Race Through Canterlot

“Just rain already!”

Sweetie Belle’s shouts to the heavens only provoked the Sun to blind her further. For the past 40 minutes, her eyeliner cooked itself onto her face until two black tears appeared. The beads of sweat audibly hitting the ground made her other peers question if she was sobbing.

Not that they would blame her if she was. Deserts had more liveable conditions than this 112°F climate. While other students had the luxury of getting home on time, at least 20 others engaged in mortal combat to survive in the outdoor bus terminal. Some pummelled each other to reach the vending machines first, and some fought over each other’s clothes. If one wore shorts, they were a prime target.

On the concrete ground, one student spread herself out like an octopus. Poor Apple Bloom’s breathing never sounded so bad from being motionless.

“What’s taking so long?” she groaned, slapping the gnats that ate at her skin.

Scootaloo threw her regular clothes on the floor, revealing her P.E. clothes underneath. “Dude was probably jerking and driving,” she said. “Wouldn’t be the first time.”

Her joking demeanour faded as she took another look at her friends. While Scootaloo’s burning irritated her, Sweetie and Bloom couldn’t hold still for a second. Even under the shade, the bugs refused to give Bloom peace of mind. And on Sweetie’s side, her snow-white skin glowed sizzling red. Basic movements were always joined with an “ow” or a shriek.

That morning, newscasters claimed it would rain in the afternoon. Indeed, some clouds amassed in the sky, and some were grey. But they took their sweet time getting to the star. Once Scootaloo saw the armpit stains in her grey shirt, she slung her backpack over her shoulder.

“Screw this. One of you, get your sister to pick us up.”

Bloom slapped her nose, splatting a gnat. “Big Mac’s got the truck today. Ain’t no tellin’ when he’s coming back.”

Scootaloo turned to Sweetie, whose pale hands clenched her chest as she shook her head.

“She’s out of town, too. Unless you wanna wait around seven.”

“Yeah, no.” Scootaloo spun on her heel and walked towards the road. “Coming?”

“What are you talking about?” Sweetie asked.

“You ain’t seriously thinking about walking, are you?”

Shrugging, Scootaloo continued onward. She had a hunch that her friends would tag along sooner or later. Sure enough, the number of footsteps tripled as they left the high school. Refreshing, as Scootaloo had gotten used to walking home alone after every track practice.

“Staying at your place tonight, Apple Bloom,” she said between sips of water. “Don’t know whether or not Sweetie’s joining.”

“Why not?” Sweetie said. “For once this week, I don’t have any homework.”

More good news for Scootaloo. Friday was always the day she’d bounce from one friend’s residence to another, if not the home of her aunts. And the start of the weekend was the perfect day for the girls to hang out after school. Sadly, schoolwork and conflicting schedules often ruined this plan. But when it got to happen, Scootaloo’s mood received an enormous boost.

While Scootaloo cheered, Sweetie’s pain persisted when they left the shade. “We haven’t even walked for a minute, and my feet are killing me.”

“You don’t say,” Scootaloo said, observing Sweetie’s footwear. “You only got yourself to blame for wearing those things.

“My heels?” Sweetie stopped to rub the top of her foot. “They needed me to look elegant in art. If I knew I’d walk several miles, I’d have brought some extra sneakers.”

The other two wore sneakers and boots that screamed cheap compared to Sweetie’s whole outfit. Between her ebony heels, her dark stockings, and her silky black dress — one decorated with white dots and a red belt around it — her looks could turn girls gay. Fortunately, the Sun used its abilities for something good, granting the shoes a beautiful shine. When Sweetie moved, stars twinkled on her shoes.

However, what good was sexiness if it inhibited one’s abilities?

“You sure you don’t wanna take them off?” Bloom asked. “They’re pretty, but I know it’s gotta hurt walking like that.”

Scootaloo butted in. “You wanna wear my slides? They’re super comfy.”

“Those slimy things?” Sweetie struggled to ask, gulping. “Ask me when I’m tipsy, and maybe I’ll think about it.”

As the three reached the end of the street, Scootaloo leaned against the stop sign to think. Typically, it’d take her one hour to walk from school to home. But with Sweetie’s stylish heels, this trip’s time would double or triple. Why triple? Because the pain would only grow the longer those shoes latched onto her feet.

Bloom’s limits put her on a similar playing field. What the girl had in strength, she lacked in stamina. At least Sweetie, in theory, could use magic to alleviate some pain (though it’d cost her great energy). If Bloom’s feet hurt from walking in those cramped boots for hours, problems would arise.

If only there was a way to get them all to Sweet Apple Acres faster.

“How about a game?” Scootaloo asked.

“What’cha talking about?”

“Is this really the time?”

Scootaloo folded her arms. “Yep. Racing to Apple Bloom’s place sounds like a blast to me.”

Sweetie’s brows furrowed. “Unless you’ve got some reward, why would we exhaust ourselves when we’re already dying?”

