

# **Two Possibilities (MLP, Hypno, Rape)**

## Two Possibilities (An MLP Story)

Princess Celestia and Princess Luna had been to so, so many places on their wonderful vacation, all across Equestria. From their grand palace in Canterlot, they had journeyed to Ponyville, and, from there, to the high reaches of Cloudsdale. Manehattan, Rockville, the Dragon Lands, even the dusty, near abandoned town of Appleloosa had felt the presence of their royal hooves. Everywhere they visited, they had been greeted with open arms and fanfare. Feasts had been thrown for them, the most eloquent rooms possible had been created, and, all in all, it had just been a lovely time.

And what better way to finish off such a splendid vacation than with a little magic show? Both Celestia and Luna had seen The Great and Powerful Trixie perform before, and, well, they both felt like witnessing an encore. Since the travelling magician was in the area on their way back to Canterlot, they paid the highest price possible for a private show with her. The sisters simply wished to do one last thing together before they had to return home. Considering how laborious their royal duties were, they could hardly be blamed for wanting just another couple of hours of relaxation.

So, within their private seats within their private theater, Celestia and Luna sat before the stage that Trixie was due to perform on, both of them wearing long, flowing, eloquent dresses of silk, Luna's white, and Celestia's black, both stark contrasts to the colours of their coats. It made them look like quite the beautiful pair. As Trixie prepared backstage, the two of them quietly talked to each other about nothing in particular. They were simply enjoying each others company, just like sisters should, really.

Soon, however, there was a drumroll, a spotlight swirling over the stage in tune with it, before ... out popped Trixie! With wand in hoof and theatrical top hat upon her hand, she greeted the sisters with a gracious bow. "Your Majesties! It is my absolute pleasure to welcome you to our magnificent theater tonight!" she announced, doffing her hat with her hoof. "I would waste time delivering a grand speech, but I know that that's not what you're here for tonight. You're here for magic and wonder, and I, the Great and Powerful Trixie, fully intend to give you that in spades! So, without further adieu..."

Trixie's show began. It was a wonderful performance, really! Her spells ranged from simple to ingenious, her stunts went from tame to, frankly, death defying. But her charisma was always stunning. It wasn't the tricks themselves that were stunning, more ... the way that she presented them.

Regardless, by the end of the hour long show, Princess Celestia and Princess Luna were transfixed, to say the very least. As the curtains began to close, both of them clopped their front hooves together in applause. Rather childishly, they looked to one another and then began to call for an encore! The curtain stalled, not closing, but reopening. Trixie, of course, would not refuse royalty one last trick! As a matter of fact, she had something perfect in mind. It was a little untested, it was ... a little unreliable ... but it worked a solid ninety percent of the time!

"One last trick, for my two lovely Majesties," Trixie said, gesturing toward them. "A simple trick, one that involves hypnotism. Would the two of you do me the honor of looking me in the eyes? Directly in the

eyes, please, your majesties," she said, blinking once ... before opening her peepers as much as she could, to the point that they were practically bulging out of her skull!

Not wanting to spoil Trixie's final trick, Celestia and Luna lifted their heads toward her gaze, and met it. As soon as their eyes locked, they found their bodies becoming ... sleepy. Stiff. Harder and harder to move, as if they were slowly being immersed within concrete and being turned into statues. But that sleepy feeling didn't extend to their minds, nor their eyes. As a paralysis crept over their bodies, the two Princesses could only stare at what was in front of them. They tried to speak, to move their tongues ... but only strange, choked noises came from their mouths. The two of them quickly began to panic, though ... they could hardly express that physically. As a matter of fact, they couldn't so much as lift a hoof.

"Don't panic, your Majesties ... I'll be lifting the spell right ... now!" Trixie yelled, closing her eyes and throwing her front hooves up into the air, before bringing them down onto the stage in a mighty, theatric crash. But neither Celestia nor Luna broke out of the spell. Cringing, Trixie reared back and did the same again, her hooves clomping loudly onto the wood of the stage.

"O ... oh man," Trixie said, lifting her hooves up to her face in horror. "I must have ... I really must have messed up the spell, I ... ah ... please don't be mad with me, your Majesties. I ... I'll fix this as soon as possible! Just let me ... check my spellbook!"

And, with that, Trixie darted away ... leaving both Princess Celestia and Princess Luna still, stiff, and vulnerable. Who knows what sort of things could happen to them while Trixie toiled over her spellbook?

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This is a story that has two possibilities, two that are wildly different from one another, and yet, both, ultimately, have the same result ... the forced end of Celestia and Luna's ruling over Equestria. Their vacation had been designed to allow them some relief from their duties, but now ... they would be relieved of them forever.

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The first possibility was a rather wicked one, for the person who had cast the spell was not truly Trixie, but one of the most wicked creatures in all of Equestria, the ruler of the changelings, Queen Chrysalis. As soon as Trixie had darted backstage, the gangly black monarch crept out from behind one of the seats in the audience. Her shadowy, black form slowly advanced toward the frozen Princesses, a malicious, cruel grin upon her muzzle. Oh, how she had waited for an opportunity like this.

