

Anonymous Presents:

Santa Pone and Friends: The Girthiest Giveaway

A Short Radio Drama by Anonymous

The Players:

The Narrator, whose voice and tone are up to your imagination

Santa Pone, a normal pony and definitely not any kind of aquatic predator

Cardslut, a plucky blue-and-yellow baby dragon who's always eager to please his friends in every way possible

Chuckles, an earth pony mare with a pink coat and blonde mane who has a freakish extra gland that secretes positivity right into her bloodstream

Lunar Harmony, a quiet purple-coated mare with a swooshy mane and a possible connection to the Bogdanoffs

Maplecakes the Kirin, an excitable red and white kirin with a knack for the arts

Act I

[Intro music or something, I don't know I'm not a writer]

The Narrator

It is Christmas eve, and the management of the /mlp/ Secret Santa, an event that influences international politics around the world, have decided to gather together for a time of fun and fellowship. The night begins outside Santa Pone's cottage, where the silence of gentle snowfall is broken only by the sound of a small Chevrolet Sonic parking out front. Two ponies, a dragon, and a kirin are exiting the vehicle now. Let's listen in to what Chuckles, one of the ponies, is saying.

Chuckles

...and that's why there's still reason to be optimistic, friends! We've all tried our hardest this year, and although we may not have been on top of our game every single day, we've all come very far and learned many valuable lessons from our experiences.

The Narrator

As the four of them approached Santa's door, Cardslut the dragon spoke up with gratitude.

Cardslut

Thanks, Chuckles. I really appreciate that positivity, but I think we've wandered a little too far from my original topic of speculating about Mayor Mare's teat size.

[Door opens and closes behind them]

All [calling out]

Santa? Santa Pone?

The Narrator

The four creatures stood in Santa's great room just inside her doorway, but there was nothing there to greet them except some gentle Christmas music playing over the house-wide stereo system. Maplecakes, our kirin friend, and Lunar Harmony, the second pony, tentatively wandered straight ahead to Santa's kitchen.

Maplecakes the Kirin

I found a note here on the table! It says... "Welcome, friends! If I'm not downstairs yet, it means I'm still upstairs in the bathtub. Please don't be afraid to come up and meet me there."

Cardslut

That's weird, usually when we come over, Santa is hanging out in her pool, or her hot tub, or washing dishes in her walk-in sink, or relaxing in her unusually large aquarium with no fish in it, but she's never been in the bathtub before.

The Narrator

So, they all headed back through the great room and up the stairs single file. They passed through Santa's bedroom into her bathroom. And there, in her clawfoot tub, was Santa Pone, her rubbery grey pony skin only obscured by the sparse bubbles in the bathwater and an orange rubber ducky with a navy blue wizard cape. Santa immediately greeted them with a wave of her pectoral fin and a smile that bared all 5 rows of her sharp pony teeth.

Santa Pone

I hope you all don't mind that I'm taking a bath, but the water is so warm and relaxing that I just couldn't get out.

The Narrator

Everyone laughed and assured Santa that it was fine, they knew she liked being in water. None of them stopped to consider the fact that they'd never actually seen her *out* of water. After a few moments of greetings, Santa's house-wide stereo system started playing "I'll be Home for Christmas" by Bing Crosby, and Cardslut suddenly started to squirm.

Chuckles

Are you okay, little buddy?

Maplecakes the Kirin

Yeah, you seem kinda nervous over there!

Cardslut

It's... it's nothing. It's just that... this song reminds me of the 1998 Disney film of the same name, in which Cathy Weseluck has a cameo. And as we all know, Cathy voices Mayor Mare, so the thought of her is getting me... excited.

[Sexy music kicks in]

Lunar Harmony

I think—

All (Except Lunar)

AUGH!

[Sexy music cuts out as everyone shrieks in surprise]

[pause]

Chuckles

Sorry Lunar, we forgot you were in here too. Continue.

