

Chapter two

Celestia cocked her head on one side as Big Mac stared. She guessed from his reaction that the other horseshoe had dropped; she just hadn't expected it to take him with it.

"So is that a yes? Hello? Big mac? Still with me? No? All right, I understand this might come as something of a shock, so whatever your reaction I'll understand. If you want to sit down for a bit or shout or swear or put your head under a pillow and cry, it's all right: it's happened before. Heavens, I had one poor stallion have a heart-attack when I got to this bit. Then he had an aneurysm when he woke up during mouth-to-mouth--"

"I... I.. you... you..... YOU'RE PRINCESS CELESTIA!" Big Mac yelled, sitting down hard as shock took over. He didn't notice, but Celestia levitated a pillow under him as if this were normal. Perhaps for her it was.

"Yes. I had noticed." She said dryly.

"But you're Princess Celestia!"

"Why do they always say that at first? It's not like I would forget. I mean it's even written on the crown and everything." She mused, serene as ever.

"But you're Princess Celestia! You can't hire ... hire.." His brain failed him, and to his eternal and undying embracement he fell back into the sort of language Granny Smith used. "... *strumpets!*"

Celestia laughed, sweetly and musically. "Strumpets? Oh I'm sorry Big Mac but really, is that how you think of yourself? Strumpet? I'm sorry, but that's too much." Her horn flared and a handkerchief appeared mid-air as she wiped her eyes with it. "Oh... that memory will keep me smiling for a long time, Big Mac."

"No! No no no no no!" he quelled, now rotating internally from acute embarrassment. "That AINT right! You're Princess Celestia! You make the sun rise and the crops grow! You rule and will always rule..... You're not allowed to... to.."

“Have a sex life?”

“Exactly!” yelled Big Mac. “No-one I drew a picture of in *Fohlengarden*, flying though the sky making everypony happy, is allowed to have a sex life! Not with me, not with anypony! *Ever!*”

“I think you may be overreacting.”

“It had glitter an’ macaroni and everything! Granny’s still got it on the fridge!”

“I’m sure you’re very proud. I don’t however see how that is relevant. I’m just a customer-”

“Your face is on the currency! I... no just no. I’d never be able to look at coins the same way again!”

“Could be worse. Could be stamps.” Celestia said levelly. Big Mac had a mental image of Granny Smith licking stamps for letters and his eyes crossed. To his horror he then saw Celestia looking at him and *knew* she was sharing the exact same mental image. His jaw dropped. Celestia stifled a laugh, pulled herself together, and, calmly as ever, started to explain.

“Well, look at it this way Big Mac: if nothing else it’s a reassuring proof that I’m still just a pony under it all. That I’m not some terrifying god-being that rules with no understanding of mortal pony’s concerns or feelings or needs. I have concerns. I have feelings. And as you’ve probably guessed by now, I have needs. Ones I have, for various reasons and for quite a long time, have had discreetly met by paid professionals. The fact in this case it would keep you off the street and thus safe from those who may want to blackmail or besmirch you is just an unexpected bonus.”

“but wh-”

“Why prostitution? I’m sorry, did you not notice your own reaction to the very idea I have a sexual drive? That instinctive shock, the idea that the world was suddenly turned upside down.” Her voice

hardened “The idea, even now in your mind, that I’m somehow less suitable as a ruler because I have the physical and emotional needs of a weak and mortal mare? Ponies will accept the idea of an immortal ruler with relish, so long as they are *just* an immortal ruler; show a little normal run of the mill *need* and you’re doomed. Discord didn’t fall when he pushed me and Luna too far, he fell when he showed us he had feelings, or at least the vague forerunners of them. When he showed us he could be hurt. Ponies will accept rule by their fellow pony, or rule by an immortal Princess on a marble throne, even when she fails them or is wrong, which I have been more often than I dare to admit even to myself, but show them she can be hurt... then it’s over, Big Mac. And I can’t in all good conscience let that happen because of the simple matter of fact is I know I’m the only one for the job. That’s not me being egotistical, it’s me being practical. Like you said, I raise the sun and make the crops grow. No other can rule, because no other can be me. I am the sun-bringer, perfect and unchanging. Ponies need to see me as that, and so any other part of me has to be hidden, hidden behind the queenly mask... ” she sighed “and that makes dating rather difficult.”

“Yah don’t say.” Said Big Mac, swivelling with embarrassment “Well look your’ majesty, Ah get what your sayin’, kinda, but I just couldn’t... I just don’t’.... I wouldn’t be real comfortable with this. Ah’m flattered but, well, I just can’t.”