"Princesses," Chrysalis crooned, trotting in front of the pair. Her green, webbed mane hung over her face eerily, her white fangs upon full display. She watched happily as the Celestia and Luna's eyes began to bulge from their skulls, locked upon her in terror. If they

were capable of moving their bodies right now, they'd certainly be trembling. But right now, they were stood before her, still as statues, soft, vulnerable, and ... easily exploited statues. Her tongue slithered from her mouth and she let out a hiss of delight. Oh, this was going to be just wonderful.

The two of them couldn't greet her, of course. It was as if their jaws were wired shut. Uselessly, their tongues rattled around inside of their mouths, making odd, broken gurgling noises. Desperately, they attempted to move their hooves, only to find out what they already knew ... that they couldn't move them an inch. It was terrifying. Wide awake, but unable to act. Entirely at Queen Chrysalis' whim. And going by that look in her eye, whatever she had planned was not pleasant in the least ...

"No need to greet me," Chrysalis chuckled. "It's been a while since we've seen each other, we really do have a lot to catch up on, but ... I'd rather skip the small talk and get right to business," she stated smoothly. With a wicked glint in her eye, she eyed both Princesses up. "Hmm. Who to start with first? The sun ..." Her eyes flicked to Celestia. "Or the moon?" Then, with a grin, she looked to Luna. Impatient, the changeling didn't consider for very long. Very quickly, she came to her decision.

"Celestia," she stated fondly. "You've always been so haughty, so ... arrogant. Always preaching about the benefits of friendship, well ..." Grinning, Chrysalis trotted around to Celestia's behind, eying up the pony's large, shapely rump. "I think it's time to show you that friendship can't solve everything, or, at least ... that it can't solve an expert hypnosis spell. No wonder that idiot of a pony couldn't undo it."

As she taunted her, the changeling lifted her scraggly hoof, pressing it against the underside of Celestia's tail. Eagerly, she lifted it, exposing what was nestled between those plump, fuzzy cheeks ... the Princess' delicate, royal equine sex. Her lips were fat and puffy, the scent of fertility drifting into Chrysalis' eagerly sniffing nostrils. "So eager today, Celestia," she panted. Unable to resist, she leant in and pressed her tongue against Celestia's vulnerable slit, raking the length of her mouth across it. As she scooped her warm, royal honey onto the tip of her long, horsey tongue, Chrysalis' shuddered. She tasted magnificent. Just as a Princess should.

"Mmmf. You taste like honey. It's sorta sweet. Makes sense that a whore like you would have a juicy, sticky little pussy."

Within Celestia's mouth came a low, broken sounding moan, one restricted by her forcibly clenched throat and teeth. While she couldn't move due to the hypnosis, she could most certainly feel. Was this really what the Queen of the Changelings intended to do with her? Rape her? The Princess felt completely and utterly violated ... but the pleasure emanating from her seldom tended to pussy was undeniably enjoyable. Already, in the corners of her eyes, tears began to ebb. The poor pony felt disgusting ... entirely at Chrysalis' whims, and, worse ... a part of her was enjoying it.

After getting a nice, juicy sample from Celestia's now oozing sex, Chrysalis pulled her head backward and smacked her tattered hoof against one of the Princess' cheeks, making it ripple and jiggle underneath her hoof. With glee, the Queen watched it bounce, tongue raking across her lips as she simply soaked in the fact that, yes, she

was going to fuck Princess Celestia, and, even better, she was going to get to try out her lovely sister, too. Which one would be her favourite? Maybe she'd spare whichever pony had the tightest little pussy by the time she was done with them ... or maybe she'd just dispose of them when she was done like she originally planned.

Either way ... it was time to do what she came here for. Chrysalis could no longer take the excitement. "You know something about us changelings, Princesses? It's not just our appearances that we can change, but our genders, too. Not only that, we can decide how big we are, how fertile we are, it's ... quite magnificent, really. So many options," she giggled. "But I'm only interested in one option today. And that's in having a nice, big, fat horsey cock. One that's fit for a couple of Princesses like you two," she crooned. Eagerly, she trotted a few steps backward, and concentrated for a mere moment. "What do you think? Ten inches? Eleven? Twelve? How many do you two need to stuff those baggy pussies of yours?"

Then, between her own plump thighs, her tight, glistening sex disappeared, and, in its place, were twelve firm dusky black inches of horse cock. A plump set of balls, almost the size of grapefruits, dangled down behind her sturdy shaft. They most certainly looked as if they were in need of a good emptying, and oh ... would they find one here. Without wasting any time at all - because she was completely impatient - Chrysalis reared up on her back legs and mounted Celestia eagerly. With a wet, squishy slap, her flared tip made contact with Celestia's saliva-slick slit. Eagerly, the Queen began to rub her hips up against the Princess' behind, humping without penetrating, simply enjoying the feeling of her rigid cock sliding against her flesh.



Oh, it was divine. Oh, how she wanted to penetrate her properly. But first, the wicked changeling wanted to hear something come from Celestia's lips. Something that she'd been dying to hear forever. "Beg for my cock," Chrysalis crooned, directly into Celestia's poor ear.

Under normal circumstances, Celestia would do no such thing. Unfortunately, however, these were anything but normal circumstances. Against her will, Celestia felt her mouth open. Her tongue and lips began to move all by themselves, muzzle on autopilot as she said exactly what Chrysalis wanted to hear ... and more.