[Sexy music restarts]

Lunar Harmony

I think if we all work together, we could help you out with that, Cardslut.

[Paper crinkles as Lunar turns to the next page of the script]

Lunar Harmony

Lunar waggled her eyebrows and stuck out her tongue suggestively as—

Maplecakes the Kirin

That's the narrator's line.

Lunar Harmony

Oh.

The Narrator

Lunar waggled her eyebrows and stuck out her tongue suggestively as the mood changed from cozy to downright intimate. Cardslut blushed while shifting his legs apart to reveal his engorged member. His "dragonwurst" had grown to at least twice the diameter and length of either of his legs, and was proudly displaying distinctive yellow dragon spines across the top. He was already pulsating with sheer ecstasy at the mere thought of Mayor Mare's supple champagne-colored rump.

All (In Unison)

Neato!

The Narrator

Maplecakes' hind legs started to wobble at the sight, in contrast to Chuckles' front legs which had become suspiciously stiff. Santa Pone was blushing from her pony gills to her pony caudal fin, and Lunar was bashfully fanning herself with her script.

Maplecakes the Kirin

M-m-maybe we could make a little Horsemas magic togeth-

Cardslut

Not another word! I insist on making you undress.

The Narrator

Maplecakes somehow turned an even brighter shade of red and looked down at the deep green scarf she was wearing, nestled inside her white chest floof. It was the only article of clothing she was wearing.

Maplecakes the Kirin

I usually don't show my chest floof to just anyone, but for you,
Cardslut...

[Maplecakes' scarf falls to the floor]

Cardslut

C'mere, you white-hot flamin' kirin slu-

Santa Pone

WAIT.

Cardslut

I was about to say "kirin... friend."

Santa Pone

No, I think you're all forgetting something very important.

Chuckles

Oh, right! We must don our ceremonial orgy headgear before we do anything rash, lest we bring... him... back from the dead.

The Narrator

Everyone except Lunar produced a red Santa hat with white flocking from their own respective hammerspaces.

Santa Pone

Lunar? You haven't misplaced your ceremonial orgy hat, have you? You do realize what could become of us if you did.

The Narrator

Lunar, who had been entranced by the next few pages of her script, fell out of her reverie. Her eyes were wide, her breathing heavy, and an enticing, sweet aroma was wafting from her general area. Staring straight ahead, she produced her own Santa hat from off camera and, with quivering hooves, placed it upon her head.

Lunar Harmony

I am ready.

The Narrator

Cardslut couldn't hold himself back any longer and sprinted towards Santa's clawfoot tub, using his fully erect dragon dong to effectively pole vault over the edge and catapult into the steaming water. He greedily pressed his face against Santa Pone's chest and his throbbing groin against her pelvic fin.

Santa Pone

Gee willikers, Cardslut! You really need some relief! Don't be shy, your shark-

The Narrator

Pony!

Santa Pone

...pony mom will take care of you.

The Narrator

And with that message received loud and clear, Cardslut sensually sunk his massive dragonhood into Santa Pone, and began thrusting deep within her dripping, hot, um... velvety...

[Narrator audibly turns to the next page of his script]

The Narrator

...oviduct. Wow.

Chuckles

Oh my stars, this makes me want to do a "giveaway" of my own! Maplecakes, Lunar, I hope you're ready to receive a generous helping of "Extra Cheer!"

The Narrator

Chuckles, lightheaded by the severe lack of blood flow to the head on her shoulders, hobbled between Maplecakes and Lunar Harmony and rolled onto her back so that her two fully erect forelegs were standing at attention.

Chuckles [woozy]

All aboard the Chuckles Express!! Choo Choo!

Maplecakes the Kirin and Lunar Harmony (harmonizing with each other)

Yowza!

