

A Pleasure to Steal

Arctic Frost felt his hooves hit the ground with a satisfying series of clops.

Though slightly disoriented from a sudden drop through a portal, Arctic Frost felt, for the first time in what felt like centuries, stable. Solid. Consistent. He was breathing, and the spacious room he had entered was appreciatively not. For what seemed the first time in eons, he simply breathed. The warm, musky air cooled and freshened as he exhaled a slow swirl of frost.

The pegasus pony took stock of himself. It was almost a surprise to find that he was normal, as if he had forgotten what normality was. His shape and structure were as a glimmering white Pegasus-stallion with white fur and deep ocean ice blue mane. Upon a closer and lower inspection, he paused ensure that he was *indeed* well stocked in the stallion department. Rearing his equine head up once more to take a deeper breath of air and restore his sense of self, he felt his cheeks redden with embarrassment. Oh, if anyone knew how exalted he felt at that moment, he knew he'd never hear the end of it. Excitement and rising anxiety brimming through him, causing a series of eager twitches along his distinctly *relaxed* endowment and a sole source of heat from his muzzle. Arctic Frost snorted forth a billowing cloud of frost from his thick nostrils to calm himself and discreetly tucked himself back into his sheath. Something in the air here was exhilarating, but he was unfamiliar with his surroundings and dreaded getting caught so exposed. His hoof came away sticky, his generous endowment's productivity no lesser

for his sexually satisfied state. Slowly turning his head, he projected his internal thoughts to his external surroundings, and took a deliberate look around.

Nervousness rose within him. This was not his room. That was not his portal. His leaking seed was pooling on someone else's hardwood floor. Freezing panic gripped the Pegasus as he realized he couldn't remember anything from before arriving here.

Worries and fears built up, then fell as an avalanche of paralyzing anxiety.

Thumping his muzzle to the oaken floors, Arctic Frost covered his head with his dark blue hooves and whinnied out in frigid anxiety. Caught up in a tremendous wash of nerves, the pegasus pony's cutie mark of a snow-shard wrapped by a darkened moon began to glow with an inner power usually reserved for unicorn horns. His latent power rose within him, reacting to the frantic questions and fears swarming his mind. Heat began to leech from the world around him, glassy frost creeping out to cover nearby features. Cool frost soothed his frayed nerves.

Spreading out from his quivering body, ice began to flow. The floor was cast with a sheet of frozen water. Walls and bedroom decorum were encased in icy crystal, pristine and preserved. A freezing wind blew forth from Arctic Frost's rounded muzzle, sharply bringing his mind to focus like an ice cream headache suddenly clearing. He stopped quaking, lifted his head, and folded his wings in wonder at the display of ice magic that encased everything around him. Swiftly calmed, he looked about at the frozen bedroom.

His ice brightened the otherwise dimly lit room, and he could see perfectly for what this room was; a lover's bedroom replete with a monstrously oversized bed,

various powerful artifacts that thrummed with power strewn about as if they were mere playthings, and a massive oaken door of exquisite craftsmanship. To one side of the room, a great cushioned chair-couch stood angled from a bookshelf towards the door. All were encased in ice, held in place for careful study. He could see clearly from within the ice, and the walls protected him from the strangely invigorating power that irradiated the massive bedroom. As the final corners were sealed in frost, Arctic Frost felt his inner turmoil melt away, replaced with cool curiosity.

Lifting himself up on all fours, Arctic Frost found he could walk without any risk of slipping, the ice almost an extension of him. As a Pegasus, he thought to himself, he should have been no more magical than an Earth Pony. A brief hoof-pat upon his forehead confirmed he felt no horn on his head, and an ass-pat showed him that his cutie mark had ceased glowing. Yet, here he was, creating a powerful magical field without any of the traditional spellwork intrinsic to any Unicorn. This was a defensive spell even stronger than Alicorn magic.

