

Fahrenheit 451 Story Contribution (unedited)

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The Power of Science!
Written by Tittysparkles

Short Description: Anon and Aryanne decide to test out a special strap-on from Aryanne's homeland.

Synopsis: Living with roommates is never a dull moment, especially when your roommate is Aryanne. An outspoken eccentric and sometimes over the top pony with a love of pony-based science and technology. Despite that quirksiness, Anon loves interacting with her roommate on a daily basis.

Today is a day where Aryanne gets a package from her homeland across the sea and Anon is about to learn just how much fun science and technology can really be.

Kinks: Female Pony on Female Human

Some Nazis Can Be A Pain In The Rear

"When is this damnable heat wave going to pass over?" Anon groaned as he brought up her forearm to wipe the sweat building up on her forehead.

The unbearable summer heat stayed stagnant in the room, making the whole area feel like a sauna. It caused Anon's light blue tank top to stick to her chest, while her dark blue jean shorts clinged to her lower body, making both very sticky and unpleasant.

She sighed with annoyance as she reached down and tugged at the seam of her shorts, letting more of the stall air to beat against it.

From her seat on the couch, Anon's eyes gaze over the small living room. Simple and unimaginative to look at; all that greeted her eye were light blue curtains blocking out the midday sun and a small coffee table stationed right in front of her couch. Few pictures line the walls, showing off photos of Anon and her new friends the net over the course of the short time she'd had here. Though only a few frames hung on the wall, Anon could never get over how friendly and open the Equestrian residents were to her.

Her eyes looked away and on the coffee table a small magi powered fan spun, airing chilled air at her. She laid on the couch, staring mindlessly at the fan, with only the constant hum of it to break the silence. The blowing air did little to ease her heat fatigued mind, but it was enough to keep her in place.

The sound of hooves from across the small house played out, drawing Anon's attention to the kitchen from whence it came. Her eyes started to rise, and she briefly spy her other room mate tracking about in it, doing whatever she was doing.

"I'm cutting up some watermelon!" a voice played out from the kitchen; a voice that was very rich and oddly similar to how German's back in her world sounded. "Would you like some?"

"Yeah I'll have some, Aryanne. Thanks!" Anon shouted back as she noticed the white earthy pony dart into view for a brief moment, before disappearing elsewhere.

Anon's thoughts went to her oddly eccentric roommate. A simple mare that had a love for science based ideals, who always loved to gloat about inventions from her homeland across the sea to the east. Some inventions she glistened about were apparatus that can out fly equine species when hitting top speed, on machines that could rival a unicorn pony's ability to teleport short distances.

Fascinating to hear about, until Aryanne notes that their inventiveness never made it as past the prototype stage. Nonetheless she stayed true to her love for it, and even tried to dabble with inventions of her own.

Anon's eyes turned to one such invention that was sitting idly on the coffee table. A small black pistol shaped contraption with a long hearing shaped muzzle with a pull back release mechanism as the trigger that could easily be activated with a boop of a hoof or a snoot. A small strap rested on the bottom of it, allowing it to be tied to one's hoof for those who lacked magic. Oddly reminiscent of a luger that somehow managed to breed with a crossbow, the weapon was designed to fire small capsules that had been injected with some sort of liquid. When shot at someone, the capsule would break and cover the target in the liquid, causing them to be friends with whoever shot the weapon. The item was simple in appearance, and in theory, Aryanne could only be described as a "friendship pistol".

For what it was worth, the idea was sound, until the capsules would always blow up in the gun before it could ever leave the chamber. Sadly like most of her inventions, there was always conscience. The liquid worked too well and instead of promoting friendship between the two, the result ended up turning into something more... intimate. One case turned into a public display of debauchery when Aryanne kindly asked a visiting zebra to use the liquid on himself, and in return, she got rummied in the middle of town for it.

Despite that, Anon decided to become the target of her tests, both hoping to avoid a scandal in the public's eye. Sadly even after constantly trying to tweak the formula for the liquid, Aryanne could never perfect it, no matter how hard she tried. Of course with all the tests that Anon endured, it ended with her and Aryanne becoming very intimate with each other.