The Narrator

Lunar and Maple both planted their soft, bare rumps on Chuckles' chest, and each gripped one of Chuckles' warm, stiff forelegs between their thighs. They both started teasing the ends of Chuckles' "hooves" with their tongues to get her prepped for what was coming next. Before long, they were licking and slobbering all over her front legs, right up to her elbow rings. Maplecakes even took her leg into her mouth and hungrily slurped on it in a carnal display that cannot be fully expressed with mere words. After properly coating her legs with their saliva, Maplecakes and Lunar presented their winking, drooling, trembling mare bits to Chuckles simultaneously, filling her nostrils with the mingling scent of their combined arousal. Chuckles let out a lingering moan as her forehooves throbbed uncontrollably. Lunar and Maplecakes beamed at each other and nodded, for they knew what they had to do. With a surprising amount of synchronization, they both placed the tip of Chuckles' legs right on their tingling mare bits and completely mounted her arms, sliding all the way down until the soft lips of their

marehoods were pressed directly around Chuckles' armpits and shoulders. With Chuckles fully inside them both, Maplecakes and Lunar swiveled around to face each other and embraced. They gazed into each other's eyes, and with Chuckles watching intently from below they began to kiss. Slowly, their tongues found each other and exchanged the fleshy taste of Chuckles' excited legs. Continuing to stay locked in embrace, and braced against Chuckles, they started to glide up and down her arms as she panted heavily.

Chuckles

Good gravy, this is remarkably pleasant.

The Narrator

As those three descended deeper and deeper into lustful ecstasy, Cardslut and Santa were nearing their zenith. Cardslut was pistoning in and out of Santa Pone with such great noise and vigor that he would've made any 25cc two-stroke weed eater blush. The smooth, slick, warm embrace of her ladysheath around his bulging erection was bringing his excitement to critical levels. He could feel the familiar sensation of impending passionate release around the base of his dragon balls, and the sight of Santa's eyes rolling back into her head and her basihyal lolling out of her mouth proved too much for him. Their time had come.

Santa Pone

I'm... I think... I'm gonna...

Cardslut

MAYOR... MAYOR... MAYOOOOR MAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRREEEEEEEE!!!

Santa Pone

SUNBUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRST!!

The Narrator

After one final thrust from Cardslut, and one more dollop of lubricant escaping from Santa's tunnel of pleasure, they collapsed into each other's arms and fins respectively. The bathwater, still warm and now mixed with their various bodily fluids, swirled around them as Cardslut lay his head on Santa's chest and let out a deep, satisfied sigh.

Chuckles

OHHH MAMAAAAAA!

The Narrator

Chuckles was the next to climax, the force of her forehoof ejaculation sending her mare semen shooting out of Maplecakes' nose and launching Lunar through the bathroom window and into the snow outside like a very passionate, supercharged stomp rocket.

[Lunar releases a Wilhelm scream, glass breaks]

The Narrator

Chuckles and Maplecakes, fully satisfied, melted into each other to become a writhing mass of twitching limbs, but their bliss soon turned to dismay. For beside them, completely dislodged by Chuckles' explosion of zeal, was Lunar Harmony's ceremonial orgy hat.

Maplecakes the Kirin

Aw, tinsel on a stick. Not again.

The Narrator

Yes, as Lunar had broken the first and most important rule of ceremonial orgy etiquette, however unintentionally, she was cursed by Saint Jellybeans (the Spirit of Horsemas Orgasm) to bear a child by Chuckles' mare seed. And on the third day, after

an extreme pregnancy, Lunar gave birth to a son and named him Kiwi, as is her ongoing tradition whenever she misplaces her orgy hat. This particular Kiwi, like all the Kiwis that had come before and after him, was doomed to an early grave and would one day be snuffed out during a passionate affair with a sentient ventriloquist doll wearing a strap-on... however... that's a story for another time.

So, the moral of this story, you ask? It should be obvious, but in case you need it spelled out for you...

[Trumpet fanfare]

All [Reciting in monotone]

ALWAYS REMEMBER TO KEEP YOUR CEREMONIAL ORGY HEADWEAR SECURED
WHILE IN USE.

Santa Pone

Fin.