

Trender Bender

Written by Marshal Twilight

Description: Trenderhoof has learned a lot since beginning work at Sweet Apple Acres. The different kinds of apples, making cider, cooking and cleaning. Oh, and that large, masculine stallions are even more appealing than their little sisters.

Intimidated by Big Mac and uncertain how to approach him, Trenderhoof agonizes over it until he receives help from an unlikely source.

After all, a nigh omnipotent creature of chaos can do a good deed every now and then, can't he? Especially when it involves some rather creative shapeshifting and a chance to break in a virgin.

Tags: Transformation, Domination



Trenderhoof hummed to himself as he looked over the bucket of apples that had been dumped in front of him. He lifted the bucket and gently spread the apples out over the table, quickly tallying them up in his head. Once he was satisfied, he added the number to the one under ‘cameo’ in the logbook with a nearby quill. He then gathered the apples back up and put them aside, adding them to the rest in the corner of the barn.

It was nearing the end of the harvest at Sweet Apple Acres, and winter was on the way. Being one of the busiest times of year for the Apple family, it was odd for somepony new to it like Trenderhoof to be learning the ropes when time was of the essence. However, he’d developed a taste for the country life since he’d visited, and he had to admit that the idea of a *very* extended vacation was a pleasant one.

Despite their initial reluctance, Trenderhoof had proven himself surprisingly useful to the family. He wasn’t cut out for physical labor, and he’d be the first to admit it—usually loudly—but he did have an eye for sorting and organizing. It hadn’t been much of a stretch to put him to work.

Trenderhoof turned his attention to the next bucket, this one full of yellow apples. He gave a quiet “ah” when he saw it, appreciating the easy distinction. He counted them out as he had the previous bucket and tucked that one away as well. He’d been at it for hours, as the Apples had just kept bringing in more and more, but he managed to keep pace with them well enough.

Besides, he enjoyed the work. He’d learned a surprising amount since moving onto the farm. How to fix wagons, tie strong knots, care for the various flora around, even cooking. It was all useful knowledge, even if he wasn’t certain *how* long it would be useful.

That depended on something else he’d learned since taking up the job. He apparently had quite a thing for very large, very strong, and very *masculine* stallions.

Particularly the ones with red coats, quiet confidence, muscles that rippled when they moved, a certain masculine musk that he found strangely appealing, and a curious ability to make their thoughts known with barely a word.

Trenderhoof sighed and rubbed his forehead with a hoof. Such thoughts had been plaguing him for weeks now. There was no denying it. He had an enormous crush on Big Mac. Possibly an even bigger one than what he’d felt for Applejack, and certainly longer lasting.

And that terrified him for more than one reason.

“Hello there!”

Trenderhoof started at the unfamiliar voice, turning to look over his shoulder. His eyes widened at what he saw; a creature rather unlike any he'd ever seen before. Tall, serpentine, two-legged, and with a body comprised entirely of a mish-mash of various parts from other species.

The creature grinned at him, showing off a single pointed fang that stood out against the rest of his teeth. It was a little unsettling, since it didn't strike him as a smile that meant good intentions.

"My word, could it be?" He spread his mismatched arms. "I think it is! The famous traveling writer, Tremblehoof!"

Trenderhoof looked annoyed. "Actually—"

He held up a talon, frowning. "No, that wasn't it. Tremorhalf? Treasonhold? Troublecash?"

He scowled up at the creature, trepidation forgotten in his irritation. "My name is—!"

He snapped his fingers, brightening up. "Trenderhoof! That's what it is!" He reached forward with both hands—one with talons, the other a paw—and seized one of his hooves, shaking it furiously. "It's such a pleasure, let me assure you!"

"Er, thank you." Trenderhoof pulled his hoof from the decidedly strange grip. "And I know of you as well, of course. You're Discord, aren't you?"

"Oh, my reputation precedes me!" Discord leaned in, bending down to look him in the face, expression becoming one of eager interest. It made Trender think of a lion with a full stomach. "How do you know of me? Do tell!"

Trender shifted uncomfortably. He regretted saying anything, since now he risked offending an incredibly powerful chaos deity. 'Friendly' or not, chaos was untamable.

"Well..." *Oh please, don't let me say the wrong thing.* "I know about the Elements of Harmony, of course. And your... experiences with them." Trender forced an awkward smile onto his face.

"Oh, stop it." Discord leaned back and suppressed a giggle, a blush on his cheeks. "Really though, it was a pleasure working with them. Most of it theirs." He frowned. "Well, all of it actually."

Trenderhoof breathed a sigh of relief. If that was a safe subject with Discord, then he didn't have too much to worry about. Then again, it made him wonder what *would* offend him.

"But, how can that even compare?" Discord wiggled a talon in his direction. "Me, a lowly physical manifestation of chaos known for single-handedly bringing this world to its knees on two occasions..." he swept an arm in Trender's direction. "Standing here with you, the famous writer that turned Las Pegasus into a popular tourist destination!"

Trenderhoof frowned again. "Well, I certainly don't—"

"Oh, but how could I forget!" Discord seemed ready to explode from excitement, something that Trender realized was a distinct possibility. "You even popularized Trottingham cuisine!"

He leaned in to whisper into his ear. "I *love* Manechester tart."

Trenderhoof heard a pop, and a notepad and a quill appeared in front of him.

"You simply must give me an autograph!" Discord squirmed, his smile showing off two full rows of teeth as he hopped from one leg to the other.

"Oh, uh, certainly." Trenderhoof took the quill and quickly signed his name, the notepad disappearing immediately afterwards. He was already wondering if he could make an excuse to leave the barn. Discord *seemed* nice, but definitely wasn't someone he wanted to be alone with.

"Is something wrong?" Discord asked, his expression morphing into one of interest. He leaned in again, until their faces were only inches apart. Trender became acutely aware of his mismatched pupils.

"No, nothing," he said quickly. He took a step back from Discord. "I just need to finish tallying the inventory and bring the logbook to—"

Discord turned and stepped over to the table with a single long motion. He picked up the book that Trender had been writing in, rubbing his chin with a free hoof. He gave the room a single lookover, then scribbled a few numbers down with a fluffy purple quill he produced from nowhere. With a satisfied look on his face, he sent the logbook elsewhere with a 'pop'.

"All done!" Discord said, clapping his paw on Trenderhoof's shoulder. "Right on the kitchen table where it belongs. Now we can have a nice chat with no interruptions!"

“Oh... great.” Trenderhoof wished that Applejack was around to give him some more work to do. Then again, with the sun about to set, that wasn’t likely.

Discord snapped his fingers, and two large wingback chairs appeared in the center of the barn, right across from each other. Discord grinned at him and took one of them for himself, nodding toward the other.

