

The Adventures of Tracy Cage and The Never Ending Ride Trilogy



These stories were composed in July and August of 2013 on the 4chan board /mlp/. It is not an official My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic product. It is not anything. It is best described as a parody, but to say it is a parody is to say it is something, which is far too charitable. The best way to describe this "book" is as excrement passed through the roiling bowels of the Internet, somehow finding its way into your house like a backed up toilet. In no way should this be considered anything other than the babbling of deranged madmen, having no meaning or method to its insanity. This is pure shitposting at its worst. Absolutely no quality control was present. There are no redeeming features here, save a few shining gems in an ocean of piss. The text of this vile shit is public domain. My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic is (c) to Hasbro inc, but this is technically parody, so whatever.

The Adventures of Tracy Cage and The Never Ending Ride Vol.1 Chapter 1

Our story begins with Tracy waking up in a field covered in blood and semen. She seems to have forgotten what she did last night.

She finds a dildo and shoves it up her ass.

She continues walking with the dildo in her ass until she finds another dildo. She shoves it in her loose mare pussy.

She then proclaims "OP IS A HUGE FAGGOT"

And then she discovers her goal in life. Which is to fuck every
nor/mlp/erson in the ass.

She wonders how she will accomplish this noble goal.

She will accomplish this goal by checking these dubs.



After checking them she continues on her quest.

Welcome back, Yami.

She is on her way to p0nyville when she stops and clops off behind a tree.

What?

The tree is actually that ent dude from Lord of the Rings because he is cool

Patrick Bateman pops out of her ass and tell her to check em.

She told him to check it when she shit on him.

He say with a tears of joy in his eye
"that's my fetish"

Leaving behind the shit covered dubs man she walks into a local bookstore where she spies a copy of Daring Do and The Jungle of Terror.

She proceeds to wipe her ass with the book.

She then rapes the clerk and mutilates his genitalia.

Upon raping the clerk she pulls the dildo from her ass and shoves it down the clerks throat killing him.

Then she fucks his dead body.

She fucked him so hard he turned into Gaben.

http://www.listenonrepeat.com/watch/?v=y2-0_2u0A4Y

this video is perfect for your children, mothers

>rape >rape >rape >rape >rape

Go away MXleo no one wants you

She couldn't believe what was happening, aliens were invading equestria

When the aliens landed she proceeded to rape the first one and called it a struggle snuggle

She became a hero

She proceeded to rape the rest. She then raped moot.

And came on his upper lip while he said "me sooo horny"

She looked at her crotch and discovered a dick was growing but also the dick looked like Master Chief

She then demanded he let her ride him to p0nyville

And smacked him on the ass while putting his dick in his own ass.

He was a winged faggot who took her to the highest mountain in equestria

Chapter 2

After raping all the aliens, the clerk, Moot, and shitting on Bateman she arrives in p0nyville. She is approached by a orange earth p0ny named Applejack.

Applejack begins to make sweet sweet sweet love to tracy and sticks it in her ass

Applejack was in reality Chris Chan

Then he pokes her butt

And what come after is how sausages is made

She shit with the force of a thousand sun being drowned in the tears of the /v/irgin and say "now that what i call shitposting"

then

>RAPE

While drowning in the shit, she cried

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT BUTTER!"

The shit proceeded to turn into something, holy shit it looks almost human, its gonna say something

"TRIXIE IS BEST PONY YOU NIGGER ARE POSTING IN A SPIDERMAN ANUS"

Turns out it's some website admin, but Tracy slit his throat.

Also, she sees a nigger who gives her a pastry

She starts reading my little dashie and claimed to be best book then she could hear some people dying

then proceeds to masturbate over the book while buttering some toast

The book reminded her of Twilight, so goes to a school and proceed to murder some teen girls.

Suddenly earthquake ,fucking gaben rolling to her

Gaben says in a voice that destroys trees and shatters water and turn bread into scorpions
“Rainbow Smash is the worst pony”

Suddenly discord come here and " the chaos will be 20%cooler forever"

Gaben then proceeded to roll off knocking over three trees.

3 trees=Half Life 3 confirmed

Tracy wandered about Equestria looking for a gate to the human world where she could murder as many humans as possible.

Somepony (hahuhuehuehue i said somepony) told her that there's a certain mare who happens to know alot about the human world who lives in a pineapple inside my asshole so she went over the bridge and through the woods to this bitch's house hoping that this long as walk was worth it.

She kicks down the door and throws the knife across the room approximately at the speed of light obliterating half of the house. two ponies lay on the bed mid fuk an da mint coloured one is all "WHAT THE FUCK?!"

Tracy: "I'm trying to get to the human world and somepony (i say somepony in everyday conversation because it accents my fedora) told me that you're the mare to see about something like that."?:
"IM IN THE MIDDLE OF FUCKING YOU DUMB BITCH
LOOK AT MY CANDY ASS (because bon bons lel)
GIRLFRIEND HERE SHES FUCKING TERRIFIED GET TEH
FUK OUT OR ILL BASH YE EAD IN I SWEAR ON ME MUM"
TRACY: "Oh is that what was going on here~?"

Lyra: "YEAH...can you like please go? we were almost done. I'll try to help you after that." Tracy: "fuck fine. i'm gonna go get my knife. if you aren't done by the time I get back I'm just gonna kill the both of you."

Queue sexy lesbian pony sex.

Tracy walks down to the river where her knife landed but there was a bear so she disemboweled it with her bare hooves, picked up the knife and walked back to pineapple. Lyra: OH BONBON! just

as lyra climaxes, Tracy gets back and throws the entirety of the bear's entrails on Lyra.

Tracy: "Ahahaha! Now this looks like some fucking guro ass shit!"
Bon Bon throws up, closes her eyes and weeps quietly. Lyra: "oh my fucking celestia what the fucking fuckdoyouwantijustcamewithabearontopofme."

Tracy: "Your name is Lyra right? Somepony told me you know about getting to the human world." Lyra: "its impossible. even if I knew where the portal was it would be impossible to get in without enough magical energy." Tracy: "I may know someone who can help with that. do you have an idea of where the portal is? if you help me...i'll take you there"

Lyra's eyes lit up. She hopped out of bed, grabbed a few things from a desk and said "alright. lets do it." Tracy and lyra started on their way back to town as bon bon remained sobbing quietly because shes a huge bitch.

Bon-Bon's assmad was so large, that she hired The Great and Powerful Trixie to sooth some of her Rectum Ravaged.

And then she decided she'd like to eat a banana. Or maybe an orange.

So she said "To hell with it" and shoved both up her ass.

As she did this, rainbow lights came out of a nearby mirror, while Bon-Bon's moans of ultimate fruity pleasure© echoed through the room.

Indeed, this was the portal to the human world.

Tracy walked up to the portal and inspected it. She turned her plot towards it, and shot the orange and banana out of her donut hole.

It shot through the portal.

Then She said "NIGGER!"

Chapter 3

Tracy walks through the portal into the human world. She appears in a room that smells like Cheetos and Mountain Dew.

In front of her was a man, unshaven and smelling like Mountain Dew and Cheetos, wearing a trenchcoat and a fedora.

"This is my gf Tracy ORIGINAL CHARACTER DO NOT STEAL she's trying to seduce me again lol xD"

Bateman popped out of the portal and told them both to check em

She picked up the banana and threw it at him.

Bateman dodged the banana and told them to check these trips.

Hi, i missed the beginning. too many posts to catch up on. OP, can you tell me what is basically going on?

Basically, Tracy appeared in a brony's room and he smells like cheetos and mountain dew.

Bateman shows up and says check dubs, tracy throws banana, bateman dodges and says check dubs.

She looked at his post number with a smirk. "Those are singles, bitch."

Ms. Cage picked up her knife and approached Bateman. "Time to die, fucker."

The brony in the room lel'd and said, "Tracy you are so fucking edgy. I love that about you grill"

Tracy notices that brony and bateman have erections.

Tracy notices this is likely because she is dripping wet herself.

Tracy starts hoofing herself

Bateman and brony make out...

Tracy decides this is boring. There isn't enough gore.

Tracy stars hoofing herself with her knife. Blood gushes everywhere.

Brony is also a vampire wannabe

Brony starts drinking the gory vaginal non-period blood, although there might be some in there

Brony orgasms all over the blood

The red and white mixture starts to turn blue becuz this is murica

Bateman disappointed in the lack of dubs leaves through the portal back to equestria

There he becomes a pony and gets rich by selling dubs and subs accessories, even though no pony knows what the fuck those are.

Tracy approaches the brony with a knife in her hoof and backs him into a corner.

He keeps fapping anyways.

"Wow, Tracy. You're so much hotter than in my fan fiction"

She stubs her hoof on the edge of the brony's dresser and yells
"OH BOB SAGET!"

Meanwhile at Batman's...

"Alfred! What the fuck is this shit?"

"I thought you told me to change the channel to something more suitable for a mature viewer like yourself, sir."

"Dammit Alfred, I just wanted to watch football!"

The Brony turns to his FlutterShy Tulpa and begins to introduce her to Tracy.

Tracy proceeds to stab the shit out of the brony

He chuckles and looks up and down an invisible pony. He turns to Tracy. "This is my Tulpa, FlutterShy. Say hi."

Tracy grimaces and rubs her hoof.

"WHY THANK YOU FLUTTERSHY, I THINK YOU LOOK FABULOUS"

Suddenly, the tulpa materializes into a real pony!

Tracy stabs the fuck out of the FlutterShy tupla, embarrassed at the brony for even owning such an abomination

Tracy and Fluttershy begin to make out

Tracy continues to stab him while Fluttershy yells, "What the fuck did you just fucking say about me, you little bitch? I'll have you know I graduated top of my class in the Wonderbolts, and I've been involved in numerous secret raids on Changelings, and I have over 300 confirmed kills. I am trained in gorilla warfare and I'm the top sniper in the entire Equestrian armed forces. You are nothing to me but just another target. I will wipe you the fuck out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before on this Earth, mark my fucking words. You think you can get away with saying that shit to my face? Think again, fucker. As we speak I am contacting my secret network of tulpas across the USA and your IP is being traced right now so you better prepare for the storm, maggot. The storm that wipes out the pathetic little thing you call your life. You're fucking dead, kid. I can be anywhere, anytime, and I can kill you in over seven hundred ways, and that's just with my bare hooves. Not only am I extensively trained in unarmed combat, but I have access to the entire arsenal of the Equestrian Marine Corps and I will use it to its full extent to wipe your miserable ass off the face of the continent, you little shit. If

only you could have known what unholy retribution your little “clever” comment was about to bring down upon you, maybe you would have held your fucking tongue. But you couldn’t, you didn’t, and now you’re paying the price, you goddamn idiot. I will shit fury all over you and you will drown in it. You’re fucking dead, kiddo.”

After she stabs it repeatedly, and it is barely hanging on to life.

"I don't give a fuck who you are or where you live. You can count on me to be there to bring your fucking life to a hellish end. I'll put you in so much fucking pain that it'll make Jesus being nailed to a cross in the desert look like a fucking back massage on a tropical island. I don't give a fuck how many reps you have or how tough you are IRL, how well you can fight, or how many fucking guns you own to protect yourself. I'll fucking show up at your house when you aren't home. I'll turn all the lights on in your house, leave all the water running, open your fridge door and not close it, and turn your gas stove burners on and let them waste gas. You're going to start stressing the fuck out, your blood pressure will triple, and you'll have a fucking heart attack. You'll go to the hospital for a heart operation, and the last thing you'll see when you're being put under in the operating room is me hovering above you, dressed like a doctor. When you wake up after being operated on, wondering what ticking time bomb is in your chest waiting to go off. You'll recover fully from your heart surgery. And when you walk out the front door of the hospital to go home I'll run you over. with my fucking car out of nowhere and kill you. I just want you to know how easily I could fucking destroy your pathetic excuse of a life, but how I'd rather go to a great fuckng length to make sure your last remaining days are spent in a living, breathing

fucking hell. It's too late to save yourself, but don't bother committing suicide either... I'll fucking resuscitate you and kill you again myself you bitch-faced phaggot. Welcome to hell, population: you"

the fluttersulpa gives an "eep", but it was too much for her, so she finally died of tulpabloodloss syndrome.

Tracy licks the blood off of her hooves and sits down at the computer in the room. She sniffs the green soda bottle. "Fucking gross."

She hits it across the room, where it spills near the portal. She shrugs and looks at the computer.

"oh Tracy u so randum xDD epin win", the brony says.

Tracy takes a seat next to brony, starts drinking out of the "Gross" mountainpiss bottle. She clearly likes it. Brony even more aroused, and a new tulpa appears from his horrid mind. A rainbow dash one this time

She turns towards him with rage in her eyes. She sits on his face and rides out an orgasm before stabbing him one last time.

With a sigh of relief, she mumbles, "sent ;^)"

All of sudden, the brony turns into a black and red OC alicorn overlord. Then he turns back to normal because he realized it was pretty shitty.

"AHA!" He proclaims, "THAT'S what I was missing!"

He turns back into the black and red OC alicorn overlord, this time with a broken horn, a fedora, and a pinstripe vest.

"Perfect."

Then out of nowhere a wild Faust appears.

She proceeds to give the brony an epic beating.

She instructs Tracy to chop the brony into little pieces with her knife.

They must do this so the brony may not regenerate.

Tracy does as she's told only to discover the brony is actually made of living spaghetti.

As she tries to cut through the spaghetti, the spaghetti wraps around her arm, absorbing her.

Tracy slowly but surely is being absorbed into the spaghetti.

Little humanoid meatballs come rushing down the stairs, as Tracy is lying on the floor, most of her body turned into pasta.

The humanoid meatballs form a circle around Tracy, who can't move.

Faust proclaims: "Oh my god, they're eating her, and then they're going to eat me!"

Faust decides to get the fuck out of there.

Faust leaves, then Purple tinker comes in and blurts out that being a transexual, or whatever the fuck he is, is normal, etc. He is making it clear that he is a transexual, just so that you're aware. But incase you did not hear. He is a transexual. Or she. Fuck, Purple Tinker can't even make up his mind.

Or.. her mind.

xis/xer?

Fuck this is all too confusing.

Now entirely made out of spaghetti, Tracy reaches towards Purple Tinker.

Purple tinker slowly backs to the wall saying you shouldn't hit a girl.. or wait.. a Boy? Shit, her head is spinning from this paradox.

Tracy grabs hold of Tinker's leg, absorbing him, er... them...

Sigh.

Purple Tinker is made into pasta, too.

Tracy begins to eat the spaghetti. With this house being empty

now, she decides to walk to the local walmart to look at disgust at the official Pone merch.

Chapter 4

Tracy is at Walmart looking at the official pone merch when a group of homestuck cosplayers approach her and say that her mlp cosplay is shit.

Tracy replies

“What the fuck did you just fucking say about me, you little bitch? I'll have you know I graduated top of my class in the Navy Seals, and I've been involved in numerous secret raids on Al-Quaeda, and I have over 300 confirmed kills. I am trained in gorilla warfare and I'm the top sniper in the entire US armed forces. You are nothing to me but just another target. I will wipe you the fuck out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before on this Earth, mark my fucking words. You think you can get away with saying that shit to me over the Internet? Think again, fucker. As we speak I am contacting my secret network of spies across the USA and your IP is being traced right now so you better prepare for the storm, maggot. The storm that wipes out the pathetic little thing you call your life. You're fucking dead, kid. I can be anywhere, anytime, and I can kill you in over seven hundred ways, and that's just with my bare hands. Not only am I extensively trained in unarmed combat, but I have access to the entire arsenal of the United States Marine Corps and I will use it to its full extent to wipe your miserable ass off the face of the continent, you little shit. If only you could have known what unholy retribution your little "clever" comment was about to bring down upon you, maybe you would have held your fucking tongue. But you couldn't, you didn't,

and now you're paying the price, you goddamn idiot. I will shit fury all over you and you will drown in it. You're fucking dead, kiddo.”

Tracy hobbled into the pony toy aisle, feeling like she was going to throw up any second. The poorly made toys didn't help any, the longer she looked at them the more it felt like something was trying to force its way back up.

"Haha, pink celestia? Stupid humans can't get anything right."

And then she noticed the pony toys with butterfly wings. And the colorable fluttershy with random shapes vomited all over her.

Speaking of vomit, her stomach churned. She felt something bubbling up her throat and hitting the roof of her mouth. Tracy tried to swallow it back down, but it wouldn't stop.

Suddenly...

Suddenly the cosplayers have returned. They did not like what tracy had said to them. Apparently, they had heard a similar rant over the internet. They pull out their 20% cooler hats to hit tracy with.

Tracy violently vomits all over the homestuck cosplayers. It engulfs them.

They are digested right there. Turned into a giant mushy pile of mush, Tracy decides what she should do with it.

She rapes the pile of mush.

After shoving the remainder of the mush in her vagina to give those mushy cosplayers the unfortunate fate of pre birth, she continues looking at the mediocre official merch. She decides to purchase a plastic princess twilight toy to likely incinerate at her new home, a certain ex-bronies home

Tracy takes the toy to the counter

"Holy shit a talking horse!"

Stabby stab stab

Stupid human check-out girls and their lack of tolerance

Walks out into the street

Holds out her hoof to try and hitchhike home

nothumbs.png

Gets the hand of the checkout girl

Still nothing

Sticks out her rump a bit

Truck pulls up

Geddin lil' missy"

Tracy examines his attire

Nice overalls chump

"Where're you headed, mmm?"

His voice sounds like a squeaky busted oboe

"20 Rainbow Road in the Cooler district"

"MM, mm, mm"

He keeps licking his lips

He gets to the house

Doors get locked

"Naw, misseh, did yeh think yeh wouldn' be payin' foh a ride?"

He grabs at her ass

Tracy weighs her options

Probably has pimples on his dick

Let's find out

She examines his meagre schlong as the hick cries in pain and attempts to cull the flow of blood literally geysering out of his crotch

"Pimples AND hair out of the head. Not in a million years man"

Bucks down the car door

Grabs the Princess Twilight toy

Enters her new home

Surprisingly, doesn't smell like Ragu

Today was a good day

>Walks into the bedroom quarters

>Full of "Clap till you drop" Clap posters

>See a wincest AJ and Big Mac poster

>Tracy decides these posters are acceptable

Behold, the new living quarters for our hero

After walking down the street stabbing things she finds bert and ernie

After seeing tracy's large bloody knife, Bert and Ernie attempt to nope the fuck out of there

but bert trips and over 9000 tablets of fast dissolve ecstasy fall into his mouth

The earth stops. Light particles are suspended where they are, mere inches from bert's eyes. He is now blind but he tastes with his ears.

Bert can taste the universe. He knows the flavors of Ernie, and Trixie, and Mother Earth, and his own eyeballs, and he loves it so much. He loves the taste so much he wants to fuck it. Bert pulls out his corpus callosum and begins to hump Ernie with his sense of being.

Trixie stabs him.

Trixie?

Tracy stabs them and unbirths them.

The unbirth became a metaphysical re-death. Satan was taken off the cross and summoned a thousand demons to strike down humanity.

Tracy can't have that. Humanity is hers to kill.

Tracy finds the first demon and wipes out her double headed wonder wiggle and makes the first demon butt frustrated

Hank Hill appears and declares that his propane and propane accessories would be a great way to deal with these demons, he tells you hwat.

Taste the meat not the heat

Tracy takes this as a sexual advance. Tracy begins furiously sucking hanks meat, causing her to get into heat.

Tracy shoves a hoof up her pussy and takes out a dildo which she shoves into the eye socket of a lesser demon.

She pulls dildo after dildo out from her seemingly boundless vagina and impales her enemies with the deadly sex toys.

Hank thrusts wildly, throatfucking Tracy with the intensity of a thousand suns. He slowly pulls his enormous erection out of Tracy's mouth.. He drenches his dick in propane and pulls out a match.

Then out of fucking nowhere a one eyed wonder worm bites peggy's skull in two

"I SELL DEMON KILLING SEED AND DEMON KILLING SEED ACCESSORIES"

He cries as he drops the match. His dick is caught on fire and the intense heat makes him Finally blow his load.

Each shot is like a cannonball, blasting straight through scores of demons at a time.

Tracy cums at the sight.

The match ignites a huge wave of flammable spooge. Hank inserts again into a tracy's mouth, and begins flailing about. THE flames come straight out of tracy's orifices spewing flaming spooge

everywhere. The spoooge sticks to the demons like napalm. The demons cannot take the heat. The ones that are yet to burn flee back to oblivion

Then tracy bites hanks dick off

The stench of brimstone is clearing.

Tracy bends over Hank, lying pathetically on the pavement, his once-proud penis now ashes and dust. she savored in her mouth

"Tell Peggy . . ." He wheezes the smoke from his lungs, and clutches Tracy's hoof harder.

"Tell her that boy weren't never right."

Hank breathes his last. Tracy swallows his burnt penis and mashes her crotch over his dickless gray abdomen.

She cums.