Big mac paused for a moment, waiting for a response. “You understand, your majesty?” he said, cringing.

“But of course. I’ve had this response before, and I can only say it’s quite natural from a certain personality type. It’s quite alright. Sorry to have troubled you.”

“So... I can go? I don’t have to... yanno?”

“What, afraid I was going to press my *Droit Du Seigneur*? No, you’re free to go. I’d appreciate if you didn’t tell anypony what we discussed, in fact I believe Wedge will get you to sign the official secrets act on your way out, but as ever you can leave at any time.”

“Tell anypony!” said Big Mac, backing away, aware he was blushing “Aw heck, I’m never gonna admit this happened to *myself*! It would be too embarrassing. I’m sure you’re a really nice lady... err...”

princess... but, well, you, and me. You're a princess; I'm a farmer come male companion... It'd never... we could never..." Big Mac broke the etiquette of never turning one's back on royalty and fled for the doors at a full gallop. He passed through the pink bubble-shield without even slowing down.

Celestia sat alone in her semi darkened throne room for a period of time. Then she sighed, and got out some paperwork that really needed doing before tomorrow. She worked diligently for about twenty minutes on fiscal policy for the public library system, making a note to send a copy to Twilight via Spike in the morning, and then started filling out her tax returns, on the basis that if the plan she'd encouraged parliament to take up of increasing the top rate of income tax to fifty per cent was to have any success then she ought to lead by example, even if she was technically not an Equestrian subject and thus didn't have to pay tax. For some time the only sound was the scratching of a quill pen, and the occasional tut of disapproval or the snort of a faint dry amusement as she spotted something in the figures that either displeased or vindicated her.

After she had refused her nineteenth expenses claim on the grounds that it was frivolous to let the taxpayer pick up her patisserie bill, she became aware that she was smiling faintly to herself.

"He'll be back." She said to the empty room.

She continued filling out her tax-deductible expenses form on one sheet and rejecting it on the next. As she saw it royalty came with obligations, including paying one's own way. She continued to fill out both forms for some time, acting as both citizen and civil servant. Being just two things at once was relaxing, she found: no pony was expecting her to be anything for them at that moment.

"But *why* will he be back, Tia?" she asked the shadows.

Then she smiled and clucked to herself. "Became if he doesn't, he'll spend the rest of his life wondering what would have happened if he had said 'yes'."

And that thought made her grin, so she lit another candle, and started to balance the National Medical Service budget in that cold, echoing room.

What the hay just happened? Thought Big Mac, fleeing the palace I must have hit my head when I fell down those stairs because Princess Celestia did NOT just ask for my services as a gigolo. That sort of thing just doesn't happen in real life.

He made it out of the palace in good time, and slowed down now he was in the streets of Canterlot. He had visited Equestria's capital before but it was not a town he knew well, and if he kept running he'd get lost and never find his train station. After about fifteen minutes of wandering the dark streets at random in a fine drizzle of rain, he found a rail timetable on a tourist information board, with a "you are here" map. He stared at it, vaguely aware that the Ponyville to Canterlot express only ran twice a day and that he'd have to get the slower stopping service, maybe even a sleeper car. After about five minutes he became aware that he was still staring at the You Are Here arrow and thinking about what had just happened.

I mean she's the head of state. It would be completely irresponsible for her to hire a... well a whore. He thought.

He shook of the thought, and tried to focus on getting his train.

*And royalty, let's not forget that. She has standards to keep up. It's not like she could just do that, and if she did, she'd have to pick some sort of sophisticated gentlecolt who could dance, I mean **dance** rather than hoedown, and knew how to go to balls and which forks to use and stuff. Last fork I used was for lifting hay bales for pities' sakes.*

He looked at the ticket prices. He guessed this counted as an off-peak time.

*Besides, not only is it wrong, and not only am I not her type, she's not **my** type. Sure, she looks young, but she's older than my entire town! My entire province! Servicing older mares in one thing, but when the age difference gets measured in millennia you've got to call it quits! I mean its Princess Bucking Celestia! She's Celestia she's... perfect.*

"Hell, what would Pah have said if he could see me now?" he asked Himself. He looked at the map again. You are Here. Pah had always said, that it's the Here and Now, son, you do what ya gotta do or you regret it forever. Big Mac winced. He winced again when he thought of the way he'd turned-tail and fled the throne room. The Apple family didn't run away.

