

Big Mac had always thought his sister was one of the most perfect things in the lands of Equestria. How many could brag about knowing someone who so readily stepped up to help everyone else, no matter the weather, no matter what was on her own table? It was hard to find fault with her, and like that, she made him smile when he watched her sweat under the summer sun, working in the field. He was proud of her, and she of him, he reckoned, because it was never below her to smile back.

His girlfriend, Cherilee, was less so. But he felt guilty for thinking like that, and it was something he never even considered vocalizing. She was just fine, he supposed, nothing he shouldn't be perfectly happy with. Big Mac counted his blessings.

One late evening, Big Mac was walking behind the barn when he heard something. It was the sound of a moan, the kind that denotes an... inappropriate sort of pleasure. He recognized the voice too. It was Applejack, his ever hardworking sister.

He knew he was supposed to just close his ears here. Walk off, pretend he heard nothing. But then there was curiosity, and at another moan he gave in and stepped onto a barrel to get a single peek through a window.

He had expected to see her with someone else. Despite every illusion he might have held that Applejack didn't even know what sex was, there was some part of him that accepted the fact that, of course, some nights she would have the fun that was rightfully hers with some lucky colt. She would have earned that much.

But he found her alone. She was kneeling on the dirty hay-covered floor. Her back was turned, but he could still tell that her hoof was buried in her crotch. She kept on gasping, the familiar sound of her voice suddenly surrealistic.

He wanted to leave, but couldn't.

She leaned forward in apparent ecstasy, her hat tumbling off, inadvertently showing Big Mac both her asshole and pussy as she raised her tail. This was where he got more excited than he found comfortable. He closed his eyes, trying to fight the urge to stay. His erection was growing quickly in spite of himself. In a naïve attempt at holding it down, he put his hoof on it, but was met with only more excitement coursing through his body.

His eyes shot open and locked on Applejack's trembling pussy, dripping, soaking her hooves. His own hooves started moving.

Then something strange happened. Resting her head on the ground, she raised her tail forcefully, as if her muscles were tensing. She started breathing forcefully, differently, yet still in pleasure. She stopped rubbing her pussy, and instead held it poised for... something.

She groaned as if clenching her teeth and out her asshole, slowly, her shit was making its way out. She was shitting into her own hoofs. The sheer bizarreness of the situation made Big Mac freeze in the spot. He frowned, unsure if he could believe his own eyes. Again he wanted to leave, but to his grim surprise, his erection was no closer to retreating and letting him go. So he kept his hooves going hesitantly, watching his sister.

Her hooves were full, the last of her filth had fallen. She sighed in relief and turned, careful not to drop anything. She smiled deviously, an expression filled with all too genuine satisfaction, as she sat there with an armload of waste. She then proceeded to cover herself in it with deliberate care. She brought her hooves over her chest, staining every inch of her fur along the way. She colored her stomach, she went over her thighs and her ass, moaning all the while, all as if what she was still merely stuck on masturbation. She went on to her neck, and up her cheeks, smiling as she covered her lovely freckles.

Big Mac was dumbfounded. *By Celestia, she must stink. How can she still be smiling at that?*

Then she threw herself onto her back and her dirty hooves returned to the seemingly last clean place on her body, the embrace between her thighs. She arched her back and squealed in delight.

He had seen enough.

With a limp cock, dripping cum, Big Mac turned away and left. He was disgusted. With Applejack too, but mostly with himself.

"Is there something wrong, sweetheart?" Cherilee asked, all too concerned. It was an inappropriate time to ask, considering the fact that his cock was a foot and a half deep in her pussy. She went on. "You don't seem as vigorous as usual."

He cringed. Of course there was something wrong. It had been a while since the incident with Applejack, but it still worried him. Now was apparently the time Cherilee had chosen to confront him with it.

"Ahm sorry, Cher," he said, uncertainly keeping up slamming his cock into her pussy. "It's nothin', I swear."