“Plus, nothing’s stopping us from findin’ a cab or something.”

Scootaloo rolled her eyes. She explained that they shouldn’t have to pay money to travel home, a principle of her conservation habits. And she dedicated all her energy to illustrate how much more fun a race would be and how they’d reach Sweet Apple Acres in record time.

But it took the athlete a while to respond to Sweetie’s question. “You can pick a free reward, alright? For example, when I win, both of you are gonna suck my feet the whole weekend. Mmm!”

“Ew!” Sweetie covered her mouth. “What’s with you and this stupid foot fetish thing?”

Chuckling, Scootaloo unlaced one of her shoes. “You jealous that I’m open-minded?”

A choking cloud surrounded her peers like a stink bomb had gone off. Bits of shoe material rained from the insole like a ticker tape parade. While her friends coughed, Scootaloo snickered at the results on her sole. Wiggling her toes made her squeal in delight as a piece of fabric slipped from between the digits.

Sweat? In good abundance, though, it could be more plentiful. Scootaloo had to hear sloshy, gooey sounds when her toes scrunched before she could call this foot “ripe”. Griminess? Below average, but it came with her decision to not wear socks that day. Socks meant a weaker odour but a stronger, stickier mess of lint. No socks meant minimal filthiness but cosmic levels of sweat and smelliness that could knock an elephant out.

She stood firm in the face of her odour. On a scale from one to five, her smelliness sat at three. But with some more running, she could crank it to a four. Then, maybe if she got lucky, she’d shatter the scale and leap to a deadly six.

“Do you ever wash your feet!?” Sweetie screamed, gagging into a bush.

“Sometimes every night, sometimes every two nights.” Scootaloo returned the foot to its prison. “Today’s one of those two-night deals.”

Bloom rubbed her fingers together, looking at Scootaloo’s shoes and the horrid stink that they sealed up again. Just staring at those deteriorating black shoes. After thinking briefly, she stumbled to announce what she wanted.

“If I win, I’ll rub both your feet the whole weekend,” she said.

“You’re punishing yourself?” Scootaloo asked, raising an eyebrow.

Bloom spaced out. But before she could add to or alter her statement, Scootaloo spun around.

“Whatever, sounds okay to me if you somehow win.” She faced Sweetie, who had just returned from dry heaving. “And what about you?”

“You both give me 20 bucks. Simple.”

“Boo!” Scootaloo shook her head. “We both chose something related to feet. Don’t ruin the theme.”

If she was trying to piss Sweetie off, she was doing an exceptional job. Rather than get redder than she already was, Sweetie shut her eyes and counted to ten. Her posture loosened, and her breathing reverted to a calmer state.

“I win, then Apple Bloom will be okay. But Scootaloo is going to be at my feet this whole weekend,” she said with a calmness in her voice. “You like forcing your feet in my face all the time? Trying to make me hurl every second? Then let’s see how much you love it when you’re choking on my toes all night. Even when we’re around other people, you’re gonna rub my feet like a slave. And then—”

“Awesome,” Scootaloo said, clapping like an eager seal. “At least one of you is giving me a reason to try harder.”

Before a single foot left the sidewalk, Scootaloo established three rules. First, transportation was off-limits, be it a skateboard, bus, or jetliner. Second, reaching Sweet Apple Acres wasn’t good enough; the girl had to get to the house’s front door. And lastly, Sweetie couldn’t take advantage of teleportation magic.

“I don’t even know how to do that,” she complained. “Teleporting’s a mess for even magic masters.”

“Hey, I gotta cover all my bases.”

“I think I’m ready,” Bloom said, taking a runner’s position. Both hands clung to the concrete as she tucked a knee into her stomach.

Scootaloo assumed the position as well. “On your marks…”

Sweetie, in this fancy attire, found herself in a difficult spot. Getting in this position while wearing her heels generated higher pain in her legs. But she gritted her teeth despite the stinging, hoping this technique would grant her a speed boost. After all, it always seemed to work that way for runners. And boy, did she ever need some speed.

“Get set…”

Scootaloo’s feet begged her to start the race. Bloom’s heels were as far from the ground as they could get. The pressure in Sweetie’s arches was unreal.

“Go!”

Bloom and Scootaloo launched into action, their visions blurring from the speeds to which they accelerated. The yellow girl began with an impressive lead, holding Scootaloo behind long enough to feel like she had a chance. Yet once Scootaloo reached her high speed, she left Bloom to eat her dust.

Pouting, Bloom took longer strides to keep up with the runner. If only she knew how that technique only hurt an athlete’s performance.

Back at the stop sign, Sweetie remained in her tucked position. Because the muscles in her legs were on the verge of tearing, she returned to a standing position.

Even without running, she now comprehended why school athletes never ran in sexy shoes like sandals. All the power needed to keep the shoe on one’s foot would hinder someone in a race as it did with her strapless heels. That specific component — the elongated heel — would kill her in this battle. The harder she hit the ground, the likelier it would snap under her weight.