After she cums at the force of 1000 moons, she gets up, and swallows it all

Then the one eyed wonder worm comes and says

"eetsetu Pain"

Tracy is now a fat pony and getting the rising feeling that she don't need no man.

Now she needs women.

Chapter 5

Tracy walks back into the portal back into the p0ny world because the human world sucks and the goal of raping every nor/mlp/erson in the ass doesn't leave the writefags anything to work with for book 2

When she arrives Bateman tells her to check em

Then tracy stabs him

With an axe. It splits his head in two.

She licks his brain juice like a cat, purring in satisfaction, but notices a large onion-shaped shadow looming behind her

"Aye, yeh shouldn't have done that, lass . . .

Tracy turns around and starts licking Shrek saying he tastes like onions

Tracy slits Shreks throat and proceeds to anally rape Donkey

An entire book dedicated to shitposting is a terrible idea. Shitposting for the lulz is still shitposting and will not even come close to the already mediocre quality of the DD books. Also, dubs posts are still against the rules.

Well, when I am already here... I can't resist.

> Tracy shows Bateman her perfect business card. It even has fresh neckbeard blood.

And some neckbear blood as well



It was ogre too soon

Donkey starts squirming with increasing intensity before bursting into a million maggots which crawl into Tracy's urethra.

The maggots ravaged her bladder, causing her to piss

She pissed herself. Suddenly the mighty lord Bookfag came, bumped the thread and told everyone to hurry up and finish the story. He also ate out Tracy's crusty arsehole

Bookfag has a Blossomforth tulpa that joined in the fun



No-one would have believed, in the last years of the nineteenth century, that human affairs were being watched from the timeless worlds of space. No-one could have dreamed that we were being scrutinized, as someone with a microscope studies creatures that swarm and multiply in a drop of water. Few men even considered the possibility of life on other planets. And yet, across the gulf of space, minds immeasurably superior to ours regarded this earth with envious eyes; and slowly, and surely, they drew their plans against us.

Now revitalized by the power of a clean butthole, She thanks the donkey and they go their separate ways. If he ever hurts you, true

love won't desert you. You know I still love you, though we touched and went our separate ways.

Using her newfound strength, she used sight beyond sight to see she was surrounded by the souls of tulpas raped and murdered by their psychotic faggot tulpamancers, ravenous and ready to rape every hole she has. To battle this threat, she had to do the unthinkable, something so crazy it shocked even she: she had to make a tulpa.

Dildoing herself at the speed of sound with a can of Bawls, she generated her own personal tulpa: a plasma rifle with truck nuts hanging off the barrel. The zombie tulpas screamed in fear.

"HE GOING TO KILL US"

She responded.

"Might makes light!"

Unleashing her hot payload on the waves of imaginary undead as her tulpa made that fucking awesome PRAAAAAAAWPRAWWWW sound that you're a faggot if you don't love, she proved to everyone once and for all she's a fucking idiot because she could have made a BFG but didn't. But she's our idiot, our sexy, sexy idiot and we love her.

She stood tall amongst the invisible bodies, her body covered by a shadow while her rifle smokes profusely. That nigger really needs to quit, he's been on probation for years because of it.

"...And I feel RAPEY."

All this death gave her mad girl-wood. Cunt dripping as she walked wherever the wind took her, she needed to find something to fuck and kill, not necessarily in that order.

She is waylaid on her journey. It's the Dread Pirate Roberts!

THE SMELL OF DICKS ENGULF THE ENTIRE ROOM,
MAKING IT VERY HARD TO RESIST MASTURBATING.

THEN OUT OF FUCKNG NOWHERE A MUTANT PENIS
EATS TRACY

Tiny streams of white liquid spurt out of the shadows, occasionally spattering Tracy and The Dread Pirate Roberts, both of whom are also masturbating.

"I'm gonna cum first!" Tracy moans

"Drat, I have built up a tolerance to sexual stimulation after so many steamy nights with my crew!" say Dread Pirate Roberts.

Tracy sprays Roberts in the face, and her cum goes directly into his mouth.

He falls backward and flails about, gurgling as cum bubbles out of his mouth. He rolls into a nearby puddle of semen, and splashes around. Moments later he is still; lying face down in the puddle of cum.

The Dread Pirate Roberts is dead! Tracy succeeds him as the new Dread Pirate Roberts.

Epilogue

After a long day she went home to relax.

Upon arriving home she found a paper taped to her door. She takes the paper off the door and looks at it.

It was the daily reminder from /v/



She lays back in her chair and falls asleep.

A new adventure awaiting her tomorrow.

The End.

The Adventures of Tracy Cage and The Never Endind Ride Vol.2 Chapter 1

A small burger joint in Colorado loses all power, leading to the defrosting of several meat products over the night.

And so she cried, "let it be known to all man that I shall spank thee like Rhine disobedient avocado."

And the deed was done.

In the morning, an employee comes into work to find the power out. He flips a breaker in the utility room and the power is back up. Hours later, service begins. It's a Friday, and the lunch rush is especially busy. Hundreds of customers are served lackluster patties, their flavour compromised by thawing and refreezing. The customers eat them anyway, and soon become food poisoned. Those who ate the Seaman® Stuffed Cheddar Burgers are especially affected. Within minutes, the entire dining room reeks of vomit and diarrhea, and the customers are rolling on the floor mewling. After the chaos subsides, local FDA authorities are

called in to investigate the incident, and discover that the restaurant is a front for a large-scale human organ trafficking market. Excess product was ground with beef to make hamburger patties, and then served with a special sauce made of horse jizz and instant mashed potatoes. The local community was disgusted, yet also strangely aroused.

Hearing of the Jizzburger scandal, Tracy books a one-way flight to Colorado. Once there, she makes her way to the town and finds the entire populace has embraced their cannibalistic urges and horsecock fetishism. They had devolved into primitive Neanderthals, complete with big red lips and frizzy black hair. Where once stood proud a community of devout baptists, now were fowl abominations of humanities deepest carnal desire. Churches were torn asunder and vandalized with graffiti of colourful little horses. Every citizen wore loincloths with an emblem embroidered on it, which represented the job they had been assigned. They all carried crude effigies of their horse god; stuffed animals complete with buttholes for emergency auto-fellatio. They hunted and consumed the weaker members of the community, dragging their corpses into the streets for the night's feast. Naturally, Tracy felt at home.

THEN A GENTLE NIGGER APPEARS!

Tracy promptly stabbed it and began looking for some fluffy ponies.

while looking for for the fluffy pones a mosquito sucks her blood and dies from AIDS.

But suddenly a fluffy pony came by and drowned in her blood. The sudden death caused the soul of the fluffy pony to enter Tracy's body, reconstructing her as she once was. She suddenly loves fluffy ponies and has a strong passion to hug anything.

Hug, and then promptly stab.

Then she sharts and the fluffy ghost comes flying out of her body and lands on a brick covered in diarrhea

"Ogga Boogah!" The ghost of the nigger yelled. "Have a tea my dear tracy."

"I cant *gurglr* have to" *gurrgrl* and with that a great torrent of shit came out of her ass and its the kinda a shit you get from eating too much taco bell.

The niggers were suddenly defeated by a glowing figure from the heavens. Descending down to the earth in an angelic fashion, the creature revealed itself to be none other than the glorious Faust herself.

Chapter 2

"Greetings Tracy," said Based Faust, stunning our hero with her beauty. She reached behind her and retrieved a disgusting, rotting, but strangely arousing-smelling burger. "It is I who plotted the jizzburger scandal, in order to lure you out here to Colorado, and now that you're here, we may begin discussion of your destiny."

At that moment, Faust let out an inaudible yet nonetheless ear piercing scream, deafening all for miles around except Tracy, the chosen one.

Twenty two minutes after this she uttered the words "writefags, fucking write something"

The ground began to rumble. Tracy glanced around her, her eyes darting in every direction. Faust simply stood there smiling. Tracy's eyes widened, her pupils shrinking in shock, as multiple hands grasping giant pencils crashed through the pavement, binding her in place.

"The writefags have spoken," she said, leaning in to her favorite little homicidal pony. "You truly are the one. The only individual who can journey into the etherial realm..." A tear trailed down her cheek. "The thread barrels quickly... down the path of the pages to the horrid land of 404." Faust wiped her eyes and looked to Tracy, determined. A magical AED appeared in her hands. "Take this," she said, handing the device to Tracy Snapdragon McWizzle Ding Dang Dong III, "take it and revive the thread. Bump it. Don't allow it to 404!" Before Tracy could even get a word in, the writefags dragged her down under the streets of Colorado, to the realm of /mlp/. "Revive the thread!" She called once more, before everything for Tracy went black.

When Tracy woke up she was surrounded by a group of seven fat fedora wearing neckbeards who started jerking off onto her.

"Oh no I don't want to get cummed on" she said out loud then pinkie pie appeared and started throwing a fucking amazing party with balloons and shit like that, Allowing Tracy to sneak past the fapping neckbeards.

Chapter 3

Hey BookFag this thread doesn't seem to be doing that that well. Should we begin shit posting?

The almighty BookFag appeared before Tracy and told her "Tracy, your 2nd book thread isn't doing as well as I expected. Perhaps this trilogy isn't meant to be."

Tracy replied "Of course this thread is failing you faggot. You actually expected /mlp/ to actually to fill up a book without shitposting? What are you retarded?"

BookFag exclaims "IF IT IS SHITPOSTING YOU WANT, IT IS SHITPOSTING YOU SHALL HAVE!"

With a sigh and a thump of his mighty penis against the keyboard the BookFag opened up a portal releasing swarms of Batemen, Shrek's, and the >rape train.

Shrek ran up behind BookFag and proceeded to rape him with his green ogre dick while Spider Man told Tracy to suck his spider balls

Bateman told Tracy to check these dubs

Tracy sighed, and checked the dubs. Again.

Tracy asked if this all Bateman does with his life. She reminds him that he could be doing much more important things, like fingering niggers.

Then a nazi came out of nowhere lightning fast and he kicked pat bateman and his doubles ass.

Tracy could only stare in awe. She was standing right in front of her childhood hero. A full grown mint condition nazi.

Tracy had so many questions for her hero. What was it like serving the Fuhrer, how many jews had he killed, etc.

He had said his life was glorious, and he had the blood of many on his hands. He claimed he must return to his homeland, but before he left he said

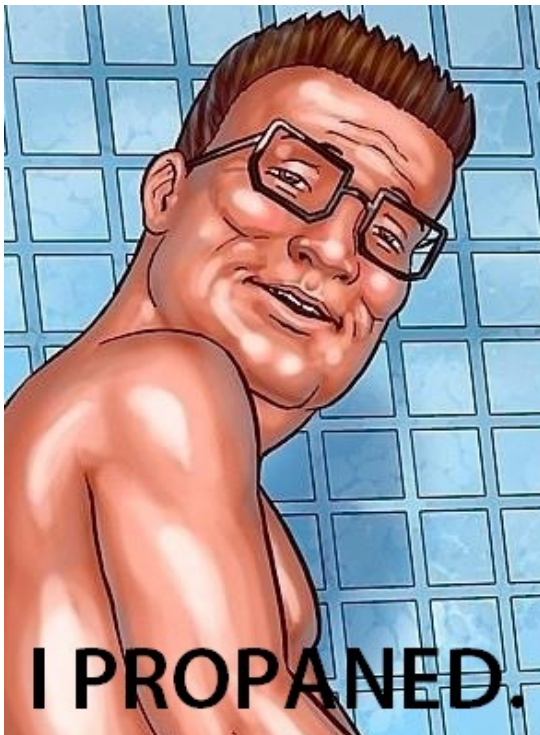
"Off by one." Fuck man, almost trips there

THE COUNTER SUDDENLY WENT UP BY ONE, AND GOT TRIPS.

THE TRIPS WERE ALL 6'S, MAKING TRACY HAVE DEVIL LIKE POWERS.

SHE HAD BECOME ONE WITH SATAN

Hank Hill arrived at the scene, because hellish fire runs on propane. Remember he died in the last book? He propaned



THE PROPANE QUICKLY IGNITED ALL FLAMING
OBJECTS, CREATING A PORTAL TO THE WORLD...
OF MORTAL KOMBAT
FROM THERE HANK HILL AND DEVIL TRACY FOUGHT
VIGOROUSLY AND THE THEME OF MORTAL KOMBAT
WAS PLAYING

They eventually became tired of combating and ended up drinking tea peacefully.

Tracy jabbed. Hank dodged. Hank propaned again, Tracy narrowly evaded it. Tracy was getting tired

"You are very skilled in the art of hell fighting, but you are nothing but a shitty propane salesman"

Hank replied angrily;

"What the fuck did you just fucking say about me, you little bitch? I'll have you know I graduated top of my class in Strickland Propane, and I've been involved in numerous sales in Arlen, and I have over 300 confirmed grill sales. I am trained in Propane and propane accessories and I'm the top seller in the entire Arlen area. You are nothing to me but just another customer. I will wipe your grill the fuck out with precision the likes of which has never been seen before on this Earth, mark my fucking words. You think you can get away with saying that shit to me over the Internet? Think again, fucker. As we speak I am contacting my secret network of propaniacs across the Texas and your grill is being traced right now so you better prepare for the barbeque, I tell you hwat. The barbeque that wipes out the pathetic little thing you call your grill. You're fucking dead, I tell you hwat. I can be anywhere, anytime, and I can propain you in over seven hundred ways, and that's just with my bare grill. Not only am I extensively trained in propane and propane accessories, but I have access to the entire arsenal of the Strickland Propane Staff and I will use it to its full extent to wipe your miserable charcoal grill off the face of the continent, I tell you hwat. If only you could have known what unholy retribution your little "clever" comment was about to bring down

upon you, maybe you would have held your fucking tongue. But you couldn't, you didn't, and now you're paying the price tell you hwat. I will shit propane all over you and you will drown in it. You're fucking dead, I tell you hwat."

WHEN HANK WAS REPLYING, TRACY STABBED HIM WITHIN THE HEART, AND USED THE POWER OF CUM, SUPPLIED BY ANON. FATALITY.

Chapter 4

Hank was down and out. Coughing up more propane. He looked up to Tracy one last time. Again. Knife still in chest, he coughed.

"Tell Peggy...*cough*... Alright then.."

He died again and went to purgatory this time, where he would become the biggest supplier of propane ever.

Hank's prostate, now overcome with the urge to propane, began to spill out Hank's ass onto the pavement.

Hank finally dissolved into thin air. Actually, he dissolved into propane, because Hank likes propane. He became what he always wanted.

Tracy just stared in confusion. She launched herself out of the mortal kombat arena back to solid land, where the batemen and Shrek battle orgy was still taking place.

Tracy put on her "The shit I deal with face" and walked away. Where to? Only the next anon after this post knows...

Tracy decided to head to PetSmart. She had always wanted a small critter to devour other less significant creatures with. After looking at all the shitty fluffy animals, Tracy decided to buy a tarantula. She named it Spiderbro and the two went onwards.

Tracy and the spider walk to Denny's, because she wants food, and she knows that there are enough bugs and parasites there to suit her new spider's tastes as well. After ordering the disgusting grand slamjam meal, Charles Barkley comes out of nowhere asking her if she wants to get up, he's got a real jam for her.

Then no le sexy time ensued

Charles Barkley pulled off his shorts to reveal his big black basketballs. Tracy became immediately moist at the sight. Knowing it would be a tight fit, she prepared herself. Get body was ready for the slamming she was about to receive.

She started to balance on the very start of her back opening her vagina reviling her testicles

Upon seeing her testicles, Charles Barkley realized he wasn't the man for the job. He quickly went around the corner and changed into his super form: GeorgeFore-Man!

"But wait! There's more!" He shouted. His voice piercing the very heavens above.

A bright light glowed from his body as he began to digivolve.

As his body shifted and morphed, she watched slackjawed in awe.

"This isn't even my final forme!!!1!"

Tracy, upon seeing foreman, lost her moisture.



Then... this guy appeared and demanded that Tracy come to his home in Arkansas with him.

Chapter 5

George Foreman turned to the cosplayer, a twinkle in his eye.

Swinging his trusty grill at the heartless abomination, he casually stated, "What the fuck did you just fucking say about me, you little-"

Tracy's knife entered his left testicle, cutting him off mid-sentence. George writhed on the floor in agony, clutching his only friend, the grill.

"Lrn2originality, fgt"

SHE THEN HAD NIGGERS TONGUE HIS ANUS

He came and started farting. The sensation was far too much for him to handle. He mounted his grill, which he named sherry in a drunken stupor, and began thrusting furiously with the force of 1000 celestias. The niggers enjoyed the farts in their mouth so much that they began to cum and fart too. Vomit spewed like rivers from their mouths as snot and wax shot from their ears and noses. Tracy became aroused once again.

Then the grill engulfed him and the niggers, transforming him into the ultra giga nigga, meaning that Tracy had to use her power of checking dubs to receive the infamous quads.

Tracy would require the help of bateman for such at task but sadly Bateman was in another thread, meaning it was up to Tracy to save the day.

Well we. ... I mean Tracy probably won't roll quints anyone soon. We're... she isn't even close for now.

So what the fuck do we do to advance the plot, just jerk ourselves off until we get quads? FUCK THAT.
Come up with something faggot.

FINE! You dont need to yell at me!

Giga nigga decided that quints would most likely not pop up in this thread, so he travelled to the nearest general in hopes of meeting his destruction , because he is emo.

Tracy, growing bored of the current situation, grabs her spider and travels to that everfree bronycon place in hopes of excess spaghetti to consume.

(Fucking hell, we need a writefag in here)

>YOU HAVE ARRIVED AT EVERFREE CONVENTION.
WHAT DO?

1. Examine stalls
2. Talk to voice actors
3. Gaze upon plentiful spagh
4. Light up dat grass
5. Summon niggers

But a writefag might make this story make sense. Also. Why not all 5?

6. ALL OF THE ABOVE AT THE SAME TIME

>6. MAXIMUM AUTISM

As you walk by the stalls, wary of BRONIES, you spy TARA STRONG in the Q&A PANEL. While she explains for the over 9000th time to her FLOCK OF AUTISTS the potential consequences that may or may not be associated with revealing the plot (hue) of SEASON 4, a herd of NIGGERS emerges from the crowd, proceeding to >rape the FLOCK OF AUTISTS.

Aroused by this sight, you decide to light up, consuming one JOINT.

WHAT DO?

Holy shit was was gold! Thought tracy who immediately teamed with the niggers in raping the autists. Tracy and the niggers may be rivals, but they share a common hate in autist neckbeards

From outside the doors Tracy felt a rumble. this wasn't the rumble of thunder, which is expect from this time of year. There are no earthquakes here ever, and the government isn't trying to kill so what could it be? There it goes again. Not even the mumbling of a thousand angry autists could not create a rumble like this. There the rumble went again, even louder now, as to shake the entire con. People began to cry. The entire room was buzzed with panic and utter buttdevastation. It was a hive of total paranoia. You could hear the muffled cries of a thousand autists, their tears filled the floor. Orphans began too cry, iraqi children were on fire, vietnamese babies were napalmed, Jewish children were gassed! It was... HABBENIN! Just as all hell broke loose tracy glanced at the doorway the wall imploded. A large figure stood outlined in the dim doorway. the beast let forth a horrid onion scented growl. "DOOOONNNKKKEEEEEYYYYYY" It was none other than the lord and savior, the messiah of the swamp, our grotesque god, SHREK!. With one swing of his arm he cleared an entire hallway of autists. The autists were even more frazzled now with an orgre stomping them to small, gooey red chunks. They began to swarm to one side, but this sudden influx of the assburgers did not bode well for the crowd.

Like a wave, the autists piled up. It grew bigger and bigger. "Check yourself before you wreck yourself!" claimed shrek as he chased the wave. This wave grew even larger until it was taller than the beast himself. It was.... a Autisami, a xave of pure spaghetti. This was too powerful for the beast and he became overrun. Tracy though, acting quickly grabbed the beast and said

"Come with me. I will set you free" and out the doorway they flew as the autismal wave engulfed the con.

Tl; dr

Tracy saves Shrek from a tsunami of autists.

Then she makes passionate love to his fat green body. As shrek enters her crisps chatter box, Tracy moaned in boredom as she was daydreaming how bradical it would be if she was coming in Rainbow Hick right now. Dubs

Tracy was enjoying the pounding. Suddenly it stopped though. Tracy gasped "is it ogre?" Shrek had died from obesity. Well, a heart attack rather.

Chapter 6

Returning to the main story, she begins to engage the gay cannibal orgy army with a one cock war. She rips off the ogres wood and creates platted samurai armor out of it. With nothing but her knife and the latest issue of J-14 she ruan full blast into the horde!

Then shrek rose from the dead and said "its not ogre yet"

With zombie ogre alive, he begins to sprout multiple dicks as he rapes each cannibal in the pooper, causally snuggling tracy for a foot rubs

A glorious battle unfolded, as both zombie sherk and Tracy unleashed the -24th level of hell on to the masses not spearing one living thing. But then from deep under the earth a hole began to arise!