"Queen Chrysalis, please! Y-your majesty ..." she started, her voice wrought with anxiety. It cracked as she tried to resist the changeling's command. "Give it to me! I want your cock! I need your cock! I've needed it since I first set my eyes upon you! A-ah, yes! There's nothing better than being fucked by a-

Chrysalis suddenly clamped a hoof over Celestia's mouth, silencing her. "That's enough," the changeling groaned. "I only asked you to beg for my dick, not for a fucking essay. You stupid royal ponies really do talk too much," she sighed. "Now, I really do believe that this has gone on for long enough. Time for the main event, don't you think?"

Chrysalis lowered her hoof ... but she did not wait for Celestia's reply. Not that there would've been one, of course ... after Chrysalis had made her so slack jawed, her muzzle was, once again, sealed extremely tightly. More appropriately, then, before Princess Celestia could so much as gurgle, Chrysalis slammed her hips forward,

burying the flared tip of her thick, equine cock straight into the pony's royal twat. The changeling let out a hiss of delight as her silken walls wrapped around that first inch sweetly, carressing it, almost suckling upon it. It was pure, unadulterated heaven.

But Chrysalis wanted more, and she wanted it now.

Celestia was given no time to adjust to Chrysalis' bulky girth, nor to the sensation of being penetrated from behind. The changeling intended to use the Princess not like royalty, but like the lowest form of garbage. Worse than she'd treat a whore. Worse than she'd treat a sex toy. Chrysalis was going to use her royal cunt entirely for her own pleasure, without a care for breaking her, without a care for ruining her life, and, especially, without a care for mentally scarring her. Those tattered hooves pressed more firmly against Celestia's hips. Then, with a powerful thrust of her hips, she buried her cock as deeply as possible, shoving and pushing until the flared, throbbing head was pressed directly against the Princess' cervix, rubbing firmly against the mouth of her soon to be defiled womb.

Chrysalis jet black hips shuddered. Now, with Celestia's tight, slick tunnel rubbing and squeezing against her many, many inches, the bliss that she had felt before was ... nothing in comparison to this. It wasn't just the sensation of her dick being caressed by a tight, rarely fucked pussy, no, it was the feeling of revenge that truly felt the sweetest. The fact that she was dominating Princess Celestia, and, even better, that her sister was looking on. That Princess Luna knew that she'd be next ... and she couldn't so much as twitch a hoof!

But, no. She could think about Princess Luna later ... for now, she had to finish with Celestia. And she had spent far too long without moving her hips. It was time to really stir Celestia's sticky, tight little pussy up. Chrysalis pulled one of her hooves back from the Princess' sweet cheeks, and then ... spanked her hoof directly over her royal cutie mark, leaving a red, tattered hoof print burning underneath her flesh. At this, even the paralysed Celestia couldn't help but let out a little squeal! But what she did next affected her mind far, far worse than a mere smack upon her dainty cutie mark. Chrysalis began to move her hips ... and she began to do so with aplomb.

The changeling had promised not to take it easy on poor Celestia, after all ... so her thrusts were not slow and steady, they were not the kind that a lover gave to their delicate flower, no. They were the kind of strokes that you'd give to a whore that you were trying to break. Chrysalis' and Celestia's hips collided loudly, flesh smacking against flesh, the sound of the royal pony's wet pussy being obliterated, wet schlicks and schlurps like her sex was a hungry, suckling mouth. They were sounds that echoed around the roomy theater, bouncing from the roof, hitting the ears of the trio involved.

Luna was left to watch, to observe, to have her tender, innocent eyes filled with the image of her darling sister being raped from behind by a villain most evil. It was not a memory that would be forgotten easily ... but she knew that it was nothing, compared to what was to come. All that the black monarch of a pony could do was ... wait. Still. Her body wasn't capable of doing much more than that. All she could do was watch Chrysalis' rapid movements, her strokes becoming quicker and quicker, more frantic, just as the wicked moans that spilled from her mouth picked up in tempo.

These were not the movements of a male - or shemale, in this case - who wanted to last as long as possible within their partner. No. They were the motions of someone who wanted to reach their peak as greedily as possible, someone who cared only for their only pleasure, and had no intentions of savoring it. Quickly, it became readily apparent that Queen Chrysalis was ready to bust a nut. Her moans, once controlled, were now lavish, needy groans and grunts, sang loudly and proudly into the air, her impressive testes visibly tightening within the dangling, swinging sack that was between her legs.

Chrysalis reared her head back and let out a low, bassy growl ... and then, with one final, squishy, and insistent thrust of her hips, she shoved her length firmly into Celestia's now sopping pussy. Fangs ground together as her shaft began to pulse, then explode ... sending rope after rope of fertile changeling seed straight into the womb of one of Equestria's finest Princesses, forever spoiling her innocence in a matter of minutes. Because of that, and the simple fact that her body felt simply wonderful, her moans began to flow freely into the air, letting Celestia know just how much she was enjoying herself ... which, in many ways, was the best part of this entire experience! The orgasm, the bliss, adoring every second while she knew that her victim was not only utterly disgusted by the situation, but also in themselves. It was sublime.

As her uterus was stuffed with virile sperm, Celestia's eyes began to roll into the back of her skull, loud gargles coming from her throat as her body began to spasm, even under the throes of hypnosis. Against her will, and while being treated like utter trash, the pony fell into an orgasm. Her tunnel began to convulse and spasm around Chrysalis' throbbing prick, squeezing and clutching like it was attempting to wring every last drop of sperm from her. Unfortunately, it wouldn't be

successful in it's mission. Chrysalis still had to take care of the other Princess, after all ...

