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// Story: Apple Cinnamon Morning

// Chapter: Chapter 1

// Author: darf

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        You wake up to the haze of the sun through the window. It's bright, even though the clock on the bedside table lets you know it's only early morning still. Eight am, and the yellow glow through the nearby glass pane is pouring through the entire room, wrapping everything in a blanket of warmth and awakening. Tiny motes of dust hang in the air, along with some specks of light. You blink and rub your eyes, pressing hard onto your face, and when you open your eyes again the specks of light are gone, though the dust remains. The tiny particles are dancing in the air like fireflies at night, and you can't keep your vision on one of them for more than a few seconds before it falls to the ground.

        The bed sheets are tangled on one side, and as you notice the cold on your hooves, you see that they were pulled off before you woke up. The other side of the bed is empty. Absentmindedly, you rest your head on the pillow beside yours, and close your eyes as you take a deep breath. His scent is there, and it makes you feel tingly inside.

        It takes a minute or two before you can manage to drag yourself out of the warmth of the bed sheets. You run a hoof along the depression in the mattress as you get up, letting your hind legs hang over the side of the bed as you take in the view from outside for a moment. The sun is cresting brilliantly over the horizon, beaming at full strength onto the town below your first story window. You can see the red dust settled over the town like a thin carpet, sprinkled over top the wooden buildings, saloons and market stalls and stage coaches waiting for business. Appleloosa always looked amazing when it was just waking up.

        As you stand up from the bed, you notice the soreness in your legs. You stretch one of your forelimbs, and notice the sticky sensation on your skin as you move it. Time for a shower, maybe.

        You notice as soon as you reach the doorway to the bathroom that there's already a healthy dose of steam pouring out. You're halfway inside before a familiar body stops you, bright orange and smiling.

        "Morning, sleepy head," Braeburn says, grinning at you coyly. He's still damp from his shower. The sight of his naked wet body still makes you shiver a little bit. You press against him in an attempt to nudge him out of the way. He doesn't move.

        "What do you mean sleepy head? It's eight AM on a weekend," you say, struggling to push him out of the door way. Braeburn places a hoof on either side of the doorframe, still grinning. You press yourself against him, trying to pressure him out of the way, but it's futile. He's much stronger than you. Even as you struggle to make your way to the shower you catch yourself breathing deeply, taking in the hot steam wafting through the door way - but mostly, the smell of Braeburn's freshly washed body only inches away from your nose. Even after a shower, his body has an intoxicating musk. It's a mix of still lingering sweat from hot days working in the sun, the iron tinged Appleloosan dust, and the softest hint of apple spice. No matter how many times you smell it, it's still disarming. Your thought process is already clouding from its objective, becoming more and more interested in the muscular orange stallion pressed against your body.

        Braeburn can sense your distraction, and he takes the opportunity nuzzle his face against yours, pressing his soft, slightly damp fur against your skin. You turn your head to his touch, and move your mouth down to his, closing your eyes and parting your lips hungrily - but at the last second, Braeburn moves back, avoiding your kiss and giving you a playful nip on your ear as he repositions. Even though you could already feel your body warming at the thought of the kiss, Braeburn's teeth on your skin send an electric jolt along your skin. You can feel growing to a very noticeable level of excitement. Braeburn gives you a knowing grin as he pulls his face away from yours.

        "Ready to go so early?"

        You blush. You always lose your words when he talks to you like that. You can feel the depth of his question, the real meaning behind it. He already knows full well being around for any length of time puts you at the edge of arousal - the question is rhetorical. It's a reminder that he knows what kind of effect a simple touch of his lips on your skin has, how he can make you hard with no more effort than a whispered sentence and oh-so-sexy grin. It's been like that since day one.

        Braeburn isn't paying attention to your internal debate, or he is, he's revelling in it. He puts a hoof on the back of your neck and runs it along your skin, tracing phantom circles back and forth. He presses his body into yours even closer, and gives a playful nudge with his other hoof to your stomach, just above your now obvious erection.