Thankfully Anon was passed the point where she thought having sex with horses was weird, but after a few months of not having any kind of sexual intercourse with anyone... every creature around you starts to become eye candy. Even better was that interspecies couples were a thing in Equestria, so it made her being a "friends with benefits" mentality with Aryanne very easy.

The clip-clop of hooves beating against the wooden floorboards piped Anon's attention, and turning to the source of the sound, she smiled. Exiting the kitchen was Aryanne with a plate of sliced watermelon perfectly balanced against her back. In her mouth hung a closed silver jug of what Anon could only assume was filled with water, and as she made her way to the table, Anon could hear the small pony humming to herself.

As she neared, Anon pulled herself up on the couch and began to reach for the table. Quickly grabbing a small, brown drink coaster, Anon pushed it to Aryanne's side of the table, letting the earthy pony place the jug on it.

"Thanks!" Aryanne replied casually as she reached around and grabbed the plate with her teeth.

"Keine... ursache?" Anon replied nervously, earning her a big smile from Aryanne. "I said that right, correct?"

"Ja, you got it right," Aryanne chimed as she hops on the opposite end of the couch. "Your Germane is improving each day."

"Thanks, Aryanne. Lucky for me it sounds very similar to what I learned back home," Anon replied before reaching down to the plate to grab a slice of watermelon. "Different worlds, same universal language almost," she ended before taking a bite of the juicy fruit.

"It makes talking much easier. If you keep improving, I look forward to having a long conversation in my native tongue one day..." Aryanne tells her as she began to reach for the jug, but stopped midway. "Flücht. Vergib ze cups."

Without a warning, Aryanne jumped back off the couch and darted for the kitchen. As Anon watched her friend run back, all she could do was smile and shake her head at the pony before continuing to munch at her food.

"One second!" Anon quickly found her attention drawn to the front door, and pointing her tired body up and off the couch, she walked for the door and opened it.

"Special delivery!" A youthful and cheerful voice chirped as the door flung open, letting Anon see the new visitor.

"Oh hey, Gabby," Anon casually replied as she quickly recognized the long-distance courier griffon. "Who's the package for?"

"Package is for..." Gabby spoke quickly as she reached for her couriers bag to grab a clipboard inside of it. "Aryanne!" she chimed further before reading the board more. "No last name though."

"Figured it was for her," Anon told Gabby as she took another bite of her slice, before turning back into the house. "Hey Aryal! You got a package from..." Anon turned back to Gabby. "Where's it from?"

"Somewhere from Germane," Gabby said back with a shrug.

"Cool thanks," Anon turned back inside. "It's been shipped from Germane!"

"Es ist hei!" Aryanne shouted from the kitchen.

"What did she say?" Gabby asked.

"Something along the lines of saying 'It's here' I believe," Anon noted as the sound of hooves running against the floor started to play out.

As quick as it started, Aryanne ran into view and was supporting the biggest grin Anon had ever seen. Grinning cheek to cheek with pupils so wide they almost looked like they would pop out of the socket at any moment.

"Boooohh, it's finally here!" Aryanne chimed loudly as she hopped up and down in place. "Do I need to sign?"

"Yeah, just sign this clipboard," Gabby told her before she put the package on the ground and reached behind her ear.

Grabbing the feathered pen that was resting on it, Gabby outstretched both her arms.

"Donkey... daten," Aryanne spoke happily as she grabbed the pen with her mouth and signed the picture with a rather surprisingly eligible signature.

Once done Aryanne held her head up to Gabby, allowing the griffon to grab the ink quill and place it back. Before Gabby could even make it behind, Aryanne grabbed the box with her teeth and ran back inside, before disappearing up the stairs and out of sight. Suddenly left alone with Gabby, an oddly awkward silence filled the air.

"Sooo..." Gabby started. "Guess I should head off now."

"Sorry she left without a word, Gabs," Anon said with a shrug. "Guess whatever is in the box is something important."