Without much choice in the matter, Trenderhoof trotted over and sat down across from Discord. He found the seat surprisingly comfortable, despite being in a situation that very much wasn’t.

“Now then, what’s on your mind?” Discord asked, leaning forward and steeping his fingers together.

Trenderhoof blinked. “Well, nothing, really.”

Discord didn’t seem to notice. “Late for work? Not being paid enough? Room too small? Tired of eating apples at every meal?”

“No.” Things just got stranger and stranger.

“Sore from all the work? Applejack being too rough on you? Granny Smith being too snappy with orders in the kitchen? A certain red stallion you’re hopelessly in love with but too afraid to say anything to?”

Trenderhoof’s protest died in his throat as he gawked at him.

A blackboard appeared in midair, with “Discord Got It Right” written at the top in flashing neon letters. It was filled from top to bottom with tally marks, and Discord added another in a free space near the corner. Satisfied, he vanished it.

Discord chuckled and placed a hand over his chest. “Not to brag, but I’m not usually wrong. I am a genius, after all.”

“B-but... wha?”

Discord rolled his eyes, though thankfully they remained in his head. “Oh come now, it wasn’t that difficult to figure out. You stare whenever you’re around him!” He shook his head.

“Frankly, I’m surprised I’m the only one that noticed. All I had to do was spy on you for a few days.”

Trenderhoof gave a weak whimper, wishing he could sink into the floor. *Could there be anyone worse than Discord to know about this?*

Discord sighed. “Oh, don’t fret. I’m not about to run off and tell him. Or anyone else, for that matter.”

Trenderhoof perked up slightly. “You won’t?”

“Nope!” He grinned at him. “In fact, I’d like to help you.”

Trenderhoof stared at him. “Help me?”

“Of course!” Discord bounced in his seat. “I love playing matchmaker! Why, it reminds me of some of my own old flames.”

Discord... Romance? That didn’t add up to him, but it wasn’t as if he had any better ideas. Not to mention he probably didn’t have a choice in the matter.

“Well, what did you have in mind?” Trender asked.

“Oh, plenty!” He beamed at him. “I could hypnotize him, or slip a love potion into his food—I know a zebra that makes a *really* strong one—or make a clone of him that’s already in love with you, or—”

“Safe, sane, and legal please,” Trender said, thinking he’d heard too much already.

Discord frowned and scratched his chin. “Well, that’s no fun. But I do like a challenge.”

He snapped his fingers. Trender shouted in surprise Discord lifted him up. The chair disappeared to be replaced by a thickly cushioned lounge chair. Discord lowered him down onto the couch, on his back and facing away.

“So, what seems to be the trouble?” Discord asked.

Trender hesitated, not knowing where to start. He settled for the obvious issue. “How do I know if he’s into stallions?”

“Oh, he is,” Discord said. “Next question?”

Trenderhoof sputtered. “How can you just know that?”

“Because of his porn collection,” Discord replied. “It’s rather extensive. Next question?”

“Err...” *That’s one thing out of the way at least.* “How do I know if he likes me?”

Discord shrugged. “That’s a tricky one. Short of mind reading—which isn’t an option because of your ‘legal’ rule—the only way to be sure is to ask him.” He became stern. “You realize you’ll have to do that, don’t you?”

Trenderhoof squirmed in his seat. He didn’t relish the prospect, but doing nothing did him no favors. Besides, there was always the chance that it could work out.

“I suppose,” he said.

“That’s the sort of enthusiasm I like to see!” Discord said. “Reluctant agreement! The perfect amount of motivation, yet tempered by realism.”

“O...kay.”

“Next?” It was rather unnerving how much Discord seemed to be enjoying himself.

Trenderhoof blushed. This one seemed rather silly to him, yet he had to address it. “He’s a rather...large stallion.”

“To put it mildly.”

“And... I kind of like that.” He gulped. “But it scares me. What if he hurts me? He could even do it by accident.”

He heard Discord shift again. “Oh come now, don’t talk to me about how large he is. I once mated with a fully grown dragon.”

Trenderhoof twisted himself around to look back at Discord, dumbfounded. “What? How?”

Discord smirked. “It was simple, actually. I can transform into... Anyone and anything, really.” He shrugged. “Don’t ask me where the extra mass comes from, but I turned myself into an

appropriately sized dragoness for the occasion. After that, all it took was a simple mating dance and..." He twirled a talon in a circle.

Trender stared for a moment before lying back, looking up at the ceiling. "Wow." *Anyone and anything*, he thought.

"Indeed." He sounded proud. "Male dragons tend to be rather aggressive during mating. They like to bite." He chuckled. "I was better at it. Needless to say, I got my fill. Figuratively and literally."

"I see. You're certainly adventurous." Something else stood out to him though. "So you like stall—err, males?"

"Of course!" Discord seemed surprised that Trender thought otherwise. "Any and all genders, in fact. Why, I even had a fling with the Smooze back in the day."

"The Smooze." Trender wasn't sure if he believed Discord anymore. "I didn't think the Smooze had a gender."

"Oh, it doesn't." There was a pause. "It was similar to humping a waterbed."

Trender grimaced, trying to push the mental images out of his head. "Can we move on?"

"Of course! What else is on your mind?"

Trender swallowed, steeling his resolve. Discord was the last creature he'd expect to be getting advice from, but he did seem genuine. So far he had done a lot to allay his worries.

Assuming he was telling the truth and it wasn't all an elaborate ruse.

"I've never been with a stallion before," Trender said. "Just mares. I wouldn't know what to do."

There was a quiet pop, and Discord hovered above Trenderhoof, looking down at him from inches away. He was rather closer than Trenderhoof was comfortable with. He instinctively tried to move away, but since he was already on his back there was nowhere for him to go.

"They're quite a bit different from females, but not too difficult," Discord said. "I can even give you some tips!"

He cleared his throat. “A stallion is actually easier to please in a lot of ways. First, you’ll want to—”

“I meant romantically!” Trender said, eyes widening as he blushed furiously. “What’s different about that?”

Discord blinked and tilted his head quizzically. “He may be a stallion, but he’s still a pony. The only major differences are physical.”

Discord moved out of his line of sight, and Trenderhoof sat up, rubbing his forehead. “Well, I’ve not done *that* with a stallion, either.”

“Hmm. Probably prudent to get you shaped up first,” Discord said.

Trenderhoof yelped in surprise as Discord lifted him up by his armpits, leaving him dangling in the air. The sofa disappeared, replaced by a purple cushion on the floor. Discord set him down on it. As he watched, Discord moved to stand across from him, then plopped down on a cushion of his own, leaning back with his legs spread. It immediately drew Trender’s eyes to the thin, almost imperceptible slit there.