        "Don't..." you manage to squeak out a feeble protest and wiggle your hind legs back in protest, but you can feel your body responding to Braeburn's touch, and just as much of you wants to move forward. Braeburn keeps his smile, and leans toward your face again. You close your eyes at your own subconscious direction, and you're immediately rewarded with the softness of Brae's lips pressed against yours.

        The kiss starts soft and gentle. Even still, you can feel your body moving forward. Your hips rock subconsciously, and despite the lack of contact against your aching hardness, the motion draws a soft moan from your mouth which drowns into Braeburn's lips. after a second of the electricity running through your body you can't help yourself, and you part your lips, pressing your face forward hard in a full open mouthed kiss. Braeburn returns the movement, but keeps his affection restrained, letting you do all the work. You continue the soft muffled moaning as your body arches into an ethereal touch, and Braeburn runs his hoof along your mane and neck, every touch sending shivers along your spine. His tongue is as soft as the rest of the kiss, and he uses it to lick playfully at yours, touching ever so lightly and making you yearn for more each time it withdraws. You feel almost depraved as you wantonly press yourself forward, yearning for Braeburn, for any and every part of him to be against you - but he keeps just the slightest distance aside from your chest pressed against his bare fur.

        After a minute you can feel yourself aching for his touch more than you can express. Your member is rock hard beneath your body, the head already slick with pre, which you're sure has already begun to drip onto the floor. Even just a kiss is like a drug, the slightest touch that gets you excited without regress. Braeburn finally breaks the kiss, pulling back and holding you at a distance with his hooves. You move your mouth for a second on nothing, eyes still closed, before you realize the kiss has ended. Your entire face feels flushed along with the rest of your body as you open your eyes. Braeburn is still smiling. Without warning, he shoves you back, hard, pushing you up and onto your hind legs. He follows suit immediately, and grabs you in another kiss, this one far more abrupt, and far more intense. You can't help the embarrassingly girlish moan from escaping as he locks his warm lips onto yours. Your delighted noise grows louder as you feel one of his hooves tracing lightly along your body before making its way downward. You're at full attention as his hoof trails softly along the full length of your erection, playfully tapping at your engorged head, slick with your excitement.

        It started like this sometimes: a back and forth of affection that neither of you premeditated. The way the two of you would lock bodies and stagger back and forth, clumsily groping at each other - usually Braeburn on the offensive - it was a perfect combination of unrestrained lust and frantic enthusiasm that would have made you smile, if you weren't so busy panting and moaning into your lover's mouth. The movement of your two bodies is constant as Braeburn kiss you, hard and repeatedly, separating the embrace for just a moment every few seconds before plunging his lips back onto yours. His tongue is more active, plunging forward and dancing around in your mouth, drowning your noises of passion in a haze of frenzied oral logistics. He pushes you back with each kiss, and soon you feel the softness of the bed sheets along with the firm mattress against your hind legs. Braeburn keeps kissing you, paused at the side of the bed, and his hoof is still playing with your cock, now more insistently, sliding up and down your shaft on either side and pressing into the base as your hips move forward to meet his touch. Your eyes have been closed the whole time, trusting him to guide you. You feel another shove on your chest and fall backward, drawing a sharp intake of breath as your body lands against the blankets.

        Braeburn hasn't stop smiling. He looks down at your body, rocking back and forth atop the bed sheets, your hips moving upward in search of his hoof, of any part of him to touch. Your eyes are only half open, and your breath is ragged, stolen away from the series of heated kisses and the anticipation of Braeburn's touch as he lingers over you. No matter how many times, you can't help your reaction. You want him, so badly. Every part of you aches for his touch, just to feel him against you skin, to press your nose to his tousled orange mane and take in his scent and feels his lips on your body and his hardness between your hooves and in your mouth and-

        You catch yourself, lost for a moment in the runaway fantasy. Braeburn stares down at you, amused.