She shook her head, rolled her eyes and returned to her monotonous moaning beneath him. He bent down, grunting, trying to find a rhythm that could somehow stir a little more excitement with him. Nothing came and it was still just the old shag, nothing he had not tried a hundred times before.

That was the worst part. It was like he had been jaded, and it was like the incident had made it worse. Here he had walked around feeling like what Cherilee gave him was perfectly normal and sufficient at that. A juvenile part of him had wanted more, but she had always stubbornly stuck to this. Now he had seen proof that girls that were open to more existed, even if it was far out and depraved. There was so much in

between. The fact that that other someone was his sister and that he was somehow stuck with Cherilee made him feel conflicted.

To take his mind of things, he returned his mind to current matters and engaged in a routine he and Cherilee were quite rehearsed in by now. He pulled his cock out and raised it so that it rested firmly between her ass cheeks, just below her tail. She froze. He held his breath and pressed gently against her asshole.

Sooner than he had expected, she turned around and cuffed him over the cheek with her hoof, sending a minor but insistent pain through his skull. "I thought I'd told you. Keep away from there."

He fell back and landed on his back, disappointed as always. "Ahm sorry, Cher," he said. "Ah won't do it again."

She frowned at him for a few painful moments. Then she got up and left the room.

He found Applejack in the barn again the following night. He told himself he had been looking for her and he told himself that the show would not be half as atrocious as what he had last seen. Once again his curiosity forced him to witness Applejack moan and wring as she seemed to not be able to get her hoof far enough up her pussy. At times it seemed like she was putting on the show for him, though he was sure – or he hoped – that she did not notice him there.

Why did he keep coming back? He guessed he was hoping that he would found that one day she would stop; she would become his innocent little sister once again. But he was becoming more and more certain that he was lying to himself. More than once he ended up coating the barn wall in his cum, harmonizing his moans with those of Applejack as she dripped over the floor of the barn in pleasure. He was enjoying it, and the guilt that seized him afterwards was growing fainter and fainter. That was even through the point where she seemed to grow bored by the mundane first half of the act. The masturbation alone was simply warm-up, and Big Mac found himself less disgusted and more intrigued by what followed.

It would happen hesitantly, always having unsure if it would actually happen.

She shat into her hooves, held it, enjoyed the sight of it and grinned, like she knew it was wrong, but at the same time didn't care one bit. And then she was bathing herself in it, slowly at first, then vigorously as if she was a pig throwing herself around in mud.

He kept wondering what fantasy she was living out. She was humiliating herself, but with no one else to see, except for him. He still got the sense that she wanted to be watched, maybe even pretended like she were.

Suddenly the thought of joining in wasn't so strange to him. He imagined her sad that she had to be alone with this, with no one who could understand what she truly wanted, in spite of her good nature and innocent demeanor.

Just like he was alone with Cherilee and her embarrassing lack of sexual prowess. He wanted more, yet he didn't dare say it. Applejack had proven to him that this was indeed something he could get from other ponies if he wanted to.

One day he sat gazing over the fields. He had stopped dead in the tracks, dragging a wagon that he had entirely forgotten what he was supposed to do with.

"Big Mac?" sounded a kind voice behind him.

He shivered, not expecting company. He turned his head lightly and caught sight of his sister moving to his side. She had a worried look on her face.

"Is something wrong?" she asked, as she sat down firmly beside him.

He looked at her. At first after he had discovered what she did in the barn, he had a hard time looking at her, as he could not stop imagining her body covered in her own filth. He had had difficulties talking to her, more so than what his usual silence could account for too. That, like everything else, was fading. He imagined it now too, but it was not disgust that met him, only an odd sensation of excitement.

He smiled at her. "Ahm sorry, sis," he said stiffly. "Ahm just a little distracted, is all."

She frowned coyly, though still smiling. "Ya can't fool me. You been working slower than a limping dog this past week."

He shook his head. "Ah don't know."

"Is it Cherilee?" she asked and he froze. "Ah haven't seen you talk to her in a while."

He stuttered. "It's... Ah."