“What are you—”

Discord snapped his fingers. Trender blinked, taken aback by a new addition. Between Discord’s legs was a rather large knotted cock, already fully erect. It was dark red, and the end of it in particular looked rather strange. It tapered at the end along the underside, leaving a slight protrusion above the dip that was the rest of the head. His eyes were drawn to the large set of balls underneath, covered in brown fur.

“This is a penis,” Discord announced. “As you most likely already knew. Specifically, a canine one. Most commonly associated with Diamond Dogs, actual dogs, and griffons.”

“I wasn’t expecting you to have a knot,” Trender said, unable to take his eyes off it. *Then again, I don’t know what I expected.*

“Oh, it varies by the day.”

Discord snapped his fingers again. A rather more familiar stallion penis replaced the first. It was larger overall, though not as wide at the base, and ended with a mostly flat head. Underneath was

a heavy dark brown ballsack, hairless unlike the prior one. Trender swallowed nervously at the sight and bit his lower lip.

“This is a good one for ponies,” Discord said. “For obvious reasons, many of you prefer something familiar.” He rolled his eyes. “Let me tell you, it is *difficult* to coax most of you into giving the knotted one a try.”

“Well, this one does look nice.” Trender felt a little dazed. He was completely unable to take his eyes off the mottled brown-and-pink stallionhood so casually presented to him. *Very nice, actually...*

“Why, thank you!” Discord said, seeming touched. “If you’re finished staring, I have more to show off.”

“Oh, err, go ahead.” Trender coughed, looking up at Discord’s amused visage as his cheeks reddened.

Discord beamed. “I didn’t say to stop! It’s quite a compliment, you know. For most ponies I have to turn myself into something more pleasing.”

“Oh, that’s...” Trender looked hesitant. “A little sad, actually.”

“Don’t worry about me,” Discord said, his smile never faltering. “Though the concern is nice, we have a mission!” Another transformation later, and Trender looked at yet another variant between Discord’s legs.

“This one is a dragon’s.” Discord’s tone was mentorial, despite the decidedly odd situation. “Adjusted for scale, obviously.”

It was a light pink in color. It was particularly girthy at the base, where there was a subtle knot, while the shaft was of a more moderate thickness. The head was slightly bulbous, wider than the shaft, but tapered at the tip.

“That’s... not bad.” *A little exotic, but not too strange.* As he looked, he felt a little warmer.

“Oh, two you like already?” Discord actually bounced up and down, looking positively gleeful. “What about this one?”

Another snap of Discord's fingers, and a solid black one, unmistakably equine but not in the way Trenderhoof knew it, appeared between his legs. Precum had already accumulated at the tip. Underneath there was a massive set of balls, matching the cock in color, and undoubtedly carrying a lot of cum.

Trenderhoof shivered at the thought.

"This is what you'd find on a typical male zebra," Discord said. "Rather like what ponies have, but slightly larger." He smirked at Trender, reaching forward to tilt his head up to look him in the eye. "But the real perk is that they have about twice as much of that lovely cream filling."

"Oh, dear." Trender already knew what pony stallions were capable of. To imagine what a *zebra* stallion could do...

He felt something shift between his hind legs. He crossed them and tried to take his mind off it.

"Oh! Like that, do you?" Discord asked. For the first time, he sounded a bit sultry. "Well, I have plenty more to choose from."

"J-just the stallion one is good," Trender said, his face burning. The others were interesting, but he wasn't *that* adventurous.

"Are you certain?" Discord grinned and leaned forward. "The tapered one is great for first-timers, you know. It slides right in."

Trenderhoof shivered. *That one was a nice size...* It would certainly be easier on him.

"Or the knotted one?" Discord was persistent if nothing else. "Trickier, but that would loosen you up for Big Mac. Plus, everyone I've convinced to try it didn't regret it."

"J-just the pony one, please!" Trender raised his voice, sounding rather desperate.

Discord rolled his eyes. "Oh, fine." Again, the familiar stallion one appeared between his legs. Unlike earlier, there was now a droplet of precum at the tip.

"Well... Now what?" Trender had some idea of what Discord was plotting, but wasn't sure yet if he actually wanted it.

Discord grinned. "Why, we practice of course!"

Trender's jaw dropped as Discord seemed to contort in on himself, his limbs drawing in closer as his body shortened. Red fur burst from his scaly tail and grey upper body, and his head reshaped itself. His slender body thickened and shortened. Muscles spread underneath the surface of his new fur. His horns withdrew into his skull, and a straw-colored mane appeared in their place. Before long, Trenderhoof looked up at a completely unmistakable replica of Big Macintosh.

Before he could say anything—not that it would have been coherent—Big Mac stepped forward, looming over Trenderhoof with a downright predatory smirk on his face. Despite his fear, Trender couldn't resist looking lower. Indeed, right between his hind legs, Big Mac was fully aroused, and very much ready to take him.

He felt a sudden jolt in his stomach, and the next thing Trender knew he sat on a hardwood floor in an unfamiliar room. Green flannel-patterned wallpaper, a somewhat musky scent that he found both appealing and oddly familiar, and a rather large unmade bed tucked against the wall.

However, he couldn't fixate on this for long with Big Mac still looming over him. He leaned in, closer and closer, and Trender lost any courage he might have had. He gave a weak little whimper and looked away, closing his eyes. Just the *size* of him made him feel so vulnerable.

He heard a pause, a sigh, and Big Mac's presence receded. When Trender glanced up, he saw that he looked a little exasperated.

He spoke in Discord's voice. "The *idea* is that we can get some practice in with his body so you can perhaps get over your fear." Big Mac rolled his eyes. "I thought that was obvious."

"It's not like you gave me any warning!" Trender spoke with a tremor in his voice. Discord or not, Big Mac still stood in front of him, just as large and intimidating as ever. Not to mention attractive, masculine, and so very muscular.

"Doesn't it make sense, though?" Big Mac—Discord—asked. "I'm quite a good actor, you know. You won't even tell the difference."

Trender cocked an eyebrow. "You aren't even using his voice."

"Ah, of course." A book appeared out of thin air, levitating in front of Big Mac. He looked down at it, expression studious. The pages rapidly turned themselves until he reached the end. Clearing his throat, Big Mac spoke again.

“Howdy there, Trender. Ah was hopin’ that we might have a lil bit o’ flank spankin’ on the bed here...”

Trender stared at him, incredulous and somewhat offended. “That was awful.”

Big Mac sighed. “These are so difficult to get right.”