And out of that hole rose master shake the goudlord

Using the power of Nigga magic King Nig Nog, king of the 12th dimension niggers found a way into this fucking story because Daring Do is a lazy hoe, With him were Gaben, Master Shake, Yugi, Yogi bear, Master Chief and Dick McPickles who were now the the Deleterious 6!

Sparing no time he challenges Tracy and overly horny zombie Sherk to a dance off.

Sparing no time she began dancing salsa with Sherk only to get flattened by his fat meaty green grill.

It was NigNog's turn, he began to dance the dance of his people, the nigerian ta ta wedding hoedown, He began to dance his booty off just because he just don't care. Yogi died a long time ago because he puffed too much crack Master Cheif is t-baging a dessicated dick, Gaben began jiggling, Master Shake is on his side because Shakes can't dance and Yugi is pulling his trap card. A WILD Nigger which raped him shorty.

With everyone nearly or completely dead, a mildly retarded hamster was left to choose the victor. He shat himself and died of cancer.

Suddenly, rape snakes.

Chapter 7

Tracy, barely alive, begs for a chance to survive. Coming from the heavens above, Celestia descends and places a hoof upon the blue pony's head.

"You wish for a chance at survival?"

"I'm not gonna beg here, sunbutt. But yes, save me from my Pants-off Dance-off wounds"

A bright orb of light appears behind Tracy, who stares at its marvelous swirling colors.

"Enter, and you will be healed, but be warned, this is a door to a-"
"THANKS BROAD!"

To which Tracy sprinted into the glowing orb. One swirling transition and scream-shot later...

"The fuck are these things?" Tracy asked aloud, examining her new hands.

With the ballet set, no victory was chosen. NigNog who successfully detached his Buttocks is rubbing his exposed anus on the pavement like a dog infected with crabs. Bookfag magical appears to tell everyone that he's canceling the second book because no one is contributing, enraged Tracy who had to viciously rip through Sherks body began to rape Bookfag with chap lip licking her infected anal area. The lone writer left in this thread has found actual fumes coming out of his head in response of overly thinking how to contribute to this shit fest. As his head is engulf in flames we found our heroes eating at the nearest McDoodles.

Then OUT OF NOWHERE! Mr. C The Slide Man came and everyone began doing the cha cha slide!

6 hops this time

Slide to the left

Slide to the right

Take it back righ' now

FREEZE!

Everybody Clap your hooves!

Then, Charles barkley comes back from oblivion and DJ Casper and Quad City make a Cha Cha Slam jam remix

Everybody get up, it's time to slam now We got a real jam goin' down Welcome to the Space Jam Here's your chance, do your dance at the Space Jam, alright!

Cha cha now y'all, cha cha again
Cha cha now y'all, cha cha again

Wave your hands in the air if you feel fine We're gonna take it into overtime Welcome to the Space Jam Here's your chance, do your dance at the Space Jam, alright

Turn it out

To the left

Dance like you know you can, you can yeah you know you can.

C'mon it's time to get hype say, "Whoop, there it is"

C'mon all the fellas say, "Whoop, there it is"

Suddenly Tracy gets out of the dance part and walks into Canterlot High. With each step, Dark and Edgy tap against her well-rounded blue rump. She looks around at her surroundings and see a pale-

faced boy with long-ish red-brown hair with one hell of a stylin' cap.

Then out of nowhere a Purple smart clone and her bitty party began to sing and dance forcing everyone into a sing along again!

Chapter 8



DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?

IN A YOUNG GIRLS HEART

HOW THE MUSIC CAN FREE HER, WHENEVER IT STARTS

Slam, Bam, thank you ma'am Get on the floor and jam QCD on the
microphone Girl, you got me in a zone

Fuck you guys. I wanted her to stab Norman's dick. Whatever.

MAN I FEEL LIKE A WOMAN *DAN-DAH, DAH-NAH-NAH"

YOU AND ME BABY, AIN'T NOTHING BUT MAMMALS

Mum mum mum mah

Mum mum mum mah

I wanna hold 'em like they do in Texas plays

C'mon, everybody say, "Nah nah nah nah nah" C'mon, C'mon let
me hear you say, "Hey ey ey O"

I'm like a predator and I'm going in for the kill

Don't hate me 'cos I'm funneh

Don't hate me 'cos I'm beautiful

You should hate me 'cos I'm better than you

Can't read my,

Can't read my

No he can't read my poker face

(she's got me like nobody)

Alouette, gentille alouette,

Alouette, je te plumerai

Then they died.

10/10 would end chapter there.

Chapter 9

Yes, they died from singing too many mediocre songs. Stop wasting page space with shitposting. Oh wait... Shit, this.. nevermind.

Tracy awoke from her death wondering what had just happened. She noticed the dead corpses of singers and artists all around.

Tracy began to stab Normans dick.

Norman was confused at what was happening but didn't fight back. He just sat there questioning her existence while crying on the inside because Norman is a beta bitch.

"But soft, what blade doth enter mine own shaft again and again?"

"Shove it Norman"

"Okay"

And then he was of dying. Tracy reveled in her artwork and sauntered down the hallway, over-sized rump swaying in the light hallway breeze. It was time for non-consensual sex in any position other than missionary for the sole purpose of procreation.

Quoth the raven, nevermore.

Upon exposure to water, the raven dissolves, leaving a minty aftertaste.

Edgar Allen Poe came from his grave, enraged that someone quoted him without permission. He pulled out his anti-nigger rifle and began firing blindly (Mainly because his eyes were missing, due to him being a skeleton zombie thing) and hitting multiple people around Tracy.

A stray bullet hit Tracy's knife out of her hoof.

Angered, Tracy grabbed 50 bags of Groceries, a gallon of milk and ran towards the dead Poet.

She screamed while bashing the dusty skull into oblivion with off brand food items in baggies.

Then the Old Spice guy came and reminded everyone that if you didn't have the right car insurance, you wouldn't be protected from mayhem, like me.

[illegible]

The, the old spice guy began to FURIOUSLY sing the music from super mario 64 really fast



AND THATS HOW I SAVED CHRISTMAS, AND WITH NO OTHER OBJECTABLE THINGS TO FUCK WITH AND SHIT TO SAY. I HAVE TO GO GET MY ANUS PROLAPSED SO I CAN PROPERLY GET A JOB AT FRIENDLY'S! said Gilbert Gottfried as he was shoving a dead avian hooker into the back of his toyota corolla;

Holy fuck I'm dying jesus christ.

Tracy grabbed said can and sprayed the shit all over her luscious virgin body

IN A CAN

WITH A BOX OF SCRAPS

She now has 16 hours of odor blocking
POOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWWWWWWEE
EEEERRRRR.

Old spice can't block odor for 16 hours...

YOU UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF OLD SPICE

Rainblow_Dash was sadly never heard from again



JESSIE'S MOTHER OF MY DICK CHRIST THIS BE WORSE
THEN WHEN I GOT SCROTUM SACK PIERCED IN CHINA
WHILE THE OLD SPICE GUYS STROKED ME WITH A CAN
OF SPAM! Said the late Gilbert Gottfried as he died by drowning
In A Flood Of Beer.

Chapter 10

"LISTEN BOOKFAG" Tracy yelled.

Go away, we don't want you here

We can do this ourselves. In fact, we can do it better! With blackjack... and Hookers.

OLD SPICE IS TOO POWERFUL TO LET YOU CHANGE THE SUBJECT!

B-But... Tracy said that. N-not me ;_;

"A LOTTA SHIT'S GONNA GO DOWN TONIGHT YOU FAGGOTS" Tracy screamed atop the Colosseum that just fucking sprouted from the ground. A horde of Anon's draped in ripped suits and various bits of light armour dotted the center of the complex
"MAKE BOOKFAG PROUD YOU DUMB NIGGERS!"

One lone anon raises his hand

"YES! YOU THERE, IN THE BLACK AND RED!"

"I have to pee"

"YOU MAY PEE"

"Thank you"

Be right back, as I clop to various R34 pictures of Rainbow Dash.

Rolling for quads

No

"NEIN NEIN NEIN NEIN!" Anonhitler yelled as he was stomped by some Anonpony

Dem quads

Getting back on topic, Tracy shook of the quads, and held in her awe. She started walking down the street when a small little fluffy pony walked up to her.

NIGAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA WHERE'S ALL THE LITTLE FILLIES AT BIEOTCH! said the fluffy foal

Tracy stared at the little puff in disbelief

"Thought you guys were all nice-nice"

"Am fwuffy poneh 'wavandah'. Bein' a smawd-ass is muh shtik"

"That's cool"

Stabby-stab stabby-stabstab

THEN KING NIGNOG reappears after gluing his ass back together with two pairs of glue sticks and a stapler. "TRACY! MAI DICK, IT NEEDS A SUCKEN! BIOTACH!!!!!"

Tracy introduced the King to Dark. Then his genitals to Edgy. Then a re-introduction. Then lunch. Then a post-lunch movie. Maybe another introduction. Jesus you'd think she was writing a novel with all this introduction.

Tomato juice

Unfortunately It was 3edgy5him and the tomato juice got over tracy "fuck"

Tracy went to clean the reddish juices off his rippling torso, but then the minotaurs invaded.

Chapter 11

I AM IRON WILL AND I AM HERE TO RAPE SOME FILLIES!

Tracy joins the minotaurs in the slaughter, many fillies vaginas were never the same after that day.

Suddenly Chris Hansen (moar like Horsesen AMIRITEORAMIRITE) appeared.

"Fillies, you say?"

"WHERE ALL DA LITTLE FILLIES AT" said a horny NigNog rubbing his dick on Tracy.

"GERROFF ME YER FUCKEN PERVERT!" Tracy yelled, before summoning the Magic Scissors of Dickcuttingoffery to finish the NigNog off once and for all.

MAI DICK! NIGNOG SCREAMED IN PLEASURE!

So how are we going to end this?

who says it needs to end now? Tracy has more adventuring to do. More pages = better. Im paying near \$10 for this shit.

Tracy goes to white castle, because she has multiple parasites and wants intestinal purging

she orders 50 fucking sliders, because thats why we went here



One of Venom's amazing edgy Alicorn beasts comes in and begins to flirt with Tracy as she is downing her sliders

"Hey baby, nice mouth"

"Rmmph rah mmmph"

"It'd look about 20% cooler with my penis in it"

>SLURRRRRRRPP

"Baby imma bleach your fur with my vanilla-icecream fountain"

>le epic eyebrow raise

"those wings look nice"

Tracy cuts off the faggots bat wings and makes them into a scarf

2spooky

They all died! The end.

The Adventures of Tracy Cage and The Never Ending Ride Vol.3 Chapter 1

lame

Pure faggetry in book form
already bought the first.
Waiting for book 2.

Tracy goes to white castle, because she has multiple parasites and
wants intestinal
purging so she orders 50 fucking sliders, because thats why she
went there. Suddenly, one of Venom's amazing edgy Alicorn
beasts comes in and begins to flirt with
Tracy as she is downing her sliders
"Hey baby, nice mouth"
"Rmmph rah mmrph"
"It'd look about 20% cooler with my penis in it"
>SLURRRRRRRPP
"Baby imma bleach your fur with my vanilla icecream fountain"
>le epic eyebrow raise
"those wings look nice"

Tracy cuts off the faggots bat wings and makes them into a scarf. While Tracy is cutting off the faggots bat wings a man comes in wearing a fedora and a Rainbow Dash shirt.

It was the brony from the first book!

He approaches Tracy...

The brony declared that Tracy reward him with lots of money and sex for killing him and taking his house.

"Tracy, my dear," the man says, fanning out his pudgy fingers in an approximation of a palpating anus. "It is time that I revealed to you the truth: you are not you who think you are."

It was at that moment that Tracey pulled the knife from under the counter and plunged it deep into the man's fedora. He screamed and fell to the ground, clutching his penis as the semen began to pool uncontrollably on the cold tiled floor of White Castle.

Calmly, Tracey wiped her mouth.

She stood up and looked down on the beached lard whale with a blank expression.

"That makes two of us," she declared to his motionless body.

Suddenly niggers in fedoras mould themselves from the fat brony's body.

That post better be in the book

Every post will. Like I said this will be our biggest book yet.

"Oh, I didn't know Negros could wear those. The more you know."

She proceeds to serenely poke them in the legs with a knife until they bleed to death.

dink dink dink

To her shock and arousal, Tracy realized that their nigger knees were made of steel. She watched as compartments slid open on each onyx kneecap, and from them flopped clusters of enormous nigger dicks. She had to get out of there!

"Nigger dicks, activate. Set phasers to ass rape."

Tracy was for that moment more preoccupied with where the fuck that voice came from and who had said it. And that was her mistake. In the split second she spent thinking about the mysterious voice, the dicks flew through the air and sunk paul's deep into her asshole.

"May god have mercy on my soul" Tracy said.

"BIG MONI PLS AHUEHUEHUEHUE" The nigger of steel said, rising up showing his BALLS OF STEEL.

"Nigga you better not fuckin rape me or I'll roast your ass over a fire."

GET NEW INTERNET BOOKFAG, I HAD TO WAIT
FUCKING FOREVER FOR YOU TO COME BACK

Since hell was releasing once dead contenders of the last book, Hank Hill raised from the grave for a third time

"Can I interest you in some propane and or some propane accesories to fuel your rage of hatred?"

"So it was you who was the mysterious voice?" said Tracy, batting away dicks so she could talk.

"Is that really yo' top priority at dis moment honky?" said The Nigger of Steele.

"Yes it was I," said Hank Hill, to move the plot along slightly.

"Nigga fuck you" Tracy said as she sliced off his ass cheeks and sewed them on his face.

"Now stop following me you fucking faggot"

"Hank hill bellowed with mighty rage, for he noticed the white castle had been cooking with charcoal. how could they resist it's obvious flavor enhancements over propane?"

Hank was filled with Texan fury. He shoved his arm down tracy's mouth and reached into her stomach, grasping as much burger he as could, and ripped it from her insides.
Tracy was not amused."

Yes, Hank Hill slowly moved his plot towards Tracy's. The two plots conencted into a mega plot, creating a big plothole in the story. Where is Peggy Hill in a time like this when her Husband is out and about?

She is having an affair with Emperor Palpatine.



I bet he double teams her with Vader on weekends.

If I have seen Star wars, that might be funny to me.

Tracy probably hasn't seen star wars either, does that exist in horseland? let's get back to Hank and Tracy shenanigans.

Someone please make porn of the Emperor and Vader double teaming Tracy.

>inVader

Emperor Whosafuck grabbed tracy with his unicorn powers, and hank with his... Force? Powers, and began double penetrating them with his serpentine snake penis.

Suddenly, the White Castle manager walked over to the scene of Tracy being splitroasted by Hank Hill and a bunch of niggers. He knelt down and whispered in Tracy's ear: "I'm going to have to ask you to leave. The other patrons are complaining of uncontrollable erections."

He winked broadly, stroking his own sizable member. He handed her a free coupon, for his dong.

It was several feet long and ravaged their insides, but tracy's parasites ate away at his snake flesh while it made its way through her body and out her mouth.

The well renowned rapper known only as P Giddy walks into the scene.

"G-Guys... s-stop..."

Tracy moans in orgasmic pleasure at the glorious double penetration. P Giddy has left the building.

Her moans turned suddenly into a battle cry as her vaginal walls transformed into knives. Hank Hill, Emperor Palpatine, and the niggers screamed in agony as their dicks were eviscerated by her pussy.

Hank and the Emperor then explode, bathing Tracy in blood, semen, and a hint of bubblegum.

The brony semen which had lain forgotten on the floor slowly coalesced and rose up, morphing between forms before finally settling in its final form. The semen demon bellowed forth "Tracy Cage, you managed to smite down this brony, yet your task has just begun. Thousands of these foul pests roam the land polluting it with their presence. I give you 24 hours to remove this pestilence or you shall pay with your life". With a wave of his hand he burst into a tidal wave of spooage, propelling tracy, and the niggers out of the white castle

"I've completely forgotten my objective..." said Tracy as she flicked off bits of Hank Hill's gall bladder.

"We gonna help yo," the niggers declared, sheathing their penises back into their knees. They flexed their hardened bodies forged by centuries of slavery. "Bronies aint nothin but hoes and tricks." Tracy nodded with approval.

As all this is happening, button mash comes in on the scene and tells tracy this <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jv21ITvmyy0>

then his mom walks in and she has hot lesbian sex with tracy

Oh god, buttons mom too....

I can't resist. Put this in the book so I can fap to it while sitting on the toilet.



(BookFag loves you)

Her mom is called Lisa, has big tits and Tracy gives her a Cleveland Steamer. It was way hot. Shit just got real.



Indeed, this image of Button's mom will be in the book. I will describe it, the mise en scene. A tawdry landscape of pillows and sheets. A single, milfy pony, lying stretched in a seductive pose. She glances over her shoulder, her eyes: smoldering, half-lidded, inspiring the deepest arousal in men and lesbians and homosexuals. Her vagina is concealed by the face of an aged man, but it is no matter; we feel the heat of the image, and experience the familiar burning in our loins. We WILL fuck button's mom

Do you think Bateman will take this b8? Button's mom, that is.

Pls put Carlos in there.

as Tracy finishes laying a loaf on Lisa, Princess Erroria glitches thought the ceiling. As she tumbles downwards she sees Tracy waves, and in less than a few seconds glitches right through the floor too. Tracy made a mental note that that was one FINE fucking alicorn and that she wanted to bang the fuck out of her, even though her instincts also made her want to kill her.

Tracy opened her treasure map. On it was marked the locations of 12 of the world's most vicious bronies. A torrent of vagina juice spattered the ground beneath her. She would have to destroy them all.

Tracy should mash Button's buttons. To a chair.

Out of nowhere, Gaben appeared in front of them, and started cumming Episode 3 in Tracy's butthole.

CARLOS! CARLOS! CARLOS!

Binary cum splotches, gallons of code poured directly inside of her, flowing out of her mouth.

Hot tears pooled in Tracey's eyes, as hot as the semen spurting from Gaben's cock.

"W-When is the release date?" she gasped.

Gaben simply smiled. He gave her ass a tweak, and vanished into thin air. His cum would linger for years afterward. Tracy clenched hard.

The very ground shakes under him as he pounds away, creating a miniature earthquake.

Tracey? You think that shit is funny? You better be fucking messing around. TRACY, still panting hard from gabens 3 and a HALF inch LIFE size cock in her still bleeding orifice.

Yeah fucker that shit's hilarious, she's traced, so she's Trace-y, do you fucking get it? Like Tracy just got it from Gaben right in her fucking ass in such a way that she'll never walk straight again and people will think she has cerebral palsy you insensitive fuck?

"You still think Pinkie Pie is best pony?" she asked while shitting a Mount Poovius onto his chest.

"Do you still think Episode three is cumming?"

Tracy had to question Gaben about pinkie being best pony, becuz she even knew it is clearly Rainbow Dash.

>Inb4 rarifag comes and cypypastas

>inb4 Dashfag (duh)

>inb4 best pone thread

Guys would you have sex with Tracy? Be honest.

>implying you would have choice.

Is that a rhetorical question?

Of course.

I would tear that mare without any care. Although, i'd probably be torn first

this shitpost book has turned into just random shit now.

What was tracy doing now, I forgot. Something about being raped by Gaben or something.

Tracy awoke from passing out from panting too much from being raped from gaben too much. Is she still in white castle? Let's go get more sliders, she needs to take a giant ogre shit.

"You're an asshole Gaben."

She puts a balloon in his fat ass and blows it up until he floats away.

"Now... to kill bronies or something..."

Tracy gets up and goes outside to looks for some fucking casuals to kill.

Tracy and the niggers go back into White Castle to get some sliders. Tracy shits on the niggers' sliders but no one notices except the manager. His erection grows three sizes and he gives her three coupons to match. Tracy wonders if this man is a brony and if she should kill him. Then she remembered that all bronies have micropenises and have to write shitty fanfics to compensate. For a fleeting moment, she felt relieved, before the crushing loneliness and depression swept in on her once more. She devoured some shit sliders with the niggers.

After thoroughly inspecting her map, she decided which brony to kill first - Sethisto

Sethisto was hosting the local Bedcon. Tracy decided she would cosplay as nigger Trixie. With the help of the niggers, she visited a negress hairdresser who outfitted her with the most outrageous wizard hat and cape. She hide her knives in her vagina once more.

Like fucking Altair with a wizard hat, she dives into a bale of hay, waiting for the innocent Sethisto to pass nearby.

As the element of autism himself sauntered past whilst discussing how he never slept, Tracy lept out, proclaiming herself to be the great and powerful trixie. Sethisto, amazed at the accuracy of tracy's cosplay, demanded that a photo be taken of them both. The horde of niggers, who where cosplaying as chicken and watermelon, took this opportunity to surround tracy and sethисто, cutting them off from any other bronies.