        "Please?"

        Braeburn doesn't respond. Instead, he walks on all fours to the nearby dresser, and tugs the top drawer open with his teeth, digging around for a moment before retrieving the subject of his search. He throws them to the bed with a twist of his neck.

        "Put them on," he says simply.

        A pair of white filly's underwear, lying inches from your hoof.

        "But-"

        "No buts." Braeburn returns to the side of the bed and places a hoof on the inside of your hind leg, running it up and down just inches away from where you so desperately want it to be. "I know you like wearing them..." He smiles, and moves his hoof further up, tapping against your balls and eliciting a loud gasp. "...don't you want to be a pretty little filly for me?"

        The words make your hips move again of their own accord. You take a moment to collect yourself, torn between shame and arousal, before rolling to your side and grabbing the panties with your hoof. The material is soft and silky. It feels good against your hoof, but you close your eyes, blushing as raise your hind legs, sliding the undergarments up past your hooves. It's a struggle to force your engorged cock underneath the waistband of the miniature underwear, but you manage after a  small struggle. The fabric stretched across your sensitive skin makes your body shudder. You try to sit demurely with your legs crossed, but the underwear stretched over your shaft makes your hips rock back and forth uncontrollably. You have to struggle to keep your hooves at the side of your body, grinding them into the bed as you tilt your head down. You can't bring yourself to look him in the eye.

        "My my my. Don't you look pretty."

        You whimper quietly. Braeburn's voice sounds different when he looks at you like that. Instead of his fast-talking happy go-lucky intonation, his words are slick, and sultry. Every syllable is like a playful nudge in the side, teasing you while tracing suggestive patterns along your skin.

        "Go on, turn around."

        You move without thinking, turning onto all fours and propping yourself up on the bed. The position is one your familiar with; you would have been able to intuit the request without even a word. Your breathing is hurried, and your back is arched in waiting for a touch that isn't there yet, though every part of you wants it to be. You wait like that for a minute, eyes shut tight and body moving forward and back, shifting in search of the slightest stimulation.

        the noise of the bed-springs creaking against Braeburn's weight makes you gasp again, and is followed quickly by the sensation of his firm, muscular body pressed against you from behind. instead of moaning louder, you clench your mouth shut and grind backwards, forcing yourself against him. Braeburn has his forelegs at your side and is hovering over you. You can feel his erection pressed into your back, rubbing against your skin through the thin material of your new underwear. The front of the white cloth pressed tight against your own shaft is rapidly becoming soaked with the precum leaking from your head in excitement.

        You want to beg, but the heat and electricity running through your body are robbing you of your words. Instead, you give out a long, muffled groan, pleading as best you can while you shove your backside into Braeburn's hardness. He pressed back, finally, and you bite down hard on your lower lip, muffling a louder moan. Braeburn takes control of the motion, shoving himself against your scantily clothed ass with long, grinding hip thrusts.

        "Do you want it?" he murmurs into your ear, leaning his head down and tracing his tongue along your earlobe as he speaks. Your cock twitches when you hear his voice, suggestive and commanding. Again, you can't find the word, and only respond by pushing your body backwards, groaning into your closed mouth.

        Braeburn doesn't wait for an answer. He continues his thrusting, his svelte masculine body wrapped around yours from above, and as he moves, he reaches a foreleg around your side, snaking it eagerly across your skin and down between your legs. The thin waist-band feels like it's going to snap off with the strength of your arousal. Your cock is pushing against the transparent fabric, and it twitches and shudders as Braeburn runs his hoof along your length. He takes special care to tease your head, rubbing circles around the most sensitive part trapped in the impromptu prison of young filly's underwear. Braeburn grinds into you for another minute, pressing his warm length against your body, barred from your waiting entrance by your coerced dress up, and rubbing his hoof along your cock. Every move you make feels like begging. Braeburn's muscular frame makes you feel small, and helpless, and you revel in the sensation, screaming for his attention with every ounce of motion. Every gasped breath and muffled noise of pleasure is a plea. Touch me, you say without words. Please. Take me and make me yours.