Suppressing his consideration that he could have somehow ascended above Alicorn-level magical ability, Arctic Frost also began to properly investigate his surroundings. The room itself was massive, as if meant for a titan of a figure much larger than any pony. The ceiling itself was deceptively high, with a series of rafters that rise up a few dozen feet into darkness. He would come up to the owner of this room at knee-high height, at best. With a flap of his wings to propel himself up onto the now frozen-over bed, the cool wind caught his wings easily and he sailed upwards. Despite the weighty cargo wobbling beneath his carriage, gravity seemed to respect his practiced

skill at heatless heavyweight flying. Still slightly leaking, albeit onto his ice and not staining any fabric, Arctic Frost peered through the ice at the sheets

The bed beneath his hooves was vaguely heart-shaped and big enough to fill a quarter of the room. The dull red sheets were slightly concave in one spot, as if whomever used it liked one particular location and had made an impression in the mattress. Strangely, as he looked onwards, he found the magical ice informed him of more than just what he saw. The crystal plane acted as if they were holographic screens for information, including data on spell detection and identification, physical material construction, and even offering historical data impossible to know by nonmagical means.

When he focused on the sheets, he found the data included a psychographic profile of its most regular user. Arctic Frost's swallowed, his throat suddenly a bit wet, as a visual impression formed in his mind of a motherly figure steeped in debauched love, and how the sheets might look wrapped around his figure. Arctic Frost blushed to himself, pausing his investigation to tuck himself back in again. He had to keep his cool, lest he make a mess even his ice couldn't contain.

Feeling his cheeks flush, Arctic Frost knew that his embarrassment at looking at something so outrageously lewd was the only source of heat in this entire room. He had solidified this magical barrier to protect himself, yet he felt no chill, which made a kind of sense to him. He never really 'felt' the chill when he soared through the clouds surrounding frozen peaks across Equestria, often flying as high as he could, far higher than any other pony could, to linger high in the still night sky, one with the stars.

Something about this room suggested its owner shared a similar appreciation for extreme conditions.

Further exploration of the lover's bedroom continued to evoke inspirational thoughts into Arctic Frosts's mind, implanting a stronger and stronger idea of who's privacy he was invading. Most of the frost-covered artifacts were either plucked or copied from magical realms of high fantasy or futuristic tech, but by the slippery stains on them it was obvious to their carnal repurposing. It was if the owner of all these objects selected them out of a pure sense of inspiration in the heat of a erogenous moment, plucking them from their quintessential core concepts or creating them from whim, power and lust. The apparati focused on bondage coaxed more heat from Arctic Frost's cheeks, and he hurriedly passed those over lest he keep needing to tuck himself back in several times over.

Large rings of magical power lay strewn about the floor, many bent and stretched in the shapes of something that outgrew them. A series of angrily glaring spheres had clearly been strung up like giant, hateful beads. Several glowing wands and staves had been strapped together and were covered in a thick coating of juices. The room itself was furnished to be the epitome of a lover's boudoir, ready to answer every conceivable desire its occupants might want, with countless hidden compartments for stowing sexual goodies. Half-open drawers filled with exquisite lingerie, and a wardrobe to the side of a bed hung open to reveal enchanting garments for far too many limbs. Arctic Frost paused briefly here and gulped as one outfit looked tailored for an eight-legged pony, sleipnir-style.

The heat of his embarrassment about the perverse design of this room and its contents flowed easily to his cheeks, but eagerly to his loins. Thankfully, the frozen walls gave him the cool head he needed to collect his thoughts. Swallowing and once more hoof-nudging his swollen shaft somewhat back into his overstuffed sheath, he took a few cool breaths. The heat slowly dissipated from him as he completed his tour of the flash-frozen bedroom, and the ice slowly began to fade, melting into magical nothingness. Thankfully, the dribbles of seed he had left behind also escaped into the ether, leaving fewer traces of his ogling.