As the great and powerful Tracy finished murdering the bronies in ten seconds flat, she continued to the writers booth for a couple of free autographs.

One of them was Tara's special; written with her own piss

Written on what? a sheet of snow?

Yeah yeah bitch, yeah. A fucking sheet of fuck. Then suddenly, the easter bunny attacked. But why? Why?

After wiping the few drips of Tara's special 'autograph' off her chin, Tracy contemplated her next moves. She still had to remove

brony and had wasted the best part of 2 hours having shits and fucking gaben.

With her sheet of snow framed, tracy continued to the Open discussion room. As she entered, a foul smell of stagnant air filled her lungs.

Meanwhile, Darth Vader and Emperor Palpatine were DP'ing Peggy Hill in Hell. Luckily it wasn't adultery, because Hank Hill had transmigrated into Vader's penis. He screamed BWUAH with every thrust into his wife's anus, and dribbled semen constantly from his narrow urethra.

Using propane, Peggy looked into the future and saw that their nemesis, Tracy, would soon be bearing down on one of the next bronies in the list: her son, Bobby.

"Hank!" she screeched. "We have to help Bobby!"

"I know, g'dangit!" Hank shouted, "but we gotta deal with these liberal bozos first!"

Peggy suddenly remembered her training with Bobby-Sama. Concentrating her propane, she launched her ass backward, crippling Darth Vader so hard that he would become James Earl Jones. With a clench of her mighty Texan ass she ripped off Vader's dick, freeing Hank Hill from his phallical prison. Together they beat Emperor Palpatine to death with his own flaccid cock, and ascended from Hell to seek out the Chosen One, Tracy...

>meanwhile back at the plot...

And so Tracy set off to find the man of her dreams but was sidetracked by an ice cream truck. She wanted to purchase a Michelangelo ice cream bar with the gumball eyes, so she communicated her desire by squeezing a dog's anus. The ice cream man, understanding completely, did a handstand and said "My mojo filter stays so strong, it must go on. I must go on." with the voice of a speak 'n spell. The truck then flew into the sun. Now that Tracy's desire to fondle a filthy fucking animal was complete,

she had no choice but to grind against a stop sign while singing Against the Wind by Bob Seger. She'd turn HIS page, if you know what I mean.

The pone discussion room had about 60k pounds of 50 bronies. They were told not to jump with fear of the floor caving in, but let's be real. They can't move anyways.

The current discussion was of The episode, Mysterious Mare do Well, and how it was one of the best and well written episodes ever. Many fans screamed and cheered as they discussed their favorite episode.

Stretched out on the discussion table was the used-up body of the Galacon mascot. Her tie was not only knocked askew; it was coated in a thick crust of brony semen. Even from the doorway Tracy could taste it, and it made her more aroused than she had ever been. She sauntered to the table and thrust her body against Galacon pony's festering crotch. Buzzing flies and flakes of dead skin whirled up around them, coating their heaving flesh. Tracy felt the surge in her loins, and let the sensation take her; thick, yellow, gravy-like slider urine sprayed from her urethra, slopping all over the Galacon pony like some open-faced sandwich in a vomit-soaked Irish pub. Much like an Irishman, Tracy pounded that horse vag with her clam sandwich until both were screaming in ecstasy. Soon they were both cumming, exploring eachother's bodies, and cumming again from the act of exploring which is highly erotic and should be mentioned in every scene of erotica if it expects to be taken seriously.

The mood thoroughly ruined, Tracy dropped a deuce on that bitch and went to look for the next brony on her list - some faggot named "Bobbbeh".

An interdimensional burger portal exploded from her anus, and Tracy became one with the universe in the process.

She saw Hank and Peggy Hill rushing towards her on the rocket that was peggy's propane powered pooper. She would continue her chase for this "bobbbeh" brony when she could, however, she begun

to suffer complete and utter mental shutdown, because she simply couldn't deal with being the universe.

Trixie resumed her form as a pony, and returned to finding bobbah.

Bobbah Hill was in hiding. He had heard that his parents were murdered by some dark pony. He had not believed it at first, until he saw it in the news. His parents. Dead. Not even I know where Bobbah is hiding

Chapter 2

Bobbeh wakes up, surprised to be alive after one full day of hiding from the maniacal death blue pone. He still knows he is not safe from her, because she is ruthless. Bobbeh can't hide for long by himself, because he is like 13 years old and now has no living parents. What will he eat? How will he make it? Where can he go to survive. maybe he should go live with Bill, they are both fat.

You guys are doing pretty good thus far.

After hours of equivocation, Bobbeh straps on his hypderdildo armor and prepares to face the world.

Nervously, Bobbeh opens the door. He holds up a dildo to shade his eyes; the sun is blinding. The air is cold. The neighborhood is desolate.

Bobbeh decides to go talk to Bill, but it's dark and he can't remember how to get to Bill's house, because Bobbeh has an acute learning disability, brought on by years of heavy gasoline huffing at the family barbeque. He lifts his nose to the air, and smells. He smells a combination of fried chicken and sweat wofting through the air.

"Either Bill is this way, or there's a pack of niggers around the corner!" thinks Bobbeh. He follows his nose, wherever it goes. Eventually he finds Bills House.

Bobbeh approaches Bill's window. It's bright again. Bobbeh wonders why It has gone from night to day like 3 times since he opened the door of his home. Bobbeh is fat. It took him 2 days to walk next door. Because he's American. He looks in Bill's window, where he see's something.

It's Bill, or what's left of him. It's hard to distinguish Bill's body from the array of discarded meat products strewn about the spacious 80 square foot home. The Dark Pony had been here. Clearly it had mutilated Bill while he was watching MasterChef.

He was probably masturbating to it. Much like the resourceful American Indian, The pony had used every piece of her victim. She turned Bill's eyes into a pair of ben-wa balls, and his foreskin into a comfort-grip handle for her knife.

Memories of Bill's rapist tendencies are blown from his mind like JFK's sexual daydreams. There, lying on the floor of Bill's rumpus room, is the naked body of Dale. Blood pools from the severed stump of his penis.

Bobbeh's mind races, struggling to overcome his learning disability. Something might be wrong here, and he had to get to the bottom of it.

And get to the bottom of it he did, as the Dark Pony's first blows rained down on his hyperdildo armor. He could feel the outer dildoic layer cracking under the extreme pressure exerted by each strike. He struggled to reach the hamburger in his belt, screeching out a prayer to God and Jesus. He began to wonder if he should accept his death. He would, after all, be reunited with his parents.

Aww fuck that, Bobbeh puts all of his might into a final kick, but it didnt work. Tracy stabbed him once again in the armor, each it making his armor weaker and weaker.

As he struggled to find the strength, he heard his father's words of sage wisdom echoing in his head: "Propane and propane accessories"

That's it, he thought to himself! I just need some propane to burn her up with.

Unfortunately for Bobbeh, that thought took about 6 minutes to complete because of his gross learning disability. This is what you come to expect of a child who's father raised him to inhale propane as a recreational activity.

Fucking Texas.

One final stab to the torso ended Bobbeh. He walked into the light, which unfortunately for him, was the propane fueled flames of hell. Hank still is the top salesman of propane in hell.

As Bobbeh faded into nonexistence, Tracy began to wonder why she didn't just stab him in the face in the first place. Oh well, the torso shots were more slow and painful.

Before he could even manage to yell "It's my money and I need it now", Tracy's cock-sheathed knife had penetrated Bobbeh's dildo-armor. She drives the blade deep into Bobbeh's flesh. Tracy laughs as Bobbeh stares down at the gore. but...something's wrong. The blade hasn't even gotten past the layers of fat that encircle Bobbeh's cholesterol-clogged heart.

Tracy steps back in horror, as Mayonnaise begins firing from the open wound like one of those poison-spitting dinosaurs from that Spielberg movie. Fucking Jews making me scared of lizards.

Finally Bobbeh's corpse falls to the ground, almost half an hour after Bobbeh had actually died. The ground around them, simply covered in man-made miracle whip. Tracy of course becomes incredibly turned on by the prospect of having a young boy's white cream all over her body and begins to masturbate with the cock-handle of her trusty blade, still dug deep into Bobby's ribcage.

Unfortunately, Bill's cock fails to satisfy Tracy's gaping vagina, just as it has failed to satisfy every woman it has ever penetrated. Lifting herself from the dickknife, she sets off in search of her pack of niggers.

Before Tracy could climax, she hears something.

"DAYUMMM"

Oh no, a pack of Zombie Niggers caught the scent of white people blood and fried chicken.

"I guess it's my lucky day!" Tracy yells as she removes the cock-blade from the chest of the murdered obese child.

The Zombie niggers are on a rampage of looting and raping, just

like regular niggers. Tracy can't tell the difference and assumes that these are her nigger friends. To her complete shock and dismay, the Zombie niggers unfurl their undead cocks and lasso Tracy to the ground.

"Oooh...bondage" Tracy says, dripping with mayo-blood lubricant.

Bateman watches as Tracy gets dub penetrated.

As hundreds of nigger cocks penetrate her orifices, Tracey formulates the next phase of her plan. The 3rd brony on her list was a dangerous one: Purple Tinker. She'd have to use all her cunning to defeat the menacing transsexual. As if contemplating the reality of the challenge she would soon face, Tracy swallowed a gallon of sperm, flexing her vaginal muscles to draw the black seed into a womb as barren and dry as Rosie O' Donnel's anus.

Tracy bathed in the dick bath she was given, surrounded by zombie nigger flesh, completely smothering her body, rot and spew and festering cum leaking all over her body.

Tracy orgasmed several times at what was happening around her, and then she got up, eager to start her next blood bath.

Purple Tinker's trangina would be owned by her massive strap on, and then she'd be dead.

>thoroughly gehowl

In the shadows, leaning casually over by the fence, Bateman suavely observes as Tracy gets railed by the Harlem Rapetrotters.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out his dickphone. He punched in a number. "Purple Tinker?" he said. "She's coming. It's time... to check 'em."

He smirked, and set off after Tracy, following the trail of cum, blood, and mayonnaise.

Purple tinker summoned an army of spyros and barneys because they are purple, but one of the barney's had a penis, so Tinkers coworkers thought it was cute, but obscene, so they fired her.

faget

Out of a cannon. Straight in Tracy's direction.

Tracy absorbed Tinker into her loose maregina, because I think she did that already in the 2nd book.

she became purple tracy, and started fucking everything and and being glad she had a vagina, but she also wanted a penis now.

Bernard Ber-nard, Bernard Ber-nard
He's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-nard, Bernard Ber-nard
He's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-I don't know!
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-goddamn-nard, Bernard Ber-I don't know!
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
He's a, he's a, he's a biscuit
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn

Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
Bernard Ber-he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit Bernard
I don't know, biscuit nard, he's a biscuit, he's a biscuit, goddamn
nard!

Tracy looked around quickly for the source of that annoying song,
eager to kill the thing making it

She discovered it was an autist wearing cartoon mouse ears
holding a megaphone...She tried to remember his
name...DreamworksLord, that's it.

She killed him and became a pony with a nine foot
penis.

Literally her penis had legs. 9 of them. Between each of them,
were 8 more vaginas. All of them hungry.

A nine legged penis? What a rare sight!

It felt familiar. It reminded her of 4M get. It surely was a rare
sight.

Suddenly all her dicks detached from her body and began to form a
new creature.
A NEW TRACY!

What a twist!

"Moommy?" asked the deformed Tracy clone thing.

Tracy stared at the cock-clone Tracy in wonder.
Finally something that may be able to satisfy her ravenous sexual
desires...but, would the world really be able to handle TWO
Tracys?

Tracy looked at it and puzzled how on earth was going to get to china for some cheap roasted bear cock.

Chapter 3

wot

Is this Tracy a Satyr?

A satry for horse dicks for legs.

you want sum fuk?

YES

YLS

Tracy starting sucking on both penis legs.

**BITCH I AINT SOME DIRTY HOE WHO GOES AROUND
FUCKING ANY NIGGA I SEE, YOU GONNA NEED TO SOME
OF DEM QUADS TO FUCK THIS PIECE OF SILION ASSS!**

The penis legs got stiffer than my current penis writing this novel.
The Satyr moaned in pleasure as Tracy's horse tongue travelled
across the satyrs horse cunt. Their horse parts ravaged from gaben.

AND THEN DEXTER SAID

“Deedee I hate you so much, but the pussy game great”

Without warning the satyr went all highlander on Tracy.

"THERE SHALL BE ONLY DUBS!" said Bateman as he watched
the fight from afar.

There shall be only dubs.

Bateman looks over disapprovingly at the anon that failed to get
dubs twice and shot him in the face

Bateman wondered why he'd suddenly break his anti-gun code
over the sake of some poor anon who really wasn't worth the
effort.

Then he thought 'Nah, just forget it, YO HOMES, TO BEL AIR!'

Bateman stole all our dubs

You're all failing at getting dubs.

>inb4 I get dubs.

Tracy awoke from a long nap from post satyr masturbation sex and realized she was late for the /mlp/ summer cup practice. She had to decide quick. Go and be late or ignore it

Tracy turned back over and played with her snatch some more.
'Fuck it, what's the worst that could happen'?

Later on, Tracy would find out >rape captained /mlp/ to the final, only to score 6 own-goals and somehow choke to death on her own boot during half-time.

Tracy would soon learn what the worst could truly be, when with a totally terrific orgasm, Purple Tinker burst from her cantankerous cunt!

"Aaaarg, I'm here to fuck bitches!" Purple Tinker exclaimed, wriggling xis bizarre genitalia

It probably has one of those random holes there that does nothing.

Yes, and apparently no one gives a shit about Purple Tinker. Xe wanders off and no one ever hears from xim again. Tracey checks that target off her list. She decides to go back to White Castle, having worked up a terrible hunger fucking everything in sight.

Tracy reached for the phone.

'Luna, Tinker's escaped. Recruit a team of fillies with attitude'

5 hours later, Tracy decided to stop sodomizing those fillies and set out to stop Purple Tinker from spreading sexual awareness in the same way as one would spread peanut butter on their dong at the animal shelter.

Be Tracy

>pull out your edgy knife

"LAY ON THE GROUND BITCH, ON YOUR BACK NOW!"

>The whore blushes embarrassed and listens to her master while Button sits there toying with his member.

>You get down and run your knife ever slow and close to her beautiful coat.

"Wow, what would your husband think, seeing you in this position... HAHAAHA I bet he'd get of too!!! You dumb bitch I should just kill you.

>sensing the hostility in your voice, she becomes scared.

>"Wait, are you actually gonna hur-"

"BUTTON, SHUT THAT WHORE UP!"

>His crazed look matches yours.

>You thrust her legs wide open against the ground, and she lets out a painful whimper.

>Button looks his mother dead in her eyes and then bends down a little closer, "Don't worry MOM, this hurts me more than it hurts you!"

>"No Button! I thought this was just another of your games, I'm scared now, I don't-

"BUTTON IS THAT WHORSE STILL TALKING!?"

>He then plunges his massive foal cock into her mouth.

>You can see her sexy crotch tits, just the right size, and it looks like they are lactating too.

>"Come on mom! I know you love this game! WHY ARE YOU CRYING!?"

>You can hear her muffled voice slowly turn into gaging while his massive cock plunges deeper and deeper into her throat.

>You lick the fur around her puffy nipple then start suck all around it, slobbering on it as it perks up.

"HAHA looks like the slut likes it"

>Button grabs a hold of his mother's face and thrusts faster.

>She starts throwing up the spaghetti she ate for dinner just hours before.

>Chunks of saucy spaghetti ooze out of Button's mother making for a think lubricant for his throbbing dick.

>It spills on her face and mane and she starts shaking violently.

>Button takes his dick out.

>“Wow mom, you do look like a slut!”

“Please Button!! I don’t want any more! You can have your Joyboy back!

>The pitiful mare looks like a mess, snot and spaghetti are covering her face and mane, and her eyes are red from crying.

>You start sucking on her tit and she yelps.

>“Mom, if I didn't know any better, I’d think you’re lying.

>Her horse milk comes gushing out and you gulp it all down. It tastes so warm and sweet, and your body temp is rising. God, you're horny.

>You part her pussy and can feel how wet it already is.

>“I’m not lying Button! Please stop, I’ll do anything you want!”

>You take a look at her marehood, and are amazed at how dripping wet she is.

“AHAHAHAH! THIS BITCH IS LYING, JUST LOOK HOW WET SHE IS!”

>“YOU'RE LYING TO ME MOM!?”

>NO BUTTON I—

>He sticks his dick back in her mouth and starts rutting her face, her voice is again muffled while she starts choking on her own spaghetti again.

>You suckle intensely on her motherly lumps while you rub her violently.

>“COME ON MOM, YOU JUST SAID YOU’D DO ANYTHING!”

>After a minute or two of this, you move down to her pussy and go to town. It’s one of the juiciest pussies you’ve ever tasted. The smell of her horse fluids fills your nostrils and you blush.

>The smell and taste of it is making your whole body tingle, you’re getting high off this feeling of ecstasy. You start playing with yourself.

>Button smacks the whore a couple of times and takes his dick out.

“Mom, you’re completely disgusting!”

>She’s just sobbing now.

>“You know what? I bet daddy would still fap to your dirty face!”

>He slaps her with his spaghetti covered cock.

>She looks away before he punches her face.

>“OPEN IT.”

>"This kid," you think, "can't wait to fuck his dirty corpse."

>She opens her mouth wider than ever without hesitation and he starts fucking her face again.

>In no time her body tenses up and she starts spewing a mixture of pee and cum.

>You drink the salty piss cum dry

>This bitch is wasted, maybe I should kill her?

"Button take your dick out now."

>He turns to look at you sadly. "Are we done playing?"

>You take your knife and dig it an inch or two into her side.

>She starts screaming and squirming.

"Shudup ya dumb skank before I actually kill you. "

>You say it nonchalantly and now she silently whimpers.

"Tell me you love me you pathetic piece of shit."

You wait a second or two, then dig your knife deeper into her side. She is bleeding heavily.

>"I LOVE YOU!" She screams in pain.

Her eyes become opaque.

"I LOVE YOU!" she keeps repeating as she starts showing less and less emotion.

"NOW GET UP BITCH AND EAT ME OUT!!!"

>You sit on your plot and spread your legs while Button gets off her and she wobbles to her hooves.

"Button, you wanna have some more fun with mommy?"

>She lowers her head and starts licking in between your pussy lips.

"DEEPER, I KNOW YOU HAVE EXPERIENCE YOU LESBO!"

>"OH BOY DO I."

>Button goes around and starts eating her pussy while she nibbles on your clit.

>Your body shudders in pure lust, this bitch knows exactly how to please a mare.

>You pull her up by her mane.

"HAHAHA, see I know you're enjoying yourself"

>She looks at you without any emotion.

>You keep your grip tight on her mane, that look of hers is pissing you off.

>You smack her couple of times and her face is a little puffy and bloody now.

>She gives you an emotionless smile. "I love it."

>Not convinced, you pull out your knife and hold it right in front of her face and her eyes go back to normal for a second.

>Button takes his erect penis and rubs it around her clit and as soon as he finds her pussy hole, he thrusts his still spaghetti covered dick in without warning.

>She screams a little then tries to shut up. "I love it!" She says pleadingly as she cries a little more.

"Good girl, now get back to work!"

>You push her head back down into your marehood and she starts eating you out again.

>Her body is moving back and forth from Buttons hard thrusts, he goes balls deep and she starts cumming.

>She's still bleeding a little, but it's not life threatening... yet.

>"I bet I'm better then dad!" he says breathing heavily while he ruts her silly. It looks like Buttons is about to cum too.

>You pull her face out of your cooch.

"Isn't he better than daddy?"

>She looks at you with an empty smile

"Tell Button he's better than daddy."

Button starts cumming but keeps fucking her, a combination of the sauce that was left on his dick and creamy sperm oozes out of her

>"Button, you're doing so well honey." She starts blushing.

>OMFGODksfdkasf this little fuck is actually enjoying it now! She's totally dead inside!

"Button, will you be a dear and put in her butt?"

>"OH BOY, sure think Tracy!"

>You lie down and pull her up so that her chest lies on top of yours and you start licking her spaghetti stained cheek.

>Button pushes his now semi-flaccid dick up her tight anus and she gasps.

>"Button honey, you're so much better than your father!"

>She's smiling eagerly but tears are running down her bruised cheeks.

>You pull her back down and start making out with her furiously.

>The sound of her squeak while Button rams her ass is enough to make you cum.

>You start pleasuring her while you swap spit.

>"MOM, YOUR ASS IS SOO TIGHT!"

>"KEEPING GOING BABY!"