        Braeburn's caress is like a diode against your skin, sending an electric shock through your body. Your thoughts are gone, consumed only by one sense of longing and purpose. Without warning, Braeburn's disappears, leaving you grinding your ass onto nothing, arching your body in response to the sensation of his touch still lingering.

        "Come on," he says, sounding amused. "didn't you want to shower?"

        "But...." you struggle for a proper protest. You can't stop your hips from moving. He was so close, you could almost feel him inside you. Your mouth moves to form the request you want more than anything, but you can't bring yourself to speak. The combination of embarrassment and lust clouding your thoughts mean there's not an assertive bone left in your body - if Braeburn says shower, you don't have it in you to argue.

        The move off the bed is a struggle. The panties are still straining against your throbbing member, and you hang your hind legs over the side of the bed, moving your hooves to remove them - but Braeburn stops you, pinning your hooves to the bed and leaning in for a kiss. You moan depravedly into his mouth as his tongue darts around yours. It's still hard to look at him when he pulls away with that grin.

        "Leave them on," he says simply, and makes his way across the room to the bathroom doorway. After a minute, you manage to drag yourself in the same direction, shaking from the aftermath of Braeburn's teasing.

        The shame makes it better, in a way.

        Water is already cascading from the showerhead as you walk inside, and the soft flow of steam emerging from the wide glass-walled chamber feels delightful as it collides with your skin. Braeburn is standing at the entrance to the shower, and he beckons you inside with a wave of his hoof. The shower is big enough for the two of you two share, though it's always a bit of a tight squeeze.

        You only have a minute to let the warm water cascade down your body before Braeburn grabs you with his hooves and peppers the side of your face and neck with soft, rapid kisses. You shiver despite the warmth of the shower as his gentle nips circle around your skin. As he stops, Braeburn runs his hoof along your short mane, pressing his body forward into your chest.

        "You really do look good in those," he says before kissing you again, on your neck just below your ear. You nuzzle back into his face as an acknowledgement. Your hips still won't stop moving.

        The kisses move in a more concerted direction, tapping against the side of your face before moving to your lips, a gesture which you return eagerly. Braeburn keeps the kisses short, letting your lips just begin to move before pulling away, then returning for another seconds worth of ecstasy. After a several second open-mouthed kiss resulting in a gentle moan, Braeburn places his hooves on either side of your neck and locks his eyes on you. His stare is deep, and beautiful, and the two of you stand there for a moment, surrounded by the gentle hiss of the showerhead and pouring water.

        "Am I being too much of a tease this morning?" he asks, startlingly genuine for the first time this morning. The question is disarming. The earnest concern in his voice cuts through your overwhelming haze of arousal - but it doesn't wash it away completely.

        "No..." you start with words, but discard them almost immediately. A kiss says everything you could ever hope to with clumsy stuttered speech, that being all your capable around Braeburn in this state. The way his green eyes sparkle before he closes them and leans his body towards you as you kiss makes your heart melt. You can't separate the pounding of your heart from the heat of your body soaked with the shower's spray of water and the tingling, delightful agony of your arousal.

        No matter the teasing, you can't imagine being more in love.

        For once, you let yourself take the initiative. Braeburn's soft panting in your mouth is like a forbidden candy. You don't get to hear him sound so eager that often, so every second of heated response is something to be cherished. Without giving him a chance to react, you press Braeburn to the side of the shower, raising him onto his hind legs and following suit. The water is still pouring down your bodies, and you run your hoof along Braeburn's chest, tracing patterns through his damp fur. You tease him for a minute, drinking every one of his gasps as your mouths separate. His noises are always so restrained, as though he's trying not to let on that what you're doing feels good - but you can feel his reaction much more tangibly. As you run your hoof along the side of his shaft, you can tell where he gets his mischievous smile.