With a reluctant groan, Chrysalis began to pull her still throbbing member from Celestia's cum drenched pussy, sperm dribbling, and, when the changeling had fully withdrawn, full on squirting from the pony's sex, thick seed gushing from her gaping, well fucked hole. Seconds after the Queen of the Changelings had withdrawn from her, Celestia's knees buckled, and the proud, regal pony fell to the ground, stiff, still hypnotized, but now, too well pounded to be able to support herself on all four hooves.

Chrysalis, however, looked no worse for wear. With a grin upon her wicked muzzle, and a hard cock still between her gangly thighs, her attention turned toward Luna. The dark furred pony's eyes were wide in shock ... and fear, seeing the way that Chrysalis was looking at her. Just like her sister, the changeling was eying her up like she was nothing more than a piece of meat. Something that she could empty the last of her sperm into. She was fraught with worry for her collapsed sibling. Being hypnotized like this really was awful ... she couldn't so much as extend a hoof to her in help. Instead, all she could do was watch in silence as the changeling approached her, her tatty hooves clomping upon the ground, a wicked gleam in her eye.

"Princess Luna ... don't worry. I didn't tire myself out with your sister," Chrysalis crooned, lifting a hoof to tuck her tattered, green mane behind her ear. "I still have more than enough energy to deal with you." Gleefully, she stepped up behind her. Like Celestia before her, the lanky looking equine lifted her hoof and pressed it against Luna's tail, lifting it so high that she not only exposed her inky black slit, but also, her winking, tight little pucker. The muscle clenched and

unclenched nervously. Her anxiety from having Chrysalis behind her, inspecting her holes, was blatant. Luna didn't like it one bit, or at least ...

Mentally, she didn't. Between her legs, her sex was throbbing, rivulets of arousal dribbling down her thighs, creamy, thick juices. Even though she could hardly move a single muscle, she could feel her heat, the throb of her insides, the need for something to fill her. No matter how hard she denied it, it was undeniable that, in some way, her body enjoyed not only the thought of being raped by Chrysalis, but ... it had also enjoyed seeing her own sister getting rutted. Lovely Celestia, pounded like that, like she was nothing more than a dirty whore ... that was what had started the flow of juices in the first place.

"So wet ... already? Did someone enjoy seeing their precious sister get fucked like a piece of gutter trash?" Chrysalis giggled. "Is someone else hungry for cock, mm? Does somebody else want a wombful of cum? That's a shame, Princess, because..."

Chrysalis paused, if only to lick her lips. The changeling could barely believe what she was about to say. For a moment, the words got caught on her tongue. How long had she dreamed of this? How long had she imagined it? Sticking her fat cock up the ass of Equestrian royalty! Perhaps instead of saying it, it was better to simply show Luna what was going to happen through action. Once again, the changeling's front hooves reared back into the air, and, again, they came down on either side of a plump, royal hindquarters ... except this time, it was not Celestia, but the smaller Luna, and this time, her flared tip was not pressed against pussy, but asshole. Was she going to split her in two with her cock? Potentially. Did Chrysalis care? Oh,

not at all ... as long as she stayed together long enough for her to get off, at least!

The Queen lowered her head, moving it closer to Luna's ear. "I feel like exploring the dark side of the moon ... if you catch my drift, of course."

Luna did indeed catch her drift, and, if she didn't, it would've been obvious what Chrysalis' game was the moment that her tip, slick with her sister's pussy juice, began to rub against her asshole, intent upon penetrating it. Against her will, in her hypnotized state, she felt her muscles began to go slack, lowering their resistance, even her anus beginning to stretch open and relax, ever so slightly ... a silent command from the spell's owner, clearly. While Luna's body was relaxed, however, her mind was fraught with fear. She had never had anything quite so large inside of her before ... and to have it up her poor ass?

Luna didn't have much time for coherent thought, however. She felt Chrysalis draw her hips backward, and then ... she felt a burning, throbbing pain down the middle of her body as she was penetrated wholly and entirely by the thick, throbbing spire that was the Queen's cock. She felt her guts clench around the member that had forced it's way inside of her so roughly, stretching her poor, virgin pucker beyond belief. Her lower body and stomach felt as if they were on fire, enough pain that she could scream, and yet ... the control that the changeling had over her body forbid her from opening her mouth.

Chrysalis was once again in bliss, so much bliss, infact, that her eyes closed, and she simply took in a moment to enjoy the feeling of Luna's tight rear around her shaft, pulsing, clenching, like it wanted to suck the sperm straight out of her balls. Frankly, the changeling was tempted to nut on the spot and have done with this entire charade, but ... it wouldn't be fair if she fucked Celestia stupid and left Luna wanting. So, against her best wishes, she concentrated upon her stamina, bit back her own eagerness, and ... began to pump her hips.

Her hips could only work slowly at first, on account of the small, royal pony's tightness. As much as she wanted to slam her as hard and as fast as possible, Princess Luna was simply too small. So, her strokes were slow and deep, firm and deliberate, the changeling deliberately pushing her cock as deeply into poor Luna's intestines as she properly could, knowing that each thrust was like a punch in the stomach to the paralysed Princess. Once again, to Chrysalis, it felt like pure, and complete bliss ...

