

Equestrian Milkmare

Flitter was a young mare stuck in her prime, with carefully preened wings and glamorously manicured hooves. She was thin and athletic, with a narrow barrel that led to firm, strong flanks. Her long, flowing mane carried in the breeze wherever she went; from Cloudsdale to Canterlot, she was the prime of pony kind.

She let out a stuttered gasp into the oxygen mask as she woke from her daydream; interrupted as it was by a long, synthetic shaft being plunged deep into her vagina. She was kept stimulated around the clock, constantly hung on the thin line between ecstasy and orgasm. They said it stimulated production, and Flitter couldn't find it within herself to disagree. Below her suspended platform hung two engorged masses—her crotchboobs. Each one was hooked to a dedicated heavy duty pump that had no purpose other than to milk her endlessly day and night.

Unbeknownst to all but the most senior businessponies of the company, Flitter was the singular source of all the “artificial” pony milk in Equestria, a lucrative market for working mothers who didn't have time to hoof rear their fillies and foals. Flitter had started just a few years prior, one of many young mares who worked on the milk

production line to make ends meet, but falling profits, slashed budgets and frequent restructuring had brought a need for better product with fewer overheads; and thus the current solution was devised. In exchange for her cooperation and secrecy, she would be paid a tidy sum of 30,000 bits for every year of her employment.

It had started off easy enough, she was permitted respite from the milk pumps and machinations for a few hours a day, and she had tidy living quarters and three square meals a day, all paid for by the company purse. Despite the utter secrecy of the operation, she was even allowed outside sometimes with an escort beside her.

Those days didn't last. Profits plummeted. Executives who enacted the new deal refused the blame and instead said that Flitter wasn't living up to expectations. Not wanting to lose her cushy job she agreed to a new, stricter contract for 45,000 bits a year; she could no longer leave her quarters, but at least the pay was better!

The very next day the pumps were attached, and they hadn't been removed since.

Her three meals a day—once a variety of vegetables and grasses more gourmet than available at most Ponyville restaurants—were rescinded. Instead she would be eating what could only be described as a low-grade, cream-coloured slop, delivered periodically through a hose. She had refused initially, but a visiting executive unicorn had

pointed out that it was required by her new contract, and that it had been specifically developed to increase the richness of her milk. She relented.

Over time more executive visitations happened, each one introducing a new way to exploit and extract more of her rich, milky seam. Less than a week after the start of the new contract she had seen a dramatic increase in feedings (“the milk still isn’t rich enough!”) and been forcibly shackled down to her platform (“your squirming is interfering with the equipment”). Her sedentary living conditions and increasingly poor diet played havoc with her weight. After two weeks she had grown a sizeable barrel; after four it had spread healthily across the factory floor; after seven—at the weight of 3.7 tonnes—she surpassed even the heaviest pony in Equestria, though it was a title her confinement didn’t permit her to contest.

The feedings remained frequent and relentless. A little after four tonnes they placed an oxygen mask over her face to help with breathing. The shackles were not removed until she had grown past eight tonnes; their presence deemed unnecessary as her hooves were perpetually suspended 12 hands from the ground, bloated and useless against her swollen gut.

Her flanks too had become engorged. Her cutie marks had ballooned and stretched outwards, distorted as through seen through a fish eye lens. Her heavy buttocks had absorbed enough fat to become

simultaneously the tallest and widest points of her body, exaggerated moreso by the immense, sloshing breasts beneath them.

Executive visits had become less frequent by the time she reached a dozen tonnes. Flitter did not know if it was because she was doing a good job, or because they could not bear the sight of what they had wrought upon her. The few VIPs she managed to see past her dwindling field of vision had avoided her gaze, ashamed that it has come to this. She overheard them talk; profits were steady and production was smooth—they just needed MORE.

It wasn't until two months later, after a few more changes to her feed and a minor upgrade to her breathing apparatus, that their business intentions became apparent. A dark brown unicorn stood before her, her shadow cast over him. He spoke clinically, though his suit identified him as another executive rather than part of the medical team that kept her milkers flowing. "Research has shown," he said, "that it is *stimulation* that is the key to high milk production,"

Flitter just stared him down—silence enforced by the hoses that hung from betwixt her cheeks—and daydreamed of crushing him with the slightest of movements.

That evening she felt the first thrust as the powerful motor forced a silicon stallion cock up and into her, and she moaned like she hasn't moaned in eons. It thrust forwards every 22 seconds (she had

counted) before withdrawing and doing so again. Her cunt hadn't seen a dry day since.

Their research was not wrong. The milk flowed freer than ever, her crotchboobs became so engorged and full that they almost broke free of the glass cages that encased them. And hey, it was good for her job satisfaction too!

Very little had changed in the time since then. Equipment had been replaced and the platform she lived on strengthened; even her oxygen mask had been hastily replaced, as she had outgrown the strap on the previous. Flitter had been on the job for over a year now. A nice, tidy paycheque had been presented to her for her services on that anniversary; for which they had to physically move her cheeks so that she could see it. She surpassed 50 tonnes in weight not a few days later, a minor feat in itself given the sheer absurdity of what she had signed up for.

And yet, despite her size there was still much more room to grow. The factory floor, once the workplace of 400 mares at 400 pumps, had been reduced to just a single Flitter—Equestria's milkmare.

I'm so, so sorry.