        The underwear you're wearing are completely soaked, but so is the rest of you, and you're beyond caring. The moment is a maelstrom of hot breath and flowing water and your bodies pressed against each other, you can feel your cock rubbing against Brae's through the damp white fabric. In an unprecedented display of direction, you guide his hooves to the waistband, which he slides down without protest. The stream of water from above on your aching cock is almost too much, but Braeburn's hooves replace the unpleasant tingle with an almost perfect sensation, rubbing up and down in a rough but still tender motion. The two of you are rubbing each other now, only inches from touching.

        You can't take it anymore. No more waiting. You back away from the shower wall and turn away from Braeburn, lowering yourself onto all fours. Braeburn slides the humiliatingly girlish underwear down your legs, and you step out of them, leaving the soaked garment on the shower floor. Being naked again is nice, though the feeling of wallowing in embarrassment and submission is hard to beat. The clothes were just to help, though - you only need Braeburn there to feel that way, without even a request. In proper form, you shove your freshly naked ass back onto Brae's crotch, pressing yourself onto his tantalizing hardness. The movement of his hips back into your own is enough of a sign that the waiting is over. On Cue, Braeburn lowers himself from the wall, placing his hooves on your back and rubbing along your fur as he lines himself up with your waiting entrance. Both of your are drenched from the shower, and you're excited enough to know you won't need any preparation.

        Braeburn's head presses against your ass, and you draw a sharp intake of breath as he moves forward. Just the tip already has you screaming inside your head, and you let out a long, girlish moan as he slides in further. Every time, you realize Braeburn being so much bigger is both a blessing and a curse.

        Brae pauses at half way, running one of his hooves through your hair. As much as you appreciate the romantic interlude, you've been too eager for too long this morning, and you press your body backwards, taking more of his length. You mimic his groan as your muscles clench around his length. You feel hard enough to cut diamond. No more waiting. You start rocking your body backwards and forwards, skewering yourself on Braeburn's shaft. He likes it when you do the moving - you can tell by the way he twitches inside you and grunts in your ear with every backwards thrust of your hips.

        If you were still wearing the panties, you know you'd be seeping through them and leaking past the fabric. Instead, your cock is bobbing freely with every movement of your body, leaking precum from the tip and all over the shower floor. The clear liquid is washed away by water as soon as it lands, but you love the way it makes you feel even sluttier, Breaburn's perfect submissive little colt - or pretty filly, when he wants it.

        The feeling of Braeburn inside you is the essence of completeness. Every movement of his delicious hardness in and out of your body makes you squeal like a mare in heat, and you can't help yourself from grinding on him incessantly, impaling yourself on his cock without even giving him the chance to move in response. Every several thrusts, you stop and grind your butt back onto his base, shaking the ass you know he loves in plain view, so he has a chance to admire your tight hole squeezing his dick before you move forward again. You can tell when he's watching because he pushes forward to meet your movements extra hard. Contrary to the way he is almost every moment of the day, Braeburn is almost always staunchly quiet during sex - you savour the tiny grunts and moans you manage to get from him, when they come. It's partly why you can't help but being so loud - the thought of your noises turning him on only sends the energy back in kind. It's why you do the moving, and it's why you want to make him cum hard and fast every time. It makes you feel like such a wanton slut, riding his cock from whatever angle he presents it, and you know the perfect slut always gets their partner off first. You can count few things that make your body sizzle with involuntary pleasure than the thought of Braeburn spraying his hot load inside you, or all over your face, or pulling out and coating the cheeks of your taut behind with his sticky love cream.

        "Mmmmm..." part of you wants to talk, to beg him for more, to talk dirty the whole while you're taking every inch of him inside before sliding off his rod obscenely slowly. But the words are hard to form. You can't do it now, not while it feels this good. While you've been thinking about it in your sleep, feeling it pressed into your back when you woke up at night, and now the teasing keeping you on the edge of being so close, so close to having it inside you, and now it's there, and you can't imagine anything better. Every movement of your body sends a spasm of unbelievable pleasure coursing through your entire being. Your cock is aching with hardness, and every time it bounces onto your belly from the movement of your combined thrusting, you feel like you might fall over the edge, spraying your stomach with your own excitement.