"No." he said out loud. "Just no. I am not even gonna *think* about it!"

Celestia filed the revised National Medical Service budget and made a note to leave it on the minister for health's desk. All ministers took reports compiled by junior civil servants and tried to pass them off as their own work; it was an understood part of the political game. That's why Celestia had taken the civil service entrance exam under a verity of pseudonyms over the years. In a semi-constitutional monarchy it would have been of course most improper to the monarch to draw up policy herself. That had to be left to elected officials, and then submitted to the monarch to be assayed, weighed, measured, debated and ultimately rubber stamped. It always made Celestia smile to see her own work, in the guise of a low-paid civil servant, come back to her to be signed into law. It was vindicating: of all the anonymous civil service reports the elected ministers could plagiarise, the fact they always chose to plagiarise hers was high flattery indeed, and a great reassurance that whilst the average voter might pick somepony corrupt and self-serving and venal to represent them, they at least elected ponies smart enough to know a good thing when they saw it.

She became aware of a presence on the other side of the bubble-shield, although of course it blocked all sound, sight and scent, when she wanted it to. She smiled and started on a civil service report recommending a financial stimulus package for small companies. As she worked a muzzle, and then an eye and finally an entire head poked through the bubble, trying to catch a glimpse of her without being seen. After a few seconds, such as might be spent shuffling nervously and trying to pluck up some courage with a few well-chosen words-to-self, a pony strode into the room, soaking wet, but head held high.

Celestia stopped writing and looked up over the top of her paperwork. After a few moments she became compelled to speak.

“Yes, Big Mac?”

Big Mac froze. “Aww *hell* No.” he said, and ran out again.

Celestia stared blankly at the bubble-shield over the doors for a second or two, and then went back to her report, starting to double-check the growth forecasts she had included: she knew full well she had got them perfectly right the first time, but in never hurt to be prudent.

After a while she realised that she was counting down in her head.

As she got to ten and started the final countdown, she had to fight to keep the smile off her face. Growth in traditional heavy industry looked poor, but investment in small business start-ups and new technologies could improve that *seven... six...* and the retail sector would see the usual seasonal improvements towards the end of the year ... *five.. four..*

“Okay, I gotta know. How much are we talking about here? For me to take you on as a customer?”
Asked Big mac, with a mix of nerves and defiance.

“Three.” Muttered Celestia Under her breath, putting her quill down and the paperwork away.

“Huh? You want it for free? Well to heck with that yer Highness!”

“What? No, sorry, thinking out loud. No I would be paying in accordance with my pre-arranged rate based on average prices for high-end prostitution and with generous bonuses for the *extreme* discretion that I would require.”

“U-huh? Wanna put that as a ball-park figure?”

“It wouldn’t be all as simple as that, Big Mac: as a matter of course I would require weekly medical reports, and require that in order to prevent any other pony finding out about this you must subject yourself to intense scrutiny from the palace guard, including your own undercover personal protection detail.”

“Why?”

“Because you’ll have access to my deepest and most personal thoughts and moments. You’d be a prime target for kidnap and torture if anyone wanted to find out what exactly I say in those moments when my defences are down.”

“Torture?”

“Almost certainly: if Chrysalis gets her hooves on you almost certainly mental re-programing and sexual exploitation as well. Your family would also be at risk.”

“Oh goody. Anything else ah should know about?”

“I’ll require you to stop seeing any other clients. It’s not jealousy, just prudence: we don’t want them getting to you with your defences down if you get to me with mine down. That and it’s just plain squicky.”

“Huh. Won’t do so well with regards to my finances if I have to stop seeing lucrative clients.”

“Oh, providing you pass a... well let’s call it an audition, then I’m sure we could come to some mutually beneficial arrangement...” said Celestia.

“How much.”

Celestia rolled her eyes, but magiced a parchment out of no-where and scribbled a figure on it with her quill, before folding it in half and sliding over to Mac face down . He snorted at this theatrical gesture, and unfolded the parchment with his mouth. The paper tasted faintly of Celestia’s perfume. He read the number on it.

Celestia got the pillow under him just in time. But still, he sat down hard.

After a moment he got his voice back and was able to say, in quite a strangled squeak. “Per night!?”

“Per hour.”

Big Mac woke up a few moments later, and pulled himself off the floor on the third try. Celestia was watching with her head on one side and an expression of mild interest.

“More that you expected?” she asked sympathetically.

“Yeah, a bit: that’s a *lot* of apples. I gotta say, as a tax payer I’m none too happy with you spending that much public money on a perk.”