... and Luna, despite the pain, despite the humiliation, was starting to feel a throbbing within her own core. A most shameful one. Whilst Chrysalis powerfully dominated her from behind, the start of an orgasm like no other began to throb through her loins, the Princess so close to exploding shamefully all over the Queen's testicles ... it was going to be a wet, explosive one, and Luna just knew it. It was going to wreck her mind, and afterward, she was going to be a messy, cum-filled heap, just like her sister on the floor.

Soon, orgasm struck both of them, and their bodies began to convulse in bliss, the changeling's very much desired, whilst, on the pony's part, it was the worst orgasm of her life. As Chrysalis' cock spewed rope after rope of thick, creamy batter into her tight behind,



her pussy convulsed below, squirting out thick gushes of juices across the Queen's emptying balls, now smaller and tighter within their sack.

Both of their orgasms lasted what felt like an eternity, and, by the end of it ... Luna couldn't see straight. All she could feel was an incredibly, fiery pleasure within her pussy, whilst an incredibly pain oozed away in her behind. If she wasn't still paralyzed, she would've shuddered as Chrysalis withdrew from her plump rear. Much like her sister, as soon as that cock wasn't inside of her ... Luna tumbled like a deck of cards, falling upon the floor. Thick gushes of changeling cum squirted from her rear and onto the floor, a stark, milky contrast to her jet black coat.

With a grin, and a hungry little pant, Chrysalis looked down upon the pair of broken ponies before her. The Queen had considered sparing one of them, but now ...

"Hmm. Which one of my cream-filled treats should I eat first?"

By the time that Trixie emerged from backstage, both the Princesses and Queen Chrysalis were gone. The magician didn't suspect foul play. Figuring that the Princesses must've figured out the solution to her charm for themselves, she simply closed up the theater and went home, a little bitter that the pair of them couldn't be bothered to tell her that they'd left.

By the time she heard the news that Celestia and Luna were missing, it was, of course, too late. The foul play had been done, and the Princesses, whether they were alive or digested, were never seen again.

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Now, it is time for our second possibility. Queen Chrysalis, of course, was a wicked creature. But what if a more ordinary resident of Equestria were to stumble upon the Princesses in their paralysed state? Would the story have a less wicked end? Or would it prove to be an example that this was a situation that would end badly for the Equestrian Royalty, no matter which creature stumbled upon them, no matter how pure their heart was?

The Princesses, in this possibility, stood a better chance of a happy ending. For Chrysalis was not the one to emerge behind the seats, but Gilda the Griffon. While Gilda had caused a couple of problems in Ponyville before, she had reformed somewhat, and had not only rediscovered her friendship with Rainbow Dash, but with the rest of the speedster's friends, too. Now, she was working as a courier, delivering mail to the many residents of Equestria! Her wings and impressive flight speed made it a perfect job for her! But, as she pushed through into the theater, message in hand, she found herself suffering quite the shock ...

In this possibility, the hypnotism spell that Trixie had cast was nothing more than a misfire, a failed spell ... Gilda had nothing to do with this situation at all. As a matter of fact, she had only come along to

deliver a message to Trixie. To see both Princess Celestia and Princess Luna here was ... quite the shock! What were they doing here? That didn't matter! Gilda finally had the chance to meet them! They had taught Rainbow Dash and her friends so much about friendship ... perhaps they would have some important words for her, too!

Having no idea that they were hypnotized, Gilda hid as she saw them. "Oh my gosh, oh my gosh," she wheezed, full of excitement. "It's the Princesses ... Luna and Celestia! Oh, are my feathers ruffled?" Her wings raised and began to rub over the top of her head, attempting to smooth down the few unruly white feathers that stuck out across the top of her head. "I've heard so much about 'em from Rainbow Dash ... I gotta go in there and say hi! Make a good impression..."

The griffon took a deep breath, puffed out her chest ... and then, she began to walk down the aisle toward the two Princesses who were still stuck facing the stage, unable to so much as look over their shoulder to observe the clacking of talons that they heard approaching them. Gilda thought it was odd that they seemed so transfixed upon the empty stage, but ... perhaps Trixie was doing her invisibility trick? Whatever the reason, there was no stopping the Griffon. No matter how odd the situation may have seemed, Gilda was confident that there would be some kind of explanation.

"Princess Celestia?" Gilda called. "Princess Luna. I mean, ah, your majesties?" Gilda greeted unsurely as she trotted in front of the pair, looking toward them with a large, eager set of yellow eyes. Much to her surprise, they did not greet her, nor so much as lift a hoof! How completely bizarre. Royalty were supposed to be uppity, sure ... but this uppity? It was like they were ignoring her! A rage began to fill the

griffon's mind, along with the the urge to bully them, to ask them why the hell they weren't paying attention to her, to slap those stupid, cocky, monarchy faces, but ...

Gilda resisted the urge. Rainbow Dash would be most upset at her if she were to go back to her old ways. So, clearing her throat, she looked between the two hypnotized Princesses, waiting for a reply. Naturally, she didn't recieve one ... nor did her bird brain even make the first thought toward realizing that something was very, very wrong. Instead, she simply presumed arrogance. "D-did I greet you wrong?" she asked, wondering if there was some special way to address them.

