

## Size isn't an issue

Wireless Fuzz considered herself a dominant through and through, despite her smaller stature. Oftentimes ponies would laugh at her, question her abilities as a domme. Still, tonight was the night she was going to prove it all. Naarkessex was the latest one to make fun of her size, and now she was determined to prove her wrong. She had the capabilities, but the bigger, taller orange pony was on her last nerve. The two stood in the room together, the brown pony facing off against the pegasus, a grin on her features. Naarkessex was trying to hold back laughter, but Fuzz was quick on her feet.

“Wait what're y-”

She couldn't get the rest out. Fuzz had leaped on her, a thick diaper in her mouth. She pinned the other pony down easily with her cybernetic hooves, spreading her back legs apart with her hips.

“There we go *princess*.”

Fuzz sneered, spitting the diaper out between her legs and smoothing it out under her ass. She giggled as she pulled it up and over her hips, locking her into it.

“There you go, you wanna whine about how I'm not a domme? You're gonna see how much of a domme I am.”

“G-get this thing off me!”

Naarkessex complained, smushing her hooves over the thick diaper. She squealed and wiggled under Fuzz, who did nothing but mock and laugh at her.

“Now hold still princess, I gotta strap up and get ready.”

“Strap up? For WHAT?”

But Fuzz ignored her, she was too busy pulling a thick, leather harness over her hips. A hefty dildo was pressed through the O-ring, giving the brown pony one hell of a cock. The mare twisted herself around and stood, backing away from Fuzz. The white of her diaper had turned yellow as she pissed herself from pure fear.

“What are you doing with that?”

“Whatever I want.”

She lunged at the orange pony, climbing atop her, making the other woman's legs quiver with her weight, and the feeling of the dildo stroking against her cunt from outside the diaper. Fuzz giggled, nibbling the back of her neck as she ground her cock into the wet, slick diaper.

"Now, are you ready to admit you're losing?"

There was silence, then a small and quiet;

"Yes, Mistress."