“Oh don’t be silly, it’s my own money. I wouldn’t spend taxpayer bits on myself in this way when I’m already by far the richest individual in Equestria.

“Really, how?”

“Compound interest. After the first hundred years or so it really starts to add up. That and having an estate run at a profit for millennia without paying any death-duties on it. Then there’s land, stocks, trust-funds, holding corporations, a controlling stake in a couple of banks... the usual. No institution that’s been around for millennia does so if it’s poor, Big Mac.”

“Yeah, I see that. Princess, I’m good at math, but even I can’t hide all this money the way I have up until now! Granny and AJ will see!” he considered this for a moment, and then added with considerably more honesty. “Well, Granny an ‘bloom with see, AJ will when one of them explains it to her, maybe not first time, but she’d get there eventually. I’m pretty sure. They’ll figure out what I’m doing on the side, and I just can’t have that right now, yanno?”

Celestia slid over another parchment. Big Mac looked at it.

“Oh, you’re buying apples and cider from me... at twenty bits per apple... and two-thousand bits per barrel of cider, before tax. Okay, now *your* accountants will be the ones getting’ suspicious.”

“On the contrary, over the years a great many government operations that... for one reason or another had had to stay out of the annual budget in case ponies started asking questions... have been paid for my me, and hidden in unusually generous payments to third party suppliers. My accountant will take one look and decide she doesn’t want to know, As will the various oversight committees. Secret social workers don’t pay for themselves you know.”

“They’ve never questioned it?”

“They think its Black Ops. They think if they ask questions they might get assassinated. Stupid, I know: firstly I don’t assassinate ponies, that always seems a waste, and secondly I’m not stupid enough to run Black Ops out of an account that can be traced to me. Let’s just say that in times of dire trouble thought the last millennia Luna’s bank account had a surprising amount of activity for an account that had had its owner move not only off-shore but off-planet.”

“I... I... what do I *do* with all this money?”

Celestia shrugged. "Put Apple Bloom through college. Buy Granny a gold plated new hip. Get AJ a new hat: The possibilities are endless. I'm more interested in what you do to *earn* the money."

"As am I. That ... generosity. Usually when mares pay extra it's because they're into something..."

"Unusual?"

"Eeyup." Said Big Mac. Celestia shrugged.

"I don't decide what is considered unusual or not. Over the millennia tastes and norms change, and frankly after a thousand years you've been everywhere and tried everything at least once. I may have developed some peculiarities over the years, but I can honestly say that my most experimental phases are long behind me. If at any point you are uncomfortable with anything I ask you to do, just say, and I'll stop then and there and we'll find some other way to pass the time."

"Ya saying I'll need a safety word?" He asked, half joking. She smiled sweetly and regally back.

"Only if you're up for that sort of thing. I find 'wombat' is a word that would not normally come up in these circumstances, and as a result it tends to suffice." Celestia paused. "Well, there was that one time with the dead god, but that was a fluke. Not important; we can find a word if and when. Besides... aren't we getting a little ahead of ourselves with safety words? You haven't said yes... yet."

Big Mac cocked his head on one side.

"Princess, I really don't know about this, and no amount of money will convince me that this is a good idea... but like you said: I feel compelled to do this, what I've been doing, for whatever reason, and so long as I'm doing this, how could I say no? It'd be like AJ missing the world's biggest rodeo, or her friend Twilight not reading the world's longest book. You're princess Celestia...I'd have to know."

“Yes.”

“So... how do you want to play this?”

“We’ll need some ground rules: If at any point I make you uncomfortable, ask you to do anything you are unhappy or unsure about, just say, and I stop, there and then, no questions asked. That said, I pay and I expect service: I discover something you say no to, we fall back on something else. You decide to quit, that’s it, you quit for good. No changing your mind latter. I call when I know you have the time, even if you may not think you do, and you will come: I have a very busy schedule, and I have to work to fit you in somewhere, so you will be accommodating and come when I say so... oh stop snickering, really Big Mac! Sometimes I will use teleportation: if a gap forms in my schedule or I’m really really stressed and need instant gratification I will use distance-viewing to check what you’re doing at that second, and if I decide I can whisk you away without anypony asking questions I will, and you will not get warning. You may find the experience, jarring. You will find it inconvenient: but I pay, so things are convenient for me. You will service no other customers, you will meet with the Mayor and with a representative of my secret service once a week to discuss possible security problems arising from your work, and I will expect absolute discretion: you talk to anypony, even your family, you even hint there has been a change in your schedule, and it could bring down the kingdom. What happens within these four walls stays within these walls, understood?”