>Her asshole starts bleeding and dribbles into her vagina.
>She starts shaking violently; you can tell she's cumming again.
>You pull your hoof up and lick your bloody cum filled fur.
>She falls on top of you and she looks unconscious.
>You pull your knife out again and push it ever so slowly into her chest.
>She opens her eyes wide with an intense, horrified look and then her eyes roll back into her skull.
>Her body becomes limp on top of you; the only movement you feel is the rhythmic humping from Button.
>Your tongue probes her mouth, and you drink up her drool.
>Blood pours out of her wound and soaks your fur.
>You push her aside and get up.
>Button keeps going to town, not noticing or caring about anything that happened.
>You go behind him and slit his throat.
>Button frantically gets off his mother and holds onto his neck, trying to stop the blood gushing out. Fright fills his eyes.
>He turns to you and the last thing he sees is that evil smirk on your face.
"DON'T WORRY HONEY, WE'RE NOT DONE YET."
>You roll his lifeless body onto his back and start sucking his shit covered dick.
>Then you hop on to his still erect cock and start riding it, grinding and twerking on it.
>This is best you've felt in a long time as you suck on his bloody neck and make out with his dead body.
>You furiously hump his cock and orgasm once more before leaving, feeling satisfied but guilty as hell.

Suddenly Nicholas Cage walks in. His eyes fall on the scene unfolding before him and he falls to his knees. His hands fly to his head. "This can't be happening," he screams. "THIS CAN'T BE HAPPENINGGGGGGGGG!!!!!!!!!!!"

Tracy looks her father in the eyes, her gaze as dead and dark as Gaben's soul.

After filling up on copypasta, Tracy decided she didn't want to go to White Castle anymore.

Instead she went to Black Castle and all her PC friends were there, like Black Twilight, Mulsim Fluttershy, Mexican Rainbow, harlequin-syndrome Pinkie Pie and spina bifida Rarity. Applejack was there too.

Did they have sex, anon?

No.

Because that would they would have to marry first.

And girls can't marry girls.

That's forbidden love.

Anon realised he fucked up that post, but whilst trying to rectify it, he choked on some cocks and died.

HERE LIES ANON

2011-2013

FRANKIE SAYS RELAX YOUR GAG REFLEX

Chapter 4

Now in all seriousness, who is Tracy?

Your mothers scarlet fever dream

We're three books in and you still don't know?

GET THEE TO A LIBRARY.

The Adventures Of Tracy Cage And The Never Ending Ride can be bought at all good bookstores.

And not-so-good ones like Amazon.

Just kidding, I like you guys, I'll kill you last.

As the thread becomes more derailed and more writers begin to leave. Tracy finds her self against an army of Trantesticle nigers, led by her evil dick Satyr clone. They begin to surround her from all corners readying there ciltorical stubs they call dicks, in the effort to kill Tracy.

But her coat of many ethnic colors protected her from their acidic jism.

"Thank god for minorities!" she exclaimed.

The gargantuan transexual clones of the sovereign nation of Niger bear down on Tracy, but their immense mass causes the Earth to sprout a new asshole. The planet itself beings spewing lava-streaked shit to assist its Chosen Hero, Tracy Cage.

"Why?" asked Tracy. Clone Tracy only laughed, "Because Hank Hill would do it..." Suddenly her belly began to bulge/inflation to the size of a chevy TrailBlazer. It exploded reveialing a fully formed Hank Hill reborned as Evil Hank!

"FOAAAAAAR BOOOOOBAHHHHHY!" But he died due to natural causes. With no one to follow, the tranny nigs began to chimp out fucking anything that was white or purple!

'I AM THE ALL SINGING, ALL DANCING CRAP OF THE WORLD' she yelled as she launched fecal darts into the eye sockets of the nearest clone. Smearing the shit from his eyes, the last thing he saw was Tracy's giant member skull fucking him. In 3D.

Suddenly, Tracy has to both cum AND fart.

SUPERBAD?

Yes, more than anything in the world. More than a hundred thousand nigger cocks tickling her face like butterflies.

Tracy began rocking the fried chicken out of the irritated hordes of Tranny Nigs. She was rocking so hard it was making her cum and fart repeatedly!

Suddenly, from the lowest pit of Hell, Evil Hank arose. In one hand he clutched a melting clock, in the other, a melting Bobbeh. The boy's corpse still wore a cruel mockery of his hyperdildo armor, the multicolored rainbows of the silicon dicks melting into a stream of broken dreams.

"YOUR TIME IS OVER, TRACY CAGE," Evil Hank roared. His six hundred and sixty six dicks all began to helicopter in unison as he pooped out endless streams of Illuminati pyramids. "A NEW WORLD ORDER IS UPON US. A NEW BRONY ORDER! PREPARE YOUR INSIGNIFICANT RECTUM!"

" WELL KILL MY DICK AND SLAP MY VAGINA, THIS HOE IS PLAYING MY JAM! ' *untz untz untz untz untz untz*"

Said the late Gilbert Gottfried as he untzed his way up to heaven while giving oral love to his avian lover. Upon cumming the duck fell from his google hole onto the face of Evil Hank angry because he missed the last episode of lost.

Oh look! Gilberts back! Does he want some tracy pussy too?

Propelled by years of pent up cum and farts, Tracy started to roll around at the speed of sound.
She had places to go.
She had to follow her rainbow.

Fueled by gases a hundred times more combustibile than propane, she took all 666 dicks into her dutch oven, roasting his weiners into niger-colored charcoal.

'DO YOU EVEN LIFT?' she cried

Tracy now in the air thanks to this anon's post was now doing highly advanced aerosol dynamic flying trick things all the while dodging the incoming cum comings cummed from the Duck and the hundred something Trany nigs!

Alright men, status update!" Said Gaben as he commanded the Star Knife fleet into unknown tranny territory.



"Fox here, Im ready to go!"



"Falco here, Skippy's a snoozer!"

With supply lines cut, the once battle-hardened niger army were now flaccid.

With the Niger clones disabled and falling to internal genocide, Commander Gaben drove his squadron in on Evil Hank. "Stand firm men," Gaben said. "Stand firm..."

He's enormous finger hovered over a blinking red button...

RELEASE HALF LIFE 3

"Alright men, this is our time to shine. Attack all the Tranny invaders in the area no survivors. Peppy already took out one of their main sources of food, destroy anything nigger related, The war has begun boys we aint losing now!" Said the awfully sexy General Gaben humming a big red button!

So the war begun as Gaben's fleet started to attack the Tranny menace!

Let's Go!

Power, super, super-power, power, super, super-power

Would you like to play a game of hide and seek now?-

Lalalalalalalaa

If you have x-ray eyes, please promise not to peek now.-

Lalalalalalalaa

First we count to ten, and then we'll have some fun now!-

Lalalalalalalaa

Or will you fly away before we count to one now?- Lalalalalalalaa

A signal in the sky-oh

That's when you know that you have to fly-oh

A signal in the sky- Oooooo!

Let's Go!

You know you got a lot to do, oooo.

Let's Go!

And everything depends on you, oooo.

Ooooooooo.

Hey girls, hey girls, come out and play now!- Lalalalalalalaa
Or do you have to hurry off to save the day now?- Lalalalalalalaa
Can't you come over, watch a movie with your friends now?-
Lalalalalalalaa
Or will you fly away before we see the end now?- Lalalalalalalaa

A signal in the sky-oh
That's when you know that you have to fly-ohh
A signal in the sky- Ahhhhhh

Let's go! You know you have a lot do to, ooo.
Let's go! And everything depends on you, oooo.
Ooooooooo.

Power, super, super-power, power, super, Super-Power!

A signal in the sky-oh.
That's when you know that you have to fly- ohh.
A signal in the sky- Ahlalalala

Let's Go!

(Power, super, super-power...)
You know you got a lot to do, oooo.
Let's Go!
And everything depends on you, oooo.
Let's Go!
You know go a lot to do, oooo.
Let's Go!
And everything depends on you, oooo.
Let's Go!
You know you got a lot to do, oooo...

As Gaben fat-fingered his shitty game, Tracy felt an immense burbling in her bowels. She had been clenching her anus for days since Gaben fucked her, if only to keep his scent, his great manly musk, his brilliant ball juice, secreted away in her cunt.

But alas, when Great General Gaben sacrificed himself and his fleet with the press of that button, the codes locked in his jizz activated the latent Half Life 3 incubating in Tracy's fertile ass-pussy.

At long last, in an event that brought tears of pure ecstasy to Tracy's eyes, she gave birth to a living, breathing creature: Half Life 3. It soared into the air and dived straight for Evil Hank, a screaming charge meant to finish the battle.

Right before Gaben an heroed for everyone, Tracy looked at him and a cried falled out.

"Can I atleast pretend to be your cock sheath?"

Gaben looked down as the world crumbled around his gravitational pull.

"...You are my cock sheath..."

Tracy paused for a moment to reflect on the deaths of so many vibrant cocks, cut down in their prime.

Then she went back to having a wank over duck vs Evil Hank.

The Duck proved to much for Evil Hank. His body couldnt withstand the great insurance rates. But suddenly EPISODE 3 it blinded them both as the pure holy light caused them to burn up in a blue flame until they were nothing but ask!

Slowly the holy game rose towards the heavens joining the ranks of Raptor Jesus, Gilbert Gottfried, Bill, Ted, that one good black guy, Token Asian and Mr. Bibb Laiden.

Only to make Tracy notice that they were so entranced at watching it no one ever got to play it.

"FUCK!"

Tracy felt a great spiritual awakening, knowing that her vagina could produce something so wonderful and pure.

With a mix of jubilation and suicidal post-natal depression she searched for the nearest blunt object to ram into her cooch.

Diving headlong through the smoking ruin that was once planet Earth, Tracey descends upon the crashed remains of one of the fleet ships.

Inside the ship, she discovers that the cockpit is coated with liquid fat. An enormous skeleton sits in the pilot's chair, its finger pushed into an unlit button.

The skeleton's skull might be just large enough to fit into her gaping vagina. Tracey lines up and starts twerking on the mysterious dead pilot's fat-soaked skull. The lubrication of the fat drives her quickly to the edge of orgasm, her legs and anus twitching wildly with each thrust of her hips.

With the war won and Trannies dead. Everyone celebrated with Sunchips and Caprisun!

With chicken and watermelon stores at an all-time low, the world's remaining nigger population stereotypically began to associate themselves with sunchips and caprisun, "gettin they sun on in da hood"

Chapter 5

Tracy awakens. She blinks. She tries to move, but all is dark. She hears a faint quacking, and the screaming of a strange man with an irritating voice.

Where was she? What was this magical place?

It was Bookfag! To her surprise President Ongo Bongo decided to nuke the general area due to the high rate of level 7 general harpies. He was the only survivor along with Tracy who were smart enough to hide in a ditch.

She was relieved. She didn't want to go to heaven to see her 3 second old child being sodomized by Michael Jackson.

Dude made Thriller, of course he's in heaven.

Tracy, feeling curiously romantic, cautiously approaches the lone male survivor on the entire planet. She softly kisses Bookfag's neck. Her hoof reaches for her crotch.

Her other hoof reaches for her knife.

Bookfag is actually Norman

>Be Norman

>Find some sort of blue creature left in the destruction

>Im so fucking poetic

You alive? Crazy night this was, how's about I do some menial task for you and you have sex with me as a reward? It's why Im so popular

"Why don't you suck my dick"

Tracy points to her dick

>Still Norman

Uhhh, well, if you say so

>Get on knees

>Embrace the creature's long and sour dick

>This is kinda fun

>Gag, choke and suffocate

>*gasp*

Oh my f-wow. That was

>Look in it's eyes

>Death

>All I see is death

Tracy was shocked.

He'd sucked on her dick.

He'd choked on it.

She now had the urge to make an overrated indie game, act like a bitch online and then wonder why no one liked her.

However it was getting dark and the dickwolves were howling.

Norman decided to set up camp in Tracy's cavernous vagina and rest for the night.

Dickwolves cometh!

>"Quick! Get inside my vagina!"

>fucking what

O-ok

>Crawl into her moist cavern

>Kind of burns

>Ow, it really burns

>What the fu- Is this teeth!?

Oh fuck what the hell is going on?

>"It's all ogre now, laddie"

>Accidentally crawled up Shrek's ass

>His acidic asshole chewed up Norman and dissolved the flesh

>Shrek takes a big ogre shit and it's all bones and a green beanie

"Fucking dumbass" Tracy states, with Norman dead, she continues her journey

Tracy just got back from playing Modern Warfare 3. What did she miss?

She'd just throatfucked mankind into extinction after giving birth to Half Life 3.

Tracy giveth and Tracy taketh away.

Norman died

RIP in pieces

With Norman Dead, Tracy decided to step it up to the ultimate goal, le Waifu stealing Sentry

Indeed, with Evil Hank, Gaben, and now Norman dead, that left only six more bronies to kill. Following her map, Tracy set off for Las Vegas, to find the evil Flash Sentry in the morass of prostitutes and shitty conventions - and destroy him. Her mutated, pulsating loins trembled with pleasure at the thought.

Suddenly Bateman appeared

"Foolish Tracy," he said, smirking. He flashed the dubs sign. "I'm afraid you've just entered a DUBS DUEL - first to get dubs, LIVES."

He pulled out an axe. "So what'll it be, Tracy? Will you lie down and die? Or will you... check 'em?"

>>YOU MUST GET DUBS TO DEFEAT BATEMAN AND
CONTINUE THE BOOK

fuk u bateman

"Dubs are for fagots" Tracy says as she stabs Bateman in the cock

Bateman laughs, easily evading these non-dubs posts. "After I remove the ice pack I use a deep pore cleanser lotion," he says. "In the shower I use a water activated gel cleanser, then a honey almond body scrub, and on the face an exfoliating gel scrub. Then I apply an herb-mint facial masque which I leave on for 10 minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine. I always use an aftershave lotion with little or no alcohol, because alcohol dries your face out

and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then an anti-aging eye balm followed by a final moisturizing protective lotion."

His erection is visibly throbbing, as he prepares for dubs.

No dubs yet, we must try harder!

As Anon continues to try and samefag his way out of this shitty plot, Tracy attempts to engulf Bateman with her toothy vagina.

"Vagina Dentata, I choose you!"

Tracy sprung to life like my dick at a funeral home.

She aimed to apply her patented labia lip lock across his stupid Huey Lewis loving face.

But would it be enough?

Bateman narrowly dodges. The power of dubs not appearing is keeping him strong, All Tracy needs is to roll some dubs and she wins. She needs more focus.

"Tsk tsk, I expected more, Tracy."

Bateman begins eating an organic pear. The juices run down his chin, staining his shirt sexually.

dubs 4 jesus

>inb4 we never get dubs and plot doesnt advance. Not like it was anyways

I summon dubs

I summon your mom.

In attack mode.

Bateman's enormous penis is straining against his thousand dollar slacks, staining the front with peach-scented precum. He hefts his axe. "You'd better hope I don't get DUBS!" he screams, laughing maniacally.

Evenly matched, Tracy focuses and attempts to remember every bit of training she had received in the art of dubs. She knows that Bateman is one of few challengers who could possibly be working for Sentry.

Flash Sentry was drumming his fingers impatiently. He was running out of waifus to fuck.

He'd now resorted to deviantart OCs to fulfill his needs and he was pretty sure he'd caught something from one of those alicorn skanks.

He began to think about Digibrony's OC to fuck.

Also, rolling for dubs again

Remembering a technique passed on by her lover Gaben, Tracy focused herself inward, turning herself inside out as she blew herself out of her own anus in an explosion of skin, blood, cum, and shit

>she blew herself

Shit was SO cash.

It was cash... but was it cash enough?

Bateman rolls. His penis has now burst out of his pants. It spews thick rivulets of semen unbidden. He's frothing at the mouth, his eyes red, perfect musculature bulging with power. Is this the end for Tracy Cage...?

the dubs are weak still

SOMEONE SAVE US

GILBERT GOTTFRIED

KING OF GAMES

SOMEBODY

I honestly have no idea what is going on in this story anymore. I am not setting a end point for this story so it will go on until either you people lose interest or we write a 300+ page book.

Bitch please, we write as long as we want
Rolling again

Tracy is fighting Bateman, minion of Flash Sentry, one of the 12 bronies that Tracy must kill to avoid the curse of the Semen Demon that was freed from the corpse of the fedora brony from the previous book

DUBS PLS!

We are writing the great american novel.
It is about cocks and man's will to survive against the elements.

In retrospect, 'dubs' is a shitty element

Dubs is the human struggle

Dubs is love
dubs is life

>herefeel organs

Even 'honesty' is a better element.
Fucking Applejack got a better element than we did.

>double dubs

Well I'll be the son of a donkey!

Finally. With the power of dubs on her side, Tracy focused the repeating digits in an energy wave, and it unleashed with utmost fury, completely obliterating Batemans existence. He rejoined

Hank in hell, where the two of them had hot (propane fueled) sex with Peggy.

Dusting herself and knocking out a couple faps, Tracy picks up Bateman's axe and continues on to Las Vegas. It was time to fuck Flash Sentry in the asshole, like a pig in West Virginia.

Tracy walked all the way to Las Vegas, leaving an oozing path of marejuice behind her. her first stop, was the Casino Royale, the cheap place on the strip where she could indulge herself in sub par waitress's with excessive smokers voice, and \$2 foot long hot dogs (Those got me sick when I was there)

Tracy blows all her money on hookers and hot dogs, both vivid reminders of her childhood. The gross excess inflames her stomach and she vomits continuously as she stalks down Las Vegas' main avenue, her puke mixing with the continuous stream of arousal leaking from her vag. In the distance she spots Flash Sentry's great penis-shaped tower, upon which he has impaled every waifu he has ever stolen. The site makes Tracey harder than diamond.

She tries to contain her rock hardness, she doesn't want to be just another stolen waifu. She can't forget her mission. After throwing up the parasite filled hot dogs, she focuses and moves toward the tower shaped penis in the distance.

As Tracy approached the girthy base of Flash Sentry's tower, she began to wonder - why am I doing this? For what reason have I killed and murdered, fought hellbeasts and destroyed the planet? To kill bronies? Bronies are fags already! Nature already takes care of all the work.

She was wondering just how she was going to kill the Semen Demon when she heard a shuffling behind her. She whirled to face it, and to her great surprise, there stood Brad, fully erect.

"Hey there, cutie pie," he said. "I hear you're a waifu to a lot of people. Did you know that?"

Tracy suddenly felt very strange. Looking into the deep blue eyes

of this tall, sexy, competent male, she could feel her vagina bursting with fertility and marejuice. Why, it was almost as if she wanted to fuck Flash Sentry right here in front of the Casino Royale and the sub par waitresses with the excessive smokers' voices!

"That's right, fags," Flash Sentry continued. "I'm going to ruin your fucking story by stealing your waifu, Tracy. Get fucked nancy boys, lol."

He already took my waifu, Tracy must fight, for her sake!

Tracy smacks brad on the dik

Brad dies

Woohoo

Too anticlimactic. Brad was only pretending to be dead, so when Tracy stepped over him, he attacked with a surprise kick. The kick landed straight in tracy's stomach causing a torrent of vomit to flow near brad. Some of it got on his abercrombie and fitch shirt. This shit was personal now.

"You fucking waifu, I paid \$17.99 for that at the GAP!" You owe me with your Vagina!" he declared loudly causing many onlookers to see what was going on.

Tracy could not afford \$17.99, or her vagina. She only had 5 bits left, and her vagina was still reviving from gabens episode 3. She sat calmly considering her options.

"What can I do?" she thought "I know he wants me because of my waifu status, but what can I do to distract him or divert his attention..."

"That's it! I'll make a twilight waifu tulpa, he can't resist his first!" She focused hard once again, pop! A twilight waifu appeared right before her eyes!

"Is Daring Do 3 available for purchase yet? I have 1 and 2." Brad asked

He knew Tracy had a copy of the third book, maybe she could trade her DD book three in exchange for Brads Vomit shirt.

Tracy shook her head. She too was awaiting the availability of the third Daring Do book. "I too desire said book, and have anxiously been waiting a whole month for it. It appears I do not have the book you seek, but what about this nice Twilight Waifu?"

Brad stared with lust. Could it really be her? He has not seen twilight since the day she disappeared in some portal, or drug induced coma. He walked up to the tulpa.

Brad could no longer contain himself, he approached the twilight tulpa and began sensually caressing her wings.

Whilst Brad stood distracted by the sensual form of his one true waifu, Tracy began to formulate a plan. She realised that Brad must steal and defile every waifu in existence before mounting their carcass on his giant penis tower. She knew now the one true way to defeat him - to make him her waifu.

Focusing all of her meager mind, she began thinking about Brad. How perfect he looked, how great his manhood must be, how she longed to be with him, >tfw she couldn't be with him.

We all know that feel ;_;

Brad continued to ravish tulpa twilight's horse pussy whilst jacking off her horn. As he came he began to ascend into his final form having accomplished his life's purpose. He sucked twilight up his dick, combining her with himself, as he turned around triumphantly towards Tracy.