Arctic Frost considered his situation. With a quick hop-flap, he settled himself down on the immense cushioned chair. He was dwarfed by it, but it seemed preferable than laying upon such a love-soaked bed. Exhaling one last frost breath, he sat and thought. The now-magical, heavily-endowed pegasus stallion couldn't remember exactly what he had been doing before, only flutters of emotion. Glancing over to his initial entry point, he observed the small rift he had fallen out from. Spit out?

Whatever the portal was, Arctic Frost knew it was some kind of... trans dimensional rift. His brow furrowed as he felt another flush of arousal as he attempted to remember where he had come from. This time, he did not rearrange himself, pushing deeper into suspiciously fond memories. At least they were memories.

Closing his eyes, the last thing Arctic Frost could remember was... desire. As his shaft throbbed to full mast, he fought past the pleasure to recall what it was he yearned for. A soft, hot breath escaped his lips as his thoughts swiftly turned to masturbation,

and he almost felt himself succumb to the compulsion to abandon his effort and spill a fresh load. His cutie mark began to glow once more, cooling his masculine heat.

Briefly snorting a chilling cloud of frost, Arctic Frost cleared his head again – absently tucking himself back in downstairs – and tried to remember what the last unpleasant memory he had. This time, the flush of heat did not fill his cheeks or loins, and the memories resurfaced more easily. It was an anxious moment, an embarrassing one, and tinged with guilt. He had wanted something, something he had not earned himself. Realization struck him, and he bit his thick lower lip.

“You took it, and now you can never give it back.”

The sound of the deep female voice from the doorway triggered a spasm through Arctic Frost’s entire body and a high-pitched neigh. Arctic Frost jolted upright in surprise, his head snapping towards the doorway. Beneath him, a flash of frosty white burst from his cutie mark, matting the chair he was perched upon in a crystalline layer of ice. The Pegasus pony himself felt frozen stiff, paralyzed by his own shock, only enough movement to crack his gaze towards the door’s inhabitant. He beheld the speaker as she spoke once more, her voice filling every inch of the room. Her silhouette matched perfectly with the shape in the sheets on the bed.

“Yes, I caught you, little thief.” The voice purred, capturing Arctic Frost. If it wasn’t true before, it was true now. The guilt that had been building within him was clicked into place, and he whinnied under her vocal squeeze. The voice filled the room, a resonate tone of femininity and finality. Arctic Frost focused to bring the speaker’s full form into view.

Dark lips on a short muzzle, curved upwards in a wry smile, met his gaze. As shi spoke, he could see the flash of pearly-white fangs, and a darting tongue. The leafy, upturned nose-tip and extraordinarily tall ears defined the species as a bat, but hir immense and anthropomorphic stature suggested much more complex relationships were involved. Hir form was layered in chocolate-brown fur in most places, including a vulpine-like tail, though not the white-furred tip. Where shi turned darker was where flesh was exposed, and in hir unclothed glory, there was a considerable amount of succulently exposed flesh. The insides of hir ears were a pretty pink, though bejeweled with alternating gold and silver rings along the edges. Hir eyes were a striking sapphire blue, appearing almost synthetically perfect.

Shi filled the doorway to an almost uncomfortable degree of height and width. At three meters in height, and an immense pair of powerful wing-arms clutched casually behind hir back, there was no room to look past hir. The doorway was perfectly spaced to match hir hips. Unclad, the front of hir body was largely dominated by a pair of breasts each as large as a prize pumpkin, capped with a large, dark nipple and the plump supporting areolae. Upon hir hips, however, something much more masculine presented itself; a near cannon of a sheath and the heavy spheres of testicles that filled the space between hir thighs. Yet, the width of hir hips and the promise of fertile grounds hinted by the thick swells of hir thighs, snapped him out of his thousand-lust stare. He could smell, taste the breeding potential of hir femininity.