She bent down with a sigh. “Good thing I’m wearing stockings.”

The teen’s feet burnt on the sizzling ground, although ditching those heels did wonders for her manoeuvrability. While performing brief dance moves to loosen her limbs, Sweetie smiled at how much better her arches felt. Perhaps she’d have a chance at beating Scootaloo if she played her cards right. Setting her heels in her book bag, the girl jogged up the street.

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Apple Bloom’s lack of stamina left her wheezing against a lamppost. *Scootaloo can’t be that far ahead, right?*

Holding her head up, she looked for a store that could assist her. Maybe an energy drink could give her the boost she needed. On the left, various buildings lined up along the sidewalk. But the gym caught the girl’s eye. All gyms have beverages, right?

After throwing herself into the door and babbling to the front desk employee, Bloom gorged herself with ice-cold water. Now the girl’s brain could think at its full potential. It tried to plot ways to reach Scootaloo in any way, but that was easier said than done. Scootaloo’s speed and technique gave her the advantage, no matter how hard Bloom worked.

“Apple Bloom?”

The girl’s head snapped in the direction of that voice. Next to the teen stood a pink-skinned lady with crystal blue eyes. While her puffy, darker pink hair dangled over part of her eyes, Pinkie Pie couldn’t blend in with a crowd if she wanted. Even with her current dress wear, a black crop top and some workout pants.

Bloom checked her from head to toe. “Never took you for the working-out type.”

“Neither did I,” Pinkie panted. “But when you gotta get your feet sweaty for an event, nothing beats exercising.”

Oh? Was Pinkie getting involved in her own foot hijinks tonight? Bloom understood that she loved going to parties but always imagined them being normal. Picture a kid’s birthday party or some concert party. However, she didn’t have enough time to ponder the bizarre things involved in Pinkie’s world.

“How fast you think you can run?” she asked, checking her phone for the time. 4:32 P.M.

“On a scale from Rarity to Rainbow Dash, I’m a solid Fluttershy.”

That was all Bloom needed to hear. She grabbed Pinkie’s arms. “Look, I’m in the middle of a race right now. You got any tips you can teach me quickly?”

Pinkie grinned. “For sure. Although…”

Bloom’s stomach dropped. She knew there’d be a catch whenever anybody added a conjunction to a sentence like “but”.

“You mind doing me a small favour?”

The girl shrugged. “How small we talking?”

Pinkie led Bloom into the female locker room. As she explained what she needed, Bloom’s eyes widened. The locker room was empty, save for three people. Herself, Pinkie, and Fluttershy. How fitting, as that woman’s colours matched Bloom’s save for a deduction in saturation.

Bloom gave a shy wave, still taking in what Pinkie instructed her to do.

“So, you want me to do a taste test?” she asked as Pinkie opened a locker.

“You got it,” the lady said with a cloth in her hand. “You’re in a hurry, so I’ll time you two minutes with each of us.”

“Pinkie, I don’t think she’s allowed in here.”

Fluttershy’s voice was like Pinkie’s if someone put her on ADHD medication and softened the tone. Calm and collected while quieter than everyone around. Pinkie scoffed, setting her leg on the metal bench.

“What are they gonna do? Throw her out?”

*POP!*

Pinkie’s foot came free. Just like Scootaloo, she wore no socks with those sneakers. After chucking the other one, she dragged Bloom’s petite body closer.

“*Open your mouth*,” she sang like a dentist working on a kid.

Bloom’s lips spread open, giving Pinkie a vibrant tingle. Shortly, the big toe made its way into Bloom’s mouth. As soon as it rubbed against her tongue, giggles came from the woman on the receiving end. Pinkie’s toe, at first, tasted like nothing special. Who would expect anything amazing from feet fresh out of a sweaty shoe?

When the toes mingled with one another, Bloom’s eyes watered. Now Pinkie’s feet developed a unique flavour. A salty flavour.

“Tastes good?” Pinkie asked, forcing her toes out the teen’s mouth.

She rendered Bloom speechless as the girl began to communicate with her hands. Nonsensical communication that even a deaf person would cock their head to. While Pinkie asked the girl the question two more times, Fluttershy set a hand on her shoulder.

“Don’t choke her with your toes.”

“Alrighty then.” Pinkie pushed her sole against Bloom’s mouth. “Lick the sole.”

Shaking her head, Bloom shut her eyes and took a mighty lick up Pinkie’s foot. It left her lips quivering, yet she went for it again. Her brain still failed to analyse this flavour. Although she kept dragging her tongue along the feet until Pinkie allowed her to stop.

When asked about the flavour, Bloom responded, “You got some very salty feet.”

Pinkie leaned forward. “But are they good?”

“Eh…” Bloom flip-flopped with her hand, making Pinkie’s smile switch to a look of surprise.