A dial appeared in midair, and Big Mac started turning it with the tip of a hoof. As Trenderhoof watched in bemusement, the enormous stallion worked his way through a flurry of accents. Everything from a Manehattan accent to a Zebrican one, all of which were horribly out of place coming from Big Mac’s mouth.

Eventually, Discord did manage to stumble on the right one, and after a quick test he vanished the dial, clearing his throat as he looked at Trender, fully back in character.

“Now, I reckon with the secret out, there ain’t no reason to wait.” Big Mac spoke in a deep, soothing rumble. Just as Trender remembered it. “What’cha think?”

“I...I...” After that, he could only manage a feeble little squeak.

Another sigh. This time Big Mac transformed back into Discord. It was a much faster and more seamless transition than it had been the first time.

“You aren’t making this particularly easy, you know,” Discord said, arching an eyebrow at him.

“I know!” Trender said, looking embarrassed. “I’m sorry. I’m just so *new* to this.”

“Do you really want this?” Discord asked, looking very serious.

Trender gulped, mulling that over. For all his trepidation, he had to admit that Discord’s idea could really help him. This could give him the courage he needed.

Not to mention his mind kept wandering to Discord’s transformation abilities. The things that draconequus might be able to do...

Bending and twisting as easily as a sweater sleeve. Turning himself into any creature, any stallion or mare he could imagine. Always able to provide the perfect size and shape. Countless other possibilities, and all of them were more than a little interesting.

Trenderhoof looked up at Discord and gave a nod, unable to find the words.

“Good!” Discord smirked down at him again. “So long as you keep in mind that I’m not *really* Big Mac, you’ll do just fine.”

He patted Trender on the head before transforming back into the enormous red stallion, again looming over him. Trenderhoof took a shaky breath as Big Mac fixed him with that paralyzing gaze. He struggled to remember who it really was under that gorgeous red coat and those prominent muscles. Behind those amazing green eyes and that lustful look of desire.

He found it next to impossible. Big Mac’s eyes, expression, even the subtle things like how he carried himself were all just like the real stallion. When he stepped toward him again, Trender squeaked and moved back.

This time, Big Mac didn’t pause. He continued to advance, step by step, his powerful hooves thumping against the floor. Trenderhoof continued to slide away, his rump against the floor as he scooted back. He stared up at Big Mac the whole time, and he didn’t stop trying to flee until he bumped against the base of the bed.

No escape in sight, Big Mac stopped in front of him, looking a little amused. The stallion leaned in and Trenderhoof closed his eyes, only to freeze up when he heard him speak.

“I won’t hurt ya,” he said. His voice was low and soothing, his lips so close to his ear that he could feel his breath brushing against it. “Do ya trust me?”

Trenderhoof cracked his eyes open, looking up at the stallion. His sultry expression had become one of concern. Those gorgeous light green eyes looked right into his, full of affection. If Trender hadn’t already been sitting, he would have swooned.

“Y-yes,” he said, his mind going blank. He tried to calm his breathing, hoping to relax and stop his heart from pounding in his ears. If Big Mac would give him a chance, trusting him was the least he could do.

Big Mac smiled and leaned in. Trender’s breath hitched in his throat, images of simply being crushed beneath his weight entering his mind. It nearly made him panic, right up until the stallion’s warm, rough lips pressed softly against his own.

A tiny whimper formed in Trender’s throat as the world melted away around him. He could feel Big Mac’s hot breaths against his muzzle, those firm, coarse lips moving gently against his own.

He was so careful, yet there was an unspoken strength in it. Big Mac could have pushed him against the wall and claimed him as he pleased, yet he chose to do it like this instead.

He closed his eyes again as he gently pushed back against the red stallion. He heard light thumps on either side of him as Big Mac braced himself, still hovering over him as he pressed harder. A weak moan formed in Trender's mouth as he relaxed, his anxiety fading in the sheer passion and desire for this stallion.

Big Mac pulled back, leaving them both panting as they looked into each other's eyes. Trender was again struck by what he saw. The affection was still present, but there was something more to it now. Passion and desire. Desire for *him*.

Before he could find the words, Big Mac moved in and kissed him again, much firmer. Trender went slack, instinctively submissive in this stallion's shadow. He moved a little closer, pressing his own lithe form against that warm body. He made cute little moans of appreciation as the red stallion continued the hungry, dominant kiss.

Something poked against his lips. Realizing what it was, Trender parted them, allowing Big Mac to press his flat, heavy tongue into his mouth. He trembled as Big Mac deepened the kiss, giving a satisfied little grunt as he poked his tongue around inside.

Trender should have done something, but Big Mac's presence so close to him, *inside* him, took the willpower out of him. He was completely at this stallion's mercy, and that knowledge was both terrifying and exhilarating.

Big Mac explored his mouth eagerly, tracing the tip of his tongue along Trender's teeth as though trying to find a flaw in the perfect rows. He also poked at his cheeks, marking them both before moving to Trender's tongue. Here he poked and prodded at it, trying to tempt a response from the paralyzed stallion.

Big Mac pulled back, a strand of saliva connecting their lips. They both panted, Trender completely dumbstruck as he held eye contact with him. His cheeks were as red as the other stallion's fur, and he seemed unable to comprehend that this was even happening.

Big Mac kissed him again, rougher still. Trender groaned and closed his eyes, but froze when he noticed something strange. Big Mac's tongue was no longer thick and heavy. The one inside his mouth now was thin, agile, and rather skillful.

It danced around in his mouth, far more gracefully than the thicker one. It seemed to be able to reach every single corner of his mouth, every nook and cranny that even the last one hadn't managed to find. Trender was awed, particularly when he felt it brush against his own.

He expected more poking and prodding, but Big Mac had other ideas. His tongue proved surprisingly long, extending further and further. To his amazement Trender felt Big Mac's tongue wrapping around his own, again and again, all the way to the base. Then, just when he thought it couldn't get any stranger, Big Mac began moving his tongue, rubbing back and forth around his.

Big Mac shifted, leaning in closer. He grabbed Trenderhoof by the hips and pulled him away from the bed. He laid him down on his back, still locked in their kiss, and stood over him.

Big Mac continued to run his tongue back and forth, still coiled around Trender's. He found it to be a curious sensation, not at all unpleasurable. But that went to the back of his increasingly addled mind as Big Mac lowered himself, pressing his enormous red body to him.

Trender whimpered as the heavyset stallion pressed against him, utterly dwarfed by his size. Those powerful muscles against his chest rippled with the slightest movements. To imagine what a stallion like this could do to him...

He gave a frightened squeak when he felt something else. Something hot and very large against his stomach. He could already feel a warm, sticky liquid against his fur, proof of just how much Big Mac desired him.