        That thinking means you're close, and that means you want him to be close too. You turn your head, and see Braeburn staring intensely at the point of connection, his eyes locked on his own dick as it slides in and out of your ass. You manage a "Hey," through the constant urge to moan, and Braeburn tilts his head up, his perfect emerald eyes staring into your own. You open your mouth again, ready to spit a blue streak of filthy dialogue to push him over the edge, but Braeburn is one step ahead of you. Before you can speak, he leans forward, grabs your body with his hooves, and thrusts, hard. The sudden aggression forces your eyes closed, every word of intention replaced by a long drawn-out moan, and Braeburn takes the reaction as an encouragement to continue. Contrary to your efforts, Braeburn takes control, fucking you mercilessly without giving you a chance to respond. The thought of him cumming for you, giving you his load in whatever way he sees fit is still there, but now it's burning in the back of your mind, pushed from the forefront by the very imminent insistence of his giant cock plunging inside you fast, and hard.

        "No," you manage to stammer, your body shaking with every thrust. Your brace your hooves on the wall in front of you for leverage, trying your best not to let Braeburn's forceful pounding throw you off balance. "...supposed to... s-supposed to..." you can't manage to get the whole sentence past your body's response, moaning almost on command every time Braeburn bottoms out inside you. No. You wanted him to cum first, but you can't take it, his cock feels so good, every inch of it, you can feel it sliding inside  you and hitting your prostate, and you need it so bad, you've needed it all morning, you were bent over on the bed dressed like a school-filly for him-

        That's the thought that drives you over the edge, and you cum, intensely. The world blurs into ecstasy and fire, and you scream loudly as you cum, splattering the floor and your own stomach with the force of your orgasm. This time is a new height. Your head is spinning, scattered with images of Braeburn's devilish smile amongst the white hot haze of nothingness that runs through your body as you cum. Your mouth moves in an incoherent stream of gibberish, real words and request mixed with profanity and nonsense as you struggle to express the feeling in words. Braeburn likes to hear your voice when you cum, but this time you can't manage. It's too much, too good, it's the best thing you've ever felt, your cock is twitching as spray after spray of your semen jets out onto the shower floor.

        Eventually, the feeling subsides. You notice vaguely that Braeburn isn't moving, simply standing their with his forelegs wrapped around your body, buried inside you. Despite now riding the subsiding waves of your orgasm, you still can't imagine a more perfect sensation than feeling so wonderfully full. As your sense's collect, you remember your thoughts before the explosion of pleasure overtook your body.

        "I'm sorry," you manage to stammer, still twitching from the best thing you can ever remember feeling. Every time with Braeburn is better than the last, but that was something special. "I wanted you to cum first..." you say. You feel ashamed.

        "Thought I'd let you have a turn for once. I ain't far off."

        "Where do you-"

        "Just like this is fine, if you're not tuckered out."

        You shake your head insistently, and as punctuation, grind yourself back onto Brae's cock. The way it twitches inside you, along with his not very well hidden groan, is a definite sign he wasn't fibbing. Without even a request, you begin bouncing yourself on his shaft again. It's only fair that, since he let you cum first, you do the rest of the work.\

        It's only a minute before you feel his hooves on your fur extra hard. He doesn't get louder when he's close, like you do, but you can always tell. You double your efforts, pressing down extra hard each time you feel your ass pressed against the base of Brae's shaft. It still feels amazing, and you didn't go soft for a second, but now that you've finally gotten release, it's much easier to concentrate on your partner. You still can't help yourself from letting out a soft sigh or girlish murmur ever few seconds, though. Being less distracted means you're free to do what you wanted earlier, however.