As much as she craved more details, Bloom remained on a deadline. So, she cast her over to Fluttershy.

“You don’t have to lick if you don’t want to,” the woman said.

“I already did one. It’d be unfair to leave out the other.”

Fluttershy gasped as Bloom’s whole tongue worked its way down her skinny foot. Unlike Pinkie, there were no shoes in sight belonging to Fluttershy. Meaning that this girl got a mouthful of dust and other gym filth.

Bloom whimpered. Her tongue slid across the ball of the foot before she sucked on the sole. Rather than tasting purely salt, the rougher texture screwed with her mind. No foot should feel so dry against someone’s mouth. Why would Fluttershy work out in a sweaty gym without any footwear, in a place where everyone else’s body had been? How often did she scrub her feet in the first place? These were what Bloom pondered while her body consumed the foot grime.

Sure, Fluttershy had always been sweet to her. But between her and Pinkie, at least Pinkie’s feet were smooth to lick. Bloom made a mental note as she finished sucking this foot to a cleaner state. This would be the only foot she’d work on.

Yet she moved onto the other foot.

Her tongue slid between the toes, and then she sucked Fluttershy’s big one. The woman found herself blushing with her hands on her mouth.

“H-How does it taste?”

Bloom popped the toe out her mouth. Now she remembered a key point Scootaloo always mentioned involving feet. No matter what they tasted like, rubbing one’s tongue on them could easily activate pleasure senses. The orange girl compared it to giving a blowjob, where the actions mattered more than the taste. Though Fluttershy’s feet were no meal, Bloom continued pushing the toes against her lips.

“They taste… fine.” She looked at Pinkie. “Yours too, by the way.”

“Fine!?” Fluttershy tensed up, pulling her foot from Bloom’s gasp. “Just fine? Oh, we gotta work harder, Pinkie! Pinkie?”

Pinkie watched as Bloom’s tongue sheepishly licked the remaining dirt around her mouth. Eventually, the girl just wiped it with her hand. But perhaps this partying freak gave this kid some ideas. And speaking of that, she grabbed Bloom and began walking her to the treadmills.

“After I show you this, those tiny feet are going to be sweatier than mine,” she said, stroking Bloom’s tall boots.

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9 minutes of effective running later, Scootaloo transitioned into a mild jog. Soon enough, she managed to walk with her hands behind her head. Who was going to pass her at this rate?

“I got this in the bag,” she said, sipping water. “A little break’ll be alright.”

Downtown may have been behind her, but the trip to Sweet Apple Acres was by no means done. If they’d ridden the school bus, the girls would’ve been there in five more minutes. But Scootaloo had at least another half hour on foot if she moved swiftly.

Rather than walk the same concrete road, she cut a corner and let the grass blades tickle her legs. The town’s largest park bloomed with flowers and smelt like nature in its purest element. Mixed with the vibrant butterflies and faint buzzing of dragonflies that popped out the green, Scootaloo could breathe a sigh of relief. A small respite, at last.

When she plopped under an oak tree, a soft moan escaped her lips.

“Five minutes,” she murmured, shutting her eyes. “No more.”

At first, Scootaloo envisioned how her reward would play out. Sweetie Belle on her right foot, Apple Bloom on her left foot. Both girls licking between her plump toes, maybe swapping spit as they moved onto the same foot. Bloom would try to make the best of everything, while Sweetie would be green from the smell alone. Scootaloo giggled, placing her hand on her thigh.

Then her fantasy of the future switched to a memory of the past. Not too far back, she was sitting in Rainbow Dash’s living room, playing a video game while on the sofa.

Her guardian, whom she saw as an older sister, had fallen asleep just on the other end. Her rump slumped into the soft cushions as Scootaloo’s feet lay on her chest. They stank. As far as Scootaloo was concerned, her feet smelt no better than the stale nachos one would find at a cinema. Fortunately, their intensity failed to wake Rainbow, leading Scootaloo to develop pleasurable thoughts.

Her teenage curiosity got the better of her. After pausing the game, she gently fed her toes to Rainbow. Next thing she knew, her role model sucked on them like pacifiers. After some more sucking, and forcing Rainbow’s tongue between her toes, Scootaloo unbuckled her jeans with a moan.

Now in the present, Scootaloo’s eyes widened. Her hormones couldn’t stay in control forever, and so she tossed her right sneaker off.

“Mmm… Good thing it’s not *too* sweaty. For now.”

With a quick scan to make sure that no one saw her, the girl smashed her foot against her face. The warmth instantly transferred, giving her orange face a deep red hue.

Scootaloo briefly smooched her sole before slurping on her big toe. After swishing the digit around like mouthwash, it exited with an even greater shine. She smacked her lips, then dove to the heel. Dragging her tongue all the way to her toes provided her with an interesting flavour. Sweaty enough to hold her attention, but not too grimy as to make her puke.