“I.. I’m sorry!” Arctic Frost whinnied out as cheeks felt like hot coals, and the ice patch he sat on began to steam away. He felt a throb, and jerked his hoof away from his

straining erection, having not even realized he was hoofing himself. How long had he been ogling hir? How could he have been so shameless? Maybe he really was a thief!?

“Sorry for taking it, or for getting caught?” The immense bat herm rebuffed, as shi dislodged herself from the doorway shi had been displaying herself in, each heavy footfall landing upon the oaken floor with audible creaks and groans of solid wood straining under far too much heft. Shi strode towards him in slow, thoughtful steps, accentuated by a sway of hir hips that stole Arctic Frost's gaze and locked it to them. Just above, hir bosom proffered the perfect amount of bounce, while below, hir heavier spheres swayed and jostled with an enviable volume. He felt his hoof starting to move back to his embarrassing arousal of its own accord.

“Stop that, little stud, and answer me.” Shi commanded, hir voice echoing through his body. He slammed his forehoof down on the couch with more force than he intended to and felt his body tense and go rigid, obeying an intense compulsion. Yet, despite his body's obedience to the letter, he felt more tight pleasure than he would have if he had continued masturbating. He tried to move his body, but he couldn't, and he felt his cock jerk in hot pleasure at being denied. His eyes fluttered up to the bat-creature's own eyes. Hir word truly was hir bond, and Arctic Frost felt tightly bound under hir gaze.

“...both?” He murmured in a hushed wheeze, although it wasn't clear whether he meant a reply to hir inquiry or a comment to himself about hir abundant stockpile of anatomical equipment. The massive bat herm paused a body-length away from Arctic Frost, looming above the chair-seated pony, letting him drink in hir full visage and

analyze for a few pregnant seconds. Jerking his eyes up to his own gaze, he attempted to clarify, doing his best to ignore the fitful spurts of horse seed that sputterpumped from his ejaculating cock. He simply couldn't stop himself.

"I-I'm s..sor..sorry for ste-eee--EAaling! And for..for..for getting ca-AUGHT, m-ma'-a'am!" He squeezed his eyes shut as the orgasms wracked his body, only peeling them back open once he was spent. His cock and aching spheres returned to their relaxed state, similar to when he first fell from the portal. Drained, once more. The bucketsworth of his rich horse spunk splattered on the chair and floor made him shake with nerves. He hadn't been here long, and he had refueled all that since he had arrived here. Physically satiated but psychologically stressed, he turned his blushing muzzle to one side, away from the sight of how much of his seed had slathered the immense bat herm.

"What did I take?" Arctic Frost asked, breaking the ice through the embarrassment he felt at his situation. "Who are you?" He couldn't stop the blush scalding his cheeks as his eyes continued to drink in the rich draught of nudity proffered before him out of the corner of his eye.

"My name is Echoen. You are in my bedroom. You stole my privacy, and it seems you enjoy my privacy quite a lot." Shi dipped his muzzle down, indicating the mess of his cum that painted his front. As he watched, most of it seemed to absorb into his body, leaving his fresh and dry, and his dark flesh exposed once more.

Arctic Frost gulped, the inside of his throat like dry ice. He felt the gravity of the situation yet couldn't stop staring at the dusky charcoal nipples or the plump areolae

surrounding them, and the errant scent of a mother's milk. He felt himself leaning forward a bit too far, as his nostrils flared. The massive bat woman gave an exasperated sigh, slid the powerful hand of a wing-arm beneath his chin and nudged his gaze upwards to his eyes and lengthy, ring-studded ears.

"Banter is less fun when it's one-sided." Echoen crooned to him, using his winghand's knuckle to nudge the enthralled pony back into an upright seated position on the cushiony chair. His touch was warm on his fur, and his knees felt like gelatin when his wing pulled back to fold tightly against his back once more. Arctic Frost looked up into his eyes, doing his best to focus.

