

Nightmare's Night with Aryanne

By GaryD12 & Homer

It was Nightmare's Night in Germaneia, Aryanne is going to a party near her home. She already sent her daughter to go trick or treating, since it was an adult party. Aryanne's costume is Epona the goddess of fertility. The moon was quite bright that night shining down to the pathway to the lawn where the party should be at. Her friends are already inside, Kyrie wearing her Witch Costume and Franziska is in her cyborg gear. Those two were wear what they had last year, that's why Aryanne opted to try something new. The thing with this party is that it is being hosted by someone new this year, normally Aryanne would have it at her home. Anon offered this year's festive holiday party.

Once inside she goes and party with her friends. Pretty standard stuff, creepy Nightmare Night music and treats. "Anon really out done himself this time." Aryanne said to herself. She was getting around the place. It has a rather nice sized living room which is where the party was being held at. She sits near one of the chairs that's close by. She just wanted to sit for the moment. She sees everyone dancing around her, having a grand old time, little did she know her heat would be kicking in this evening.

A couple of hours passed by and soon the party would be wrapping up. Kyrie left so she can tend to Luftkrieg at home and to make sure there isn't any poison in any of the candy. Franzi had to go back to her lab of course, what else does she do. Aryanne had been partied out for the evening, but she thought to help out Anon. "Hey Anon need help with anything?"

Anon looks at Aryanne, “Yeah, you could help me by putting these decorations away.”

Aryanne nods as she starts putting some of the spooky decorations away. It takes them a good bit to put everything away. It seems everything is back to normal after that. Aryanne felt like she wants to keep her costume on here as Anon was already out of his. “Want to know an interesting fact about my costume Anon?” Aryanne asks him, “You’ll probably never guess what it is.”

Anon takes a second to think about his response. “You do look like Epona from Legend of Zelda.”

Aryanne scolds him for that. “Well you are partially right, I am Epona. But this Epona is actually the goddess of Fertility.” Anon nods his head, not sure where this is going. Aryanne then felt that tingling feeling in her nether region. “Oh gosh now?” She says to herself, she wonders if Anon could help her with this problem she is having.

She doesn’t want to make this awkward, but it has to be done. “Anon, I think I need *your* help this time.”

Anon seems to be surprised by this. “Huh, Really?” He didn’t know what to do at this point. “What do you need help with, I might as well return the favor.” Aryanne sees relieved from this,

“Good, well my estrus cycle decided to rear it’s ugly head out now. Do you think you can help with this Anon?”

Anon couldn’t believe what he heard. “Well I’m the right person to scratch that itch for you.” That made Aryanne feel a lot better, “Thank you Anon!”

The two headed off to Anon’s room for some privacy, Anon didn’t want his neighbors to hear what he’s doing with his friend. Aryanne heads to Anon’s bedroom and waits for him there.

As anon enters the bedroom, he sees Aryanne in all her Nightmare Night splendor, with the notable exception of her sopping wet slit, in it's pure white form. Anon gazes into her, seductively eying her cunt and her teats right below it. "Well? Coming?" Calls Aryanne, seductively wiggling her hips at Anon as he stood there dumbfounded pitching a tent.

Swaggering into the room, he came closer to Aryanne, finally putting his hands on her painted flanks, right where the Epona cutie mark is drawn on. "Aryanne, this is so... seductive."

"Seductive?" Aryanne did a scoff before continuing. "It's a Nightmare Night costume, not lingerie!"

"Doesn't make it any less hot!" Anon moved his hand down to her cunny, slowly fingering her, running his hands across her clit every time she winked.

"Ahn~! Scheisse!" Aryanne noticeably convulsed as Anon rubs his fingers in and out of her, creating a little puddle of pre-cum beneath her hooves. Stepping away, letting Anon's fingers slip out. With a grin in her eye, she gives a seductive glare at anon. "Wouldn't want to create a mess right away, Anon... you first."

"Hey, wait a minute, doesn't it go lady's first?"

"Not in Germania it doesn't!" Aryanne unzips his pants, as his throbbing cock springs out of his pants, slapping against Aryanne's face.

"Wow. A blowjob from Epona." Anon curtly chuckled at the embarrassed Aryanne, her cheeks flushing red, before she shushed him with a long lick against his erect cock. Anon tenses up, giving Aryanne the opportunity to tease him further, putting her lips around the tip of his cock, swirling her tongue around the tip of his dick, going so far as to even lightly part his

meatus and swirl her tongue around it, making anon groan with pleasure. Finally, Aryanne swirls her tongue once more before plunging onto his shaft, surrounding it with her muzzle. Bobbing her head she continued to suck on his shaft, working her dexterous tongue all along the his length. This was having a noticeable effect on Anon, who just barely resisted grabbing her head to edge her along, at least until Aryanne moved downwards with his dick in her mouth, looking seductively into his eyes, pushing his dick up against the roof of her mouth while her tongue continued to work.

Having forced his dick into such a state of euphoria, Anon could no longer resist grabbing the painted mare's head, just behind her soft and twitchy ear, and guiding her head on and off of his dick. Furiously blushing yet enjoying pleasuring Anon, Aryanne quickens her pace, slurping and sucking on his dick, savoring every salty drop of precum.

Anon, quickly reaching the MAXIMUM AROUSAL LIMIT was quickly approaching his climax, being sucked off by his favorite mare coloured as his favorite video game horse.

“Aryanne, I'm going to cum soon...”

“Oh nein, das darfst du nicht!” Pulling off his dick, she lets it twitch in the air for a few seconds, before putting her tongue to it just to edge him a bit more.