"It's okay," Gabby said back. "Besides it's fun just seeing ponies get excited when they get their deliveries."

"True enough," Anon started as she reached into her shorts and heard the sound of a few stray bits jingling. "Least I can do is tip for the delivery on this scorchin' of a day."

"I've had worse days," Gabby casually replied as Anon pulled a few bits from her pocket and tossed them to the griffon. "I appreciate the tip though."

"Go get yourself a cold drink on an ice cream," Anon said as she turned back into the house, before peering over her shoulder. "You have a good day."

Gabby just beamed a smile in return and gave Anon a two-taloned salute before she took to the air and flew off.

"Wonder what Aryanne ordered..." Anon mumbled as she closed the door and made her way to the stairs.

Normally she wouldn't care, but Anon hadn't seen Aryanne that excited since the last delivery she got overseas. The last item she got was a special black cap of some kind that had Aryanne's cutie mark embazoned in it. She proudly wore it around the house, yet oddly enough she never wore the hat when she ventured outside. Anon decided to not question it, simply deeming it a "private interest/link" and ignored it all together.

As anon made her way up the stairs, she could hear the sounds of tape being ripped and cardboard being torn. She could hear grunts and groans as Aryanne fought with the box, until the sound of something partly metal hit the floor.

"Vundabar!" Aryanne shouted out.

"Hey, Arya, what's all the excitement about?" Anon shouted as she quickened her pace up the stairs.

"Kom und sieh! Kom und sieh!" Aryanne excitedly shouted back.

"I'm right outside your door," Anon said as she came up to the partly closed door and pushed it open. "Now what's all the ex..."

As the door cracked open, an odd silence filled the air. Standing on two legs in the middle of her own room, Aryanne had her back to the door, but it didn't prevent Anon from noticing a huge grin on her face. Resting on her mane was her "private" hat she wore occasionally around the house, while further below Anon's eyes locked onto an interesting sight as she finished latching an object of some kind to her hips.

"Beyond..." Aryanne started to say as she quickly spun around and threw her hoof into the air, supporting a salute of some kind. "Ze pinnacle of Germane's department of science and pleasure!"

While Aryanne stood in place and saluted nothing in particular, Anon just blinked repeatedly and stared dumbfounded at the contraption around Aryanne's hips. At first glance, she quickly figured out what it was, thanks to the horse shaped silicone phallus, with the only thing catching her off guard were a few knobs and dials located near the base of the black and red shaft.

"You ordered a strap-on from Germane?" Anon asked blankly as she casually brought up a finger to point at it.

"Oh my silly little freundin," Aryanne huffed with amusement as she brought her hoof down and placed it against her side. "It's not some mere strap-on, nein nein nein... you see, it's sooo much more..."

"Really now?" Anon replied in a skeptical manner. "Indulge me and tell me what makes it more special than random strap-on I can buy at a sex shop here in Ponyville."

"It's state of the art when it comes to pleasuring you my dear," Aryanne cheerfully replied as she grabbed the nearby torn up box, before reaching in to pull out a small vial of bluish liquid. "Ze device has been specially crafted by talented unicorns to perfectly mimic a well-endowed and virile stallion in ze bedroom."

Aryanne pulled on one of the knobs and part of the strap-ons shaft came loose. Looking at it, Anon was quick to note a small chamber that looked like it could hold the vial in it perfectly.

"Single adjustments can be programmed into it, you see. It allows any ponies to enjoy it at any given pace," Aryanne further noted as she loaded the vial and clicked the shaft back into place.

"Wait, so it's a strap-on that can do the nutting for you?" Anon asked.

"Ja," Aryanne answered as her hoof hovered over one of the dials. "It can thrust at speeds indicated by das numbers on ze dial."

Aryanne then pointed to two small buttons that had penial designs on them. "Plus it can also thrust on drill."

"Elaborate?" Anon questioned, tilting her head slightly.