*Do I dare lick between my toes?*

The one area where filth always collected, whether she wanted it or not. Scootaloo’s toes automatically separated, and her tongue aimed between the longest ones. As soon as the tongue took its first jab, her foot hit the ground.

“No,” she said, wiping her mouth. “Lemme save that for Apple Bloom. She needs to savour that.”

Then she looked at her other foot, still locked in its sneaker. “And Sweetie Belle’s gonna love you once you’re done cooking in there.”

Shuffling around the tree, she counted the various people passing by on the winding path. Dogs proudly walking with their owners, hyperactive kids playing tag, Apple Bloom, a mime or jester staring at her sweaty…

“Huh!?”

Scootaloo scrambled to her feet, only to slip in the ticklish grass. Where would she go with only one shoe on her feet? It may have cost her precious seconds, but she eventually sprinted in the farmgirl’s direction. As her heart pounded against her chest, she slowed her speed once catching up with the yellow blur.

“Fancy seein’ you here,” Bloom said, appropriately rising in speed.

“Where the hell did you come from? I took a break for like three minutes.”

“You mad ’cause you underestimated me?”

While the two’s shoulders bumped repeatedly, the gears in Scootaloo’s mind began to crank. The way Bloom swung her arms and took noticeably short strides… Scootaloo had to remind herself to do the same, but where did Bloom learn that it’d give her an edge? Did she finally take note of Scootaloo’s running techniques?

Tearing against the warm winds, Scootaloo bit her lip. Bloom refused to grant her an inch of breathing room, and the shoving only did so much.

“Just give up!” Scootaloo yelled. “You’re gonna burn yourself out, and you know it!”

“I ain’t no quitter!”

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“We’re done. I’m not saying a word about this to anyone else. Can you please just lend me some magic now?”

Sweetie’s stockinged feet felt warmer and wetter now than from the past hour of sweat. While she wiggled her damp toes, the lady before her let out a long moan. She was none other than the bacon-haired friend of Sweetie’s sister.

Pulling up her pants, Sunset Shimmer grinned at the teen. “You enjoyed yourself?”

“It was whatever.”

“Sure. After all, it’s so normal for people to moan when they feel indifferent to something.”

“Ma-gic!”

“Calm down, I’m not cheating you.” Grasping Sweetie’s shoulders, Sunset closed her eyes and took a deep breath.

The world remained the same for a few seconds, but then Sweetie tingled from head to toe. A sharp yet flowing energy coursed through her veins. While she wiggled her toes and fingers, the girl could swear she was floating. But no, her feet remained on the ground. All this energy was more than enough for her to execute her plan.

“Thank you,” she said, snatching her backpack.

“Thanks for your talented feet,” Sunset replied, licking her lips.

*That didn’t feel good at all,* Sweetie thought. *You hated it. You. Hated. It.*

Unlike her friends, Sweetie had no plans of cutting through the park. Instead, the girl sprinted up a seven-storey parking garage in the downtown area. Sweat dripped down her legs while she focused her mind. Thanks to her phone’s GPS, the direction of Sweet Apple Acres was clear.

“Don’t mess this up,” she whispered.

A booming noise echoed through the various buildings as her body began to glow. People’s eyes darted to the sky, only to see nothing but a faint pinkish streak that sizzled out of existence. A plane? No way, as it’d be too low. Fireworks? Maybe. Kids would do anything for fun those days.

But the people who saw the teenage girl slinging herself through the sky looked on in horror. The wind stretched her face back like a giant fan, providing no assistance as she dove to the streets. Once she opened her eyes, a shrill scream left her throat.

*Wasn’t high enough! NO!*

*THUD!!*

Had it not been for the strong magic that Sunset gifted her, the police would’ve investigated a white and red splat on the ground. Instead, Sweetie landed feet-first, causing her whole body to stiffen as if someone fed her electricity. Fortunately, the intense pain faded after 19 seconds.

“Great. I don’t even think I got that far.”

Still, progress was progress. And her body remained operational, evidenced by her ability to run without issue.

“Scootaloo’s not getting a bit of mercy after this,” she said to herself, envisioning the orange girl sucking her toes. “Ew, don’t smile thinking of that!”

“Can’t you slow down for one second!?”

“Stop tryin’ to tickle me!”

Before Sweetie could turn around, a shove knocked her onto her knees. Then the weight doubled on her back, like someone dumped two potato sacks onto her. Those bickering voices gave her all the information she needed.

“Never mind. I got real far.”

Apple Bloom groaned. “Oh my— Sorry, Sweetie. Someone’s been tryin’ to mess with me the whole time.”

Scootaloo emerged first from the pile, holding her arm. Her *scraped*arm. Her breaths got shallower as she felt a jolt of pain in her left leg. Running endurance was one thing, but physical endurance belonged in Bloom’s camp. So any strategy to slow her opponents down became a necessity.

*I got it!*

“You two want another preview of what we’ll be doing after my victory?”