“Understood.”

“Good, now my side of the bargain. I will pay, and in addition to this you will listen to whatever I have to say, whether you want to or not. That might not sound like such a bonus at first, but you will learn to understand why it is. You will also attend a therapist twice a week, and they will be the only individual you may speak to honestly about how this arrangement makes you feel. We will even have joint sessions, but that will be secondary to the other therapy.”

“What other therapy?”

“You will listen to whatever I have to say, whether you want to or not. I might have a burning need of male companionship, but I still want to get you out of this industry because in the long run it’s not healthy for you. The very idea of becoming a sex worker to get over your sexual abuse is insane, and I will cure you of it. But given I can’t stop you short of putting you in jail, you leave me little other choice but to take direct control. The fact that you’re a good-looking representative of a profession I occasionally have leave to employ is just a bonus. So, are we agreed? Do you agree to these ground rules, Big Mac?”

“Eeyup. So what now?”

The doors to the throne room swung shut and locked, even though the bubble provided perfect privacy already. Habit, Big mac guessed. Theatricality, maybe. Celestia got up and walked over and past Big Mac, as she did her wing-tips brushed against his shoulder infuriatingly gently. She then turned and walked behind him, appearing at his other shoulder and whispering in his ear, her horn just in his field of view.

“Oh, for the audition at least, let’s start with the basics. Why don’t we just play his by ear?”

“Uh-hu?” said Big Mac, starting to remove his horse collar. There was a flare of magic the colour of summer sunlight, and suddenly it was going no-where.

“Why don’t you leave that on, Big mac? I think the Rustic looks suits you. Rude Artisan and all that.”

“Eeyup. I can be rude if you like, Princess. You want me to keep it?” he said as she walked past him, tail swishing and kicking off her golden shoes.

“Yes, that will be quite all right. Besides, I’ve always had a thing for leather.”

Time passed.

Big Mac collapsed onto the pillow panting and dripping with sweat. Every part of his body ached, but in a good way: like after a marathon. He flicked his mane out of his eyes and looked around as Celestia crashed into the pillow next to him, hard enough to bounce him up on his side of the

mattress. As it turned out the princess's personal chambers, including the bed chamber, were just off the throne room. Even so, he'd not made it that far. Not at first.

"Wow." He muttered, for once in earnest rather than out of professional courtesy. "Wow." He looked to the huge alabaster body next to him, and felt a tug of desire mixed with a very real fear he knew then he would get to know well over the coming months. Celestia's mane cured and spiralled around him, like it had a life of its own, before it settled down and started behaving itself. The mane's owner panting lightly stared at the ceiling for a moment.

"Pheeew! Yes that's quite all right. I think that will do quite nicely, Macintosh. Good to see you... you live up to your nickname." Said Celestia. Her horn flared and suddenly a silver jewelled box appeared at her side, haloed by her magic. It opened and a cigarette flew out, lighting itself midway to her lips. She drew deeply and then blew out a smoke-ring with a sigh of deep, deep satisfaction.

"Faust! It's been far, far too long since last I did this! You have no idea. Politicians should never, in my opinion, be celibate. That's the last thing you need; somepony in power and command over armed forces whilst sexually frustrated. I swear that's why right wing parties start more wars; it's all that bottled up kinky trying to get out."

"Eeyup?" said Big Mac, shuffling in the bed slightly, trying to get comfortable. He rubbed the sheets slightly with a fetlock, wondering what they were made of. Not silk, but something far finer than the ordinary cotton and homemade quilts the apple family used.

"Zebroian cotton, woven in Saddle Arabia. Diplomatic gift, Very high thread-count." Celestia said, watching the smoke rings. "Frankly if you're using anything other than cotton or fine linen for bedding then you've gone horribly wrong. I won't have silk: it's difficult to clean and the slightest perspiration and it sticks like a lawyer to money: the last stallion I had in here with silk sheets nearly ended up sarin-wrapped. Never again."

"Eeyup?" asked Big Mac, staring at the cigarette as Celestia took another drag. "Umm, what the heck is that, your highness?"

She laughed, musically. "I think we're a little past 'your highness', don't you Big Mac?" She said blowing out another smoke-ring. She paused and considered her cigarette with marvellous affectionate disdain, as if she hadn't realised it was there.