Aryanne didn't reply and instead pushed one of the buttons on it. Almost instantly the strap-on buzzed to life and Anon watched in amazement as the shaft expanded outward and then retracted back inward, before it's motion repeated over and over.

"Thrust can increase..." Aryanne noted as she touched a dial and the shaft increased in intensity, before turning it back down. "And decrease."

"I'm more interested in the drill function actually," Anon spoke with growing excitement.

Aryanne smirked and Anon could see a devilish smile starting to form.

"Would you now?" Aryanne spoke in a quiet tone as she shook her hips back and forth, letting the enticing erection sway.

Anon's eyes stayed focused on it, until the sight of Aryanne glowered eyes turned her focus away.

"Well, you clearly bought it for someone," Anon teased as she eyed Aryanne's bed with trepidation.

"Ja, true," Aryanne spoke back. "It was supposed to be a gift for Luftkring and her little freundins."

"You mean Lufty and the others right?" Anon corrected, quickly remembering that a younger group of teenaged fillies had a pony named that in their. "Didn't realize that group was intimate with each other."

"I don't question it. Let ze girls be girls and discover what makes them happy," Aryanne waved her hoof at Anon, almost like she was trying to dismiss it. "Besides it was Luftkring who asked me to buy it."

"Fair enough," Anon said with a shrug. "But I'm curious as to why you are wearing it."

"Well I got to make sure it works perfectly fine," Aryanne replied as she paused and looked to her bed, before looking back at Anon. "Would you like to... test it out?"

"You sure Lufty wouldn't mind?" Anon asked.

"What she doesn't know won't bother her," Aryanne said as she started to walk for her bed. "Besides ze capsules can be shipped for little to no bits."

"Can it run without the capsules?" Anon asked further.

"Of course it can, silly," Aryanne chuckled. "Ze visuals are just for mares who enjoy getting filled to ze brim by a stallion or just want a..." her voice trails off as her vision absently-mindedly goes to the roof. "What is zat word?"

"What word?"

"Das word for... you know, where you let ze spunk flow out?"

"Creampie?"

"Yeah zat one! Would you like to have one? Aryanne finished as she patted the blanket on her bed.

"You know..." Anon replied with a large sigh as she gave off a devilish smirk and reached for the bottom of her tank top. "I am feeling a bit frisky today, and maybe a good rutting will get my mind off this heat."

"Vundabar," Aryanne remarked as she clopped her front hooves together. "I was looking for an excuse to wash my bedding today anyway..."

Anon just chuckled as Aryanne hopped onto the black and red blanket and crawled to the far side of the bed, allowing Anon to seat down. Not wanting to keep the little mare waiting, Anon was quick to discard her tank top, along with her shorts, before she made her way to the bed.

"It's going to be fun being on the bottom for once," Anon started as she hopped on the bed. "So what position would be best for this? Classic doggy style or should I just lay on my back?"

"Fsk tsik, freudin," Aryanne huffed as she shook her head. "Where is your sense of adventure and foreplay?"

"True enough," anon replied as she sat upward and beckoned Aryanne to come to her. "Come here and let me kiss you then, you little horse."

Aryanne chuckled devilishly in response, but she didn't propose to Anon's beckoning. Slowly smothering on the bed, both girls locked eyes, with their gazes transfixed on each other. Once Aryanne was in arms reach, Anon grabbed her diminutive friend and pulled Aryanne closer to her own body. There was a soft chuckle for a brief second, but it quickly ebbed away as Anon placed a few fingers against Aryanne's chin, tilted it upward, and dove in for the kiss.

There was no resistance as their lips met and as both girls gave themselves to each other. Anon watched Aryanne snuggled closer to her and they kissed and though the strap-on proved a bit of a hindrance, Anon took the intuitive and pushed her body forward. Aryanne didn't protest and within seconds, Aryanne fell backwards and landed on the bed, letting the hefty silicone erection point upward.

"We could do it cowgirl style instead you know," Anon purred between kisses as she brought a hand up and rubbed it against Aryanne's slick chest fluff.