When her hand touched her sneaker, Bloom threw herself onto Scootaloo like a beast. Scootaloo gritted her teeth, digging her fingers into Bloom as hard as she could. The two’s friendly competition now looked like an all-out assault as onlookers began to gather around them.

Sweetie clutched her chest as her friends went at it. Her brain urged her to use this as a chance to buy more time. But her heart urged her to break the squabble up.

*Don’t be stupid,* she thought, taking a deep breath. *They’ll be fine.*

Silent as a mouse, she disappeared from the brawl as if she hadn’t seen it to begin with. Her eyes immediately found a new, interesting sight. Across the street, a small taxicab dropped off two older passengers. Soon, her careful silence switched to the sound of the ground shaking as she hauled herself to the vehicle. It would’ve left her in the dirt if she hadn’t restrained it with her magic — what little lingered in her.

While the two girls yanked at each other, Bloom saw a blackened leg dangling out the passenger seat of the taxi. No shoe. The blows subsided once Scootaloo’s eyes fixed on the same target.

“Why’s she giving up?”

“I dunno. Maybe ’cause of…” Bloom pointed to a minor cut on her hand.

As the girls got on their feet, they looked everywhere but at one another. The embarrassment didn’t come from the fighting but rather from what they were fighting about. A simple race where the winner would get their feet treated. Why would they be so passionate about that reward to the point of pulling each other’s hair out?

“Sorry.”

“Sorry.”

Scootaloo played with her fingers. “I get too competitive, don’t I?”

“You must really want your feet licked that badly, huh?”

The purple-haired girl’s flustered reaction got a giggle out of Apple Bloom. When said aloud so bluntly by someone else, nothing could sound more embarrassing. But she inched closer to Scootaloo, squeezing their faces together.

“I won’t mind licking between every toe,” Bloom whispered, “so long’s you beat me fair and square.”

Speechless, Scootaloo let Bloom drag her to the ground before the farmgirl assumed a running position. The traditional runner swiftly adopted it as well, repeating Bloom’s words through her mind like a song. *Between every toe.*

“Three, two…” Bloom hunched forward. “One!”

Like a single force, the two flew past everyone in their path. If either of them let the other out of sight for a tiny bit, it was game over. Every street that tasted Scootaloo’s shoes got a fresh sample of Bloom only one second afterwards. When Bloom made a last-minute decision to turn a corner, Scootaloo swung right after her. With this intense running came an even deadlier pain. Between Scootaloo’s sore arm and Bloom’s cramped feet, the playing field had never been more levelled.

Panicked drivers clung to the action as the girls ascended a highway. Now Scootaloo’s agile body gave her a definite lead, for she stylishly danced over every car in this traffic jam. Even the roaring trucks allowed her to display amazing parkour skills, somersaulting onto various hoods.

*HONK! HONK!*

“Sorry!” she yelped, checking back to see Bloom’s progress. “Whoa!”

Unlike Scootaloo’s scenic strategy, Bloom’s focus lay on the side of the highway. An empty footpath where no car interrupted her. Scootaloo lunged herself onto the path, crossing her fingers that she’d get the advantage. But time favoured the rural girl. Now she had a one second lead, which might as well have been an hour-long lead to Scootaloo,

“Smart thinking,” the orange teen said.

“I ain’t tryin’ all that crazy stuff you do,” Bloom panted. “But you see how backed-up all this is?”

Scootaloo smiled. “Like I’m complaining.” She couldn’t help but giggle at the thought of Sweetie Belle getting stuck in traffic by relying on faster transportation.

The girls could fill buckets of sweat by the time they tumbled down the highway and reached the main bend surrounding Sweet Apple Acres’ field. The clouds closed in on the Sun, yet the star still burnt them as hard as it could for these last seconds. Just as it seemed like their feet would give out, they pushed their bodies to their limits. At last, the goal came into view. The front door!

Bloom’s sides stabbed at her core as she crushed the grass blades. Already she smelt the inviting pinecone scent of her home.

Scootaloo sucked in her lips and shifted into maximum overdrive. Her feet may as well have been a blur, as they created a surreal effect in the vast fields. The door got closer. Closer… So close that Scootaloo allowed herself to breathe again, screaming in delight.

The tip of her crusty sneaker landed within three feet of the door. But a brown shoe with a pointed tip had its whole being in front of her. In fact, two shoes.

“No way,” she panted.

Bloom’s face, stained with tears, beamed from ear to ear. The impact of her head against the door as she collapsed felt like a tap. Light laughter and heavy panting were all that her lungs could generate.

“I did it… I did it…”

Finally, she allowed her vision to blur into a mess of mixing colours. She’d earned the right to pass out. Against all odds, she beat Scootaloo, one of the best runners she’d known.

Scootaloo watched the clouds swallow the Sun and witnessed the lightning bolt in the distance. Throwing her backpack to the ground, she plopped next to Bloom, gifting the girl the remains of her water.

“Congrats,” she said.

