

FIRST DATE WITH CELESTIA

by GeodesicDragon

Looking at your reflection in the mirror, you adjust your bow tie for what feels like the millionth time that evening. Any beads of sweat that form on your brow are promptly wiped away with a tissue, which you could probably fill a sink with were you to wring it out.

You take a few deep breaths to calm your nerves as you reach for the bottle of expensive-looking cologne that you 'borrowed' from Prince Blueblood, liberally applying it to every conceivable part of your body. The overpowering aroma nearly makes you choke, but you feel that such an ordeal is but a small price to pay in order to look good for your date with Princess Celestia.

Your date with Princess Celestia.

You have repeated these words to yourself many times over the course of the day, but you're still having trouble believing them. The pinch marks on your arm are evidence enough that you're not dreaming; Luna would have some explaining to do if you were.

You put the cologne down and step away from the mirror, having decided that one, you couldn't look any better if you tried and two, it's time for you to meet up with Celestia. Knowing that you're not quite familiar with the Canterlot dining scene, she took it upon herself to decide where the two of you would be going.

You pick up a bunch of flowers – which you 'liberated' from Prince Blueblood's garden – and the piece of paper with the address of the restaurant on it. You've been to the street before, so it shouldn't be that much of a hassle to find, although you'll no doubt draw attention to yourself with your fancy outfit.

Of course, that's ignoring the fact you've sprayed yourself with so much cologne, you're effectively a walking no-go zone.

Realising that time is marching on, you head out of the door and into the streets of Canterlot. Given that today is Hearts and Hooves Day – a perfect day for a first date – the streets are full of loved-up couples heading out to do... whatever loved-up couples do.

But you couldn't care less about them right now; right now, you've got a beautiful mare waiting patiently for you at a fancy restaurant. You walk briskly through the streets, clutching the flowers in one hand and the paper with the address in the other.

The walk to the restaurant takes you fifteen minutes, during which time you reflect on the events which have led you to this moment.

When you arrived in Equestria, you ended up in a flowerbed. You had no idea how you got there – and you still don't know now, two years later – but what you did know was that you weren't at home.

It was Celestia, during one of her nightly walks through the castle gardens, who found you cursing and writhing amongst the stems and the... other flower parts you can't remember the names of. After deciding you were harmless, she offered you a place to stay for the night while she tried to figure out how to send you back.

Suffice to say, that didn't happen, and so it was final; your stay at Canterlot castle would be a permanent one. To thank Celestia for her kindness, you offered to assist her with her day-to-day activities. Unfortunately, she already had an assistant – Raven – to help her with that sort of thing. However, what she did have need of was someone to help keep angry petitioners in line during her sessions of Day Court; your height made you the ideal candidate.

You spent a lot of time together: you told her about your old life, and she told you about her life and Equestria. The two of you got along so well, ponies would often quip about you both being joined at the hip. You also shared a love of pranks, something you never would have expected from somepony so regal.

It was just last week, though, that your true feelings for each other became apparent. Well, not 'apparent;' Cadence figured it out and pretty much forced the two of you to confess to each other.

Which leads you to now, heading down the street where the restaurant is located. And there, standing outside the restaurant, is Celestia. Transfixed, you stop in your tracks and take a good look. Her mane flows freely, much like it always does, but what strikes you the most about her appearance is her outfit.

She's not wearing one.

You approach her slowly and, after she sees you, accept (and return) the small kiss on the cheek she gives you. You present her with the flowers and she raises an eyebrow knowingly.

"You know," she says. "These look an awful lot like the flowers that Blueblood was telling me about earlier; the ones he said went missing from his personal garden."

You crack a smile. "I don't know *what* you're talking about," you reply. "Oh, how could you think that I would stoop so low?"

"Don't worry about it." Celestia eats one of the petals. "I'll be sure to dispose of the evidence quickly and quietly."

"Speaking of eating..." you wave a hand over her form. "You're not exactly dressed for going to a fancy restaurant." You think for a moment. "Unless you can get away with violating the sacred Canterlot dress code on account of your being a Princess."

Celestia giggles. "Whatever gave you the impression that we were going to a restaurant, love?" she looks you up and down. "Although, I must say, you look very dapper in your suit."

You take the slip of paper out of your pocket. "This address," you tell her. "'Meet me on Saddle Row at eight.' Saddle Row is where most, if not all, of the fancy restaurants are located."

Celestia takes the paper from you, crumples it up, and incinerates it with a burst of her solar magic. "Only *one side* of Saddle Row is 'fancy restaurants,' my dear," she replies. "The *other side* is home to establishments like the one we're standing outside; the one where we'll be enjoying our date tonight."

You look at the building in question.

And then your jaw drops when you see the name on it.

DOUGHNUT JOES

"A... a doughnut shop?" you stammer. "Seriously?"

Celestia nods. "Yes, seriously." she sighs. "In all my years, I have never met somepony like you: somepony who can see past my regalia and treat me as their equal, not as their superior." She blushes. "In fact, that was one of the reasons why I fell in love with you in the first place. You are truly my... my soulmate."

You place your hand on her cheek. "I get it now," you reply. "When I was preparing for this date, I was under the impression that we would be doing the sort of things you're used to. But, in reality, you want to simply forget about your responsibilities and be *normal*. You don't want ten-course dinners served on plates made of gold, you want twelve chocolate doughnuts served in a flimsy box."

"Exactly." Celestia nuzzles you. "I want to be a normal mare."

"Very well, my love." you open the door to the shop. "Then let us make like normal individuals, by eating our weight in doughnuts."

You both enter the shop, and proceed to do exactly that. Luna had to carry the two of you back to the castle later..

But it was totally worth it.