"Ya know," Applejack went on. "Ah talked to her."

He frowned nervously. "Ya did?"

She put a hoof softly on his shoulder. "She gave me this ridiculous story, Ah'll tell ya. All this stuff about you bein' a no-good pervert who had better keep 'is hooves in 'is lap. Sounds to me like, y'all havin' some trouble in bed?"

He said nothing.

She raised her eyebrows. "It almost sounded like the girl's never seen a penis before. Ya know what Ah think about broads like that?"

He shook his head.

"Ah think they had parents who never taught them any manners." She gave him an intent look. "Ya poor thing, she wasn't kidding. Mah brother ain't ever seen a darn blow-job done right."

Something got caught in his throat. "It's alright, sis, it's not like ahm... Ah don't even like..."

"Nonsense," she called out, locking eyes with him. She pulled closer. "You're a guy. Ah know you're mah brother, and all, but that doesn't make ya any different."

He had started sweating. "Sure, but..."

"But what?" she said. "Ah hate to see you like this."

Suddenly her hoof was on his thigh. "Sis. What are you doin'?" He looked around, making sure no one was watching them. He had wanted this. He admitted it to himself now. He wanted her hoof closer, he wanted to grab her. But there is a long way from that and to actually having it happen, right there in front of you.

She hesitated. Her eyes were suddenly nervous too. "It's... Ah don't suppose you would hold it against me, if ah told you ah could be there for you, if she refuses to, like some stubborn ass. Ah would understand if ya don't think of me that way, but if ya want a blow, Ah won't be the one to tell anyone. Ahm good at it, honest. Then you'll have tried it." She choked on her words. She looked away, shaking her head. "Ahm sorry, Ah shouldn't have said that. Please, don't look at me like that. Don't tell anyone Ahm weird like that."

She got up and turned around. She started walking.

His heart was pounding furiously. He quickly released himself from the wagon he had been dragging and sent himself after her.

He reached her and blocked her way. Their eyes met each other and he gave her a comforting smile, just like the ones she would give him when he was troubled. He put a hoof around her and kissed her on the forehead. Then once again on her freckles. "Don't worry, sis. You're right. Cher is a stubborn ass. And I don't think you're weird. In fact..." he hesitated. He wasn't exactly a sweet talker. Concentrating on saying what he wanted to say only got harder when her eyes went downwards curiously.

"Big Mac," she said with a coy smile surfacing. "Is that an erection?"

He closed his eyes. "Maybe."

"What am Ah supposed to do here?" he asked uncomfortably as he they had made their way to the barn, the scene where Big Mac had watched her time and time again.

"Ya just sit back," she said, smiling. It was a devious smile, of the kind that shined with her being happy she was doing something entirely wrong.

She pushed him and he fell backwards into the hay.

This was a slippery slope. He could feel himself giving in. He had been shy and silent, and had planned on being it for a while longer, but now she was inviting him, and it wasn't even a shameful favor anymore. Even before they had started, they were going to a place where this was alright. Maybe just this once. Maybe more. Anyway. He let go of thoughts like that when she ran her hooves over his stomach and placed her nose under his balls.

She was slow and hesitant still, maybe unsure if he wanted it entirely. She looked questioningly at him. He nodded as certainly as he dared.

His erection was growing, answering any doubt she might have had. It fell on her face and she gasped as her hat toppled off. She closed her eyes and ran her tongue from his balls, up his shaft and to his tip. She looked at it. "Ya sure are big enough to deserve proper treatment, sugar."

He blushed. He nodded towards her hat on the ground. "Keep it on."

She blushed back at him, picked it up and brushed it off before putting it back on. "Ah knew ya were a pervert."

He was about to say something, but was cut off as she leaned in and locked her muzzle around his cock. He closed his eyes as she sunk in. He felt her saliva, her tongue and he could feel the back of her mouth all too soon. As she moaned, he could feel her sweet voice resonate from her throat.