“Hope you’re not mad or anything.”

Scootaloo sighed. “More like surprised. But hey, at least I’m getting my feet rubbed. Thank you.”

*THUD!*

As the door disappeared, both girls fell backwards, looking into the eyes of a slightly older woman. Orange skin like Scootaloo’s, but with blonde hair and grassy green eyes. Shaking her head, the lady tapped her foot on Bloom’s forehead.

“I been wondering when… Did y’all get into some kinda squabble?”

“If that’s what you wanna call it,” Bloom replied.

Scootaloo winced as Bloom stood her up. “Applejack, why isn’t your sister on the track team?”

Applejack hurried the two in, already having the warm wind push her hair back. As she locked the door, a thundering roar echoed throughout the city.

“You know,” Scootaloo said, “I’ll shower before you rub my feet.”

“No, no. I’mma rub both your feet fresh out the shoes. Or um, stockings in Sweetie’s case.”

“Not gonna happen.”

Scootaloo and Bloom faced the living room. Sitting there, lying on her stomach before the television, was the girl who gave up. Her stockinged feet swayed back and forth as she played with her hair. Compared to her buddies, Sweetie looked like a pristine doll.

The athlete furrowed her brows. “Cheaters don’t get to decide what happens.”

“I beg your pardon,” Sweetie started, marching to the girls, “but what rule did I break?”

Before Bloom could have a chance to respond, Scootaloo stepped in front of her. She leaned so far into Sweetie that her heels clipped out of her sneakers. Though, how would she feel if she knew Bloom was squatting to focus on the sweat dripping like rain?

“No transportation,” Scootaloo said. “I said that nice and slooowly.”

“Oh really?”

Sweetie swept through her phone and ultimately flipped it over to Scootaloo. Bloom rose to check it out as well, seeing a blurry image transition into a video. In it, Sweetie exited the taxicab, facing to film her friends as they continued the race. Then she focused on the taxi, watching it drive about 4 metres before she jogged behind it. And then she repeated this between an alleyway. After that, the taxi drove through someone’s yard. But one thing remained constant: Sweetie never hopped in it when it was in motion.

While Scootaloo’s fingers dug into her scalp, Sweetie nodded. The girl even fast-forwarded minutes later, landing on a shot where she was about to go underneath the highway. And the cars above dashed at snappy speeds. So, while Scootaloo and Bloom manoeuvred through dense traffic, Sweetie already had them beat.

Bloom put her head down. “Oh…”

“It’s okay,” Sweetie said, hugging the dirtied girl. “You’re still off the hook. Scootaloo, on the other hand—”

“Please, I can handle my own feet, and we know how they reek. You think yours scare me?”

Sweetie’s hatred of all things feet suppressed itself at the moment. The girl went up her skirt and removed her left foot’s stocking. Bloom instinctively covered her nose, but Scootaloo puffed her chest out. Naturally, Sweetie’s feet couldn’t torment her. Not 30 minutes ago, this athlete sniffed and licked her own foot in the park.

Four seconds later, her courage shield broke, and she curled over the rocking chair.

“What’s wrong?” Sweetie asked, puckering her lips. “Isn’t foot fetishism sexy? I thought girls should be proud of having stinky feet, right? Right?”

The girl felt a tug on her arm, and then looked back. A red tint took over Bloom’s face.

“I know I lost, but you mind if I add a little something to this?”

Sweetie’s eyes squinted. “If it involves me being near either of your feet, absolutely not.”

“Not exactly.”

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Unlike the violent storm outside, Apple Bloom’s room had an inviting atmosphere. Small and cosy, but with enough room for three girls to comfortably stay. Her green shirt lay wrinkled on the floor alongside her jeans and socks.

Sighing, Bloom caressed her friend’s back, tenderising it until she reached her shoulders. Once the fingers got a grasp, they lightly kneaded the warm skin.

Eventually, her focus targeted the girl’s lovely soles. Nice and fresh. Well, fresh from outdoors. After exploring the sweaty surface with her lips, she took a whiff. Her mind must’ve been altered, for she frantically ran her nose up and down both feet. Despite the odour’s unappealing attributes, Bloom couldn’t walk away from this. A clean freak’s worst nightmare became this girl’s new pleasure, at least for now.

She pushed her lips against the heel, waiting for the right moment to pop her tongue out. When it did, her eyes crinkled at the salty flavour. Licking these feet reminded her of slowly tasting a potato chip; they resembled salt and vinegar chips specifically. *Long*chips.

*Mmm… That’s nice.*

Bloom’s tongue then crawled up the foot before she sucked on its centre. The smacking noises alone showed the others how badly this intrigued her. And the specks of grime created a lovely texture to contrast the smoothness of sweat-glazed soles. Smartly, Bloom swept most of it off before licking. Why would she take a risk grossing herself out and throwing up on beautiful feet like these?

With a deep inhale, she smothered the left foot in kisses. “You take some real nice care of your feet, huh?”