However, Big Mac paused in his ministrations. He didn't lift himself back up, but he broke the kiss, looking at Trenderhoof with a frown on his face.

"How come ya ain't hard?" he asked.

Trenderhoof blinked as he tried to gather his thoughts. He realized that Big Mac was right. For as much as he was getting into it, his shaft hadn't even begun to emerge from its sheath.

"I'm not sure." Trenderhoof felt rather embarrassed.

Big Mac didn't look impressed. He sighed, and before Trenderhoof knew it Discord was the one looming over him, his back bent double so he could look him in the face.

“This simply won’t do.” Discord placed an elbow on Trender’s chest and propped his head up. “I understand performance issues—particularly the first time—but really now!” He gave him a suspicious look. “You seemed rather into it.”

“I was,” Trenderhoof said, not quite able to look him in the eye. In truth, he’d completely forgotten that it wasn’t the real Big Mac.

“Just nervousness, I expect,” Discord said. “Nothing for it, then. I’ll have to warm you up myself.”

“Wait, what do you—MMPH!”

Discord darted forward and kissed him hungrily, working his thin, serpentine tongue into his mouth. He lashed it around quickly, not tenderly at all like he had as Big Mac, and broke the kiss only moments later.

Discord smirked at him and slid down. Trenderhoof noticed a curious contrast between the scaly tail and furry abdomen sliding against his belly. He squirmed as Discord’s stomach rubbed against his sheath and balls, slowly but surely, looking up at him from between his legs.

“Now, let’s see what you have here.” He took Trenderhoof’s balls into his paw, stroking them gently.

Trenderhoof gave a tiny little whimper, shifting his legs restlessly. The fur was soft, an odd feeling right next to the pads. It made him think of silk against leather, both of which rubbed against his sensitive flesh.

“Hmm, nicely sized,” Discord said. “I expect a good finish from you later.”

“O-okay,” He definitely felt something shifting down below.

Discord noticed right away. “And there you are!”

Trenderhoof held his breath as Discord’s paw brushed against the head of his cock, slowly emerging from the sheath. It was certainly stranger to be doing this with Discord than Big Mac, but he couldn’t complain.

“Tell me, what did you think of my tongue?” Discord asked. He lifted himself up, straightening his back to loom over Trender again. He seemed both curious and amused.

“Interesting,” Trender said after a moment’s thought. “Very flexible.”

Discord chuckled. “Indeed. And that was just a kiss. Would you like for me to show you what else I can do with it?”

His eyes widened. “You mean...?”

“Of course!” Discord looked incredulous. “Why ever does that thought surprise you?”

Trenderhoof blushed. “You just seem so... dominant.”

Discord rolled his eyes. “Pfft. You ponies and your sexual stereotypes.”

Before Trenderhoof could say anything else, Discord moved back down between his legs. He gave him another smirk before sticking his tongue out, pressing it against the head of Trender’s cock.

The stallion tensed as that warm wetness touched his rising flesh. He exhaled sharply when Discord licked him up and down, coaxing his shaft further out of his sheath. His touch was incredibly light, and maddening in its inadequacy.

The room seemed to sway as Discord continued to lap at him. He went from the base, pausing at the medial ring to tease it, causing Trender to give a stifled moan. Then he went the rest of the way up, slowly, tenderly, until he reached the head. There he made Trender gasp as he wrapped that flexible tongue around it, coiling it and running it back and forth.

“That is... divine,” Trender said, panting as his face heated up. He closed his eyes and exhaled slowly, tilting his head back to rest it against the base of the bed.

Discord formed a tight ring around Trender’s cock with his tongue, then moved his head up and down, never putting his mouth on it. Trender bit his lower lip and suppressed a moan as Discord went all the way to the base, then back up to the head. From there he repeated the motion, coating his shaft in saliva with that talented tongue. It didn’t take long at all before the stallion was fully erect, nicely sized, if not massive.

He felt a nudge against his leg and Discord pulled back, that wonderful tongue leaving his twitching cock. Trenderhoof looked down, a needy look on his face. He saw Discord smirk at him one moment, only for Big Macintosh to be looking at him the next.

Trenderhoof's eyes widened. Before he could say anything, Big Mac opened his mouth wide and took the head of his cock into his mouth. Trender gave a strangled cry of surprise and delight as that warm wetness surrounded his flesh. That heavy tongue lapped at his head, tasting the salty precum that had already appeared. Big Mac had a soft tongue, yet with a somewhat rough texture that added a wondrous friction to the contact.

Oh Celestia, he's amazing.

Big Mac suckled on him, and Trender bucked his hips weakly in response, a quiet moan escaping him. Big Mac shifted his hooves, holding Trender down by the hips before continuing. When he did he moved down, keeping his lips tight around the shaft.

Trenderhoof gave a long, desperate moan as he felt more and more of that tight heat envelop him. Big Mac lapped and stroked the sides of his shaft with his tongue, thoroughly coating it with his saliva and claiming it as his own.

Big Mac paused when the head of his cock hit the back of his throat. Trender expected him to pull back, but Big Mac surprised him by angling his head and moving further, easily taking the rest of his length into his mouth and straight down his throat.

Trender struggled to draw breath, his moans reduced to weak whimpers. He spread his legs wide on instinct, giving Big Mac the most room possible to work with. That coarse tongue of his continued to lick him up and down, curling around his shaft somewhat clumsily. At the same time he swallowed around him, his throat rippling around the head and upper shaft. That would have floored him if he hadn't been flat on his back already.

Big Mac pulled back, suckling on him gently all the while. He tilted his head up to look at Trenderhoof when he reached the tip, keeping his lips wrapped around it with a rather satisfied look on his face. Trender took the opportunity to try catching his breath, only to toss his head back and moan in delight as Big Mac took him all back in with one movement.

One again he was overwhelmed with that warm, wet mouth and throat. Big Mac swallowed again, and Trender felt weak from being turned to putty with such a simple motion. The coarse fur of Mac's chin rubbed against his balls, a reminder of just how deep he'd gone.

Big Mac pulled back, giving Trender that breathtaking look—the one of pure desire and passion, that primal lust to take and dominate him. As Trender watched, Big Mac's wide muzzle contorted and retracted. His entire head changed shape as the eyes switched back to Discord's,

the fur became grey, and that single fang poked back out of his mouth. Discord wore his usual mischievous smirk, but his yellow eyes held every bit as much passion as Big Mac's had.

Trender gasped as that serpentine tongue curled its way around his length, all the way from the head to the base. He froze up as Discord took him into his mouth as well, expertly going down on him while stroking him up and down with his tongue.