He had thought his heart couldn't beat any faster, but now it was galloping like... well... like his cock was down his sister's throat. Oh, how he had wanted this. Had his cock ever been this hard before? God, it was on the verge of bursting already. And too little of it fit inside her. He had worried that his size would bother her.

She took a deep breath of air. He gasped. She leaned forward, placed her hooves firmly and let herself sink further in. And further. Her throat bulged. She didn't cough, she only looked up at him innocently as she held her mouth locked firmly around him. It was not his whole length, but it was damn impressive nonetheless.

He smiled at her, approving and she let herself fall back, gasping for air as his cock slid out her, him feeling her every bit of the way. She composed herself and let her hooves work his shaft as she looked at him. "Ah told you Ah was good at it."

He nodded, hardly catching his breath himself.

"Huh?" she smiled, and licked the tip of his trembling cock. "Are ya almost there, sugar?"

He groaned.

"Ah think you've been holding it back too long. Ah think you need to cum all over your sister's face." Her hooves kept going, and could barely hold out for her to finish her sentence. "Is mah brother gonna cum for me?"

He gasped and felt the orgasm that had wanted to find its way for so long. Now it found her begging. She opened her mouth as his cum shot out in forceful bursts, hitting her cheeks, coating her nose and her freckles. What landed on her tongue, she drank blissfully and before he was done she leaned in, fierce as ever and let his cock sink down her throat once again, as if she was afraid she was afraid his cum wouldn't get down her stomach fast enough.

As the last drop left him, she pulled back and showed him that she was done by sticking out her tongue. Even in the afterglow of his orgasm, he thought she looked beautiful as she sat there, covered in his cum.

"So, how was that?" she asked. "Ahm guessin' ya don't cum that much for your girlfriend?"

He shook his head panting. "Thank you. Just... thank you." He laughed, almost high on the feel of her mouth still. "Wanna know what else mah girlfriend doesn't do?"

She laughed right back at him. "Ya got what ya came for, don't think Ah do *everything* she doesn't."

He bit down, still unsure if this was where the line went. "I don't think there is anything you don't do, sis."

She shrugged. "That's a very rash accusation. Now how would ya know that, pray tell? What have the colts in town been telling you?"

He blushed, looking away.

She kept looking intently at him. She frowned. "You've..." she hesitated. "You've been watching me? You really have." She lit up in another laugh. "Ah *thought* I heard something."

He forced himself to look at her again, once again remembering that it was his seed all over her: there was very little to be ashamed of here. "Ah..."

"Tell me," she said. "How much did you see?"

He answered carefully. "All of it."

She sniggered, glancing away. "And you still talk to me. What am Ah to make of that?"

"Actually. Ah find what you do interesting."

"You do?"

"If ya don't think this is enough." He knew *he* didn't. "You can let me in on it if ya want to."

She frowned. "You're serious. With the..." she almost coughed. "Shit?"

He shrugged. "Ah think Ah might like it. But only because it's you, sis."

She nodded with a delighted smile. "Ah thought Ah was a freak." Then she pouted. "Right now?"

"Ah don't know. Whenever."

"It's just. Ah don't need to... go right now."

He nodded. "Alright. Tell me when. We'll do whatever you want. Ah'll repay the favor."

She nodded back.

The following day they were right back in the barn. Big Mac was on his back in the hay again. Applejack was masturbating with her back turned. She had told him of her fantasies, and he had agreed to act it out, some of it reluctantly and some of it with almost childish excitement. She had always wanted to be watched, always wanted to have someone to humiliate herself in front of. He was surprised to find that many of the times he had watched her smothering herself in shit, she had been thinking of him. She wanted to get dirty for him, get fucked by him and be covered in shit and cum for him. Afterwards, she wanted to be laughed at, pointed at, ridiculed for her perversion. She wanted to feel like nothing. Like she deserved it, lying there covered in her own shit and the cum of her brother.

He was new to it. He didn't want to touch it, but he liked to watch her. But he had agreed to a little something...