"This, Big mac, is a dangerous addictive, vile little drug I banned some time ago. A nasty, bad-smelling mix of noxious carcinogens and mutagens that wear down a body, break the spirit, corrupt the soul and do unspeakable things to one's lungs. A pity, really, because in moments like these, after sex like that'..." she said, sucking in a deep lungful of blue-grey death and blowing it out again majestically "They are the best thing in the world. A perfect pleasure: dangerous, exquisite and utterly, utterly unsatisfying. Anyway: dangerous as they are, they can't hurt an Alicorn, so I keep a secret stash of them squirreled away for occasions such as this. You ought to be flattered, it's not often I find somepony worth breaking the law for, let alone twice in one night" She said, stubbing out the glittering remnants and conjuring it away somewhere. She glanced to Big Mac, who was staring. "By which I mean the cigarette and the quite, quite illegal orders I gave to my guards to bring you here. Sorry. I get a little verbose in these sorts of moments." She said. "I hope you don't find it off-putting."

"Off-putting?" asked Big Mac, smiling wanly. That was a joke. She was... unreal, and not in the usual sense since that that word was meant. She was *too* real; there was a hardness to her smooth flesh, as if she was made of some denser stuff than mortal ponies, her body temperature seemed both healthy and too high, her pulse was a little too fast and far too strong. And that's was ignoring the obvious; she was the first mare he'd ever been with larger and physically stronger than him, and he wondered by exactly how much: her wings in particular scared him; If a swan's wings were said to be able to break a bone, what could those do? They were big enough that most of the apple clan could stand on them if they wanted to, and he didn't doubt they could take the weight. It would take more than a little verbosity to even register on the off-putting scale at this point. And the smell... there was something exciting and dangerous about being this close to her body that he could just pick up, something hot and lightly metallic, not quite hidden under whatever exotic, woody perfume she was wearing.

"Orris root. *Iris Germanica*. The essential oil, or butter as they call it, is used as a base note in high-end perfumes, and fetches nearly one hundred and fifty thousand bits per kilogram. I add a little to

my bath water.” Said Celestia in a matter-of-fact tone with just a hint of mischief, showing that she knew what he was thinking. She hugged him, briefly, and sighed with some satisfaction.

“Oh, I miss this. I miss this a lot, you know. I’m not proud that I do this, but then I think what I would be like if I didn’t, and the kingdom would suffer if I was to become some mad repressed spinster or Horney out of control lunatic.”

“Eeyup?”

“Oh, yes. When Luna was here, well I could talk to her as an equal, she understood me. That helped, that helped a lot. But she was gone for a thousand years, and I had to develop other ways to cope, and sex seemed to work best. If I didn’t do this on regular basis I’d go quite mad. Individuals who go too long without sex start to spend too much of their time fanaticising about it, and then when they finally get to have it they’re into Faust know what sorts of strange perversions. It’s quite sad to see, really.”

“Eeyup.” said Big Mac, projecting relief. “You know, when you showed me the amount you were willing to pay, I panicked right off th’ bat because I thought, well if she’s paying that much-”

“Then she’ll have me dressing up in a onesie and a baby’s bonnet by the end of the night as she bends me over an oversized pram and assaults me with a giant pacifier? Gods no! I cannot abide rich, bored individuals who use their wealth to play those sorts of exploitative, kinky games with poor, honest farm-colts like yourself. That sort of seedy abuse of privilege disgusts me; if nothing else it shows a serious lack of imagination.”

“Yeah... me too, but in this business you just give the customer what they want and try not pass judgment.”

“Yes... my job too. The number of stupid laws they try to get me to sign. No! I’m not going to talk shop here! No politics: that’s a little too dirty for my bedroom tastes”

“Heh. Well, I’m re-assured you’re such a bastion of good o’l fashioned family values your highness.”

“But of course!” said Celestia, stretching luxuriously and then re-coalescing around Big Mac with both forelimbs and both wings hugging him and one back leg cocked slightly over his body as she pulled him tight into her sinuous embrace.

“Now, fuck me in the ass and tell me I’m scum.” She whispered in his ear before moving over to straddle him and look deep into his eyes, and his expression of pure innocent shock made her laugh and would keep her warm in her memories for decades to come.

“A thousand years, farm boy.” She purred as she pinned him down and traced a hoof gently through the soft sweat-damp fur of his chest as she moved down his body, in an attempt to re-awaken his interest. “You get Bored.” She said, by way of explanation.

On hindsight, thought Big Mac, he should have seen that coming.