Trender grabbed desperately at the floor, searching for purchase, his mind going blank. Discord bobbed his head up and down, paying him no mind. That tongue curled around him, lavishing him in eager affection even as those lips remained tight. When Discord reached the base he would swallow around him just like Big Mac had, only to draw back with that long tongue of his dragging across his flesh.

Discord was a master of emptying Trender's mind. Whenever he tried to fixate on one thing, Discord would do something else. As soon as Trender started to get used to his delightful swallowing, he'd pull back and drag that lengthy tongue all the way from the base to the head.

He moved in unpredictable patterns, a rhythm changing by his whims. He'd move fast and hard one minute, then switch to slow and lavish the next. It had Trender shaking in his clawed grip, already nearing his climax, yet Discord kept him maddeningly away from the edge.

He heard a pop, and once again Big Mac had his lips around his length. He paused as Trender looked at him, and gave him a disarming smile. His eyes smoldered like embers, his mouth agape as he panted, lips coated in his own saliva.

"Go ahead," Big Mac said. "Show me what'cha got."

With that Big Mac angled his head and swallowed him all back down in one smooth motion. Trenderhoof gave a strangled cry and helplessly bucked his hips against Big Mac's powerful grip. Big Mac swallowed repeatedly, licking him up and down, determined to push him over the edge.

Trender cried out and tossed his head back, eyes clenched closed. The pressure within him built, more and more, until finally it released. He moaned in utter delight as he came hard, Big Mac keeping his muzzle firmly around his shaft, gulping happily as Trender shot spurt after spurt of his warm, sticky load down his throat. He utterly forgot himself, awash in that overwhelming pleasure. The sight of Big Mac's lips around his cock, holding all that cum in his mouth, was almost more than he could bear. His deepest fantasy took place right before his eyes, a thrill that not even his mind-numbing orgasm could match.

He was only dimly aware when Big Mac pulled back, his tongue cupping the underside of his cock. He still had a few more spurts left in him, and Big Mac paused just long enough to catch them in his mouth, getting a hefty mouthful of that warm spunk before pulling back completely.

Big Mac sat on his haunches, cheeks bulging slightly as he watched Trender with a satisfied look on his face. It took the stallion a few moments to stop trembling. He was still in a daze when he finally looked at Big Mac.

Big Mac transformed, Discord once again taking his normal form. He gave Trender a wicked grin before bending over double, leaning toward his own fully erect stallionhood between his legs.

As Trender watched in amazement, Discord took his own cock into his mouth, all the way to the base. He heard exaggerated slurping as Discord bobbed his head, then pulled off and stood up straight. His length now thoroughly covered in Trender's release, Discord swallowed down what was left.

Discord smirked and sucked on his fingertips one by one. "Not bad. Not bad at all."

"Um..." Trender was painfully aware of how he sounded, but he could muster nothing better.

"You do know why I did that, don't you?" Discord asked, that mischievous smirk still on his face. "Big Mac doesn't seem the type to settle for a little mouth play, you know."

Trender's eyes widened and he turned his gaze to that thick erection between Discord's legs. It was completely coated in that off-white fluid, and now he knew why.

"Be a good stallion and hop up on the bed, would you?" Discord asked.

Trender gulped and blushed, but he stood up on shaky legs. His softening cock dangled limply between his legs, and he awkwardly walked over to the bed, climbing up onto it. All the while, he could feel Discord watching him.

The bed was firm. Trenderhoof noticed a rather prevalent scent in the sheets. Masculine, a little musky. It reminded him of pine needles and sweat, the same smell that permeated the rest of the room. He relaxed, finding it oddly soothing.

He turned over, lying on his back with his head propped up on the pillow. His softened cock lay limply against his stomach, Discord's saliva drying on it and a small amount of leftover cum leaking from the tip.

His eyes found Discord's, who gave him a satisfied little smirk. "Ready and willing, are we?"

Trenderhoof felt his face heat up again. He gave a nervous, yet eager nod.

Discord needed no further invitation. He stepped forward up to the foot of the bed. That long, slender body of his looked incredibly flexible now that Trender thought of it in a new light. The way he could bend and flex so readily, change any part of himself at a whim, and the sheer confidence in each and every motion all came together to make him surprisingly alluring. Even that perpetual sense of mischief had a certain appeal.

Discord climbed up onto the bed, getting on his knees between Trenderhoof's hind legs. He tilted his head down and looked up at him, his eyes smoldering with lust and a wicked little grin on his face.

He placed a hand on each of Trenderhoof's thighs and crawled forward, his entire body rippling and flexing. The stallion quivered involuntarily as Discord's furred grey chest pressed against his spent cock, still sensitive.

Discord took his time, looking up at Trenderhoof and slowly crawling up his body, pressing against him all the while. Fur against fur, and eventually fur against scale. Discord had him utterly captivated, the stallion unable to look away from that hypnotic gaze.

Discord straddled him fully, leaving them face-to-face. He smirked down at his prey, panting heavily and letting his long, slender tongue dangle freely. He leaned in and gave Trender another heated kiss.

The stallion moaned weakly, allowing Discord to dominantly shove his tongue into his mouth. His legs went slack even as his ears twitched in instinct. He felt helpless as that tongue danced around in his mouth. Discord's body was unlike anything he'd experienced before. Each and every movement seemed to affect the whole, as though his serpentine body was a single powerful muscle.

Discord broke the kiss, leaving a strand of saliva between their lips. His cheeks were a little flushed, and he panted softly. That self-assured smirk had been replaced by something more

primal; need and desire. Trenderhoof felt so small in the presence of this powerful being, yet utterly awed at just how badly he wanted him.

Discord shifted against him. Trenderhoof's breath hitched in his throat as he felt something new. Something warm, wet and sticky pressing against his tight puckered entrance. He bit his lip, nervous but not unwilling.

He expected Discord to start pushing his way in, but, instead, there was a shift. The flat head of the equine member narrowed, becoming tapered. He wondered how it looked now, but, with Discord hovering over him, all he could do was look up in askance.

"I did say the tapered one was better for first-timers," Discord said. He gave him an odd look, somewhere between mirth and concern, but that undeniable hunger remained in his eyes. "Are you prepared?"

Trenderhoof nodded. "Just take it slow?"

Discord grinned. "Of course."

He gripped Trenderhoof's shoulders for balance before pushing his hips forward. The stallion exhaled and tried to relax. The tip of the dragon's member slipped inside him easily, his own slippery cum aiding him. After that, it got more difficult. His tight entrance spread around it, Trender squirming in slight discomfort. Discord had been right, however; the shape did make it easier on him.