As much as Celestia and Luna wanted to reply to her, to tell her that they were under the effects of a spell, and, under normal circumstances, they would love to speak to someone all the way from Griffonstone, they could not move their lips. Even their tongues would not flap inside of their mouths. They were powerless to do anything ... even their eyes could not express how distraught and panicked the pair were. All they could do was stare with a glassy, distant look in their eyes, as if they were pretending that Gilda wasn't there.

This was too much! Annoyed, and no longer able to hold herself back, Gilda angrily smacked her talons against the ground, and looked upon the Princesses with a ferocious look in her eye. "Well ... you two can just go stuff yourselves, then!" the Griffon said, utterly distraught. "Celestia, you're a ... you're nothin' but an arrogant piece of filth ... and you, Luna ... you're ... you're way smaller than you look in all'a the pictures! You're so small that I could eat you for dinner! And I oughta! Matter of fact, you should just be crawlin' between my beak right this instant, you uptight, snobby ..."

Gilda's words were cut short, and her beak was left hanging open ... because Princess Luna began to approach her. The griffon's poor jaw was slack, hanging open, revealing the deep, inner pink of her mouth, tongue lolling from the corner as she watched the midnight black pony approach her, that blank, glossy look still in her eye. What in Equestria was Luna going to do to her? Was that horn of hers going to light up in a second, and was she going to be turned into a frog? Gilda's wings began to twitch upon her back, the Griffon preparing to flee, except ...

Out of nowhere, following Gilda's command, Luna shoved her entire head into the griffon's maw, mane and all. The sudden insertion of her skull made Gilda's feathery cheeks puff out, feeling the regal pony's chin and throat roll over her tongue, tickling her tastebuds, and giving her a sweet, sweet taste of that fine, royal flesh in the process. Gilda hadn't been serious about eating her for dinner, but now that she had gotten a little taste, the griffon was starting to think that maybe it wasn't such a terrible idea. How full she'd feel with the Princess captured inside of her stomach, and oh, how wonderful it'd be to digest her, to process every single haughty calorie that the pony could provide...

There was no chance for any form of self restraint for the griffon. Even if she wanted to spit Luna out, the Princess was now dead set upon following her command, even if her mind was screaming no. Powerless to stop herself, Luna could only observe as her body eagerly did it's best to cram itself fully into the griffon's maw and throat, her feathered wings folding up on her back so that she could better wriggle, squeeze, and push herself past that tight beak into the destination that she'd been commanded to crawl into. As her

shoulders pushed into Gilda's mouth, and then, her upper body, the Griffon's cheeks began to bulge out further. By reflex, she began to try and swallow ... feeling Luna's head pushing itself against her throat. The desperation that the pony felt to take a wild, tight ride into the Griffon's stomach was most certainly noted.

And all Celestia could do was watch on in horror. She watched as her own sister followed a very, very foolish command. Her anxiety worsened with every second, seeing Luna's head disappear in between Gilda's beak as if she were some kind of lion tamer. She watched as her sister wriggled her shoulders until they popped inside of Gilda's mouth, she watched her back and butt wriggle as the griffon's throat began to bulge, and, finally, she watched as the last trace of her sister, her left leg and hoof, disappear entirely into Gilda's beak ... which eagerly closed behind it. Knowing that she would never see her sister again, she watched as the griffon reared back her head, as she closed her eyes and swallowed with all of her might, sending a Luna shaped bulge squirming down her throat.

Through it all, she couldn't twitch. Couldn't scream. Couldn't even cry. As Gilda let out a belch and licked the last traces of Luna's taste from her beak with her long, pink tongue, Celestia could only watch blankly as Gilda's attention now set upon her. The only solace that Celestia had was the knowledge that she was far, far too big to go down her throat, but ... it was hardly a comfort. That knowledge didn't save her sister, who was now nothing more than a still, unmoving bulge in the griffon's gut.

Even surrounded by Gilda's steely stomach, the hypnosis was still in full effect. Inside, Luna couldn't move an inch. Her hooves were pressed tight against her body, the embrace of Gilda's guts all around

her, groaning, rippling, and preparing to digest her. Luna's magic would easily allow her to escape ... if she could use it. Now, trapped within Gilda's stomach, all she could do was hope and pray that Trixie would return with a way to undo the hypnosis, before the tight, squishy cavity around her filled with a deadly acid that would reduce her to nothing more than a nutrient rich slurry, fuel for the griffon's body that she'd 'willingly' crawled into.

Curious, and with a belly full of Princess, Gilda began to wonder what in Equestria had caused the filly to throw herself down into her gut. It had been a ... suggestion from her, hadn't it? That was right, a suggestion. Would it happen again if she made a suggestion of Celestia? With one pony already in the embrace of her stomach, and Gilda in the mood for a ... different kind of dessert, she clacked her beak together as she looked at the Princess in front of her, rather than focusing on the one in her stomach. Consuming Luna had been one thing, but what Gilda had in mind now, well ... all she had in mind was a very perverse fantasy.

"Celestia," Gilda said, deciding to test the waters before diving in. "Would you mind saying something for me? Say ... I'm a dirty slut. No, wait ... say ... I'm a dirty whore who ain't fit to be royalty. All I should be doin' is takin' dick in the dirtiest stable in Equestria."

