeks flushed, panting, Rumble nodded. "Been a while, y-y'know? Heh, heh."

"Mm... Well..." Spike's nostrils flared as he inhaled a deep whiff of the stallion's musk. The succulent, masculine scent was a swirl of salty and savory and even a little bit sweet as the scent hit Spike's tongue. He flicked it eagerly, desperate to smell even more. "It'll be a bit for that..."

With those words, Spike resumed their kiss, making sure to tease him further by sucking hard on his tongue. Rumble moaned at the sensation, the vibrations tickling Spike's tongue in turn. The dragon's claws moved freely over the stallion's wings, knowing from practice where each and every little sweet spot precisely lay.

As Spike captured his wings, Rumble pushed his forehooves against the dragon's chest, then let them slide down. Though his eyes were closed, he knew what he was looking for. He didn't have to slide his hooves much further before the heat began to radiate beneath his touch.

Bursting from Spike's own sheath was his impressive dragonhood. It rivaled his lover's in size, even though Rumble was a grown stallion and Spike had several centuries ahead of him. Curved to a tip, pink as his tongue, and burning like the fire within his belly, Rumble knew it by touch and scent as much as sight, and felt himself harden quicker as Spike's arousal grew.

"Haaah... Somepony's getting hard too." Rumble smirked as he opened his eyes. "How about you get on your back, Sweet Cheeks?"

Spike licked his lips, his teasing tongue flicking around before it returned to his mouth. "I could do that, but—"

With a show of his restrained strength, Spike grabbed Rumble, pushed him to the floor, and climbed atop him, pinning the stallion down by the shoulders against the hardwood. "How about *you* get on your back, Casanova?"

Rumble's high-pitched yelp was all the reward Spike needed, but not all he received.

With a quick movement of his own, Rumble wrapped his wingtips around Spike's cock. The light touch of his feathers was enough to make him groan, even as they remained still. "That'll work too."

Before Spike could reply, Rumble began stroking him, using his prehensile wingtips to pump up and down the curved cock. Spike's hips bucked in response, his body more than willing to accept submission, although his mind still screamed, *First step, first step. Well, you did kiss him, right? Nothing wrong with getting a little reward for that... Especially if...*

Spike began to thrust his cock through Rumble's wingtips, brushing against the stallion's belly fur in time with Rumble's strokes. Rumble looked up into the dragon's eyes to see steam escape his nostrils, a low grunt issuing from his throat. Spike pushed his cock through Rumble's wingtips up to Rumble's chest, then back down to his belly.

Rumble's jaw hung open. "H-hey, what are you—"

"Just giving you some help," Spike said with a pleased growl. "Plus, it leaves my claws free for *this*."

Grabbing Rumble's black stallionhood, now at full mast, with a talon, Spike began to stroke him in turn. Rumble gasped at the motion and bucked his hips, mimicking his lover's actions, rubbing back and forth against Spike's scaled palm.

"... Hah... Wow... When did you get so brave?" Rumble said between breaths, quickening the pace of both his wing strokes and his own thrusts in Spike's claws.

"I... I-I live in a library," Spike mumbled.

"I knew it!" Rumble laughed, then groaned as Spike tightened his grip around his sensitive flesh. "I-I knew you were reading smut wh-when Twilight wasn't here..."

"W-well—" Spike huffed for breath, puffs of smoke rising from his snout—"if you want, there's something I saw that we could try—"

Rumble threw his head back and groaned. “As long as you keep doin’ what you’re doin’, y-yeah!”

Spike managed a nod. Then, in one swift motion, he both removed his claw from Rumble’s cock and pushed Rumble’s wingtips off his own. The stallion’s muzzle twisted in confusion, then shifted into an eager smile as Spike adjusted the position of his hips.

Once their erections lined up as best they could—height differences contorting their position somewhat—Spike thrust his hips down into Rumble’s, brushing his cock against his lover’s.

“Haah, I-I’ve read about this too. Mmm—like how mares do it,” Rumble said, his tongue flopping out of his mouth at the sensation.

Bracing his claws on the stallion’s shoulders, Spike looked down at Rumble and clicked his tongue. “You’re no mare. You’re my stallion, and after this—” he leaned down and nipped at his ear, capturing it between his fangs—**“I’m gonna rut you like one.”**

A strangled cry of pleasure and pain filled Spike’s ears. He nibbled all along Rumble’s ear, then captured the other, as he set their hips a-bucking.

Soft, warm, rigid flesh carved paths against even softer, more rigid flesh, coming together in a sea of black and pink. Spike growled as they continued their pace, his cock twitching and hardening further at the feeling of his lover’s most sensitive flesh grinding against his own. Pressure continued to build through his shaft and in his balls, leading him to hasten his pace.

The sounds of their twin cocks, thick and throbbing, frothing against each other filled the void of the silent library along with their growls and groans, as did the scent of their growing arousal. Two heavy pairs of testicles, warm and near bursting, swung against each other like pendulums with every stroke.

