

## Pinkie Plants Pony Plots

Written by Septia.

“Wha-ha... b-but-...” Fluttershy’s anxiety based realisations fuelled the quivering of the documented in her hooves, the contract of land ownership – issued by a miss Spot – barely legible with as it rattled in her grasp.

“Please, miss shy, save the formalities. You should steer your priorities towards packing up,” miss Spot noted.

“W-wh... but, without the cottage, how am I gonna care for all my sweet little critters?”

The verdant unicorn adjusted her spectacles in a cold leer.

“B-but-... miss S-spot...,” Fluttershy began, then closed her eyes, steadied herself, and took in a deep breath to muster up her conviction.

“I won’t.” Fluttershy could only sustain her stern expression for so long, under the cold iron stare of the unicorn, the valiant attempt sundering in their presence.

“You shall find further details on page two. You’ll be vacating the premises in the next three...”

-Shhrrlslh- The mare paused at the vacuum hold of pursed flesh slurping with the choir of a dozen croaking toads. -OOOmpg- -Ohhgglrk- Shortly after, Spot and Flutter alike stared in surprise at the landowner’s hindquarters, submerged in a mass of pink, which crawled up her barrel, engulfing the mare in the flush maw.

“How did, who are...? This wasn’t in the mmmfpfh-.” Miss spot rambled as she was hoisted high, Fluttershy on to front row to wath the mare get devoured. The green coat morphing into a collection of engorged bulges, clambering down the pink gullet, till the lips sealed across the mare’s face.

“Mmmf, mmmf,” Pinkie said, landing back on all fours as she swirled Spot’s head from cheeks to cheek, distending her chins with broad protrusions caricatured with a vague imprints of a struggling face. She parted her jaw wide, exposing the mare’s face lodged at the back of her throat, tethered to the roof of her mouth and row of pristine molars by vines of viscous drool; the gullet pulsating around their head, each throb dragging the mare back a cent into the abyss... -Ooommulp- the tongue warbled back, and the gullet contracted, pinching shut offer the unicorn’s horn, which snuck back into the folds of the oesophagus like a snail retreating into its shell.

“Ooo wow, you should be proud miss lunch, here I thought Maud’s cooking was stale.”

“P... Pinkie... y-you.”

“Aap ap ap ap.” Pinkie shushed Fluttershy and placed a hoof by her gullet, trailing the patch which the convulsing lump in her throat made down her neck with an accompanied “weeeeee... Plutsh,” finishing with a voiced splash as drove sunk back underneath her skin and caused a reverberation to undulate through her stomach -Grrllsrusmmgsl-.

-Bhrraooooaapu- Pinkie’s fuchsia mane Fluttered in Shy’s face as she unreleased a torrent of guttural exhaust, pelting the stunned mare in splotches of drool, -Sppltch- along with a pair of spittle soaked spectacles. To which the wide-eyed, low-jawed pony barely flinched for in her shock.

~ 1 ~

”W-what?” Fluttershy exclaimed with her hooves on the mountain of amalgamating dunes of bubblegum chub that was Pinkie Pie’s tummy. Hoofprints and silhouettes of body parts sailed over the surface, which Pinkie leisurely bopped back into place.

"It all started when I was coming over to check up on one of my super bestest friends," she leaned over in a whisper, "that's yooooou," then continued, "when I saw that she," she winked to Flutters, "was stuck in the thick of it with a real thick, stuck-up sticky thicker. Luckily, this Pinkamena Diane Pie always got room for some -Pppbbfrrwwth- fudge filling~," Pinkie announced with her hooves held high, a breeze of yellow smog blooming out past her flank where she laid on the Flutter's daybed; the cottage's atmosphere saturating with a smell of a syrupy cotton candy and pony jerky stew.

Fluttershy's expression was a wobbly mess, her hooves tracing along the hulking globule of a gut in front of her, dipping into the pink flesh and hearing the cauldron within bubbling porridge boiled in a balloon – at her confused fondled -Bgrlrpsubhrslg-.

"O-oh you... didn't have to go through the trouble for me, I am sure we c-could have come to an understanding," Fluttershy began, seeing pinkie with panting with her tongue out, sprawl back in relaxation.

"Mmfa, aaw, mmfnf, that is the spot, this is mmahe, the best kind of tickles," she mumbled before shaking herself out of it, "don't be a bishy bashfaul, I'd do anything to help my friends, especially if it means baking up a storm of pony fudge. And hey, and she doesn't mind, she is brewing along just fine," Pinkie said and heaved herself out of the daybed, landing on the floor with the stomach launching into a jostle, accentuated by the sound of a mare's worth of molten putty smacking into rubber -Spltsch-.