"I'm a dirty slut," Celestia responded immediately, her lips moving against her will. Her voice sounded a little like Gilda's ... following her command as best as her tongue would allow her, even using the griffon's inflection and accent. The hypnosis spell upon her was that absolute. "I'm a dirty whore who ain't fit to be royalty. All I should be doin' is takin' dick in the dirtiest stable in Equestria."

Shame filled her at those words. Even if they weren't her own, hearing them coming from her own mouth, feeling her lips and tongue move in order to fulfil someone else's twisted whim. The Princess truly felt disgusting. If she had the ability to gag, choke, or wretch, she would be doing so. Making the admission that she was a 'whore' was far, far too much for the prissy, royal pony. Combined with the knowledge that her sister was trapped in a very, very deadly place, Celestia soon began to feel nauseous, sick, uncertain.

The worst part, perhaps, was that a part of her had enjoyed saying those disgustingly insulting words in that ridiculous accent. A fire within her loins was stoked. Underneath her tail, her slit began to throb softly. Her mouth quivered, as if she wanted to say more.

But Gilda was done with words ... at least, words that came from Celestia's mouth. Now, understanding the power that she had over the Princess, the griffon intended to use and abuse the white, regal pony before her, all for her own whims. After meeting Rainbow Dash, Gilda had found herself harbouring quite the crush for the speedster ... and that crush had extended to a general attraction for the various residents of Ponyville. And the Princess, of course, was a damn fine example of an equine. Oh, yeah ... she'd be just perfect for her first trial of interspecies lesbian sex!

"You a dirty whore, Celestia? Yeah?" Gilda asked. Would this really work? Even though her brief test had been successful, she really wasn't sure. Before she went on, she licked at her beak nervously, gathering the courage that she needed to say the next part. The part that would turn her fantasy into reality. Whatever Trixie was doing,



she hoped that it was going to take her a good, long time. If this all went to plan, then this was gonna take a little while. After taking a deep breath, she finally spoke.

"Turn around and lift that tail, then. Show Gilda the Griffon that nasty little pony pussy of yours so that she can do whatever the hell she wants to it."

And, Celestia, utterly against her will, obeyed Gilda's command to the letter. As if she were without shame, as if she really were the whore that the griffon apparently wanted her to be, she turned around and lifted her tail, exposing a shameful, swollen equine slit that was slightly glistening with the Princess' natural lubrication. Above it, her asshole winked, as if attempting to seduce Gilda further.

But there was no need. With wide eyes, Gilda stared upon the presented pony pussy in front of her, practically salivating at the sight of it. Though her belly was bulging, she had forgotten about the still undigested Luna. The taste of her was a distant memory. Besides, Gilda thought that the plump sex in front of her was a far more delicious sight than any pony. Than any meal, as a matter of fact. She lifted a wing and wiped a drop of drool away from her beak, and then, with an incredible eagerness, she strode toward the hypnotized monarch in front of her. As she walked, her engorged belly almost dragged along the ground ... a reminder, for sure, that not only did she intend to rape the pony in front of her, but that she'd also ate her sister.

And Gilda, though she had been relatively pure of heart before Luna had crammed herself down her throat ... well, despite the misery that she would surely cause, the griffon didn't give a damn. Gilda had slipped into her old ways, and, now, she only cared about herself. Who care if she ate and raped Rainbow Dash's friends? What had that stupid speedster of a pegasus ever done for her, anyway? Screw loyalty ... no matter how much loyalty she had for Rainbow Dash or any other resident of Equestria, loyalty could never carry her as far as it had tonight.

With nothing but lust upon her mind, Gilda leant forward, pressing the tip of her beak against Celestia's exposed slit, causing both griffon and pony to let out a shudder. The griffon was almost afraid to taste her. After all, what if she didn't like the taste? But, despite her hesitation, she was incredibly tempted. She could feel Celestia's aroused heat radiating against her face, the subtle throb of her pussy beating against her beak, the scent and feel of pheromones flowing into her nostrils ...

... to the point where poor Luna could smell it inside of Gilda's tight, rippling belly. Into her nostrils, against her will, she smelled her own sister's privates, the unmistakeable, heady scent of pony cunt. Despite her disgust, the Princess still couldn't move within the tight, fleshy cavity that was now gurgling and groaning louder than ever before. Gilda's body, aware of her arousal, knew that she'd need an influx of calories, of energy, after the act was said and done. Powerful, corrosive stomach acid began to leak into Gilda's stomach, causing Luna's flesh to begin to itch. A burning, itchy scratch began to course over her entire body as digestive juices began to seep into her beautiful, black coat. Still, the pony could not so much as squirm ... but, frankly, trapped within an itching, burning body, all she wanted to

do was scream. It was a true shame that she couldn't manage to even do that.

Back outside, Gilda finally decided to open her break. With her maw still flush against Celestia's pussy, her jaw began to unhinge, pony heat and arousal flowing directly down her still gaping throat. No longer able to resist, her long, wet tongue slid from her mouth, making contact with Celestia's pristine pussy near instantly, granting the griffon her first proper taste of the Princess' slick juices, her sweet taste rolling across the long, slick muscle inside of her maw.