"I-I'm sorry, I don't usually steal things or intrude, but it's ..h-haard to not... uh, stare." Arctic Frost gulped, his eyes wandering several times as he stumbled through the sentence. Echoen laughed it off with a wave of his hand, and shook his hips. An abundance of wobbling captured almost all of the pony's attention once more.

"I did mention how you couldn't give it back. You stole my privacy, so you have to keep my privacy." Shi chimed coyly, brushing the back of his fingers across Arctic Frost's ears and mane. He shuddered, leaning into his hand, his gaze nearly defocusing as his tension eased into his hand. He remembered how satisfied he felt from the portal, rousing himself from his stupor in just enough time to save face.

"I, um, apologize for taking... your privacy, and for stealing into your room." Arctic Frost gulped, straightening himself upright and nonchalantly folding his forehooves in front of his sated loins. "How did I get here, and why do I have magic ice powers now?"

Echoen swept one wing behind him and seated himself upon a footrest that had not been there before. It simply appeared as his body knelt to sit upon it, as if it had always been there. Shi sat with knees together, leaning to one side, hands clasped about Arctic Frost's fore-hooves as if they were hands. His breasts pillowed between his arms, but his forearms hid most of the dark chocolate areolae.

"I'll answer all your questions. You, my potent studly thief, get to know all my secrets now." Echoen gives a warm smile, stroking over Arctic Frost's mane again as Shi spoke, parting each strand of hair one by one with his fingertips.

"You forced your way in here one of the only ways anyone can, pony or otherwise. Your desire, specifically your lust, for me tore you from your reality and thrust you into mine." Shi then lifted his eyes and drew his attention to the portal he had stepped through. "You came right out through there, about two hours ago. You had one of your 'accidents'..." Shi paused for effect, looking at an unabsorbed splotch of spunk lingering disconcertingly close to Arctic Frost's foreleg. "...then got so embarrassed and panicked you tried to go home the same way, which... didn't exactly work."

Arctic Frost studied the shimmering portal opening for a moment, considering the bat's words. He turned his muzzle back to his, only faintly noticing the throbbing pulse in his loins. "I... I remember now. A little. I was reading about one of your adventures. I wanted... to join in." His muzzle burned in deep embarrassment as a little bit of ejaculate spilled from his flare. His balls again swelled full and hot, and his equine shaft shuddered fully erect. "I felt like... you could keep up with me."

The massive bat smiled broadly, drifting his hand down his chest, as Arctic gasped from the sensation. His sensual fingers toyed across his fur and with seamless transition, feather-dusted across his aching equine erection. Embarrassingly fat blasts of frothy horse spunk began to leap and spill from his extreme overexcitement, the flow becoming more forceful by the moment.

With his wings, Echoen leaned closer and set his winghands upon the male horse's rump, hefting him and his swelling balls into his arms and between his breasts. Arctic Frost could feel his seed-soaked shaft bumping the bottom of his chin, but he felt so good and relaxed, finally able to take a load off. It was as if all the tension he'd built up since arriving here was leaking out of him. As if all his anxiety was being throbbled away by his dick and poured out by his persistently refueling, growing balls. His eyes lidded and his concern for the sudden intimacy began to ebb away.

The bat turned, his entire frontside slathered in horse spunk for the third time today, and strode casually towards the door. The moment she left his bedroom and entered into the hallway, the pleasure-effect began to lessen. Reality felt less intense, less directed, and more... constructed of fine materials and richly decorated, as opposed to mystical enchantments. Arctic Frost felt himself slowly calming down as he was carried to the bathroom.

"Apologies, sweet dear. My bedroom is designed to make everything more pleasurable, including one's own thoughts and body. We can talk here more easily." She placed Arctic Frost in an elegant porcelain bath in the shape of a giant shell. For the pegasus, it was a bath, yet for the massive three meter, powerfully muscled bat, it was

simply a large sink. Shi began to wash and clean the hyper-endowed pony, kneading him with strong fingers and lathering him with the finest of fur and spa treatments.

