Bani Karl’s Secret Slashfic Stash

Frozen x Neyla

Aggressive Forgiveness

Neyla cuddled against her pillow and ground her soft fluffy fur into it with no regard for propriety. The pillow in question is a custom order shipped directly from a specialist in Pingwin that is as talented as he is without shame. The pillow cost her a small fortune but for an item like this her bits flowed freely, and so did her money.

“Oh Ori…” She purred while burying her face in the full length body pillow. “Show me your magic staff…”

Just then the door to the corridor burst apart in a shower of splinters and hinges as what remained of one of her guards launched through it. Neyla froze and her grip on the pillow tightened defensively. Frozen walked through the doorway, her powerful form barely able to squeeze through. She looked curiously at Neyla and even more curiously at the wet patch on the couch behind Neyla.

“How the hell did you get in here?” Neyla asked. “The entire compound is covered in alarm spells and guards, not even a flea would be able to get through without me knowing.” She cuddled up closer to the body pillow and her horn glowed and sparked with pent up magical energy.

“There were alarm spells?” Frozen asked. Neyla just stared back at her. Perhaps she had been, occupied, with something else and didn’t notice the alarm spells being set off? “Well, there were still guards, not even one of you lot could kill them all head on.” Frozen reached into her bags and pulled out a small penguin coated beak to bottom in blood and viscera. The penguin looked around for a moment, realized that Neyla was in the room, and waved amicably before asking Frozen a question in Wak speak. Frozen shook her head and said, “Nah, you can go now if you want Bani.” She patted him on the head and set him down. He waved goodbye to both of them and left, but not before waggling his eyebrows at Neyla. She found him, curiously charming for some reason.

“Now let’s get down to business.” Frozen said, her voice suddenly deeper and more sensual. “Are you going to try and kill me?” Neyla asked. She chuckled at the thought, no mere pony posed a threat to her. Then, much to Neyla’s dismay, Frozen started to laugh as well. Frozen wiped a tear from her eye with one hoof before she spoke again, “I’m not here to kill you Neyla, I’m here to forgive you.” Neyla narrowed her eyes in disbelief.

“Bullshit.” Neyla said with a grimace. Frozen just put a hoof up to the cloak she was wearing and slowly unbuckled it from her neck and let it fall sexily to the floor. Beneath the cloak Frozen wore nothing but a leather harness that wrapped around her hips. Beneath her muscled barrel hung a polished wooden staff with the word, “Harmony”, engraved in it with gold filigree. Neyla, shocked into silence, could only stare open mouthed at the prodigious size of the staff and its elegant construction. Frozen tied a long false beard around her face and put on a hat covered in jingling bells all while staring hungrily at Neyla’s lithe body lying on the couch before her. Neyla looked away, but she met Frozen’s lusty gaze with one of her own after a moment of trepidation.

“I’m gonna fill yer cooch up with me big fat magic staff you slutty eggplant colored whore.” Frozen said as she lasciviously ran her tongue over her lips.

“Ride me like a broomstick you stud.” Neyla said, fiery passion building in her loins for the second time in an hour.

They fell on each other with reckless abandon. Roughly exploring each other’s body with firm hooves. Frozen eventually pinned Neyla to the couch with her strong forelegs and they paused for a moment, both breathing hot and heavy lungfuls of air as they waited for the other to break the crystalline moment. “Give me the magic Ori baby…” Neyla spoke in a low purring voice as she pulled Frozen into a sloppy kiss.

The sex was so loud that in nearby towns snow fell off of rooftops and children lost what little innocence they still possessed in the North.