A1 - P2

 You had hit the ground, and everything went black.
 No thoughts, head empty. Just how you liked it.
 But then, wakefulness inevitably returned, and boy did it hurt.
 The second thing you noticed was your situation. You were tied up, put in some sort of magically inhibiting cage, and left with some dry bread to your side. You even had a muzzle and a horn clamp, so there was no way to eat the bread anyways.
 How tasteful. Ponies were SO accommodating.
 You tried to reach for your Link, but nothing happened. It was then you realized you had a collar around your neck that began to glow whenever you tried to call to Chrysalis for help.
 Just peachy…
 Your torn ears perked up as you heard hoofsteps outside of your cage. Your slitted eyes squinted through the darkness to see a bright red stallion with a scraggly white mane and tail glaring down at you.
 His eyes were a deep emerald, seeming to radiate with hatred even in the darkness. His flank emblem, called a ‘cutie mark’ in some regions, was a pine tree with a broadsword struck through it.
 He spoke, “I am Commander Festive Strike, if that even matters to a creature like you,” he snorted as I rolled my eyes.
 This pony was so sure of himself, so arrogant as to think he won…
 “You are under the custody of the Equestrian Military now, ‘your Highness’. Do not expect lavish treatment” Festive Strike leaned down and stuck his muzzle into the cage as far as he could “you are scum, you are nothing, yet the Princesses requested that we use… non-lethal methods of-”
 Oh, this ASSHOLE-
 You struggled against your bindings for a few seconds, earning you an amused sneer. But that only fueled your rage further.
 SNAP! The muzzle tore away from your snout and you hissed loudly at him, baring your fangs.
 “Non-lethal my FLANK! You KILLED my subjects!”
 “A Royal is worth so much more than mindless creatures such as them, Proto-Queen,” he spat, unfazed by your show of aggression.
 “But do heed this advice” his smile returned, “pray to whatever Gods you beasts worship that your audience with the Princesses goes smoothly”
 You said nothing more, and glared as he walked away while you grabbed the dried bread in your jaws.
 Ponies were assholes.

 Morning had come, and the sun was sweltering hot on your chitin. The cage provided no relief.
 However, seeing the soldier ponies at the front of the cart working so hard, panting and struggling through the sand and heat, brought you some smug satisfaction.
 The Commander, who you had discovered to be a pegasus once the sun rose, was leading the small military caravan to the North by air.
 What a smug bastard, you glowered before you laid down, chains rustling enough to put the ponies on edge.

- All except the Commander, apparently. Because all that son of a bitch did was keep on flying.
- Oh you hated that pony…

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