This One Time in Cobbs’ Camp…

A mare, still beautiful in spite of her many scars and the gray beginning to crawl through her mane, pecked at the armored cheek of her lover as he held her close to his cold metal chest plate.

“Arving, I thought I told you to keep your hooves to yourself when me business partners are nearby.” Said the mare as she peppered the armor with more warm kisses.

“I know, I know, but you know how I am when I get hungry for some corn on the Cobb.” Said the knight as he squeezed Cobbs closer.

“Alright that’s enough sappiness and shitty puns; take your damn clothes off so you don’t get cum in the joints.” Cobbs said as she ran a hoof through her mane. She needed it out of her eyes if she wanted to get a nice full view of her brother undressing.

“Fine, fine.” Arving said as he reached up to take off his helmet. The straps jangled and the helm started to come free of where it joined to the rest of his armor, and then it stopped with a short grinding noise part of the vast category of sound that the brain can identify immediately as ‘Not Right.’

“What’s the hold up sugardick?” Cobbs asked, still horny as a toad and irate at the delay in her appointed brother banging session. “Foreplay’s over. I’m already moister than an oyster.”

Arving held in a laugh as he continued to try and take the helmet off. “I’m a little stuck.” He said timidly.

“Stuck? Th’ fuck do you mean stuck? Get that helmet off and get to pounding your sister before I open you up like the sausage can you are.”

“I’m trying but it’s not that easy to yank off something attached to your own head.”

“Well hurry up or you’ll be yanking off your other head without me.”

Arving started jiggling his helmet around a little bit more energetically now that he had the motivation of potential loss of sexy sister time. Even with the added impetus his efforts were entirely fruitless; the helmet stayed on and continued to cockblock more effectively than the prejudice against incest ever had.

“Dear god it’s a good thing you’ve got a decent head between your legs, because the one up top’s pulling about as much weight as a fucking paraplegic.” Cobbs said as she put her hooves on either side of her brother’s helmet and started pulling. With the assistance of Cobb’s brawn the helmet finally slipped off and sent both of them sprawling to the floor. “See?” She said with smug satisfaction. “Just needed a feminine touch. Now get over here and touch me feminine parts before the floor gets too slick.”

Arving hastily unbuckled the rest of his armor and let it drop to the floor, revealing a body that has seen much better days. “Let’s get down to business then, businessmare.”

Cobbs looked at Arving with an incredulous expression. Arving realized after a few moments of silence that she was not looking at his face but somewhere slightly lower down. He bent his head down and took a look between his legs as well to see that, despite Cobb’s earlier assessment in favor of it, the head between his legs was not pulling much weight.

“Oh, come the feck on.” Cobbs said.

“Unfortunately, I don’t think I’ll be coming on anything unless you happen to have some sort of…” Arving trailed off as Cobbs rummaged around in one of her pockets and pulled out a rather large stoppered vial. “Is that what I think it is?”

“If you think it’s a dick hardening potion strong enough to overcome undeath.” Cobbs said as she uncorked the vial.

“Is that safe?”

“No, drink up and fuck me already goddammit before my cooch runs dry.” Cobbs thrust the vial into Arving’s face. He took it after a moment and stared at it. “It does not feel like I am getting plowed yet, hurry yer arse up.” Arving shrugged and downed the vial smoothly like a Russian taking a shot of vodka. He passed out moments later.

“Wuh? Where? Cobbs izzat you?” Arving said as he came back to bleary consciousness. Cobbs looked over at him with a fag hanging out of the side of her mouth and blew a cloud of smoke at him.

“Welcome back darling, did you have a nice nap?”

“Am I in? When did we get in bed?”

“After folk started complaining about the noise and the stuff leaking out of the hall you dragged me into.”

“Right, wait, did you?”

“Yep.”

“But I passed out.”

“The important part of you was awake.”

“You mean.”

“Your dick sweetie.”

“Isn’t there a little bit more to us than just boning each other’s brains out?”

Cobbs gave Arving a look with her eyelids half down, her left eyebrow quirked, and her lips pulled back to the edge of a smirk. “How about you shut up and be happy that your sister is so understanding and prepared for when brother needs some nookie?” Arving laid back into the pillows and sighed.

“Was I good at least?”

“You were out like a broken light. Your dong wasn’t half bad though.”

“You have such a way with words.”

“And you’ve got such a light stomach for a dead stallion.” Cobbs said as she ashed her cigarette against the nightstand next to the bed. “You might want to go brush your teeth.”

“Why’s that?”

“Because since I had to do all the work earlier you’ve got about fifty miles of carpet to eat up, and I like a minty fresh tingle.”

Arving gulped. Cobbs grinned like a knife.