"Johoo, miss lunch, could you show my friend you are doing great as pinky pudg?" she asked as she shook her stomach like a can of soda. -BBFpfpfhhrrwwtht- a plume of vapours spewed out her tailhole, to the giggling delight of the mare. "See, what did I tell you, you are a whole bunch of friendly pie batter, huh, aren't ya?" Pinkie asked the gut and lurched herself stomach first onto the floor, compacting her stomach to an obese, flushed pancake and bouncing off of it with a crumble of gellating chyme -Chjrksl- and a rush of opaque pungent exhaust propelling her forwards into another bounce -PPPFfrrwwtp- -Bbjjoong-. She bounced on the doughy gullet as like a rubberball in a dryer.

"Aren't ya? Aren't ya? Aren't ya?" -Bbrrwwwffllth- Ppwlwttwbth- Pinkie pie continued this pattern of gas canister contained propulsion, bouncing around Fluttershy's cottage and spooking the critters with the constant vent of pony steam and glorp churn of battering tummy dough from the mare's flatulence locomotive.

"P-pinkie th-thats, I... I am glad you... p-please i-if you m-must," Fluttershy tried to reason with her friends, ending up in the path of the party train who saw no signs of stopping.

"Chooo chooomfmoaaww," Pinkie collided – belly first – with the pegasi, launching them both onto the daybed that toppled over at the combine weight. Fluttershy's body enveloped by the clutches of the fresh, warm pink blubber casting a mould around her frame where as far as the chub could sculpt, cradling her in the mounds of tubby chub, softer from the addition of the rather sizeable snack. -PPFbbrrrwwdfffth- Fluttershy felt the whole would around her quake as Pinkie doused off a dozy of a burst, enveloping the ponies in a cloud of tepid bowel humidity that crept into every crevice and laid as droplets of fresh tummy stink over their fur.

-Bbgns- Pinkie shoved some of the stomach off of Fluttershy. "That was a whoopsy, feels like this miss lunch is pretty excited still... maybe they could do with a bit a nice calming massage?" Pinkie proposed, flicking her eyebrows as she bobbed the gut over Flutters.

With an awkward chuckle the yellow hooves smushed into the tummy, kneading it up in droves of blubber-gum and compacting it back in by driving her hooves into the pink dough; her hooves sinking into the now paste filled chub, cuddling a cloud of cotton candy. -Bbrrfft- Time and again the rear rattled with rousing redolence, the reek maturing into a cocktail of sweet and tart mists heating the cottage to a personal sauna.

“Oooh, wait, wait, a little bit right, bit left... just a touch up...” Pinkie instructed, squeezing and hugging into her compacting tummy as Fluttershy prodded thee sagging satchels of stomach stuffing – after while of kneading massaging found herself at the busies end of the pink plot. -Bhrghslsh- She felt a bubble of air underhoof, sweeping past her touch and sending a -Ghrbrsltlsgj- through the bowels.

“And... mmf, Kabloooie~” Pinkie proclaimed as the typhoon of tuba toots thundered through the tush -Phhhrrwwbbrrwwbbtktttfff-. The flood of fumes flinging Pinky, Flutters and the whole daybed standing once more, as Flutters gelt the rush of rear fuel puttering past her muzzle in a funnel of steam, until the pink behemoth jettisoned off and landed with a -Thhgth- on the floor.

“Weee, you are just a topper at being great fudge. Though you also make super duper rocket fuel, even if you are all about property and ground stuff, It always makes me happy to help ponies discover new parts of themselves.” Pinkie stopped at a puff that culminated to a crinkle that corked at the hind -Ppfthwdkkkth-. “I hear ya, been an exciting day, but we are getting you back to your place of expertise, the ground~. And I bet you will love your new self as the mud pie special~.”

~ 3 ~

“P-pinkie, do you really think...”

“Aaap,” Pinkie interrupted Fluttershy, a she crawled out of a hole in the garden, “miss certainly-hit-the-spot wanted your property, and she cannot get much closer than being 'in' the property,” Pinkie explained, brushing across her taut, domed gut and waving her tail towards the pit.

Fluttershy bit her lip. “I am n-not sure she meant this by v-vacating... the premises...”

“Mmffms,” -Spprlrlth- A crinkle of mush cut through the awkward air, the ripples of a congaline burrowing their way through the pipes of a plush and pink party pony.

“Don't worry your little head about it, mmfs, I am the earth pony of the two of us, this is my taffy.”

“You mean jam?”

“Oh she is way too solid to be jam, caramel at the very least,” Pinkie informed with a whistle of -Ffiffiffiirth- wheezing past the interspace of her pucker and a globule of colon cooked lime caramel.