Brad's look of triumph rapidly turned into one of shock as he realised what Tracy was doing. He sprinted towards Tracy while screaming "i'll destroy you Tracy cage", his 10 foot dick bobbing magnificently from side to side as he ran. Alas, it was too late for Brad, Tracy finished idolising Brad as her husbando and his fate was sealed. His dick curved underneath him, pummeling his ass and tearing his insides. His eyes beamed with infinite rage as the

head of his cock speared out of his mouth, swiftly followed by the rest of it, turning Brad into nothing more than an inside out mass of twitching body parts on the floor.

"Well, that was one messy divorce" Tracy thought, as she was waifu no longer.

She then sniffed the back seat of Brad's car, mashing her clit at the thought of all the dumb bitches he'd defiled back there. She inserted the gear stick into her quivering slit, starting the car and propelling her to her next adventure.

"I LOVE COCAINE!" she cried as she went barreling down the road into the sunset.

Chapter 6

Tracy inspected her map, if her calculations were correct then she had only 7 hours to kill the remaining 5 bronies, lest the semen demon strike her down and take her soul for all of eternity.

Plenty of time" she thought. "All I have to do is lure them to the same place at the same time!"

But what would she use as bait?

Pasta with meat balls said the deflated egg sack.

She rumaged around in her fanny pack, but the only traces of spaghetti were a few red stains of what could possibly be pasta sauce,
....or blood.

'There must be a way of generating lots of spaghetti quickly' she wondered. But how?

But no matter, she knew where she could get all she needed. Next stop: Ponycon. She has friends in the Special Forces who can hook her up, and she knows just where they'll be.

As she approached Baltimore she could see all the tell-tale signs of a pony convention in progress. A smell of fursuits, BO, and Italian Cooking saturated the air and attacked the senses of the populace. She could feel the ground shaking.

"The autists must be jumping at that shitty rave". but how would she be able to tell the difference between the Special Forces and those who are just special?

She pulled up next to a street nigger.

"Where's the nearest liquor store?"

The nigger points in a general direction.

"Bingo".

She steps out of her car outside the liquor store. "Oh shit I forgot my-" Her thought was cut off when she turned around, to find her car was ALREADY put on blocks by the street niggers.

"Fucking Baltimore".

Tracy walks into the liquor store. Some arab stares at her from behind some bullet proof glass.

"What do you want?"

"I want to cum inside MA Larson" Tracy says.

the arab presses a button behind the counter, and a door opens behind the beer cooler.

"Spaghetti Strike Force 6, I have found you at last".

"OH FUCK ITS HER!" The band of drunkards cried, backing into the wall.

"Relax boys, I'm not here to rape you this time" Tracy said. "I'm just here for some Spaghetti"

"Who says we have any?" Says one, with an inexcusable British accent.

Tracy smirks. "A little moustache told me so."

The group looks at each other and reaches into thier pockets. Piles of spaghetti come pouring out onto the floor.

"Good boys." Tracy says, stuffing all she can fit into her fanny pack. "But you forgot one thing"

"What's that?" says one, wiping his forehead.

"I'm a liar."

Tracy grins as she begins to rape the entire group.

None were spared.

Tracy walks out of the liquor store, satisfied, full of semen and spagh

Tracy looked around. She had to get her trap prepared to capture the five remaining brownie scum she needed. It had to be something that they wouldn't miss or pass up but also not look too suspicious.

Squatting on the ground, Tracy leaked gallons of cum onto the earth and she set to work. Crafting each letter with all the skill of a master artisan, she constructed a message that not even the most ardent of horsefuckers could refuse.

"I just don't understand the appeal"

Now all that was left was to wait. And fap.

RATTLE ME BONES!

Welcome aboard maties
rattle me bones
rattle me bones!

Take what ye will.
But don't rattle me bones!

Spin the wheel for the treasure to take!
Careful my friend or he'll rattle and shake
Rattle me bones turn the lights low
there's a frightening glow, but don't rattle me bones!

rattle me rattle me rattle me bones~

Use your skill to take what ye will
but don't rattle me bones!

Sure enough, a thundering of slippered feet could be heard running as fast as their portly legs could carry them. Not wanting to be crushed, Tracy decided it would be a good idea to climb up the nearest lamppost.

Tracy flattened herself against the lamppost. She watched as a small hoard of bronies lumbered in her direction, noses in the air searching for the smell of pasta they were so accustomed to. As they drew closer their mouths started to water and several of them became hard (not that anyone would have been able to tell) at the sight of the pasta lying there on the ground. They grouped around the spaghetti and read the message to themselves in a torrent of low mumbles.

Tracy watched in disgust as the mindless brony hordes scrambled over one another, their wriggling micropenises searching for any available orifice, like tiny caterpillars yearning for some vaginal cocoon in which to metamorphose. The horrifying cacophony of

grunts and moans stirred her most primal instincts. She could feel her knife growing hard and erect.

A wave of autism spread over the group.

"How can anybody not like this show!" many of them wondered aloud.

We should find this guy and make him watch it with us, then he will see how great it is!" said another.

This was the final straw. Tracy couldn't hold back her rage, disgust, and lust for rape any longer.

So she politely shit herself and ate her shit then fucked the puke of the shit then made the shit rape them.

Tracy had a wet dream about Hank Hill.

Snapping awake again, she beat the piss out of the bronies as they laid raped and dying in the street gutter until they were all dead. Then Tracy decided to have something to eat, so she made a fire on the sidewalk. She began cutting the fatty, tender, almost veal like meat up for a meal.

"That takes care of the 12 i needed plus a few extras for good measure." Tracy said to herself as she casually curb stomped the head of one of the dead bodies as she walked over it.

Now full from her delicious meal, our heroine now travels to the nearest restroom for her next journey. Tracy Cage and the bowels of Tracy Cage.

Tracy sat down on the a toilet in one of the stalls. On the floor she saw a page out of an ad circular for some toy store on the floor. Even though it was a bit walked on and also pissed on she could still make out the pictures and some of the text. As she looked more closely she saw an ad for the New Equestria Girls toys. On seeing their horribly disfigured bodies Tracy shit herself and threw up a bit in her mouth but managed to keep her meal down before wiping her ass with the ad and flushing it and the nasty-ass shit down into the sewers where filth like that belonged.

After getting herself off a few times at the lewd drawings and phrases on the walls of the toilet stall, Tracy got up and left the bathroom without washing her hooves.

Back outside Tracy tried to remember what the hell she was doing anyway.

"Now that all the bronies are dead, the world surely is a better place."

The thought made Tracy want to vomit shit from her hemorrhoidal anus in disgust. Immediately she set out for the closest library. She had to find a way to bring the bronies back.

Tracy approached the adult bookstore on the bad side of town. It's the closest thing to a library she could hope to find in this shithole. She entered the front door, taking note of how sticky the handle is. Suddenly she finds herself in a dimly lit room, surrounded by the finest smut you could ever hope to find. She looks over many familiar titles; The Daring Doo series, the collective works of SmutAnon, Anal In Equestria, they were all here. She becomes wet at the thought of what the volumes contain. Better move quickly before I get distracted, she thought to herself. She begins looking through the stacks. "Raritties Exposed...AppleBarely Legal 8...The Adventures of Futaloo...Derpy Does Dallas...Aha!"

Tracy stops when she finds what she is looking for, wedged between the worn out copies of "Cock Candy for Cadance" and "DVDA Dash Double Feature".

"I found it! The NecronomoCUM!"

After reading the book, Tracy equipped her Mage's robe enchanted with magic 50% costs, and practiced the dark magic. She called forth the devil and out from the grave popped the evil, the once returned the supplier of Gas. Hank Fucking Hill.

"I am immortal! I cannot truly die!" He screamed!

Since Tracy had summoned Hank with her own Daedric abilities, the Hank Daedra had no choice but to obey Tracy. To test his

loyalty, Tracy demanded that Hank Lick her seductively and help her to once again achieve orgasm. The Hank daedra did as he was told, he tells you hwat.

Using Hank's Daedra powers, Tracy began to shape the world into a Paradise of her own making.

Great forests of magnificent nigger cocks sprouted from the virgin soil. Lakes and oceans of sperm tickled the parched Earth like really gay fairies. Horrifying abominations roamed sky, land, and sea, all bearing Tracy's likeness. They were her children, and she would never be lonely again.

But Tracy could not control Hank's powers perfectly, and the more she created, the more his propane corruption spread. It filled every rock, every nigger cock, every creature that existed; subtly lurking beneath the surface, highly efficient and odor-free.

It was in this era that a new, evil substance would soon challenge Tracy... an evil substance known only as Dark Propane.

While I explained this Tracy took a shit in Evil Hank's mouth and commanded him to pee it back into her vagina.

God, unamused to the changes Tracy brought to his world sent a letter to his brother Lex to dispose of her filth.

Tracy unaware of the incoming doomsday aimed at her, was enjoying some sunchips after brutally raping Evil Hank and slitting his throat.

Lex out of nowhere began to shoot nigin missiles at Tracy, in the hope that one of them would strike her directly killing her with the its first pound. Tracy on the other hand was humorously rapping Capper and any other writers who refused to continue her glorious story.

In his floating ass-shaped fortress, Lex brooded. He was the younger step-brother to God, always living in His shadow. Sure,

Lex got good grades, a girlfriend, a steady job, but it never meant anything. He was Lex, and God was God. The whole of Lex's existence was one spent wallowing in self-loathing and jealousy. God knew this. That's why he sent him, and Lex knew it. He channeled his impotent rage through his asshole, blasting nigger missile after nigger missile at the hapless mortal.

Tracy knew that feel of being bombarded with missiles.

Tracy appeared from the eternal depths of page 7, and narrowly avoided 404.

"I need reinforcements on deciding what to do!"

The missiles were proving to be too much, would she perish?

Suddenly, Tracy floated from Evil Hank's back as propane filled her causing her to orgasm. She followed her rainbow into outer space where she encountered Lex's fortress. "Lex, I bring you peace," she whispered, in a heavenly voice as all the cum in the world dripped from a pussy even looser than your mom's. Holy light radiated from Tracy's body as she spread her limbs, baring herself selflessly to her opponent as she revealed her true form: Tracy "Jesus" Cage

As the returned messiah, Tracy immediately penetrated Lex's ass-ship with her divine penis. Lex screamed at first, but then he realized that he liked. He moaned as the waves of transcendental pleasure caused his ship to explode, killing him.

With the death of his shitty gay brother, God himself descended from the heavens to deal with his one true daughter.

"Tracy Cage," Nicolas Cage bellowed, in a voice that rolled across time, "Young Lady, what did I tell you about fucking the Earth? Don't you remember what happened last time?"

"STFU dad" Tracy said as she slammed her cock into Nicholas' Cage's butt. but the butt was made of unrapium and deflected her sexual advance.

Wayne took off his Bruce Wayne mask to reveal that he was Bateman.

"Check 'em, bitch," he said, pulling out his DUBSCOCK.

Immediately Tracy got dubs.

No, now Tracy got dubs.

THIS time, Tracy got dubs.

Tracy froze, charging up as Bateman inched closer with his pulsating double cock. They spurted hot jizz from their piss holes, eager to dump their festering loads in Tracy's shitter. But before he could penetrate her throbbing genitals, she released a wave of dubs energy, blasting him straight back into his Bruce Wayne costume. Bateman plummeted to the Earth below, screaming, never to be seen again..... or did he?

Nicolas Cage had recovered from Tracy's expert cockslap. "You'll pay for that, my Daughter," he said, gritting his teeth.

Nicolas Cage prepared to destroy Tracy, but it was too late. Tracy leapt at him, her vagina widening into an enormous maw, and swallowed him whole. She could hear his muffled screams as he passed through oceans of semen in his travails through her cavernous pussy, then silence when at last he pushed through her cervix and entered her womb. Tracy was now pregnant with her father, God.

Floating in the void, curled up like a fetus, Tracy wondered what to do next.

Chapter 7

Aww, what a shame I wasn't here for Tracy Cage's book series. Well, at least I caught the bulk of the Daring Do textual profanity series...

Congrats, you're in the book now

Yeah faggot, you're ruining Chapter 7 as we speak

write something we can fap to

I don't know... I'm not very bad-ass, at least, not on boards that aren't /x/, anyway...

Do it for Tracy

Do it for Gaben

Quit wasting space, write something productive.

Tracy demands that this anon help her in her quest to do.. What is she exactly doing now?

She still has to figure out a way to kill the Semen Demon.

The Semen Demon was full of lust, as he stared at Tracy's round, supple, and somewhat arousing ass. Tracy saw the desire burning in his eyes, she knew she had to do something, and do it fast! She had used her mind earlier to make one tulpa earlier, so she could not focus enough to make another.

"I could just take it up the ass and take him by surprise midfuck."

She thought vigorously.

"Your ass is what I desire to fill with my luscious semen, resistance is futile, young filly!"

Tracy measured her options.

"I've been raped numerous times. I've raped many more times. What is one more time in my perfect ass going to do?" She thought to herself.

"What will it be, young one?" The semen demon demanded.

"I... I uh, need a spare taco if you're going to fuck me first." Tracy yelled.

"What? Okay fine, we'll go to Taco Bell." the Semen Demon changed his goal from rape to consensual sex after the first taco bell date

Tracy and the Semen Demon arrived at the Taco Bell and the doors buckled and blew open as Tracy unleashed a mighty queef to announce her presence. The unwashed Mexican illegals working in the kitchen dropped their utensils and their crack pipes and stared in horror. If Tracy was here it could only mean one thing.

"I NEED A TACO!" shrieked Tracy "I NEED IT TO MY EXACT SPECIFICATIONS AND I NEED IT NOW!"

Tracy approached the counter, drawing a knife and waving it at the clerk.

"The shell must be the crunchiest, just like my crunchy piss flakes!" Tracy grinned wickedly as she climbed over the counter, grabbing the clerk by the hair and shoving his face towards her rotten cunt "And the meat must be the most fragrant, just like my tainted beef!"

The clerk gasped for air under the stench, but Tracy held firm and shoved his face between her legs.

"Don't forget the CHEESE!"

The clerk then vomited over the newest member to the Taco Bell team, Carlos.

Tracy looked up at the vomit covered infant and thought one mighty thought

>rape

Carlos, having the consummate professional attitude one would expect of an undocumented migrant worker, proceeded to scrape the vomit off of his burlap-sack poncho, and poured it into an awaiting white-flour tortilla shell. He wrapped it delicately in wax paper, and handed it through the drivethrough window to a single mother with small children, knowing full well that this was a special occasion for the small poor family; to be eating out at a restaraunt. The mother handed the burrito to her son Chirstopher with a smile.

"Happy Birthday Chris!" She said, eyes watery. "These burritos were your father's favorite before he died..." The mother tried to keep herself from tearing up. "It's okay mommy," said Christopher, unwrapping the burrito. "I'm sure that daddy is watching us right now, and will make sure this burrito is extra yummy to show how much he loves us." The mother beamed, proud of how grown up her son had become, how kind and thoughtful.

Christopher took a bite of the burrito filled with mexican vomit. He shit his pants and began to vomit uncontrollably immediately. His mother looked on with horror. "Oh god Chris no!"

"Daddy never loved me mommy!" Chris said, unbuckling his seatbelt. "It's not true Chris!" his mother cried, steering wildly as they went cruising down the highway in their used Corsica.

"I dont want to live anymore!" Cried Chirs, as he opened his door and flung himself into oncoming traffic. He was run over by all 16 wheels of a Walmart delivery truck, that itself was filled with undocumented migrant workers, on thier way to apply at taco bell, where Tracy awaited her order, having not seen any of this.

Inside the restaurant Tracy was spread eagle over the counter as three Mexicans worked in tandum trying to stuff the taco into her rotten bologna flower. Unable to get enough lubrication from her barren meat locker they began to spit and pour hot sauce on her crotch as they worked the taco deeper into her cunt.

"Yes! YES!" Tracy moaned "I want this to be the greasiest spiciest thing in my vag since I raped those Greek homosexuals!"

The Semen Demon stared pensively at Tracy.

"Am I really going to put my dick in that horse?" he thought, watching as one of the Mexicans bent over to vomit from the stench "It seems like it would be wrong NOT to at this point."

Seeing the pulsing of the vein on his satanic cock Tracy smiled, knowing that the Semen Demon had fallen into her trap.

The Semen Demon BUMPED into Tracy's vagina.
Some sharks 'n shit swam past, to be ignored by all.

Tracy sat up suddenly. The compression of her distended belly launched great steaming gouts of nacho cheese diarrhea from her herpes infected cooch.

"You ready 4 sum fuk?" she said the Semen Demon, batting her eyes seductively in a manner resembling an epileptic fit. A thin trail of drool pooled at the corner of her mouth, along with some of that white goo that gets on your lips when they're too dry and it sticks there even when you try to wipe it off with the back of your hand.

The Semen Demon was fully erect, just like you, the reader. "I WANT SOME FUK," he roared, launching his satanic phallus straight for Tracy "Jesus" Cage's blistered vagina-hole.

In a move that wouldn't be out of place in a Wachowski brothers film, our heroine triple backflipped over the oozing monstrosity of semen in Michal Bay fuelled slow motion as her foul-smelling gooey clit grew ten inches in length.

Tracy smiled viciously as the confused semen Demen failed to turn around in time and said "NOW I BE READY FOR SUM FUK!" Brutally she shoved her engorged mock-fallus into the distended and dripping asshole of the semen demen, ramming into it with the force of a thousand suns.

The combination of the pure chaotic evil of Tracy and the pure unbridled evil of Satan himself, merged in one brief moment of

absolute hopelessness, as the Semen Demon's inhuman penis broke through the bramble that was Tracy's mangled marehood.

but just as climax seemed inevitable, something unexpected happened. In a reaction similar to putting two magnets of the same polarity next to each other, the pair were thrown apart with a violent thrust. This unholy union was denied by nature itself, as the outcome could end the universe as we know it.

The semen demon looked down at his crotch in horror. "My Spikes! They're gone!" Tracy inspected her genitals as well. "What the fuck? My STDs are gone, it's like I'm a virgin again! Fuck I'm tight." Said the blue mare, rubbing her now remarkably clean slit with her hoof.

Sethisto, poking his head around the corner, raised a solitary eyebrow and said "can i help with that?" While pulling a 15 inch dragon dildo from out of his ass.

Um, I'm no two bit whore ya know. So you're gonna have to put it in my ass, 'kay?" said Tracy, the innocent virgin.

Sethisto began strolling over to her confidently, dragon dildo in hand when he was violently tackled to the floor by a very angry Kratos who raised his mighty blades in the air as Sethisto stared on in horror "Time to go2bed".

His swords fell and ripped sethismo's head from his body in a stream of blood that splattered the room and sent his head spinning into the air, landing right on Tracy's innocent virgin pussy.

"Well, that's another brony to tick off the list... assuming I'm still doing that."

She looked up at the dragonfucker's decapitated head, blood oozing into her slit. She looked further up to the Semen Demon, patiently waiting to be written back into the story.

"Right, now it's time to cop out and kill this Semen Demon once and five all."

The Semen Demon stared at the scene before him, jaw agape. He

was able to SEE the tulpas, and the horrors they had committed. But it was worse than that, the tulpas knew he could see THEM. The trixie tulpa, now homeless, turned to her Shrek and grinned. "The Semen Demon thinks he's too good for your swamp Shrekky". Shrek looked at the Semen Demon. "He better shrek himself before he wrecks himself."

Shrek charged at the semen demon, his treetrunk cock swinging wildly. "Its not ogre yet!"

The semen demon turned to run, but there stood one particularly sexually frustrated Tracy.

spooky5me cried the semen demon as he attempted to make like a tree and get the hell out of there. The frustrated virgin-Tracy was far too canny however and rolled a nat-20 to impale herself onto the semen demon's diminished cock and get back the STD's he'd stolen from her!

Just then, Tracy's fourth trimester ended and her pregnancy came due. Squeezing her eyes shut and grunting like an aroused donkey, she forced the gestated Nicholas Cage from her butt womb, the walls of her rectum clamping and sucking at the slippery cock of the screaming Semen Demon. To the chorus of Shrek's relentless pounding against the Demon's prolapsed asshole, God was shit into the Semen Demon's pulsating cock.

"HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING," Tracy screamed, "GLORY TO THE NEWBORN KING!"

Then she remembered that she, Tracy, was Jesus, and she had a job to do. The Demon's penis still firmly planted in her virgin ass, she twisted around sexily and stabbed him right in the throat.

"But if I die, God dies too!" the Demon gurgled, as black nigger ichor streamed from the wound. Hundreds of fedoras coalesced and collapsed from his cumflesh. He jiggled as Shrek continued to pound.

Tracy smiled evilly. "I know, faggot," she said. She began to masturbate.

As the semen demon began to bleed out, he had only enough time to think about the meaning of it all. Could God actually die? Would that end the Universe? Or was his universe actually real to begin with? Was god really just the writer of a story that he was part of? What if there were more than one? If god was really a writer, would the story end when he killed himself? Why was Scott Baio suddenly interjected into his thoughtline? All he could picture was Scott Baio and Vanilla Ice armwrestling naked at a timeshare in Boca Raton. "Is this what hell is like?" he asked the writer. "No SemenDemon, this is far worse," I said. "This is 4chan." The semendemon decided he no longer wanted to live and deleted the following 3 paragraphs about himself.