Discord paused once he had the tip inside, looking down at him with a somewhat strained expression. Trender gasped for breath, red-faced as he tried to hold still. He caught Discord's eye again, those curiously mismatched pupils holding his attention, and relaxed a little.

After a moment, the discomfort lessened and Trender gave Discord a nod to continue. He did so, slowly as before. He pulled back a little each time, then pressed in a bit deeper, forcing Trender to relax and allow him further inside.

Inch by inch, that shaft sank into him, girthy and smooth. With the initial discomfort fading, pleasure took its place. He gave a weak little whimper as the pressure built within him. A persistent feeling of fullness, with Discord's movements sending little jolts through his lower body. His stallionhood was already hardening again, slowly for now, but it wouldn't take long.

Discord bottomed out inside him, all the way up to the subtle knot. They both panted in exertion. Discord's eyes were closed and his expression was one of satisfied pleasure.

He cracked his eyes open and gave Trender a grin. "I do so love breaking in virgins."

He pulled back, Trender gasping as that hardness left him. He missed it already, even as the movement made him quiver in delight. Discord paused with the tip still inside him, then pushed it back in, faster than before.

Trenderhoof moaned as Discord thrust into him again, hearing a grunt from his partner at the same time. It didn't hurt any longer, leaving only that incredible feeling of being filled and a growing desire for more.

Discord seemed to share his thoughts, pulling back and giving him another thrust, the hardest yet. Trender clenched his eyes closed, tensing and relaxing over and over as he tried to figure out what to do with himself.

Discord continued to thrust into him, his strong, slender hips moving back and forth, driving that cock in and out of him. The messy wet sounds filled Trender's ears alongside the grunts and moans he shared with Discord.

His cock fully hardened once more, caught between their chests. Their furred bodies pressed against it from either side, adding a pleasurable friction from between his legs to the fullness and pressure inside him.

"How are you keeping?" Discord's voice sounded rather strained. He didn't pause in his thrusting.

"F-faster," Trenderhoof said between pants. "Please!"

Discord gave him a toothy grin and leaned down, nibbling affectionately on his ear. He gave the stallion another thrust, this one harder, and chuckled upon hearing a surprised little squeak in response. He continued at that same pace, thrusting firmly into Trenderhoof, gripping his shoulders tightly all the while.

Trenderhoof practically melted underneath the powerful creature above him. He spread his legs wide, giving Discord as much room as he needed. He pressed his hooves against the mattress, lifting his rear up, desperate to get more of that length inside. Discord rewarded him by taking advantage, thrusting deeper and harder, eliciting fresh and louder moans.

After a few more thrusts, Trender came up short as Discord pulled out of him completely. Panting and rather desperate for more, he looked up at him, a pleading look on his face. Discord simply grinned and transformed back into Big Mac, his natural eyes lingering a few seconds before turning green.

Trender had no time to process that. Big Mac pressed his way into his nicely stretched entrance. His cock, now definitively equine, was much girthier. Fortunately, Trender had little trouble stretching to accommodate, moaning in ecstasy at that wonderful fullness again.

As Big Mac bottomed out, the deepest yet, Trenderhoof struggled to keep breathing. He was even fuller now than he'd been before. He felt so close to the stallion hilted inside him, so *controlled* by him, and he loved every second of it.

Trender whimpered and cried out repeatedly as Big Mac rutted him. Harder and faster than at any point prior, he utterly lost control of his own body as he became completely subjected to his whims. He pawed at the sheets helplessly, struggling for purchase. All he could do was moan and gasp as the red stallion took advantage of his increasingly submissive state.

"Harder!" he shouted, heedless of his volume. He was getting rutted by the strongest stallion he'd ever met, and he intended to take full advantage.

Big Mac got a rather predatory look at the words. Trenderhoof gave a strangled cry as Big Mac increased his pace yet again, those powerful hips slamming against his rump over and over, each time burying that enormous length inside him and satisfying that primal craving to be filled.

Struggling for support, Trenderhoof clung to Big Mac, gripping him with all four of his legs. Big Mac gave a satisfied grunt as Trender wrapped around him, thrusting even harder in response. Trender's strangled cry of delight drowned out the creaking of the bed, each one of those strong thrusts striking that amazing pleasure center inside him.

Trender was in awe at what he felt against him: every ripple, every flex of Big Mac's muscles against his legs and stomach. A stallion like this could do anything he wanted with him. He was helpless and he *loved it*.

"Ya like this, don'tcha?" Big Mac asked. Another hard thrust, another weak cry of delight from Trenderhoof.

He couldn't find it in himself to answer. He knew, on some level, that it was still Discord. And yet, whenever his eyes found Big Mac's, those thoughts left him completely. Those light green eyes were so breathtaking, filled with caring clouded by lust. Trenderhoof lost himself completely in those eyes and the earth-shaking pleasure of each powerful thrust.

The pressure within him built continuously at a depth that only Big Mac's thrusts could reach. Closer to the surface, his length twitched constantly, leaking precum like a fountain, desperate for release. To be here, pinned and rutted senseless by this amazing stallion, all while he looked upon him with that expression of utter satisfaction, was more than he could grasp.

Big Mac got his attention with a grunt. "Gonna cum. Tell me how much ya want me to."

Dear Celestia, how much he wanted that. To be pumped full of this stallion's seed as if he were a mare in heat.

"I—" He cut himself off with another delighted shout as Big Mac gave him another firm thrust.

"Pardon?" Big Mac smirked down at him, never once pausing. Oddly, his eyes seemed to flicker, switching between white and yellow.

"I—" Another thrust, another moan. He teetered on the edge. The pressure rose within him, so desperately close to release. Just a little more...

"Hmm?" Big Mac cocked an eyebrow.

"I want you to cum!" Trenderhoof shouted. "Do it, Big Mac! Fill me up! Please!"

Big Mac gave a triumphant grin and his eyes changed. The whites became yellow, the irises red and the pupils uneven. The mane flickered and Discord's mismatched, twisting horns appeared as Big Mac pulled back, angling himself for another wave of thrusting. He braced himself as best he could, only to scream in delight as Big Mac really cut loose. He thrust into him as hard and fast as he could, leaving him awash in the amazing pleasure of the frenzied rutting. It was enough to drive him right over the edge.

He cried out as he came, feeling his own warm, sticky fluid against both his fur and Big Mac's, easily soaking through to the skin and joining them in a gooey mess. The waves of pleasure wiped his addled mind clean, and he could do nothing but moan helplessly as he writhed beneath the stallion atop him, completely at his mercy and the amazing sensations he'd given him.

