

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

One Christmas eve, the management of the /mlp/ Secret Santa, an event that influences international politics around the world, 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 the door, Cardslut 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 Santa's house-wide stereo system. Maplecakes, our kirin friend, and Lunar Harmony 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. It didn't occur to any of them that they'd never actually seen her out of the 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 resumes]

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, with distinctive yellow dragon spines across the top. He was already pulsating with sheer ecstasy at the mere thought of Mayor Mare.

All (In Unison)

Neato!

The Narrator

Maplecakes' hind legs started to wobble at the sight, in contrast to Chuckles' front legs which had become unusually 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 meant to say "kirin... friend."

Santa Pone

That's fine, but 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 would 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.