Aryanne said nothing, opting only to smirk momentarily as she went back in for more kisses. As they locked again, Anon could feel the smaller mare getting more into it as soft moans started to echo against her lips, while Aryanne's slick tongue began to dance around hers. Anon saw to match that intensity and began to wrestle Aryanne's tongue, while her other hand wanted to feel something lower.

Without breaking her kiss, Anon rested herself against the bed, letting her free hand travel downward. Briefly gliding over the silicone strap-on, Anon touched the fleshy shaft. Though it was only for a brief second, she squeezed it in order to gauge if it felt like a real one. Much to her surprise it did indeed; same hardness and thickness as a real, and surprisingly even warm like a real one would be. She wanted to stroke it and play with it, but knowing Aryanne wouldn't notice, Anon continued her passage down to the real prize. As her hand came to Aryanne's nethers, she traced her fingers on Aryanne's thighs, earning a subtle buck of hips and a deeper moan from Aryanne.

"Freudin, I thought ze one with the penis was supposed to be in charge," Aryanne teased as she wiggled her hips, letting the beefy erection sway and tap Anon in the arse.

"Oh?" Anon removed her fingers from Aryanne's thighs. "Would you like to lead me then?"

"Ja, I would," Aryanne replied as she brought a hoof up and placed it against Anon's shoulder.

For a small horse that was half the size as Anon, Aryanne's strength was quite the thing. With almost no effort, she pushed Anon to the side, letting her back fall to the bed, before Aryanne pulled herself up and gave the human a cheeky smirk. Instead of returning to the kissing, Aryanne instead crawled down the bed to Anon's legs.

As she moved, Anon's eyes latched onto a special pink nub at Aryanne's rear. As that did it glistened, thanks to Aryanne's glowing and flushed, and also seeing Anon's gaze on it, Aryanne sashayed her hips and tail. Far from it, Aryanne's slick tongue began to dance around her ever so watchful human a cheeky grin, before she caressed her hoof against Anon's outer thigh.

"I'm taking that as a notion to adjust, Anon complied and opened her legs. Much like how Anon stared at Aryanne's stayed fixed parts, Aryanne did the exact same with Anon's. Unlike Anon, Aryanne's hips were more predatory and lust driven as her eyes stayed loyal on her object of desire. Anon could see a hunger and a sexual drive rivaled only by the most horny of stallions, and as Aryanne moved herself between Aryanne's legs, she laid down with her face only mere inches from touching it."

Breaking her gaze for a moment, Aryanne looked back up at Anon and giving her lips a delicate lick, she started to lean forward. The closer she got, the more excited Anon got. Though her advance on Anon's nethers was slow and deliberate, Aryanne purposely blew heat air against the sensitive outer walls. The hot breath made Anon's body tingle and every time Aryanne blew another gust of hot air against it, it only made Anon more horny and ready for a rutting. The anticipation would wait though as Aryanne gave Anon blast of hot saliva, before she moved down and planted her lips on the area around Anon's clitoris.

A soft moan came from Anon as her body stiffened briefly. Her lower body writhed as Aryanne's mouth sucked hard against the sensitive part, while her tongue wiggled and danced against Anon's clit. Anon's legs tightened and her hand went down to her thigh. Though the still had her hat on, Anon stroked behind Aryanne's ear and placed it against her cheek.

Aryanne replied with her own hooves as she brought one up and reared it against Anon's thigh, while the other one rested against the hand on her cheek. She caressed both in an affectionate manner, while her tongue continued it's motions.

Anon just laid in place and took it all in. Aryanne's surprisingly dexterous tongue slithered and lapped at Anon's growing arousal, causing the human to stay in a constant state of bliss and pleasure. Anon felt that tongue swirl and swirl around her lower butto, while periodically extending it downward to lap at any feminine juices that seeped from her pussy. Making sure every extended lick was purposely slow, Anon could not deny how great Aryanne was with her tongue, and it only got better as Aryanne ran her extended muscle back against Anon's clit.