“Aryanne, please!”

“I will not have you waste your seed on my throat, Anon.” Nuzzling against his cock one last time, she gets up onto the bed and presents her ass in a sideways way, beckoning Anon towards her.

Fully sliding off his pants, Anon joins her, lightly fingering her sopping wet snatch in preparation. “Such a beautiful mare you are.” Aryanne starts slightly rocking her hips in preparation for his dick, as Anon starts caressing her ass and aligning himself with her.

“Anon, your hands feel so good...”

“Good, now I can tease you some more too.” Anon lines his dick up with her ass, and using her spittle as lubricant slowly starts pushing.

“A-anon! That is the wrong hole!” Aryanne attempts a weak squirm away, but Anon’s solid grip on her voluptuous ass keeps her from escaping as he goes deeper and deeper into her secondary hole.

“Ohh, fuck. If it’s the wrong hole why does it feel so *Good?*” Anon starts thrusting into her ass, making Aryanne grunt and moan with anon rocking back and forth into her. With his dick slamming into her ass again and again, Aryanne braces herself, lowering her upper body closer to the bed, as Anon continuously drills into her.

“A-anon, please! Just put it in the correct hole!”

“What if this is the correct hole!”

“It isn’t! Just... fuck me properly, will you?” With a chuckle, Anon pulls out of her ass, and proceeds to roll Aryanne onto her belly. Legs in the air, Anon rubbed her petite little hooves, eliciting sweet and tiny moans from Aryanne as she ground herself further into the bed sheet, aching for some proper relief after the numerous teasing sessions. “A-anon, bitte... they’re too sensitive!”

Spreading her legs and exposing her belly and crotch, anon proceeded to finally line up with the unpainted cunt, before quickly and suddenly plunging into her depths, inducing a

welcome moan from Aryanne after the pent-up tension finally got it's release. The dick slowly pushing into her, Aryanne's cunny tightened around it, milking the slow entrance for all it's worth.

“Aryanne.. Have I ever told you how much I love the features of horse pussy?” Anon quips, hilding his dick all the way inside her.

“Anon, for the Führer's sake will you just fuck me already??” With Aryanne blushing heavily, Anon pulled out, and began rutting her like a proper mare should be. Her clit winking furiously, with the position the two were in his dick rubbed right against it every single time it winked, making Aryanne moan heavily. In and out Anon pounded into Aryanne growing faster and faster with every deep thrust into her.

Paying special attention to her crotch tits, Anon rubbed and massaged them, occasionally running over the hardened nipples, making Aryanne climb closer and closer towards climax. Anon himself was rapidly nearing it after repeatedly nearing it himself only for Aryanne to insist he change tactics for whatever reason, even though he would normally insist that he could go multiple rounds. Something about this night felt special, or maybe Spooky. Anon couldn't tell, being knee deep in horse pussy at the time.

Regardless, their climax both continued to rise as Anon pounded ever vigilantly onwards, rocking the entire bed, and Aryanne with it. Having to resort to holding onto her haunches for support now as his balls slapped into her ass again and again, Aryanne was now a drooling mess in front of him, every moan becoming louder and louder faced with the inevitable climax. Quite possibly, this was the best thing to ever happen to Anon, having her a sex crazed mess at his feet, or rather, his dick.

“Anon, I’m so close!” Hearing this, Anon put in one final effort to bring Aryanne to her climax, rapidly slapping against her pussy as his hands squeezed her breasts, pinching the nipples in one final act of extreme ecstasy.

“Ahhnn~~!” Aryanne came moments later, mare cum gushing out of her pussy and onto Anon’s still rocking dick. Seeing it all before him, Anon could scarcely hold back. The quivering and twitching painted mare before him, the ominous glowing amulet, and the load of wet mare cum on his dick was induced one of the best feelings he could imagine. He finally came with a few pumps as the mare’s climax finally ended, his cum gushing out of his dick directly into her waiting womb. Euphoria washed over him as his cum spilled into her, some of it leaking out and mixing with Aryanne’s mare juice. After a few more moments, the torrent stopped, and all that could be heard was the raspy breathing of Aryanne.

“Aryanne... That was amazing.”

“I loved it too, you silly monkey.”

“That dude at the party sure was full of shit, this was so much better than any trap. Traps are sooo gay.” And with that, Aryanne could do nothing but laugh at Anon’s usual antics, them both coming down from their high.

Ten and half months later... Aryanne is very heavily pregnant with her new foal. She gets up to go eat breakfast to feed the foal that’s growing inside here. Her cravings have been all weird, she can’t put her hoof on it. Aryanne been eating whatever she can find from black forest gateau to Dampfnudel.

“Mom, you’ve gotten really big there.” Luftkrieg has never really seen a pregnant mare before. But she is quite interested in it. “Can I touch you mom?” She asks. Aryanne seems to

agree. As the little filly feels her mother's white pregnant belly. She felt a kick from the foal inside the belly. "Wow! That's pretty amazing!" Luftkrieg can't wait to see her new sister. She always wanted to be an older sister. With that she goes away to the next room.

Aryanne still can't believe that she got pregnant from that Nightmare's Night. That necklace most of had some kind of special magic in it. Aryanne thinks it had some kind of entity to it. It could been the spirit of Epona watching over her. She remember that the necklace she got from an strange mare, she had to get it for her Epona costume. Regardless she had a lot of fun that night. She goes a lays herself somewhere and gets comfy. She has only a couple more weeks till this little one is out of her.

THE END