“Lust is a powerful thing. It is a Deadly Sin for a reason, and has driven a good share of theft and invasion in pony history.” Shi crooned, working into his muscles with just enough strength and softness. “Your lust was so strong that you pushed your way into my most private space from sheer, aggregate desire and so – pop!” Shi cricked his back gently. He shuddered loosely, and flooded the sink in seed for a few hot seconds after. “In you went. Then out you went, having ogled your fill.”

Shuddering from the sensation of a deep fur cleansing and draining, Arctic Frost listened intently, gathering his thoughts as she spread his wings and cleaned between the feathers. It occurred to him that the water pouring from the faucet felt exceptionally good – and that it was extremely cold. It was the coldest water he had ever felt, and it felt heavenly to him.

“Super-condensed glaciers can turn ice back to liquid, and you’ve got that stuff pouring out of your sink. That’s impossible.” Arctic Frost commented, plucking the knowledge from... somewhere. “I’m not freezing where I stand because I’m immune to cold.” He looked up at him, his mane draped across his neck. “How did I get magic powers, like knowing stuff and making information-ice?”

Shi returned his gaze with warmth. “Remember what I said about “aggregate” desire?” He nodded. Shi continued. “When you appeared, I was entangled on over fifteen million different versions of reality, stockpiling artifacts and objects of power to see which ones may be the best sex toys.” As Shi lifted Arctic Frost from the sink to buffer

him dry with floofy towels that seemed suspiciously squirrel-like, shi leaned in closer to whisper into the equine's ear with a giggle. "The objects from your reality are often great fun."

Dried and fuzzed, Arctic Frost was carried from the bathroom to further down the hallway, to a grandiose living room with a cavernous ceiling. Large windows on the walls exposed different potential environments, from snowy mountaintop, to a starry void, or a wooded villa. Immense couches were abundant in peculiar shapes, and an abundance of snack stations and entertainment docks. The lights were low, suggesting a late evening. A frustrated, damp squirrel was grumpily playing on a console in a back corner. There were too many drains on the floor.

Echoen strode down the second-story steps into the living room plaza, and bestowed the pony upon an appropriately sized pillow upon an inappropriately oversized couch. The bat swathed himself in a nearby robe of scarlet moss and settled on the other side of the couch, one foot planted close to Arctic Frost on the adjacent couch cushion

"I was... fantasizing, and became so... uhm, engaged, that I fantasized into your bedroom." He stated after they were settled, looking up into hir eyes as the series of events made sense with his fragmented memory. "When I saw you, I couldn't stop looking. Or thinking about.. Uhm, you. Then.. everything started happening all at the same time, and I couldn't stop getting hornier. Fifteen million versions of you, and me?" He blinked, tasting the number on his tongue. It had the flavor of sweet milk.

The immense bat lifted his hands before his muzzle and spread them flat, vertically, compressing them together. Shi then parted his fingers, spreading open his palms like a lotus flower. Far more fingers moved apart from each other than there had been a moment ago, as if dozens of brown-furred hands with black nails were overlaid upon each other. Arctic Frost blinked, wondering if he was hallucinating.

“You’re looking across realities, at seven different versions of me, in this room, explaining this to you right now. Everything the same in each of them except how we, or I, could have opened my fingers.” Shi adjusted a single set of thumbs amongst the seven sets that were there, so he could track with his eyes the specific reality he was looking at. Curling his index finger, Arctic Frost could clearly see two different ways this could be accomplished, observing the same matter in two different positions at the same time.

After a moment, seven sets of arms unfolded from each other, fourteen hands and fourteen wings grasping various parts of the couch or nearby objects. Like a chocolate-colored Bodhisattva, the bat rose from his seated position again, and again and again, until only one was left lounging in his original position. The others proceeded about the room to various locations. Reality flickered about them as he saw the seven simultaneous versions of the room he was in, each one different. Arctic Frost’s eyes widened.