It turned out that Gilda had no reason to worry about disliking Celestia's taste. The griffon did not just like the juicy flavour of her pussy, no ... Gilda loved it. Gilda loved it so much, infact, that she threw away the last vestiges of her sanity, fully emerging herself within her own erotic fantasy. Her wings lifted from her sides and came down upon Celestia's rump hard, spanking her plump flesh and setting it off jiggling, though Gilda didn't waste any time watching that deliciously lewd display. Instead, she was far too focused on shoving that long, slender tongue as deeply into Celestia's twat as possible.

And it turned out that Gilda's tongue could push very, very deep. The slick, writhing muscle was long, and as the tip pushed past her entrance, the many inches that made up the rest of it eagerly shoved in afterward, spearing all the way inside. On it's journey within, the griffon's tongue was voracious, swirling around to lap against her walls, to slurp up her juices, to comb every square centimeter of Celestia's innards as quickly as she possibly could. Greedily, she licked, sucked, and slurped, utterly transfixed upon her task. In delight, her eyes lidded in pure, erotic bliss.

Celestia could, of course, feel everything. The Princess could feel her most sacred place being completely and utterly violated, the unwanted pleasure throbbing through her body, the way that Gilda's tongue flapped and slapped around inside of her, the sheer length of her mouth's wet muscle ensuring that every inch of her sensitive insides were being stimulated. The worst part, however, was that her mouth was starting to move. Even though she could not so much as purse her lips to whistle, now, being stimulated against her will, loud, unrestrained moans began to come from her spread lips, flowing freely into the air. Now, she sounded exactly like what Gilda had called her ... nothing but a gross, dirty stable whore.

Inside of Gilda's belly, Luna's time was coming to an end. Fortunately for the pony, as the acid increased in concentration, she began to lose consciousness. The tight, fleshy walls around her caressed the Princess into what would be her final sleep. As her eyes drifted closed, she was lulled to sleep by the sound of her sister moaning into the air, the sound of her groans more than loud enough to make it through the heavily insulated walls of Gilda's guts. A strange, hot liquid began to flow over her body, different than the acid. Luna, now fast asleep and fully in the process of being digested, had no idea that the odd juices were from her own sister's pussy.

Outside, however, Luna had been forgotten ... both by Gilda and Celestia. Gilda scarcely remembered what she ate - though the pussy in front of her had already made a permanent place within her memories - but Celestia should've remembered her own sister. The regal allicorn was far too focused within her own bliss now, however. Much like her sister, the fact that she didn't actually want this had been quickly forgotten. Now, her world had been consumed by

pleasure, to the point where, naturally, it consumed all of her rational thought. All Celestia could think of was the powerful orgasm that was surely on the horizon ... guided by that incredible griffon tongue inside of her, writhing away.

That moment came mere seconds later. Celestia's mind exploded as her eyes rolled into the back of her skull violently, loud, incoherent noises of rapturous pleasure squealing from her parted lips. Every nerve she had lit up in complete and total bliss. Her tunnel began to convulse so tightly that it briefly trapped Gilda's tongue within her. Gushes of her own juices squirted out of her pussy and onto the griffon's face, dribbling over her downy feathers and across her spread beak.

Of course, Gilda didn't mind. If anything, it was a complete and utter treat! Knowing that she'd made this bitch of a Princess who refused to address her squeal like a stable whore was the exact dessert that she'd wanted.

Oh, dessert ... that was right. Gilda remembered that she'd eaten Luna. There was no guilt, however. Instead, as she pulled her face away from Celestia's sopping quim, she let out a loud, satisfied belch, one that showed that she had no regrets at all, even after her curiosity had been sated. Her wings withdrew from the allicorn's plump ass, and, the moment that Celestia lost that support, she simply toppled down onto the ground in a limp pile. The moaning had now been replaced by heavy breathing. Shame and regret filled her psyche, and the memory of her sister returned. She knew that belch was the last thing that she'd ever hear from her beloved sister.

Gilda looked over her shoulder toward the stage. There was still no sign of Trixie. Furtively, she looked back toward Celestia, and let out a happy little sigh. Leaving Celestia here, of course, wasn't an option. Gilda wasn't sure where she'd take her, but the griffon was confident that she'd figure something out. Somewhere where she'd never been found. Somewhere that she could taste her every single day without judgement. Knowing that there would be enormous consequences if anyone were to find out about what had happened tonight, Gilda tucked one of Celestia's hooves underneath her wing, and began to drag her out of the theater. When they were finally outside - and Gilda had checked to make sure that nobody was looking - the paralysed pony was set upon her back. Then, the griffon took to the skies, off toward somewhere that she'd never be found.

Half an hour later, Trixie finally returned from backstage, having finally figured out the problem with the stupid spell! There were some magic words that needed to be said, that was all ... it had just been a pain to find them in her big, thick spellbook! With a pleased grin, she trotted out upon the stage, ready to cure their Majesties of the hypnosis spell that she'd thrust upon them. As she looked down toward where she'd left them, she found out, of course, that they were gone.

Weird. They weren't supposed to be able to get out of that hypnosis spell. Well ... Equestrian Princesses were odd and powerful, weren't they? No doubt, they'd figured out some way to solve it.

When Celestia and Luna were declared missing, Trixie didn't say a word to anyone about them being in her theater ... nor did anyone ever find out that Gilda had kidnapped Celestia. In the end, a new princess was crowned. Celestia and Luna were quickly forgotten,

although ... Celestia would, at least, have a permanent place within a very naughty griffon's heart.