Anon moaned again as Aryanne's tongue pressed firmly against her love button, before she started rotating the tip of her tongue against it, causing Anon to arch her hips upward so she could feel more of it. As she did, Aryanne arched her body as well, before she moved her hoof away from Anon's hand and move it downward to the waiting sex toy.

The click of a button became noticeable and a soft buzzing sound filled the air, causing Anon to momentarily break from her stupor. Looking down her body, Anon's eyes twinkled and she couldn't help but notice that the shaft was now spinning slowly.

"You said you would like to see the drill function, correct?" Aryanne said with a growing smirk.

"I would rather feel it inside of me," Anon purred as she shimmied her lower body, hoping to urge Anon to stick it in.

"Then I'll give it to you."

Anon's smile deepened as her eyes locked onto the spinning erection and it only grew bigger and Aryanne grabbed Anon's leg and pulled it upward. Moving with the motion, Anon rolled on her side, letting Aryanne jostled her dick. The spinning erection came dangerously close to touching Anon as Aryanne lined herself up and giving her more incentive to stick it in, Anon reached down and spread her pussy lips, with easier access, Aryanne smiled and adjusted a dial, allowing the erection to roll to a slower spin. With it moving slower, Aryanne jerked her hips forward and buried the tip of it inside.

"Oh my gosh," Anon panted as the slick spinning appendage rubbed vigorously against her wet walls.

Staying in place, Anon's mouth hung in awe as she found herself at a loss for breath. Tasting in the erection found its way inside, only let out broken gasps of air and Aryanne began to push more of it inside. With her tantalizing inch the intestine found its way could, and the deeper it went, the more Anon wanted. Finally realizing she needed to breathe, Anon craned her head back and herald a shortish moan. At the same time, Aryanne stuffed more of it inside until nearly two-thirds of the spinning shaft was nestled inside of her.

"Feel good?" Aryanne cheekily asked as she reached down for a dial.

"It feels sooo goo...ah! Ahhhhh!" Anon started, only to break into another moan as Aryanne upped the speed of it.

Unable to properly cope with the increased speed, Anon's legged jerked against Aryanne as her head strained upward and her eyes went to the ceiling. Her lower body tightened up and the spinning erection bore against Anon's inner walls so hard that the assertive pleasure was almost too much to take. Thankfully the intense spinning started to become bearable to take, and sitting her lower lip Anon began to move her head back down, only for it to shoot back up and Aryanne started to thrust her own hips in tandem.

Aryanne chuckled as she started to pick up her own speed and her smile turned into a devilish grin as Anon's eyes stared back at her in total awe. Acknowledging the lust driven expression by Anon, Aryanne moved a hoof down to Anon's butt and gave it a firm smack. She watched Anon's mouth stutter for a moment before Aryanne gave her another slap, causing the human's mouth to close.

"Enjoying it are we?" Aryanne mused as she gave Anon's butt another smack of her hoof.

"Oh-gods, I love it so much!" Anon replied with a gritted expression as she laid her head back against the bed and arched her lower body upward.

The spinning erection inside of Anon poked and prodded at Anon's wet chambers, hitting spots with amplified precision that she didn't think a normal penis could hit. Quick to discover several erogenous spots she didn't think she had, Anon just simply took it all in.

Another click of a dial played out, and much to Anon's surprise, the spinning shaft slowed down to what Anon assumed was the slowest speed, only for Aryanne to instead increase her own thrusts more. Able to go deeper, Aryanne worked her hips like a proper stallion would, pushing it in and then pulling most of it out in a swift repeated motion. With it running slower, Anon was able to feel all the extra detail on the shaft itself. From a flared tip, to a medial ring in the center, along with a few jutting veins, Anon savored the little details as long as she could, until Aryanne picked up her speed more slowly.

And for minutes more, Anon just laid there and let the diminutive earth pony pleasure her senseless, pushing to an intense orgasm. Aryanne never seemed to tire as she worked, and her big grin never ceased at all either. As Aryanne plowed away, she kept her eyes trained on the act of penetration below while the hat on her head never seemed to loosen or sway. Yet even with Aryanne fully focused providing unlimited pleasure, Anon herself started to find that her thoughts were starting to become incoherent. The constant drilling sensation along with Aryanne's passionate backed drove the human closer and closer to a finish she was starting to crave.