Rumble’s wings, now free, wrapped around Spike, pulling him close. The dragon’s teeth moved next to Rumble’s neck, then his chin, then made little love bites on his chest, leaving indentations in his skin. The stallion’s forehooves ran up and down Spike’s scales, stroking all the while, spreading warmth and further fire through his veins.

Down below, Spike felt his cock start to twitch violently. His balls ached, craving release. As intense and intimate as their thrusting was, if he was going to finish, it wouldn’t be here.

Just as suddenly as he had begun, Spike stopped his thrust, leaving the stallion to shout in frustration. “H-Hey! What in Tartarus?! I-I’m bucking close!”

“So... am I.” Spike panted as he crawled up, then moved his claws to Rumble’s hips. He held on tight as he moved his cock, bubbling precum, shining in a sheen of sweat, away from the stallion’s. “D-do you want to—”



“Yes!” Rumble almost screamed, his flushed muzzle screwing up in desperation.

“Okay... okay... Just... Lube...”

Rumble brought his forehooves to his eyes and groaned as Spike, cock bobbing as he stood up, sprinted up the stairs. “Should’ve thought of that before you started frothing me, genius!”

Not even a moment later, Spike ran back down, glass bottle of lubricant in claw and dripping precum across the floor the whole way. “Hey! You weren’t exactly complaining!”

“Yeah, yeah,” Rumble grumbled, crossing his forehooves over his chest as he mustered a pout. “Just hurry up! You left me hanging!”

“I’m not any better off,” Spike said with a playful roll of his eyes as he got back down on the floor. He uncorked the bottle and slathered a generous helping of lube over his twitching cock. Once he was fully coated, he poured a remainder of the viscous liquid into his right palm. “Okay, now turn over—”

“A-actually—” Rumble raised a forehoof—“I, um, was thinking we could do it like this?”

Looking down, Spike saw something besides unbridled lust flicker in his horny coltfriend’s eyes—another need. Affection. Intimacy. Love. And making love face-to-face was the most intimate act two lovers could do.

He paused, his cock gleaming with lubricant in the candlelight, rational thoughts snaking their way through the haze of his arousal. *Is this what this is all about? Maybe for him as much as me? Have we really not even been “intimate” when we’ve done it the last few times?*

“Spike?”

Shaking off his thoughts, Spike looked down at Rumble. The stallion’s hind legs were spread for him, his tail shining with a mix of sweat and precum that drizzled from his eager cock to form a puddle on his belly. Even in such a seductive position, the stallion below was the same one he had fallen in love with—ambitious, hardworking, caring, and, above all, loving.

Beneath the cocksure image of a fledgling Wonderbolt and a Hold ‘Em shark, Rumble was so many other things, and perhaps he had overlooked that for too long.

“Sure, Rumble. Let’s do it like this,” Spike said with a smile, moving forward and lifting Rumble’s tail. He carefully applied the lube, sliding a claw in and out of the stallion’s taut hole to loosen him up. Rumble moaned but lay still as he was prepared, then wrapped his forelegs around Spike’s neck as he lowered himself above him.

Face-to-face, positioning both his hips and his tip to line up with Rumble's entrance, Spike held Rumble tight. "You ready, Casanova?"

"Ready, Sweet Cheeks!"

At his words, Spike nodded, then, ever so slowly, pushed his hips forward.

"Mmmmf." Rumble closed his eyes and bit his lip as the tip pushed at him, gently at first. He pressed harder, feeling the tight ring of muscle yield to his length until finally pushing the head inside. "Mmmmmrfff... aaaaah. Ooooooh, d-damn, h-h-hot, hot, hot..."

Experiencing a heat of his own, Spike closed his eyes in turn and groaned as he breached Rumble's entrance. Warmth enveloped the tip, then the head, then the shaft as he entered and explored, engulfing him in a fire he too rarely felt. Rumble was tight as ever, inner walls squeezing as he was welcomed inside. His thick shaft managed all the way to the base, all eight inches of him inside his stallion.

Spike panted as he opened his eyes, then smiled as he found Rumble looking up at him. "Hah... Aaah... F-feel okay?"

"Mmm... y-yeah." Rumble bit his lip. "You can start when y-you're ready."

Moving his claws back up to Rumble's flared wings, Spike began to pull out. Rumble responded with a little whine, which morphed into a groan as his claws once again began to dig into and stroke his most sensitive spots. The massage stiffened both the stallion's wings and his stiff length, which throbbed as it pressed up against Spike's stomach.

"Oh..." Rumble's eyes rolled back into his head as Spike pulled almost all the way out, leaving only the head, before pushing back in. "Oh, *Celestia*, that's *buuuuck*—ing *amaaaaz*—ing—"

Spike growled as Rumble clenched around him. His tapered cock had found his sensitive prostate, gliding alongside the little bump with a gentle tap. Rumble's words were strangled as Spike drew back again, halfway this time, before hitting his rump again with another thrust.