“Every could have, every what-if, exists at the same time.” Echoen explained, warping reality itself to demonstrate to him the truth. Altering the truth as need be. “Simultaneous parallel realities in perfect, infinite sync with one another, except for a single aspect. Uncountable are the possibilities that branch out from that one difference

compounding upon all its potential variations and permutations. The fewer changes, the ‘closer’ they are, and the easier to see.”

As shi spoke, the bats proceeded to pull further and further apart. Climbing over the couch’s backrest, hauling up from the couch to the floor, or even outright taking flight to hang from the thick rafters high above. Arctic Frost blinked repeatedly, as if looking through different sets of eyes.

“But the further they are apart, the easier they are to notice.”

Arctic Frost shivered, returning his attention to the only Echoen speaking, his blush immediately growing much hotter as he stared at hir in a vastly different form. It was if every aspect of the bat that was “bat” had been replaced, utterly, with pony. Yet, all other aspects – hir height, hir anthropomorphism, hir *prodigious* endowments alluringly clad in revealing scarlet moss – remained the same, down to hir hoof outstretched close to him and the curve of hir inner thigh obfuscated beneath enormous furred spheres. The very couch itself seemed different, as if designed perfectly for hyper-endowed ponies just like hir. Just like him.

“Thus, we come to the calculus of your theft.” Shi said, with a stern firmness of an empowered mare, shifting so the folds of hir clothes fell partly open, exposing a succulently lush and full inner curve of cleavage and a hint of dark areolas. By the way his body responded, it was clear he wanted everything he saw even more intensely. He could smell hir fertility and virility, bringing back memories of his favorite fantasies.

“Can I apologize?” He asked, as below him the potent throb of blue flesh pushed forth. “Even if it’s... fifteen million and seven times?” He gulped, hopeful, even as he

watched the bat-pony's immense chest wobble. Were his breasts moving down his front to a new position?

As Arctic Frost spoke with him, Echoen was continuing to transform. In small increments of adjustment, less and less of him seemed anthro, and more and more of him seemed excessively ponified. His robe, couch, and the configuration of reality around him, adjusted with these new normals. His eyes locked to following his breasts as they traveled down his chest to occupy his lap, smushing to either side of his dark equine hermhood. His natural garment adjusted with it, barely covering the areolae and teats, but not hiding their prominent outlines. The pegasus felt his nuts fatten and swell in eager growth.

"That's exactly why you're here." The bat-pony rubbed one of his ears with a forehoof, clinking firm hooftip to gold and silver earrings. "After all, I can tell that you're very sorry." His eyes dropped lower to his lap, demonstrating she could see him clearly, including everything he was trying to contain. As large as he was getting, she was larger – and with soft creaks and gentle nudges of hips, both of them were becoming bigger in significant ways.

"W-wait! I'm sorry, I just can't seem to... control myself." He gulped nervously and tried to shift down into a crouch, smothering his shaft and sac to the ponified couch. He felt the fabric compress beneath his endowment like memory foam. "What happened with the portal, and how did I get magic ice powers and suddenly know everything about ice?" He licked his dry lips, as he watched those massive, motherly equine mammaries swell and fill before his eyes, only a few meters away.

The bat-pony giggled, draping one foreleg across the black spire of horsecock that jut beneath hir forehooves as shi lounged back against the couch cushions. “Everypony has a little bit of magic in them. Multiplied thousands of times over, makes for a -very-strong magic.” Shi winked to him, as hir muzzle rounded off into delicate feminine features. Arctic Frost blushed deeper, nervously trying to hold hir gaze. “So after you jizzed all over me and my room, you tried to panic your way home. Not knowing that you then actually had the power, you made a portal home, also fifteen million times.”