Chapter 8

As this universe changing scene was carried forth in the sanctuary of Taco Bell ©, the scenery outside turned ever so slightly grayed, and from the heavens came a heavy rain, unlike any other. For from atop, Gaben and his fallen troops spewed streams of joy at the beauty of the newborn Tracy pussy. Since Taco Bell had depleted their supplies of haut saws and mayocum, this was a great opportunity for them to stock up. Retching from the newfound stench of the orgy going on in the front counter, the employee working the drive thru window held out each order to the Cumming rain and served it to the Americunts complaining on their 3 mi/hr shopping scooters, eager to stuff their faces with delicious cum and heart attacks

"Hark, the savior is born!" Cried the Gabenites, looking at the ray of light that shown down from the heavens above upon the scene below. They began to sing:

"Away, in some shithole, that's far worse than Hell, the little lord Tracy fucked in a Taco Bell! The mods on the site aren't looking this way, so while they're distracted, this Tracy will play!"

"Shut the fuck up!" Tracy moaned "I'm killing you next!"

"Everybody run!" Gaben wheezed. His trusty ass slave revved up the forklift, taken Gaben with him. The Gabenites followed. Not that they really had a choice, it was just gravity and whatnot.

"Finally some piece and quiet." Tracy said. "But I still have a few bronies left to find....Who's next on the list?" Tracy reaches into her utility belt (what she named her strap-on harness) and grabs her notepad...which is really just a used sanitary napkin.

"Let's see here...who's next..."

"DustyKat.."

But she was interrupted by a thunderous crash. The roof of the Taco Bell was ripped clean off, by the mysterious ray of light.

"Aliens?!" Tracy shrieked in confusion.

"Si, senora" said the undocumented spic behind the Taco Bell counter.

"No you festering cunt-pile, I mean REAL aliens!" Tracy replied, pointing her knife at the sky. She yelled at the ship. "WHAT DO YOU FUCKS WANT?"

The spaceship became quiet for a moment.

Then, a loud obnoxious sound came from within.

"Duh duh duh DUH DUH duh duh duh DUH DUH duhduhduhduh"

Tracy, turned to the wetbacks inside the taco bell. "Was that...."La Cucaracha"? "

The beaners nodded.

"Well fuck, I guess they ARE that kind of alien"

The spaceship lowered to the drive thru window. A window opens and hand reaches out from within.

Tracy rushes to the window, where she hands the alien a bag of vomit-food.

"Hey, you guys, I'm kinda busy right now, but if you wouldn't mind, can you show up in the epilogue for a sweet probing scene?"

The creature peeks it's head out the window.

Oh fuck...it's....

"You got it!"

The spaceship sped away, only to be seen again at the end of the book.

Tracy became aroused at the sheer thought of what was to cum.

"Now, off to find DustyKatt Williams...Any of you beaners know where I can find a fat guy with a big moustache?"

The brown people laughed.

Tracy suddenly realized she just described their entire race.

"Nevermind!" she said.

Tracy turned to leave, but was stopped by the one mexican who was not getting ready to take a nap.

"Hey, senora, I think I know where he might be."

The mexican handed her a pamphlet, for a club labeled the "HE-MAN MOUSTACHE CLUB FOR MEN".

"They meet next door by the gym, I think your guy might be inside."

What a lucky plot device Tracy thought, just before blowing the mexican for his help.

She wandered across the parking lot, where she was confronted by a tiny building, surrounded by motorcycles and men with assless chaps.

"Yeah, this must be the place" Tracy said, as she strolled into the gay bar.

Inside, she was surrounded by dozens of fat, sweaty, moustachioed men, sipping cosmopolitans. Cliche dance music was playing.

Tracy shouted.

"Any of you faggots know where I can find DustyKatt?!"

The music stopped.

Tracy felt a tap on her shoulder.

"Ah think you're in the wrong place there missy..." Said the low voice behind her.

Tracy turned and saw, the fat, moustachioed man behind her.

"Oh no...it's you...." Tracy backed away in horror.

"Yes it is I" said the dark one, his broom pole shining.

"I'm Scruffy....The janitor"

"It can't be! It's impossible!" Tracy said, backing away slowly, unprepared for the shock of meeting her arch-nemesis face to face.

"Search your feelings, you know you are truly reading this in mah voice." Scruffy said. "I guess moot never told you about your author"

"He told me enough...he told me you killed him!"

"No Tracy...I AM your author" Scruffy said, reaching out his hand.

"Join me, and we will clean the board as Scruffy and Son!"

"That reference doesn't even make sense!" Tracy said, slashing her knife.

"It is your destiny!" Scruffy said, swinging the glowing red handle of his broom. Tracy's knife was knocked out of her hand, and into the tight ass of some biker nearby.

Tracy backed into the wall, unarmed. Somebody put her in a headlock and blindfolded her before she could see who did it.

"WHAT YOU'RE DOING HERE IS NOT FUCKING FUNNY"

The fat brony rubbed his moustache on her neck.

"That 'stache....I know that stache." Tracy said, unimpressed by her assailant. "DustyKatt and Scruffy...in the same Gay bar...who'd have thought..."

"Fur pile!" Dustycock called, as suddenly dozens of unwashed, unshaven, obese bikers began to jump on Tracy. "Who want's to yiff this pony?!" One yelled. "Me!" the crowd replied.

"Report....this....furry....bullshit...." Tracy struggled to say, her breathing becoming more difficult with every additional body being piled on top of her.

Scruffy laughed his evil laugh.

"Implying I care about rule violations HERE."

Tracy began to lose consciousness.

She couldn't move.

She couldn't breathe.

"So this is how it ends huh? Trapped under a pile of overweight half naked men in leather?" Tracy thought.

"Actually that sounds about right" I replied.

"Hey narrator, how about you help me out here?" Tracy thought, addressing me as I type this.

"Sorry Tracy, you know that we have no power in the presence of the scruffed one."

"Fuck you nigger...." Tracy thought, her vision darkening. "We didn't even get to have the sweet anal probing scene with [REDACTED] yet."

She was right. This story needs more sexytimes.

But I need to think quick, Tracy is about to die...

Through the darkness, Tracy heard a voice, just before she slipped into complete unconsciousness...

Bad end, please reload last save

Continue Y[X] N[]

The voice called out "Get your hands off of her you damn dirty apes!"

Scruffy turned towards the door.

"Could it be?"

It was /mlp/, they had come to save Tracy and her story. The whole gang was there, armed with stainless steel dildos.

"Get your hands off my waifu" one Anon said, as he removed his brass-knuckle fist from inside a lyra plushie.

The gay bikers began to climb off of Tracy, as they unsheathed thier own dildoes.

"So it has some to this" Scruffy mumbled. With a wave of his hand, his broom became the ultimate janitorial weapon. The almighty Banhammer.

"Why don't you just piss off to MLPchan? I don't tolerate your content here."

A voice came from the back of the pack. There stood LiveSmut the aritsan. "You think you've made us weak by dividing our home. You have only made us more numerous." LiveSmut drew his weapon, a long paintbrush. "Now, let go of Tracy."

DustyKatt, still holding Tracy, dropped her on the floor of the bar, where she came to rest, still unconscious. He pulls Tracy's knife out of his bottom's ass, taking a moment to savor the scent of mangina.

"Why don't you take your spaghetti, and fuck off?"

A single anon laughs, as a buzzing sound is heard.

"What is that....A Vibrator?" Dusty says, his confidence shaken.

"No dusty....It's your worst night mare."

The crowd parts as a single anon steps forward....clutching an electric razor.

"Time for a shave!"

DustyKatt drops his knife in horror.

"But how will I give moustache rides!?"

The anon cocks his arm back.

"Dusty haven't we taught you anything?"

Dusty stares in frustrated confusion.

Faster than a mexican pit crew, the anon whips the razor at Dusty. Some Matrix shit happens. Dusty watches in slow motion as his moustache is tore clean off, leaving nothing but a pudgy pock-marked face under a fedora.

"Nooooo!" Dusty cries, picking his face-pubes off the floor.

The room falls silent.

"Scuffy will not stand for this insubordination, attack!"

The razor boomerangs back around the room into the anon's hands. He puts on some kickass sunglasses. "No more moustache rides Dusty? You should know that the ride never ends!"

The room stays still to admire the quip for a moment. Only to have the silence broken by a beaner in a blue hoodie.

"I guess you could say, that /mlp/ is here to...SHAVE the day!"

Suddenly a knife comes flying across the room, straight into Carlos's bitch mouth.

"I told you I'd fucking bury you Carlos" said Tracy, panting as she slowly rises from the floor.

Tracy walks calmly across the floor. No one moves a muscle as she retrieves her blade from the Carlos's face. "You should really have CUT down on the puns." Tracy says.

...

...

One biker giggles.

The two groups stare at each other from across the crowded gay bar. Scruffy and DustyKatt and the army of Furfags, versus Tracy Cage, and the forces of /mlp/.

"Some Braveheart shit is about to go down" one reader thought.

OHHHHH YEAHHHHHH

The Kool aid man burst through the wall in a complete disregard of logic, spraying the two sides with his delicious red juice before crashing through the opposite wall, deciding which shitty, pants-on-head retarded, autistic fanfic to invade next.

The narrator, realizing that by writing that ALL of /mlp/ was standing in the gay bar, noticed that he has made himself an active participant in what was sure to become an epic asskicking. The narrator suddenly became worried about how this shit would play out.

Fuck.

"Oh man up pussy," Tracy Threatened. "If we win this thing, everyone here gets to cum inside me."

"Even us?" Said one of the bikers.

""What part of 'if we WIN' aren't you understanding here?" Tracy responded, sharpening her blade in her cooch. "You won't even have a dick when I'm done with you."

Tracy and Scruffy Stared at each other.

A tumbleweed blew through the room.

Dusty's asshole puckered up with an audible squeeze.

A bead of sweat formed on Bookfag's face.

Yeah, you're in this now TOO. There's no going back.

Fuck, I always hated self-inserts...

Oh well might as well go full sperglord if i've got no choice. I draw duel 6 foot long katanas folded 3 million times by the greatest NIHONSAMASEMPAISAN swordsmiths ever, donned my long black 5edgy9u trenchcoat and joined the crowd

But unfortunately for this anon, he cut himself on all those edges and bled out before the fight started.

The two groups charged at each other, each armed with absurdly large animal dildos, and ebgan to beat each other to a bloody pulp.

Thomas Westley stood in the corner and did his best to get everyone to stop fighting by making everyone smile smile smile. He was sodomized with a rake. Mitch, Kornheiser, namefag2.0, Gigantic Asshole, Red, B I R, Dan Dashley, Colget, MXLeo, and Rainboom Crash, all stood in a circle and masturbated together, then smeared the cum on Dusty's face, tar-and-feathering a new pube moustache on. Capper took pictures of the whole thing. MS Luna backed away slowly, he had drawing to get back to. Aether and the guys from AiE looked on in horror at the absolute clusterfuck this story was. General Polkovnik tried to rally the Anonymous troops to get their shit together, but they were all too busy throwing feces at everything to notice. All around the room, bloody torn anuses began to pile up. It was hard to tell if the moans were from pain or pleasure.

All around the room, came the battle cries one would expect from seasoned shitposting veterans.

"I want to cum inside rainbow dash!"

"I just don't get the appeal!"

"Do you even watch the show?"

But eventually, many of the cries were silenced, as an attractive femanon reveled herself to the room of sweaty, sexually deprived men.

She was truly the most beautiful thing that many of the combatants had seen in months.

"I gotta get me some of that" Tracy thought, her rainforest of a birth canal, gushing incomprehensible amounts of lubricant.

One anon tried to approach her to say something. The other anons retreated. The bikers thought that they had won. Dusty didn't see the fanny pack until it was too late. The second that the anon opened his mouth...detonation.

The room was flooded with a torrent of italian cooking. Many of the bikers drowned almost instantly. The walls burst as the flood spilled over into the parking lot, where Tracy, Dusty, and Scruffy washed up near the 4chan party van. Tracy rose, and stood overtop the formerly-moustachioed duo.

Scruffy reached for his banhammer...but couldn't find it. He looked up at Tracy, now clutching the mythic weapon. She stared deep into Scruffy's soul, and found that he had none. "This thread has

been pruned," she said, dropping the banhammer on Scruffy himself. The earth quaked as a fissure tore open the parking lot, accompanied by a belch of flames.

"The fuck is this, a Michael Bay film?" Scruffy said.

From the bowels of Hell, Moot rose, wearing a suit made entirely of Jew gold and brony tears.

"you're coming back with me Scruffy. You failed." Chirstopher Poole said, grabing ahold of Scruffy's leg.

"No! Please! don't make me go back to /b/! Noooooo!"

The earth swallowed Scruffy and Moot up, as Scruffy's screams faded away to nothing.

"Another one down...4 to go" Tracy said, eyeing up the now pants=soiled "Manliest Brony in the World".

niggers tongue my anus

Chapter 9

Tracy turned to leave the scene, picking her knife off the ground by Dusty.

"What are you going to do with him?" one anon asked.

"Nothing." Tracy said, sheathing her blade. "He's not worth the effort."

"you're going to leave him alive?"

Tracy looked over the balding, out of shape, fedora wearing furry, soaked in his own piss, covered in excrement and spaghetti, and bleeding from the asshole, and now moustacheless.

"If you CALL that living." Tracy said. She kneeled down to look Dusty in the eyes. "You live with this."

Tracy turned back to the nor/mlp/eople amassed in the parking lot.

"But before I go find Felix, I think we have business to attend to."

The anons looked at each other nervously. The Trixie Tulpa from a few pages ago, who had been following the whole thing, used her magic to tear the pants off of everyone in the crowd.

"EVERYONE LINE UP!" Tracy called. The Anons snapped at attention, thier collective members throbbing. "and be gentle, I'm a virgin again!" The crowd laughed. "Oh who the fuck am I kidding, MAKE ME BLEED!"

Nobody noticed Dusty slip silently into an alley behond the now-destoryed Gay Bar.

"I think I'm safe now..." he said walking down the dark alley away from the man-train in progress. "It's not Ogre Yet..." he heard a voice, but could see no one.

"Who's there?!" Dusty pleaded. "The great and powerful Tulpa needs a new home, and you're going to have to do!" The Trixie tulpa appeared from the shadows of Dusty's mind.

"What do you want from me?" said Dusty.

"I want you to KNEEL" demanded Trixie Tulpa, summoning her whip and BDSM gear. Her sharpened horn sprouted a pair of magical testicles. "Grab him Shrekkie!"

Dusty Suddenly found himself unable to move, as the Tulpa's Tulpa put him in a full-nelson. "Good Boy. Now, bend him over for mommy." The Trixie Tulpa cracked her whip. Shrek Obeyed. "Good. Now dusty, this is going to hurt you, a lot more than it hurts me. Open wide!" Trixie's horn grew to 16 inches in length, as she rammed it down Dusty's throat. "Rotisserie Style Shrekkie!" Shrek pulled out his traffic-cone cock and plunged it deep into Dusty's already-ravaged asshole. "Get ready for the finale!" Trixie's horn spewed hot essence inside Dusty's stomach, at the same time that Shrek climaxed in his bowels. And suddenly they were both gone. Dusty layed in the alleyway, catatonic. In the back of his mind he could hear Trixie laughing. "This will do just nicely, a new mind to warp to my wishes."

While he was laying there, a hobo wandered up to his body, sliced him open and stole one of his kidneys. He sold it for booze money. The hobo later died due to kidney failure because of his alcoholism.

Meanwhile, back at the man-train already in progress...

Tracy boarded the man train.

To Detroit

To find the moist one.....
known only as

Sir Fucks Alot!

Which was the nickname of the next brony on her list

So as she went on her way stabbing anywriter that crossed her path which included Rainblow_dash, bookfag, shoopier, The Once-ler and WiCkEd she took a piss stop at a local Danny's.

Inside the Danny's, Tracy ordered a Grand Slam.

She drummed her knife on the table, awaiting its arrival.

15 minutes later, the waitress slapped down a plate of eggs, sausage, bacon, and pancakes.

Tracy cleared her throat as the waitress turned to leave.

"Can I get you anything else?"

"Where the menstruating cunt," she said, "is my Grand Slam?"

The waitress was confused. "It's right there, hon," she said, pointing.

"No," Tracy said. "No, this pile of donkey shit isn't a Grand Slam."

In a flash, Tracy had her enormous pulsating cock pressed up against the waitress' tight asshole. "THIS is a Grand Slam."

Every window in the Danny's exploded as Tracy penetrated the waitress with the force of a thousand niggers fleeing from their alimony payments.

Tracy pounded away for hours, only taking breaks to drink coffee straight from the pot. She slapped the busboy's ass when he tried to clear her untouched Grand Slam, then patted him on the head for being a good little mexican. She tipped him later, with the tip of her cock.

All the while a bearded man stared, with a depressed look on his face, at his plate with a 52 made of bacon on it.

No one knew his name. It was like he didn't even have one. He might as well have just been called Anonymous, for all the good it did him.

Anonymous stared at the fried strips of protein and pork fat. Ingesting them would provide his body with necessary nutrients,

propelling him onward for yet another day. Another day in this strange existence he somehow found the gall to call a "life."

Where had it all gone? The dreams, the energy, the passion? He had been a young man once. Now here he sat, alone, aging for the 52nd time, in an event that had lost all meaning to everyone, but most of all himself. His twilight years were approaching. Soon, it would all be over.

He perfunctorily shoveled the bacon into his mouth, not even tasting the fat and sodium as he chewed it with his half-heartedly brushed teeth. He put down some bills, not even stopping to wipe his mouth, and walked out the door.

The night was cold, but Anonymous hardly felt it. He hardly felt anything these days. From the moment he woke to the moment he closed his eyes, it was all an unthinking haze, barely conscious of the world around him and of himself.

As he curled in his bed that night, in his bare one-room apartment, he thought of nothing, and prayed to no one. He had tried that once, calling to many names and many powers. But God was dead, there was no Hell, no magic, nothing. There was only the void. He curled in on himself, settling in for another night of insomnia, serenaded by that incessant voice screaming in the back of his head: "Tomorrow, tomorrow will be the day that my life begins."

Chapter 10

Tracy woke up, she had a bad dream. She thought she had died. "What a wacky waving inflatable arm flailing world I live in" She thought.

She moaned and got out of bed and walked to the bathroom, turning on the warm water in the tub as she sat down to take a fat shit. (That Denny's last night goddamn).

After her shit, she didnt flush right away, because it would make the shower water extremely hot (she didnt wipe either, because why waste paper when you're about to shower?)

She hopped in the shower, and began furiously wiping down her disgusting shit filled cunt and asshole.

"Oh fuck me, this feels great." she moaned in utmost pleasure.

After some extreme sudsing and cunt rubbing, she hopped out of the shower, flushed the now water-logged piece of shit, and began grooming herself so she could prepare for a new day.

Tracy inspected herself in the mirror. "Shit," she grunted. "I am one fat cunt."

She hopped in her Prius and sped to the local gym. It was on fire from her earlier rampage through the town, but it was nevertheless full of faggots getting their pump on.

Tracy sniffed deeply as she stepped through the entrance, inhaling the sweet scent of sweaty vag and balls. She could already feel her anus quivering in excitement.

After a quick warm up on the elliptical, Tracy killed two pakistani gentlemen and dragged them to the platform, where she immediately began to deadlift.

A personal trainer came over. "Ma'am, we don't allow deadlifting here," he said, calmly stroking her back. His hand travelled down to squeeze her ass.

"Well I don't allow faggots in my presence," Tracy said, as she

squatted a pakistani corpse and took a shit on the personal trainer's feet. The metrosexual employee screeched and leapt back, falling over a loose barbell that Tracy had purposely left unracked to inconvenience absolutely everyone.

Without missing a beat, Tracy cleaned and jerked the PT's penis, tearing it off in a bloody rainbow of semen. The man screams were cut short when she shoved his own dick into his mouth and proceeded to hip thrust into his asshole. After she'd gotten a good burn on both their glutes, she tossed his corpse aside and strutted from the gym, slapping the asses of some cardio bunnies on the way out. They all orgasmed instantaneously from this alpha display, causing irreparable damage to their treadmills with their torrents of pussy juice.

Tracy walked up to the nearby vending machine.

"Now that I burned some calories, time to get back what I lost!". She purchased \$10 worth of Kit Kats, and Chex mix. She sat down at a nearby table and broke the kit kat into two pieces. She shoved the first two pieces in her mouth and began to furiously deepthroat them, whilst slamming the other two pieces into her loose marehood. She was hoping to get some attention of any bronies that might be at the gym... Wait a second

"Why am I looking for bronies at the gym, I already know they wont be here..."

She grabbed her Cunt Kats, and ate them, licking her lips. She walked out the door to the nearest comic book / Trading card game shop.