As she looked like she was warmed up, she turned her blushing ass away and approached him. His cock was already hard from watching her, but she let her mouth engulf it. She swallowed it, ensuring it was at its peak, like she liked it. It rose violently inside her, almost making her cough as she pulled back.

She turned her back. She raised her tail. She placed her hoof in her lovely little asshole and looked back at him. "You sure you want me to do it?"

He nodded.

She backed up closer and he positioned his cock directly beneath her asshole. She held her tail raised with her hoof and began a familiar breathing pattern, the one that denoted that things were about to get messy. She gasped and pushed. Soon her waste was making its way out and he gasped with her as it landed on his cock, little by little.

"Oh yes," he moaned, as he was finally part of her dirty little ritual. He avoided thinking about what he was doing, knowing it was heinous and repulsive, only reveling in the feeling of doing something wrong. He was too horny for his sister to care.

"Mmm?" she chimed in. "Enjoying your sister shitting on your cock?" It was like heaven, in a way.

Her aim was impressive. Soon her entire load had landed on him, and the weight brought it downwards. She turned around eagerly as it seemed like it was about to topple over and saved it with her hooves. She rubbed, covering his entire shaft. She looked up at him, begging, as she covered up his trembling erection. He knew she couldn't wait.

"You filthy little whore," he said with little regret. "You disgusting little sow. Clean it up."

She looked down humbly and nodded.

She dug in, placing her muzzle right in the middle of the filth. His cock fell on her nose and the shit stained her face and her freckles. She gasped as she started licking, keeping it pressed against her with her



hooves. He could see her tasting it. And as she opened her mouth and let the whole mess enter her throat, he had to struggle to contain his pleasure.

He looked at her. His sister, filthy as a barn animal. Her mouth filled with shit-stained cock. Her dirty hooves that she brought over her body, wringing at the luxury of getting to put on a show. Her orange fur got messy, her mane and tail got their share and she loved it. Though she tried to look like she was being punished, she couldn't contain it.

Soon, his cock was almost mostly clean. It was in her belly, waiting to share room with his cum and it was on her body, stripping her of all dignity.

"That's good," he said. "Turn around, sis."

She did. She raised her tail, baring her now filthy asshole. It stretched, barely tightening after having released her load. He placed his stiff cock at its entrance and pushed gently. He had no lube but what she supplied, so he took it slow. She bit down and hissed through her teeth as she opened up for him and he slid inside her ass. She put in her weight and his shitty cock met its maker. Her ass swallowed him up, and he tensed up as she arched her back and started grinding her dirty body against his.

He put his hooves on her ass cheeks and pulled her closer. She went steadily back and forth, erasing everything in his head but the gorgeous view of her writhing body on top of him, her tail brought to the side to give him a better view. This was an ass he could die for.

As she kicked up the pace, she looked back at him. "Ah want you to cum inside my ass, sugar. Ahm hungry."

He sunk deep into her as she slid back, his balls hitting her ass cheeks. She got what she wanted as he felt his cum funnel into her insides. He kept trembling for a long moment before it was over. She was full. Gasping. Filled to the brim.

She raised her ass, letting him slide out. A streak of cum kept them connected still as he watched her gasping asshole. It was dripping, aching on its rough treatment.

He slapped her ass cheek. "What are you waiting for? Your dinner is ready."

She raised herself on her forelegs. She repeated the same motion as before, except now it wasn't shit coming out, it was cum. Or it was mostly cum. She reached out with her hoof, pulling her ass cheeks apart, and there it went.

It hit his limping cock and made a mess once again. There was a lot. More than yesterday, and this time it did spill. She shook her ass, ensuring she got it all. Then she turned around and put her tongue to work again. This part was mostly for her. But he still enjoyed watching as she lapped it all up like a kitten and she swallowed, mouthful after mouthful.

When she was done she wiped her mouth and looked up.

He raised his eyebrows. "Where are your manners?"

She put her eyes down again. "Thank you." Then she looked up, meeting his eyes. She smiled. "Thank you so much."