"Pleasee buy another one," Anon cried loudly. "This feels soooooo good!"

Aryanne just sat back as Anon's body shuddered in sexual agony. A sweet boiling sensation was starting to build up in her core, and the more she arched towards it, the more intense the feeling was becoming. Anon opened her mouth to warn Aryanne of her impending orgasm but before she could even utter a peep, Aryanne reached down and upped the speed.

The shift in power came quick and Anon's lower body rocked hard against it, while Aryanne simply looked on and upped it more. It kept going, never once hurting Anon in the slightest even as her walls started to clench tightly around the spinning contraption. All Anon could do was grip the blanket below tightly as an intense release she never knew existed spun through her body. It excited her, it aroused her, and within seconds, it would grant her an intense pleasure.

"Ar-Aryanne I'm about to," Anon whined as she started to hit the finish line.

Acknowledging her words, Aryanne let out a grunt and thrust faster. Her hoof hovered over a small button that had a small logo on it that showed a penis blowing its load. Remember that Aryanne loaded a vial earlier, Anon watched Aryanne press the button. Anon instantly a warm feeling started to greet Anon's chambers and as she realized the vial's contents were now spewing into her, Anon heralded one final moan as she came on top of the dick.

As she came, Aryanne kept thrusting hard, never easing up on the pleasure for a moment. As the bluish liquid spurted forth, Aryanne watched Anon's lower body twitch and tighten up. Plowing Anon forth her orgasm, Aryanne turned off the spinning function completely, before she leaned forward and hit the full mass inside. Her efforts were greeted with a loud cry of pleasure as Anon's body rocked against the erection and keeping it in place, Aryanne locked down and smiled as hints of fake semen and girl cum started to seep out from the sides of Anon's pussy.

"Quite the experience, wasn't it?" Aryanne asked as Anon's lower body started to relax.

"Oh god, I never thought I would enjoy that so much," Anon neeved softly, her tired and sweaty body clamoring for cold air as she laid in place and looked forward.

"Like I said," Aryanne started as she began to pull the hefty erection out. "Pinnacle of Germane's department of science and pleasure."

"I... I never doubted you for a second, Aryanne," Anon mused with a big smile as Aryanne pulled out the shaft completely.

Once out, Anon felt a sense of emptiness and numbness in her lower body as everything loosened up and started to return to normal. Breathing slowly in order to ease herself down, Anon's eyes latched onto the glistening shaft. Seeing it coated in both fluids, she smiled at the notion of it, only to smile further as Aryanne reached down and unlatched the device from her hips, letting the toy fall to the bed. Aryanne laid her body down while grabbing the cum soaked shaft. Bringing it to her nose, Aryanne smirked in response as she stuck out her tongue and lapped at the spunk.

"Maybe I should buy another one afterall," Aryanne spoke quietly as she licked the messy cum off of it. "But I think I'll make zat decision after I get a ride for myself."

"Oh I'll gladly give you a ride on that toy," Anon said with a smirk.

"I look forward to it," Aryanne replied with a growing smirk, before her expression went neutral. "But we can do that after we cuddle for a bit. You know, like a proper stallion would do after he finished inside."

"Well then," Anon shrugged as she opened her arms. "Come cuddle with me."

Aryanne made no objections and simply nodded her head in approval, before she dropped the toy and slowly sauntered over to Anon's awaiting arms. Once close enough Anon wrapped her arm around the mare and hugged her steady. Taking in the warmth of her other arm down, she cupped her hand around the dock of Aryanne's tail to hold her secure and steady. Feeling the numbness of Aryanne's body against hers, put Anon into a sense of security as their faces drew closer together. For a brief moment both their noses booped against each other, earning a smile from one another before they decided to give into their passionate session of kissing.

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