        "You getting ready to cum?" you ask seductively, making your voice sound as feminine is possible. Not an exaggerated, cartoonish feminism, but just a tinge of demeaned, sultry higher pitch in your already not particularly testosterone filled intonation. Braeburn doesn't want you to be a girl - he just wants you to be a very girly boy, and you're more than happy to oblige. You can feel the way your words make him extra hard. Just a little more. He doesn't have to answer?

        "Come on... I wanna make you cum. Cum for me, please, cum inside me, all over me, I want it so bad, please-"

        "Oh, fuck..." Braeburn doesn't get a chance to announce himself - he starts thrusting back sporadically mid-begging, and you can feel his movements degrade into frantic spasms as he shoots his load inside you. As soon as the first jet of cum coats your insides, you start moaning, as depraved as you can muster. Not one bit of it is a show - just the thought of Braeburn getting off is almost enough to push you there again, and the way you can feel his hooves press down as he cums makes you want every drop even more, no matter where it is.

        Braeburn's orgasm is shorter than yours, though you don't doubt it's every bit intense - well, maybe a little less so. You ride it out the whole way, not stopping your movement once, though you do slow it down a little, letting him get it all inside. Just another thing he likes. You don't claim to be perfect, but if anypony has ever made you want to be, it's him, and you couldn't be happier. Eventually, though, Braeburn stops grunting, and you take the signal, pulling yourself off his half-hard dick, now full up with a full load of his cum. The thought would be enough to get you hard, if you weren't already.

        Braeburn pulls himself off you, but grabs your body between his hooves and turns you towards him, a movement which you follow readily. His mouth is on yours immediately, hot and sweaty and passionate, and the two of you moan together into each other's mouths, an open mouthed kiss like two eager to fuck school colts on a first date. It's how you feel every time you kiss him.

        The kiss breaks, and both of you withdraw, staring into each other's eyes and panting.

        "Good?" Braeburn asks rhetorically through ragged breaths.

        "So good," you answer, and dive in for another kiss. The two of you make out under the still piping hot spray of the shower. At least now, full of stickiness, you can justify needing one properly.

        After some vigorous cleaning, complete with more moments you can't help but resist more sloppy open mouthed make outs as they present themselves, Braeburn presses the shower handle in, and the miniature waterfall stops with a few half-hearted dribbled streams onto the shower floor. You insist Braeburn lets you towel him off, and you do so well, but with unnecessary attention to his magnificent, still half-hard cock. He dries you off in turn, and laughs when he sees how hard you still are. You can't do anything but grin, and blush.

        And before the day can properly begin, the two of you are in bed again. You're the little spoon for now, wrapping your forelegs around Braeburn's muscular body and tracing your hooves through his chest hair. He presses back into you a little, rubbing unconsciously against you still hard cock, and you stifle a moan, instead settling for a contented sigh whispered into his ear.

        "Shouldn't we get up?" you ask, but Braeburn nods his head, whispering a soft "Shhhh" as he does so.

        "Don't worry about it... the day'll wait for us."

        You nod contentedly, and nuzzle your face into the back of Braeburn's neck, sniffing deeply at his tousled mane, still damp from the shower. The two of you lie there like that for a minute, basking in each other's bodies. Nothing has made you feel more complete.

        "Braeburn..." you whisper into your lover's ear, and he pipes up, turning his head back slightly but saying nothing.

        "...I was just wonderin'... when exactly are you gonna introduce me to your family?"

        Braeburn grins, and you can tell he'd give you a playful bop on the head if the two of you weren't too content to move. Instead, he simply chuckles softly.

        "Well... that's a matter of whether I get a chance to introduce 'em to something else first."

        You know he doesn't mind your teasing. Brae doesn't see any of his family, cousins or parents, so you don't mind that he hasn't come out yet, let alone told them about you. You only ask because... one day, it will matter. Because everypony should know when someone in their family has found true love... and you can't imagine spending your life with anyone other than the pony next to you right now.