Tongue askew, eyes glazed, wings spread to the heavens, Rumble laid on the floor and muttered with a muffled groan, "*Ohhhh, just like that... Haah-ha...*"

Steam and smoke flowed freely from Spike's nostrils with each puff and pant. He dug his claws in deeper as he rubbed circles around Rumble's wing joints. The stallion's wings trembled with every touch, shivering like leaves in the autumn wind. Each stroke made him feel as if his member was engulfed by lava itself—warm, bubbling, comforting lava, wrapping all around him with every thrust.

Desperate to gain leverage, Spike briefly stopped his massage to grab Rumble's hind legs and

wrap them around his waist. Rumble's member pushed ever harder against his stomach, smooth and warm against his sensitive belly scales.

Once in position, Spike leaned down to kiss him, and, as their lips met, thrust again.

Rumble's muffled cries faded into the kiss, his forehooves clinging to Spike's neck as the dragon pulled back out.

"Mmmh... Aaaah... Haaaaah..." Spike's own moans were buried within his lover's where their tongues met, his pace quickening as his member thrust forth, then pulled back, then thrust again, until only inches punctuated his strokes.

Connected by hooves, claws, and cock, the two became one. Their movements were near-synchronized, one after the other, moving in union and unison.

Spike thrust. Rumble pushed against him. Spike massaged his wings. Rumble massaged his back. Spike clung. Rumble clung.

In the midst of it all, a pair of lips and tongues met, over and over again, as did two sets of eyes between little gasps, groans, moans, and cries.

The candlelight flickered, threatening darkness, as both their speed and panting increased.

Spike began thrusting harder, sending his hefty balls swinging against Rumble's tail, their tongues struggling to match the pace. Up and down, back and forth, above and below, they drew together, over and over and again and again.

Until Spike, his throbbing member slamming against Rumble's prostate so fast neither could hardly breathe, felt his cock twitch. He gasped for breath, feeling that incredible pressure building inside, desperate for release. Nothing mattered to him beyond that tight heat and his nearing climax.

"R-Rumble! I'm—"

"Inside!" Rumble exclaimed, gasping, his wide eyes pleading.

He got his wish.

Spike threw his head back and clenched his teeth. The edge finally loomed, and he tumbled over it, head over tail.

Tail swishing, claws shaking, hips thrusting in one last effort towards the summit, Spike came.

His vision filled with white-hot starlight as he burst inside his stallion, his lover, his *Rumble*. He heard a roar that he was shocked to hear escaping from his own throat. He felt nothing but fire as the stallion's inner walls clenched and milked him for all he was worth. Torrents of ropes of sticky cum shot from his twitching cock, filling Rumble full until it spilled out from all around him.

As he finally caught his breath, Spike began to pull out, softening quickly. Once he removed himself with an audible pop, he wrapped his claws around Rumble's rock-hard cock. A few quick strokes, and he heard a high-pitched groan. Rumble's wings extended and his muzzle contorted as he fell over the same edge.

Rivers of thick, white semen splattered against his underbelly as Rumble's cock flared against his lover's stomach. Spike moaned and would have come a second time if he was able at the mere sight of it. The aroma of their dual orgasms teased and tickled his nostrils, filling them with a satisfying, stirring scent.

Panting hard as well, Rumble weakly looked up at Spike. His tail, painted white along with his rump, swished against Spike's, whose belly dripped with his seed. His eyelids hung low and heavy, but the smile that spread across his flushing face was one Spike would never forget.

"F-feeling better?" Rumble asked at last.

Spike chuckled. "Yeah." He leaned down and kissed him softly. "Yeah."

Rumble returned the kiss, then nuzzled his chin. "Good. I don't think I have it in me to do that again. Not tonight, at least."

Spike laid down on top of him, then held him close. "Me either."

Rumble yawned and cuddled back. "Maybe tomorrow though."

Spike opened one eye. "Oh?"

"Yeah, after we clean up. That was quite a rut, but... not exactly like how a stallion does it."

Spike opened both eyes and raised both eyebrows. "Oh, really?"

"Mmm." Eyes still closed, Rumble chuckled. "Been awhile since you've had the pleasure, I guess. But don't worry. I'll set you straight."

"... Word choice, Rumble."

"Yeah, yeah..."

The two shared a laugh as they shifted on the floor, Rumble wrapping his wings around them

both. It was a snug fit, but it worked, sharing their joined warmth in the candlelight.

It wasn't too much longer before, after mumbled goodnights and "I-love-you's," Spike found himself drifting off to sleep. Before he did, however, he thought of the last hand of Appleloosa Hold 'Em, of the winning kings.

Two kings had won tonight, twice over.