Big Mac gave a satisfied grunt and thrust a final time, burying himself to the hilt. Trenderhoof whimpered as he felt the first spurt of that hot, virile spunk splatter across his insides. Heavy volleys of Big Mac's rich cum repeatedly coated his inner walls, filling him in places he didn't even know he had. Trenderhoof moaned in utter delight, feeling so close, so *claimed* as this stallion emptied himself inside him, giving him that filling he so desperately craved.

Big Mac made no move to pull out, leaving it inside as he panted and groaned in satisfaction. He pumped his hips on instinct, getting every last drop into that tight hole until it overflowed to soak into Trender's tail and the sheets beneath. Even so, Trender caught himself wishing for just a little more.

The two of them came down from their peaks in utter bliss, Trender shaking in Big Mac's grip as he slowly came to his senses. Big Mac looked rather more composed, already giving him that satisfied smirk when he finally came to. Trenderhoof blushed beneath that look, embarrassed now that his senses were clearer.

Big Mac's demeanor changed rather abruptly, the smirk becoming a kind smile. It made Trenderhoof relax, smiling back as Big Mac leaned in to gently press their lips together.

Unlike the last few, this one was slow and soft. There was no lust behind it now, only affection. Even with Big Mac's length still lodged inside him with a generous load of his rich cum, it felt more loving than heated. When they broke the kiss, their breathing had calmed but they remained unable to break eye contact. Green eyes looked into purple as they simply basked in their afterglow together, finally sharing the moment that Trenderhoof had yearned for.

Unfortunately for him, it was rather abruptly shattered when he heard the bedroom door open, and a stallion identical to the one on top of him walked in. As Trender whipped his head around in horror, he saw Big Mac's eyes widen as he just stared, uncomprehending. He looked from the splitting image of himself, who seemed rather amused, to the sticky puddle beneath where he was still buried inside Trenderhoof, and, finally, up to Trenderhoof's face.

There was a pop and a golden pocket watch appeared in midair. The fake Big Mac looked at it, then chuckled. "Right on schedule."

"Big Mac!" Trender blurted, desperate to explain himself. "It's—"

"Exactly what it looks like?" Discord suggested. He braced himself and pulled himself out of Trenderhoof with a wet 'pop,' releasing a deluge of cum to further drench his tail.

“No!” Trender frantically twisted around, trying to hide his softening shaft and cum-drenched underbelly. “B-but... What are you even doing here?!”

“Oh, did I forget to mention?” Discord asked. He no longer bothered with Big Mac’s voice, even though he didn’t change back. “This is his bedroom.”

Trenderhoof turned to stare at Discord, a look of betrayal on his face. “His?! Why would you—”

He trailed off as a rather displeased-sounding grunt filled the room. He saw Big Mac looking between the two of him, his expression rather frightening. Trenderhoof whimpered in terror, eyes wide. He began to hyperventilate, and his vision darkened at the edges. He feared retribution, but, most of all, he feared that he’d permanently ruined his chances of being with the real stallion.

“Be gentle,” Discord said. “It was my idea, after all.”

Big Mac turned to stare at his replica, cocking an eyebrow. He looked distinctly unamused.

“It’s quite simple,” Discord said. “This adorable little guy—” he patted Trenderhoof on the head “—is rather lovesick. Lovesick for you.” He grinned. “So I, being the generous avatar of chaos that I am, decided I’d help him out by giving him a test run.” He spread his forelegs. “Brilliant, is it not?”

Big Mac grunted and looked back at Trender. His expression was a little softer now, but not by much. At least he seemed curious now. It was infinitely better than anger.

“I’m so sorry!” Trenderhoof shouted, eyes watering. “I wanted to tell you, but I was just so afraid! And Discord wanted to help, and this was what he suggested and I just...” He looked away. “I couldn’t say no. Not when it was so much like you.”

There were hoofsteps, and Trender flinched as he heard Big Mac draw closer. He shied away when Big Mac stopped next to the bed, bracing himself for anything from harsh words to being struck across the face. He wasn’t even sure which would be worse.

What he didn’t expect was Big Mac gently pressing a hoof to his shoulder. He dared to look up, seeing that his expression was one of surprising reassurance.

“He’s quite smitten with you, you know,” Discord said. “By the end of it, he’d forgotten it was me.”

Big Mac hummed. “That right?”

Trender gave a hesitant nod. He wanted to say something, anything to explain himself, but he just couldn’t find the words.

There was a pop and Discord languished on the bed in his usual body, looking at them both with a giddy expression. He then sat up and stood next to Big Mac, elbowing him in the side.

“Come on, just look at him!” He swept an arm toward Trenderhoof. “How can you say no to that?”

Big Mac looked over his ravaged body, making him feel very vulnerable. His cum-soaked stomach, his softening cock limp against his underside, and tail drenched with Discord’s massive release. Big Mac’s expression was impenetrable, but at least he didn’t shy away from what he saw.

“Big Mac?” Trenderhoof asked in a tiny whisper.

It took a long time for him to answer. By the time he did, even Discord looked a little worried. However, when he did, the relief came crashing down on him when Big Mac gave a nod.

“We’ll see how it goes,” Big Mac said, giving Trenderhoof a little smile.

The relief was almost enough to make him burst into tears. Instead, he just beamed at Big Mac.

“D’awww!” Discord shoved Big Mac toward Trenderhoof, causing him to shout in surprise as he stumbled and landed on top of him. “Now go on, screw each other silly! After all, there’s no better way to show affection than shoving hard objects into orifices!”

Big Mac shot Discord a glare over his shoulder, while Trender was more preoccupied with finding himself pinned, once again, beneath Big Mac. And yet, even as convincing as Discord had been, he only now realized how much better it felt to have the real one.

Discord rolled his eyes. “Oh, very well. I can see where I’m not wanted.” He disappeared with a pop, only to reappear lying on his side next to Trenderhoof.

“This one’s on the house,” Discord said, giving him a smirk. “Oh, and if you ever want another ride on the Disco Stick, all you have to do is ask!”

There was a low growl from Big Mac.

“Only if it’s alright with him, of course!” he added, giving Big Mac a wary look. “Until then, have fun!”

With one final pop, Discord disappeared yet again. This time, he didn’t reappear anywhere the two of them could see.

Now finally alone, Trenderhoof and Big Mac—the real one at last—made eye contact again.

Trenderhoof still couldn’t believe all that had happened. For all his mischief, and the way he’d gone about it, Discord had actually managed to get him what he wanted. He knew one thing for sure—whatever everypony else might have felt about him, Discord was a friend to Trenderhoof.

Of course, thoughts of Discord left his mind entirely when Big Mac leaned in and kissed him. He was firm, yet loving, and Trenderhoof gave a contented little sigh as he let himself melt away beneath Big Mac, utterly at peace.