The chocolate batpony continued. “Most of you got through, but all tried to get back to the same original reality. All extremely aroused, and with even stronger lust powers, too strong to control. Do you recall your lust and desire continually growing, stronger and stronger?” Shi upturned a foreleg and hoof in inquiry, as if offering a hand.

Arctic Frost nodded. “That is all I can really remember. I just got... hornier, trying to think about it.” He blushed and folded his forelegs, allowing himself to swell to full erection against the couch, mostly hidden by his body. He was far too over endowed to not call attention to it any other way.

Echoen continued unabashed. “Each version of you that ‘made it back’ ended up multiplying your power. Yet, since each of you had also stolen my privacy, that truth also ingratiate itself into your being, an unchangeable and corrupting fact. Does the term “Black Bands” mean anything to you?” A tightness ran across Arctic Frost’s limbs and body, and a brief sensation of thrill. He nodded, trying to ignore the small fountain of seed that was leaking out past his folded forelegs.

“The black bands themselves were a manifestation of your guilt, sin and shame, empowered by a retribution spell I cast before you escaped. It’s called ‘Cums with Consequences.’ Thus, your lust, your power, and your bindings grew stronger. Your continuity couldn’t handle it. It couldn’t... keep up, as you would say.” The chocolate-covered ponyherm winked again, and slowly began to sit up from his lounging position, the flash of a thick-lipped maresex causing Arctic Frosts’s whole body to twitch as his shaft beneath him bulked bigger by the moment.

“I’ve recorded your experiences, and you can view them anytime.” Shi stood on all four hooves and hopped to the floor gracefully, with a series of whumps that shook the coffee table. “You won’t be able to directly remember them, but you can go back and experience any moment or version of reality that you please. You can even change them, but please try not to break the containment.” Shi lifts his head and looks over one of the electronic entertainment stations. “A paradox bomb like you is very messy when they explode.”

Arctic Frost’s brow furrowed in thought. “Paradox bomb?” He asked, watching the overendowed hyperpony clop across to a pony-made kitchen and fetch himself, and him, a series of drinks. Pure and clean ice water for him, with a dash of mint. The faucet was oddly blue and had six taps, but Shi filled the glasses all the same.

“It’s a term I had to invent just for you.” Shi returned, hoofing the glass to him to drink deeply from. By now, his maleness was almost as prodigious as his had been upon the couch. His shapely backside had grown considerably larger as well, and the drains nearby were working as intended.

“Your lust is so strong, so powerful, that unless you are continually sated and kept drained, you will escalate the situation until you are sated, whether you consciously want to or not.” Shi smiled as shi poked into one of Arctic Frost’s massive testes as they crowded the couch behind him, rubbing along the blue flesh with a smooth, chocolate-colored pony hoof. He groaned, and shi continued to stroke, gradually transforming again, this time from hoof back to hand.

As he slurped upon the ice water, shi massaged his swelling sac as hir body grew and transformed back into the bountiful bat-anthro shi had approached him as before, though kneeling upon the floor and crowding it with both a set of crotchboobs and upper breasts alike, leaving some endowments unchanged from hir previous pony form. Arctic Frost huffed, trapped atop his own hypersized equipment.

“You’re barely three minutes since you’re last orgasm, and this is how you’ve Escalated thus far.” With impossible strength, the massive bat heaved Arctic Frost and his entire, double-his-body-size balls and hyper erection into hir arms. His pre fountained across the couches and floor, challenging even the huge number of drains about the room. He was producing faster than he could believe. He whinnied, stuck against the bat’s breasts.

With a calm coo, the bat carried him back towards hir bedroom. The hallway was flooding more with hir every step, almost all of it his own rich seed. The pegasus’s wings twitched tightly in anticipation.

The big bat chrrumbled before the doorway. “It’s time for your first Apology. Don’t worry.” Echoen stepped through, with hir reluctant pegasus in arm, and closed the door behind hir. Shi cast a glance behind hir.

“This one will be... private, between us.”