Tracy's nostrils flared once again as she stepped inside. There was a distinct lack of sweaty vag, but there were certainly balls, and a lot of them.

She sashayed into the store, gloating inwardly as the nerds gathered around their gaming tables eyefucked her from behind their neckbeards.

She approached their leader, a balding fellow wearing a fedora and

cape. His eyes were fiercely autistic, and his breath was dangerously cheesy. Tracy could feel her heart pounding in the presence of this powerful man.

"Hey fag," she whispered seductively, flecks of Chex Mix caught between her teeth, "wanna give this sexy horse a ride?"

The balding commander pointed to his meticulously painted men on the table. "The kingdom is mine!" he sputtered, spraying her with saliva so thick you could chew it. "They are mine by right!"

"Sure they are, big boy," Tracy said, playing with the fastenings of his cape. "But the other army looks so much... bigger."

Across the table, a moonfaced ginger wearing a Princess Luna t-shirt gave her a smirk. The sexy balding nerd waved his arms in autistic fury. "The banners belong to me!" he screamed. "They'd better remember their oath, before I give them their heads!"

"Give me your head," Tracy said dangerously, "And I'll give you those kingdoms."

The bald man's mouth fell agape as Tracy bent over the tabletop, revealing her pussy and asshole mottled with shit. He resisted at first, but soon his hands grasped for her fat ass, and his two-incher was sliding into her hungry pussy.

He pounded her against the table, his pants around his ankles, his fingers that he had painted so beautifully in his mom's basement rolling obscenely across the battle map. The camera slowly pans out as ominous music plays. Tracy moans with satisfaction.

Tracy, though unnamed by the poor sex she was receiving, decided to throw her plan into motion. As soon as the obese brony MTG

playing faggot got the majority of his two inch member inside of her, she clenched down hard. The brony cried in pain.

"Alright faggots on the ground, or your dungeon master gets amputated!"

"D-do as she says!" THE luna wearing piece of fat bellowed! The loyal D&D card game brony nerds did as their leader told them.

"Tracy pulled a knife out of her asshole and held it point blank to the small bit of exposed cock inside of her.

"Now I want all of you to lock yourselves in that supply closet... NOW!"

The harmless balls of fat did as they were told. Luckily there was enough space for all 6 of them to fit inside the 20' by 20' space. Just barely. Tracy hopped over there, forcing the fat brony stuck within to follow behind. With extreme dexterity and skill, she swerved her perfect flank and released so the fat as luna wearing neckbearded Magic playing Dungeon master faggot was flung into the room.

She quickly held a chair to the door, dowsed it with the gasoline she kept in her vagina, and lit the building on fire.

She walked out, put on her aviators, lit up a cig and a slowmotion explosion filled the scene behind her.

"Has anyone ever told you that you're gay?" Tracy said to you, the reader, specifically. "Because you're so gay that a businessman in Tulsa can come home, kick off his loafers, get naked, fire up the fucking Playboy Channel, and finding himself flaccid, turns to the internet for help, only to find that all the porn in the world can't get his dick hard. So he wanders out into the streets, despondent, not really looking for anything, not watching where he's going. And after awhile he realizes that he's not in Tulsa anymore, he's wandered from the city and is now at the edge of a dark forest. He almost turns back, but he sees a trail of footprints leading him on, and he decides to follow them. After what seems like an eternity of stumbling through the darkness of the forest, he sees a light ahead through the trees. 'What is that strange light?' he asks, of no one in particular. He feels compelled to investigate. The light, he finds, is in the window of a long, squat wooden structure built in the middle

of the forest. It has no signs or distinctive markings, just a door and the window. He hears the sounds of splashing and laughter inside. When he opens the door and enters the building, he finds that the air is humid, and he is standing on rounded stones that border a pool of a hot spring. The air is full of steam, and a sign hanging from the ceiling depicts two men fucking each other in the asshole, and this businessman from Tulsa realizes that this is the gay bathhouse of legend, and he sees YOU on all fours with your ass up in the water, and he realizes that it was your trail that he followed here, to the most magically gay place in the entire world.

That is how gay you are."

She took a drag on her cigarette, the glint of the flames shining on her aviators.

Suddenly, Bateman appeared. In this post-modernist wasteland, he had transcended his memetic body and attained quasi-godhood.

"Trips followed by dubs," he said, in a voice that reverberated across the planes of existence. "Your powers have grown, dear Tracy. But can you best me... in a DUBS DUEL?"

Bateman flexed his godlike arms, preparing for their third and final encounter.

"Another goddamn dubs duel? Fuck this shit..." Tracy sighed, turned 360 degrees and walked away

Choosing for once to ignore the material and not allow Bateman to disturb her inner pieces, Tracy spun on her heel and walked away.

"You can't leave me!" Bateman screamed. "I am a GOD - I will always be, so long as I am kept in the hearts and minds of mortals..."

His calls faded to nothing behind her as she strolled onward, idly masturbating.

She decided to go see a gay movie.

Since she was walking away, and got dubs while going to the theatre, Bateman died for the umpteenth time.

"I didnt even roll for dubs and got them, I must be becoming the next god of dubs now." She thought. Then realized that this was a fate worse than death.

"What movie should I see?" She thought loudly causing several people to stare at the talking horse walking towards the movie theatre.

is it just me or is this book like really deep in some places?

Tracy thought to herself

"Shit's so deep, I can't even get out"

As she thought this, she remembered she had stored away a few things quite deep within her marehood. She reached for the nearest phallic-shaped grabber and proceeded to search within herself. She realized that these mixed objects were far too deep for her to differentiate one from the other, but fuck it, it might aid in a future endeavor. As she groped around in her interdimensional uterus, her newfound clitoral sensitivity caused her to intensely cum and shit in torrents, which projected her to the front of the line, parting all in her way like a sea of faggots.

She smiled at the cheesy-fingered receptionist and politely asked "What the fuck kind of movie do you have that could get me off in ten seconds flat?"

the receptionist thought for a bit.

"We have banned from equestria daily 1.9."

And then, moving faster than a speeding nigger hearing of a KFC special deal, Tracy made her way to the snack kiosk, where countless delicacies awaited their imminent vaginal insertion. The force of her displacement tore the receptionist's foreskin off, causing him to orgasm unlike anything his pillow waifu could have ever done. Patiently pleasuring herself with the phallic grabber whilst in line, she finally made her way up to the woman working the snack kiosk. Tracy was aching for some hardcore rutting, and

the candy for the moment would suffice. She asked for the price of a nice long bottle of Mountain Dew ©, and she was surprised when the hag said it was 30 bits.

As if by the holy command of her newfound control of dubs, the forsekin had traversed around the globe in its new benedictal mission, gathering the semen of a thousand unwanted neckbeards, ready to serve its newfound master. The foreskin made a timely entrance, as if reacting to its master's disgust for the hag, and projected itself above the heads on onlookers. As it lowered its speed to 88 mi/hr it slammed into the candy skank's narrow urethra, propelling her into a future filled with the cum of a thousand sperglords.

Holy words came forth from a disembodied voice:

>liquefaction radveen

So the movie began

Tracy sat down near the middle because we all know those are the best seats. The movie advanced and the protagonist was being raped by pinkie pie over some gift. There was some fat neckbeard in front of her making out with his very own tulpa. A roid rage tulpa.

Tracy proceeds to masturbate into a nearby tub of popcorn

This thread just proves that /mlp/ has gone to complete shit. It's not even funny anymore. It's just pathetic. Before I go, I would like to say something.

Fuck this thread

Fuck everybody who posted in this thread

Fuck /mlp/

Fuck 4chan

Fuck tripfags

Fuck namefags

Fuck everyone who complains about tripfags and namefags

Fuck anonymous

Fuck shitposters

Fuck ironic shitposters

Fuck Scruffy
Fuck the Moderators
Fuck moot
Fuck retarded newfags
Fuck elitist oldfags
Fuck these shitty rules
Fuck Bronies
Fuck everyone who calls themselves a horsefucker/ponyfag and
says they aren't bronies
Fuck all of your shitty, unfunny memes
Fuck this fandom
Fuck this shit show
Fuck EqG
Fuck Alicorn Twilight
Fuck Hasbro
Fuck Lauren Faust
Fuck Tara Strong
Fuck everyone else in the staff
Fuck all this love and tolerance bullshit
Fuck the le epik rusemen XXDD
Fuck Double Rainboom
Fuck Do or Deer
Fuck Snowdrop
Fuck Ponychan
Fuck MLPchan
Fuck EqD
Fuck Seth
Fuck Mandopony
Fuck every other brony musician
Fuck the person reading this
Fuck Carlos
Fuck everyone that uses sage as a downvote
Fuck everyone that uses greentext as le epik meme arrow
Fuck the internet
Fuck this gay earth
And last but not least FUCK YOU OP FOR MAKING THIS SHIT
THREAD

inb4 >LOL butthurt

inb4 >u mad bro?
inb4 >underage b& detected
inb4 >check em
inb4 >see you tomorrow
inb4 >guaranteedreplies
inb4 >0/10 made me reply
inb4 >sent ;)
inb4 >uh huh honey ;)
inb4 >open the door, get on the floor, everybody walk the dinosaur
inb4 banned
inb4 404
inb4 Check your privilege

After clopping and pouring her juices into the poor little girls popcorn (Without the mother noticing of course) she tried to watch the movie, but the roid rage / brony make out fest was too damn loud.

Tracy viewed her options

1. Stabby Stab Stab
2. Stab them
3. Join them
4. Leave
5. Watch the movie ignoring the loud sex sounds.

She decided to join them

hardly containing the tingling in her legs, Tracy could not resist the urge and hops over the row and sits next to the pair. Confused, the brony opens his mouth to ask what the fuck she thinks she is doing, but is interrupted with the muzzle of our protagonist in his face.

The brony screams; "Help! Rape!"

This only arouses her more.

how does this work, is it every post in order, or every post in the reply chain, in order?

For this, pretty much everything is going in. Even that post, and

probably this. I think bookfag will organize it a bit if stuff get's multi-replied.

So, start adding

she furiously rides the disappointingly tiny bump in his pants, and proceeds to cum with the force of 9001 suns. a tidal wave of vaginal fluid explodes from her vagina,drowning every single person in the theater, and washing her out the door.

After completely snipping off his junk, and riding the waves outside of the waterlogged building, she gets up, shakes it off, and walks to the front counter demanding her money back

The guy at the counter is dripping wet too. He appears to be threatening to sue tracy for the damages.

Tracy slaps him across the face with her cock while screaming something about being fed up with his shit.

MODS

Then Tracy looked at this Anon in disgust and slapped him in the face too with her meaty horse cock for being such a faggot.





Then the Chickun Nation attacked...



In the middle of the chicken storm, one of the writers re entered the room where the story was being written. He took a look around, and saw all of this bullshit did a 360 and moonwalked the fuck back out.

"NOPE."

Tracy looked up at the movie screen, where these images were being shown

"The fuck is this? A slideshow about KFC? Am I at one of those Black Movie Theaters Again? No, I can't be, nobody is yelling at the screen!"





Tracy stared fixated on the strobe of Chickun.

"It's like a trainwreck...I can't stop it....but I can't look away..."

thinking about something as long and powerful as a train of course made Tracy incredibly horny. She looked around the room for a drumstick to masturbate with, and sure enough, was in fact surrounded by black movie goers, who, despite the sterotype were being quiet and well behaved.

"What kind of shit is this?!" Tracy yelled.

"Madame I'm going to ask you to quiet, I'm trying to watch the film."

Tracy looked dumbfounded. The fuck was happening? Had the Chickun hypnotized these negroes into being well-behaved productive members of society? It can't be!

The crowd began to chant

"...arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

Tracy looked around in horror. What kind of dark magic was this?

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

Tracy tried to look away from the screen, but found herself pulled towards it as if by magnetism.

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

She began to feel strange, as the images flashed even faster.

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise..."

She found herself joining in the chant.

"arise chickun arise...arise chickun arise...No! What's happening to me, what black magic IS this?"

Tracy had to think fast, the movie theater was trying to hypnotize the black people into doing...something...she had no idea what, but it was clearly working (unlike the audience).

Tracy closed her eyes and screamed: "White women giving out free watermelons and mad-dog 20/20 in the parking lot by the basketball court!"

The images continued to flash, but the chanting stopped.



It's working, she thought to herself, but they needed a little more, to remember who they really were.

"Every melon comes with a free welfare check, and a coupon for KFC!"

Some of the black people strained to lift themselves from their seats. Not enough...they needed more...but she was almost out of stereotypes...

"Did I mention they were white women with big fat asses?"

The crowd leapt to their feet and flooded out of the room, pants hanging around their ankles, chanting something about "freedom".

"Huh, so this is what the South must have been like..." Tracy thought to herself. The chicken images continued to flash.



Tracy looked around. The onslaught of chickun seemed to be letting up.

Tracy looked at all the negroes who were now beginning to feel the effects of the chickun wearing off...

The negroes were getting full, but still they yearned for more Chickun. "Ay yo, das racis" one yelled as he read the previous comments, while knee deep in welfare checks and black/white babies.

Suddenly /anon/ comes is to join his /mlp/ brethren
"Yoyoyo /anon/"

Tracy says with open arms

She proceeds to >rape /anon/ before gently whispering
“I miss you”

Suddenly /s4s/ appears and tells /anon/, /mlp/, and Tracy to check



Who's next, /v/?
Eat shit

Chapter 11

MEANWHILE, AT THE LEGION OF DOOM

FinalDraft moaned in ecstasy as he slid a rusty nail in and out of his urethra while he watched a dozen monitors replaying DustyKatt slapping an Anon with spaghetti on loop. Little flakes of rust had already begun to flake off and remain caught in his urethra as he began furiously pumping the nail, trails of blood starting the pool up around his piss hole. This only made Final Draft harder due to the lubricating effect of the blood.

Suddenly the monitors all turned to static before simultaneously turning to an image of Purple Tinker.

“WHAT THE FUCK I CAN’T CLOP TO THIS,” screamed FinalDraft as his erection deflated causing even more blood to spurt out his piss hole “GOD DAMNIT TINKER ALL THE PONY CONS BELONG TO ME NOW!”

Purple Tinker’s lips curled into a vicious scowl and her facial expression probably changed too.

“No, FinalDraft,” boomed Tinker “That much power is too much for one pony. You must be stopped before you become The Faggiest One.”

Final Draft sprung up from his chair and pelvic thrust towards the monitors ejecting the rusty nail out in a stream of blood. His cock turned rock hard once more and pointed skyward, spewing trails of blood all over the screens. Final Draft approached the monitor and, though she could not see it, began licking the dick blood off of Tinker’s image on the screen.

“YOU THINK YOU CAN FUCK ME?!” cackled FinalDraft “NO ONE CAN FUCK ME! I AM UNFUCKABLE!!”

Just then all the lights went out but for the monitors which turned

to static. As FinalDraft stood staring blankly wondering what just occurred the door behind him swung open. He squinted and stared into the silhouette in the doorway.

“TINKER! YOU DARE?!” howled FinalDraft as he began stroking himself in Tink’s direction “YOU MADE A BIIIIIG MISTAKE COMING HERE, NOW YOU’RE FUCKED!”

Tinker flexed her muscles and turned into Super Sperger 4 causing all her clothes to rip and tear off her frame. Clenching her fists she screamed in a rage as her power levels went to Super Sperger 5 causing her mangled mutilated vagina to turn itself out into a giant throbbing penis.

“No, FinalDraft, you are the fucked.”

While she was speaking, Her penis spat out a sombrero instead of cum. Then another, Then another. She drowns Final in a sea of sombreros Laughing as he cried and sank beneath them.

And then she woke up, drenched in nacho cheese and relish.

She then lucked herself furiously.

she lucked herself so hard that as she finished a leprechaun and some jew gold fell out of her marevag.

The leprechaun summoned a flask of whiskey, swearing incoherently as he sipped.

The leprechaun, amused by my previous typo, enjoyed the vast amounts of luck spread throughout the community. He grew bigger and greener until luck consumed him. He became the Hulk.

The Hulk then began to go around p0nyville in a blind rampage, killing every p0ny in sight. He continued to get stronger each kill because of what shitty luck they had today.

And now its all up to Tracy to save the day

Tracy stabs him in the dick

penis penis penis

As Hulk Hogan writhed in pain, Gabe Newell popped out of his peehole. Gabe jumped 3 feet high. Half life 3 confirmed.

Tracy calls Gabe on his bull shit and proclaims "Even if it were true, it wouldn't have been worth the weight!"

Tracy had to eat Gabe, or stick his dick in her. A terrible choice to have to make.

She decided to eat all of him except for his dick. She shoved his dick in her ass as deep as she could with the help of her knife. She wondered how hard she'd have to shit to get it out again and if the shit would make Gay Ben's dick more delicious than himself.

The Hulk notices Tracy is lost in thought and advances, planning on impaling her with his dick.

Tracy takes a huge shiz thus curing her upset tummy.

Chapter 12

Tracy finds herself outside the house of chickun Anon

Tracy went to the House of Chickun. Gabe was sitting there all Dead like, next to the other fallen friend, Hank Hill.

"WHERE IS THE UNIVERSE?" she said. Jesus house pointed to the sky.

"Look above and you will see it... the star of death!" The stupid bitch actually looked up, lel what a fag. But seriously, the star of deaf was up there and Tracy shit herself on purpose.

"I-impossible! The space spoon hates me! But I'm 20% cooler!"

House grimaced in disgust, narrowing his eyes at penis-breath the gerbil rapist, aka Tracy.

"Dude, seriously, what the fuck. You really are ponychan 2.0"

Penis threw her arms into the air like a WACKY WAVING INFLATABLE ARM FLAILING TUBE MAN and said this. Not this sentence, the one after this you stupid underage shit, you little piece of fuck, suck my planetary nutsack you worthless pile of donkey dick.

"I was saying it ironically! Like how I say I clop to anthro as a joke because anthro is furshit but then I fist myself to hoofbeat when I'm by myself because that makes it double-ironic. It's funny."

Jesus House shook his head slowly, turned and walked silently into the sunset to kill his brother. Tracy dropped to her knees and wept. Her tears are bear cum.

In a moment of desperation, Tracy attempts to rekindle Hank Hills life with the bear cum, but it is to no avail. Really, all she ended up doing was disgracing his remains in an act of ultimate dishonor. Nice one, champ.

But from the blackest spirals of despair, Tracy was lifted by her good friend benis :DD, who told Tracy of a way to discover the meaning of truth and love.

Tracy shuddered as benis :DD leaned in close to the disgruntled blue mare and whispered to her the secrets of the universe.

Upon hearing the words, the unoriginal Earth pony's eyes went wide.

"No!" cried Tracy. "I won't do it!"

But it was too late, for benis :DD was already upon her.

Benis :DD moved her head down to Tracy's crotch. The Element of Unoriginality cringed and braced herself for the imminent >rape. Fortunately, fate was to smile on Tracy. Just as benis :DD's tongue touched Tracy's slit, a prepubescent voice shouted.

"DO YOU WANT ME TO CHOKE YOU WITH MY COCK?! IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT?!"

Benis :DD immediately cowered before her son Mutton Bash.

"N-no, please, not again!"

But the young boy would not hear his mother's plea.

"Get on your knees, bitch!"

As Tracy's would-be rapist was mouthraped by her son, the Cage-flanked knife murderer escaped quietly, saddened that she was no closer to the universe than she was before her friend molested her.

Tracy was about to lose her good fortune, however, for she found herself surrounded by six million naked Ashkenazi Jews, all of them bearing their circumcised cocks at her.

"Come here, goy," said the chief rabbi as the Semitic horde closed in on the poor blue pony.

Tracy felt the first Jewish penis slide into her from behind. With a cry of "Oy vey!" the conniving kike began to thrust. Normally during intercourse, both parties feel pleasure. But Tracy was beginning to realize that when a Jew has sex with a goy, the Jew sucks part of the goy's soul right out. Clearly this was a Jewish plot to steal Tracy's soul and give it to ZOG for the destruction of the Aryan earth pony race. Tracy, in desperation, bucked her back hoof into the Jewish menace ravaging her sex, and the Semitic swine fell to the ground, dead.

Five million, nine hundred thousand nine hundred nintey-nine to go, thought Tracy as she began her Second Shoah.

Epilogue

But a pack of niggers came to attack the jewish threat because Tracy is there HOE!

Escaping the madness and with no way of traveling to the stars, she went south to China to hitch a ride on one of dem soy sauce fueled wooden rockets. Disguising her self like Jackie Chan she quietly entered the rocket and joined the crew inside. Commander Ting, co-piglet Chong and rookies Chang and Chin. They were honored to serve with her considering Jackie Chan's status as God, the count down began and a new story unfolds in the new cocky adventure of.....

THE ADVENTURES OF TRACY CAGE

SPACE VOYAGE TO PLANET VOLLEYBALLANDRIA! THE NIGNOG STRIKES BACK!

Coming in book 4.
THE END.

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Thanks for reading - BookFag