“I barely try, so thanks.”

The pink-haired girl smiled, rubbing the legs as she sucked on these feet. These slender, stinky feet that begged to be worshipped. Although it sounded degrading on paper, Bloom welcomed her role as “foot rag” for the weekend. A statement she announced before swirling her tongue around the ankles.

“You’re making this better for me, let me tell you,” said Scootaloo, taking a long lick.

Still in her P.E. attire, she sat on her knees before Bloom’s bed. Meaning that as the yellow girl buried her face under Scootaloo’s bottom and soles, the runner had full access to Sweetie Belle’s feet.

The harsh garlic odour rising from these white toes made Scootaloo feel like she’d been chopping onions for hours. She couldn’t distinguish the sweat on her face from the saliva or her tears.

Scootaloo had licked the right foot from top to bottom, following that by sucking the pinkie toe. Sweetie’s velvet-painted toes always caught people’s eye — whether she liked it or not — and Scootaloo still found herself blushing. Combined with her urge to be the best in every category, she sucked on each toe until they drowned in her spit. One by one.

When a spit trail slung out her mouth, Sweetie wiggled her toes. “Ew. Don’t leave spit dripping off my feet.”

Scootaloo sighed. “Yes, ma’am.”

Smirking, Sweetie drove her toes into Scootaloo’s mouth until it stretched wide enough to fit all five. The girl’s gagging echoed through the tiny room as the salt ran down her throat. No matter how hard she licked, neither the scent nor the salty taste showed any signs of fading.

And Sweetie knew that this throat-gagging would lead to more spit hanging off her feet. But this meant more of a mess for Scootaloo to clean up. Nothing made her merrier in that instant.

*This foot-licking may be gross, but hearing her like this is giving me life,*she thought, scrunching her toes.

Whenever Scootaloo sounded pained, Bloom’s licks would last an eternity. She wanted to give Scootaloo as much pleasure as possible, always ending with sucking the girl’s meaty heels. And what would be hotter than an adventure across the athlete’s plentiful wrinkles? As far as Bloom was concerned, nothing could top this at the moment.

“Hop on my bed,” she said, tickling Scootaloo’s foot.

“Hold on. She’s about to hook my mouth with these long nails…”

*SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!*

Sweetie wet Scootaloo’s face further before commanding the girl to lick the sides of her feet. Scootaloo obeyed but crawled onto the bed per Bloom’s request. Once aboard, she lay on her side, leaving her feet to dangle off the mattress.

Nothing could prepare her for what Bloom had in store. The girl sucked on multiple toes, all while rubbing Scootaloo’s drenched heels.

“They taste salty?” she asked.

“I wanna choke on ’em,” Bloom said, nodding.

“Your wish is my command.” Scootaloo’s right foot wrapped around Bloom’s neck to draw her closer while the left foot spread its toes. As sweat and tiny shoe grime slithered between them, all five toes clogged Bloom’s mouth. At first, the pressure felt relatively standard, aside from her mouth being stretched. But Scootaloo kept pulling Bloom’s head and pushing her foot.

Apple Bloom’s eyes nearly rolled to the back of her head as the ball of her foot got halfway in her mouth. She let out a broken giggle while Scootaloo’s plump toes tickled her throat.

The sounds coming from Bloom when the foot thrust in and out put a smile on Scootaloo’s face. Even as she worshipped Sweetie’s smelly feet, her pumpkin-coloured soles got the deluxe spa treatment.

Eventually, after hours of continuous worship, the girls had to shower. First Sweetie, then Scootaloo, and finally Bloom. As the rain created hell, the three girls snuggled into Bloom’s bed. All with short-sleeved shirts and shorts. But the positions in which they slept differed for the night.

Bloom and Sweetie lay regularly, but Scootaloo’s head was on the opposite end, at their feet. Likewise, her feet occupied space between their heads. Considering the narrowness of Bloom’s bed, it meant she had perfect access to taste Scootaloo’s feet until she fell asleep. But before she could…

*SLURP…*

Her foot was wet. She twisted her head slightly to catch this with her own eyes. Indeed, Scootaloo had her face buried in the precious soles.

“You enjoying yourself?” Bloom asked.

Scootaloo gasped, yanking Bloom’s big toe out her mouth. Though, the feet clung to her head like a pillow. Where else where they going to go?

“Just trying to return the favour,” she said, kissing a sole. “I think you deserve it for being the real winner in my book.”

Bloom moaned, wiggling her toes as if inviting Scootaloo to continue licking them. And she did without fail. By the time Bloom’s mind drifted into unconsciousness, the athlete had just finished licking the tops of her unpainted toes.

“Good night,” Scootaloo whispered, returning to lick these feet until satisfied.

When she fell asleep, it left a peculiar sight. Both Sweetie and Bloom’s toes found their way on Scootaloo’s face for the night while her soft feet caressed their necks.