Her brim yawned around the top of the chunky mound, gradually expanding to fit the girth of the cobbled bile, her brim crawling peeling along the surface until it settled to a crawl around the trunk of manure. -Chrslth- Veins cluttered the surface of the length, filling with slime juices and residue from the colon, squeezed along the fractured flumes by the convulsions of the pucker as the mound arched out out of the convulsing pucker in a gradual squelch. Between the patterns of tessellated dough laid stretches of chubby, oil smooth expanses, giving an impression of a plump booty wrapped taut in a lewd netting to let the individual globules of the gut gruel puff out in their curvaceous glory.

“Phaa, haa, don't you mfmfhehe, just love it when you see a pony getting so colourful from a trip through the pinkie express? She hadmm, definitely loosened up to be much more pliable as my sugary stinky sludge soufflé, look how happy she is~.”

She invited Fluttershy to take a peek, seeing Pinkie's brim distending and confining around the bulbous, packed manure batter. -Grlrslth- -Frrrrwth- Among the hills of pale molten scapula bones and muddled green valleys, Fluttershy could make out a pattern of trenches and creases forming a caricatured smile. -Ckklelerth- Pinkie's chute closed, clamping into the mound like lips scooping up ice cream, leaving the length to -Ddlldllwftwtp- smack into the soil below, curling into a muddled horseshoe. The brim brewed up a hornblow of -Ppfbbrrwrrthss- that heralded a creamy batch of lime gelato to mosey out through the chute of deep fuchsia flesh. Mulch sloughing along in elastic coils of hoof girthed loaves funnelling through the brim with the speed of a deluge of syrup,

surface bubbling with the -Ppfpfrwth- -Bbrwwfth- winds of panfried-lemon and lime taffy with the pungency of a personal swamp fluttering past the plump hindquarters; venting fumes rippling patterns over the soft-served billow of molten pony cheese.

“Mmfmpfh, phaaa, ha, but this, mm, now this is my jam~.” -Bbrwwllspth- -Pdlldpwth-. A muzzle-gust of potent flocculence flushed forth as blobs of the congealed pony padding descended and smattered into the sprawling pile of sludge – with the mound of a slug impromptu joining in a snail orgy -Chrglslpstsh-. “Right, right,” pinkie said and rolled her eyes with a smile, “our jam, miss hit-the-spot.” Pinkie said with a sly wink to Fluttershy, who in lieu of understanding, winked back in a haphazard eye twitch.

~ 4 ~

-Spillggllsthdf- Heaps of Pinkie's ponut paste piled in the pudding pit in Fluttershy's garden, tangles curled and creaked as they glued into one another, oozing forth with the smatter of old glue and wheezes of an empty bottled pluming puffs of yellowed clouds. The party pony would leave the garden reeking of mare lard as the fertilizer pit clogged up to the brim with mulch, chunks of molten bone and vertebrae plastered over the surface of the cookie clay swirling to a top half a hoof above ground joining. -Shhslpstsh- The mound was crowned with a split length of mulch n dark and pale green, settling like a mane on the goo goulash. A stream of amber relief joining Pinkie's warm sigh as she felt her pucker wink and twitch to sink back into shape over her stuffed rear end.

“Phoo stars, she partied through my whole body, makes sense she is so good with property, just look how much of her... landed. Phoo, that was killing me~ In the good way,” Pinkie winked and skipped back to Flutters.

“B-but,” the pegasi mumbled, holding up the parchment, “this is still...”

Pinkie gasped. “How did you know that is just what I wanted,” Pinkie said with a hug, snatching the document and smushing it to her flank, sweeping the paper up and down along her cheeks, feeling the soft pages of the lease consumed by the crack and soaking in the piquant stench and juices from the greasy brim. “I can't butt boop my friends with a dirty pucker,” Pinkie said, discarding the crumpled paper.

Fluttershy didn't get a chance to react before Pinkie's hind smothered her face.

“Boop~.” -Ppffffprth- A faint burst of moist smoke. “Unless they'd ask really nicely.”

Fluttershy brushed down the rump out of her face, giving a single cough. “T-thank you Pinkie, I didn't... realise how much I needed that.”

“Spot didn't either, and look at her now,” Pinkie gestured to the partially melted, submerged clay sculpture. “This was you get to keep the cottage, and everypony is happy and warm~. Lets celebrate, invite all the critters,” Pinkie pie announced, a hoof around Flutter's back.

“I-I don't know If I can... handle that, right now.” Fluttershy blushed.

“A small party?” Pinkie wondered, gesturing with her hooves.

Fluttershy mimicked the gesture, shrinking the gap between her hooves to the size of an apple.

“Tiny party,” Pinkie whispered, “got it~: What kind?”

The mare peeked back at the clogged pit. “M-maybe a... garden party.” She flustered till her cheeks matched Pinkie's, which the party pony remarked with a giddy guffaw as they headed in to prepare the festivities.