

“It has been a thousand years since I have seen you like this. Time to put our differences beside us. We were meant to rule together, little sister.”

“Sister?” I could faintly hear over the sound of my own heart. “What?”

“Will you accept my friendship?”

“I’m so sorry! I missed you so much big sister!”

“I’ve missed you, too.”

“This is so surreal.” I could only agree I’ve been waiting so long.

“I’m necking a blue horse and I can’t move.” Who dares call my sister a whore? Assassins? Cultists?

“Horsey assassin cult?”

“You know what this calls for? A party!”

Battle ought to counter their mind magic and draw them out. I’ve had worse odds before. Battle!

“Battle?”

In a comforting rush of magic and the thrill of molding and threading into a figurine. The Arena sprawling by the will of our minds, souls, and magic.

The other’s side only a disturbing sick perverted cult could imagine.

Reminds me of older times.

“What!?”

The World’s count down is almost over.

“Count down?”

Soon I’ll find the avatar of the dirty cultist and extract my fury.

“This is the by far the strangest most consistent dream I’ve ever remembered.”

A nightmare cultist?

3, 2, 1, FIGHT!

“AGHHHH!” I blur forward.

“AAH!” A deformed minotaur with genitals dangling.

Jabbing with Solar Purity.

Fear and Horror as he hilt-ed through the heart. 58% Health.

Anger and Rage, Coldness.

Determination.

My sword, stuck with his left.

His right toward my eye.

Delicate soft hand.

Leaning back I.

Bite.

Too late.

Digging my tongue out.

An iron grip.

Pulling himself forward.

He let go of the sword.

Going for the eye. "Gotcha."

Vivisection of the brain through the left leg. 0% Health.

One second till the end.

My figurine's right eye dangles. 92% Health.

Fingers piercing brain matter. 80%

Victory.

We instantly move to above as the actions repeat on the glass in the most intense angle. As I read his statistics, history and backstory.

—Battles: 1— —Victories: 0— —Defeats: 1—

—Name: [Benjamin]—

—Figurine List: Self—

—History: Not Available—

—Backstory: Alien entity without magic of his own automatically anchored to [Celestia]'s magic to survive in the thaumatic pressure.—

—Total Time: 1:02—

—First Battle: Defeat. Seven seconds long battle. First injury: Split heart. 1v1. [Celestia]. Results: 0%-94% Final Results: 0%-80%. No magic used by [Benjamin]. 99% Energy [Celestia]. Initiator: [Celestia]. Time since recording: 42.811 seconds.—
—Real Time: 42.811 seconds on record.—

I just eviscerated a young alien trying to survive dazed and confused. What have I done?

“I have to think this is real. I can still feel the gash and gore on me. I can hear everything my killer is thinking. This is fine.”

His killer? Oh. I’m sorry Benjamin we may be together for a long time if you are truly anchored to my magic. I can try to do my best to help you be comfortable. I am a pony of my word.

“A pony. Winged unicorn pony. Not a horse.”

A horse?

“An equine, like a pony. But bigger like a donkey.”

Ah then, I have done you wrong trice by thinking you were slandering my sister, and tarnishing your good name, and grievously harming of your self made manifest.

“Oh right being a sick and twisted cultist.”

For an alien you are remarkable on point of these things.”An alien pony that speaks the same language and human like empathy and expression.”

“I may as well make the pop-culture reference ‘Take me to your leader’.”

Ah well.

“Wait, bright colors, old stone castle, talking fantasy creatures, magic, a pony bigger than all others,” Benjamin thought out loud. “This is a cartoon setting where you Celestia are a pure pristine pony princess.”

That is true, but the logic seems flawed. How do you know I’m pure? “Damn, that’s right this can’t be a kids show too much viscera and nudity. A Magical girl trope where I am the animal mascot? Oh, cultists and assassins a defined battle system this could also be a shounen anime. This could also be a hentai or harem with a male inside a female 24/7.”

Regardless it seems like we will be in close contact for sometime.

“I would be less easily swayed to forgive you, but I can read your mind and see your emotions. I forgive you Celestia. If you will also forgive me for invading your privacy.”

That is a tough trade Mister Benjamin. I forgive you.

I move to hug the alien. He does the same.

Your penis is rubbing on my fur and getting hard. You sure this isn't a saucy romance between a mare and an alien? "Ha, I can't help biology, but a pair of pants sure would help. Getting a seamstress in your mind sounds like a cotton brained idea."

"Haven't even introduced and I got split all the way to the hilt, least I could do is return the favor with a stiffy. Hello, I'm Benjamin the human I'm glad this meeting didn't go worse for contacting an alien. One small step for man one giant leap for mankind I suppose."

Hello, I'm Celestia a pony princess, I rule over Equestria, I can't stop my mind from having mankind's male member's male member meet my mind's majestic miffed muff mucus.

"That's impressive alliteration, and this is still really weird still hugging you with a boner."

Not used to nudist societies? "Yeah."

"Didn't you leave your long lost sister to battle the forces of evil?" Well time barely passes within the World's Battle arena depending on how powerful both parties are. Considering you are now linked to my magic the connection should be near instant.

"Oh? That sounds like a good way to get extra time to plan and plot." Indeed.

My sister should have noticed we used a Battle while hugging and I need to comfort her.

"I'll be hanging around I guess."

As the battle unwound, figurines slightly farther. We said "See you soon."

"Big sister are you alright? Did you feel a cake splatter by a window?"

"Only daffodil upside-down cake."

"How fortuitous we disliked daffodil cakes."

"One of my student's friend's offered to throw a party. I'll call a carriage, and sister?"

"Yes?"

"It's good to have you back."

"it is good to be with you too."