

## The Grenade

It was a bright and sunny day when Xurtak decided to hunt down the infamous Blackjack. Though, he didn't want to *kill* her, persay. No no, he had something else in mind. He had been biding his time, planning things slowly and methodically in the dead of night. During the day he acted as a simple horse, strutting along with his horsecock flaccid between strong thighs, breasts heaving every time he went on one of his mid-morning jogs. He certainly garnered attention from the other ponies that lived in town. As one of the few anthromorphs who lived in the area, he was often the center of attention. Having a huge cock helped as well.

He had planned to just outright humiliate her, but he wanted something a little more permanent. A reminder that he had overpowered her, and he would always win. He had gotten the idea in the dead of night, though he'd need a volunteer.

"Though, does she have to volunteer?"

He thought the next morning as he rolled out of bed. He already had a special vict-pony in mind. Beryl was an alicorn, she'd make a good load of cum once his balls had properly digested her. With her extensive magic he had no doubt she'd plant the perfect seed. Then Blackjack would grow plump with his foals, forced to give birth to something he shot into her. Not that he would fuck her, oh no. He had other plans for the impregnation. All he needed was the alicorn to obey, as he knew she would. She could regenerate after all, it would be of no consequence to her to be shoved down his massive cock-hole, churned into seed, and spewed out into the other pony. She'd just pop back into existence like it never happened.

Endless ammo, really.

So long as he could keep her still, and keep swallowing her down his cock-hole and into his enormous, churning balls. And that wouldn't be too difficult. He assumed the process was pleasurable, or at the very least tolerable. Not that he really cared. All that mattered was plumping that other pony up with his seed, and eventually, his foals.

He kicked off his day with a large cup of coffee, sipping it slowly, savoring the taste as he intended to savor the alicorn. His cock was already twitching at the thought of it. But the time for thinking was done, he was a man of action.

Out into the bright, sunshining day he went, trotting down from his cozy cottage home. No one would suspect such a sadistic, sex-driven man lived there. And that was how he liked it. He waved hello to the mailmare on his way out, who gave him a nod and a wing-flap in return. The sun was warm on his pelt, and he happily made his way toward the alicorn's home. Best to do such an act in private.

It didn't take too long to get to her, just a stroll through the market, snatching a fresh apple on the way. As he crunched on the sweet, ripe fruit he knocked on her door, waiting patiently. She only took a few moments, and he grinned handsomely down at her.

"G'morning there Beryl."

He said, his voice like velvet.

"Oh! Good morning, Xurtak. What can I do for you?"

"I was actually hoping to have some coffee with you this morning, or just a nice chat. We haven't caught up in a while."

She flushed, of course she would. He could see her cheeks heat through her coat as she giggled, wings fluttering at her side.

"Of course, come in, come in."

She ushered him inside. The small cottage smelled of fresh baked muffins, the scent of coffee lingering within.

"I was just about to sit down."

She said with a gentle smile, motioning to a comfortable pillow on the other side of the table. But he wasn't here for coffee, he wasn't here for anything but one. Single. Thing.

Coming up behind her, his cock stiffened. He grinned wickedly as he stared down at the fluttering, stumbling, shy woman. His cocktip quickly pressed against her ass, causing her to startle in response.

"Oh! Xurtak, I didn't realize it was that kind of vis-wait, aha, slow down!"

He was pushing against her, but clearly not aiming for the hole. She tried to position herself, but he placed himself on her back and pressed harder. Slowly she began to get sucked down into his massive rod. His pisshole opened, sucking the other pony into his manhood. She let out a squeal, hooves pulling at the table as she let out a panicked cry.

“W-what are you doing?! Wait!”

She looked back as her body was pulled tightly in, legs folding close to her stomach and tucked in, making it easier for him to suck her in ass-first. She whimpered, but he only patted between her ears, chuckling darkly.

“Don’t worry, you know you regenerate just fine.”

“That doesn’t make it pleasant! Why are you doing this?!”

“I have a plan for you, or, well, at least what you’ll become. Don’t worry about it, you’ll hear all about it when you come back. Maybe you’ll even be the godmother.”

He cackled over her confused, questioning squeal. Her muzzle was clamped shut by his tip as it closed around her, pulling the rest of her body in. His cock bulged and squirmed as she kicked and flailed from inside, but it only felt like a light and pleasurable tickle for him. She wriggled all the way down, his cock like a swallowing snake until his balls inflated with her body. He could see her hooves press against the skin from the inside out, marveling at how well it was outlined within his balls.

“There you go girl, just relax..”

He chuckled down at his enormous ballsack, watching as the kicks slowed. His balls shrank down, just a bit as her body collapsed into virile seed. Soon all he could hear was thick gurgles from the thick cum slushie she had created.

The walk back to his house was uncomfortable, his balls dragging along the ground, but he had conveniently left the grenade launcher behind. He supposed he could have brought it along and simply forced her, but there was some fun in the trickery behind it all.

Once he was finally alone in his home (after many, many stares from other ponies) he pulled the launcher from his closet. His plan was almost complete, he simply had to load the gun.

It wouldn't take long, the squirming pony inside him had pleased him as she fell down his thick, veiny rod. He was sensitive to the touch, and leaned back against his couch. His balls slumped over the soft cushions and to the floor, his cock erect and dripping pre. Not wanting to waste a drop, he was quick to begin. Xurtak gave a soft sigh as he positioned the launcher between his legs and started to stroke himself. His cock gave a pleased twitch as he quickly jerked himself off, groaning in pleasure.

"God, I can't wait to see that bitch fill up."

He said with a huff, his thigh twitching as pressure in his balls began to build. He knew it was going to be a good, healthy dose of fertile seed loaded like lethal grenades into the launcher. And he was right. Great globs of thick cum eventually spewed from his tip and into the gun, like bullets ready to fly. He groaned, watching the former pony seep in. She'd come back eventually, hah, maybe the idiot he was about to impregnate would birth this one back to life.

Once the gun was loaded and dripping, he dragged it over to the window. The gentle breeze flowed in as he opened it, masking the scent of sex and cum-pony. He took out his binoculars and glared through the lenses, spotting his target trotting along a far off road. His tongue poked from between his lips as his ears lowered. He waited patiently, stoic as a statue. Then it happened.

She turned. And bent forward.

He took his shot, and globs of thick seed shot into the air, whizzing and cutting through the summer breeze before landing just where he needed it to, a perfect bullseye. His cum pierced her cunt, and was only pushed further by the next shot. She let out a loud moan, which drew the attention of others.

"I-wait, what's happening!?"

She turned, and the last shot smacked her in the face. Cum splattered over her cheeks and erupted across her body. Soon she was soaked in the sticky seed, the rest of it burrowed deep in her womb. Xurtak could only cackle, it was perfect. He had won.

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10 months later. His 'friend' had reformed and he had planned on getting another few shots loaded into the grenade launcher, ready to impregnate the entire town. As he left

home the mail-pony approached him and handed off a letter. He wasn't expecting any mail, and tilted his head, catching the pony snickering as she walked off.

"The hell?"

He asked himself as he opened the letter, staring down before letting out a heaving sigh.

Fuck.

The one thing that gave her an edge and took away his win. The one thing that ruined all future plans. The one thing that made his blood boil.

He had forgotten about child support.