

Cream of the Crop

“C’mon up, feller!” the voice called from the stage, motioning his hoof towards the gathered crowd. Braeburn smiled as he pulled the pegasus from the audience, eyeing him up quickly—he was trim but not bony, orange coat, purple and blue mane, studded leather collar around the neck and flight goggles atop the head. He was quite the looker.

He kept his eyes focused on the bright orange pony in front of him, clearing his throat to speak: “What’s yer name, pardoner?”

“I-I’m Scribble,” the orange pegasus answered back nervously, wiggling his flank—bedecked in a scribbling quill—as emphasis, “I scribble,”

“Well, y’know what they say, ’the cutie mark doesn’t fall far from the name’ and all that!”

Scribble just looked at him, he hadn’t heard that phrase before at all, actually, “I... guess?”

Braeburn cleared his throat again, “Anyway, you pardoner have just won a bumper crop of Appaloosa Apple Ranch’s entire product line!

Congratulations!” There was a smattering of applause and a single whoop from the small crowd of gathered ponies.

“There must be some mistake, I don’t remember entering any sorta conte-”

Scribble was silenced as Braeburn pushed a hoof into his mouth, leaning closer, “Shut up hoss, you won, now git in the back so ah kin quit with this crummy sideshow, okay?”

Scribble reared back slightly before obediently trotting on through the curtain at the back of the stage; the sight that befell his eyes would be implanted in his memory forever. A cosy room and a vast array of shelves and counters, all luxuriously decorated with purple velvet, every surface was piled with all sorts of apple-based produce—bushels, pies, fritters, caramel apples, the works! All of them centred around a thick, overstuffed cushion.

“Settle down, pardoner,” Braeburn muttered as he came through the door, his voice soft as warm butter, “we git a lotta work ahead ah us,”

Scribble obliged, seating himself comfortably on the cushion, “I’m still quite sure I didn’t enter any competition, you know,”

“Yer won MAH competition!” Brae muttered, pushing his tongue past Scribble’s lips, embracing him in a tight kiss. Scribble barely

stifled a squall, his cheeks turning red hot as the yellow apple pony tenderly molested his mouth. It was a good minute before Braeburn broke away to speak, “Ah course, as a representative of Appaloosa Apple Ranch ah am *obliged* her make sure you try every bit of our produce,”

Scribble just sat there. Shellshocked that the stallion had just done that. He wasn’t gonna complain, quite the opposite, but... wow.

Braeburn smiled and pushed the flabbergasted pegasus back into the cushion, “P’rhaps a few of man treats’d loosen yer lips,” he ascended, quickly returning with a warm, sweet smelling pie, “Now open wide, before ah make ya!”

Scribble dumbly obliged, still burning from the kiss. He felt Braeburn shovel the hot pie into his mouth, slice by slice, compulsively swallowing it as it came. He was still suffering from shock when the stallion kissed him again, tongue swirling around his messy maw. He unfroze just enough to let loose a soft moan.

“Enjoying’ the treats, pard?”

Scribble meekly nodded, though it wasn’t the food he was really thinking of.

Slowly over the next two hours Braeburn fed him, and fed him good. Each apple-based snack, be it sweet or savoury, was followed by the stallion's energetic lips. It wasn't too long until Scribble found himself kissing back, pulling Brae atop his growing tummy and giving that cowpony a taste of his own passionate medicine.

With every mouthful Scribble's belly grew, coaxed on by his host's generous treatment. He felt himself laying back more and more into the plush cushion, his wings spread haphazardly outwards, his dome of stomach rising higher and higher. Almost inevitably, after a more than generous helping of apple turnovers, did he feel his gut press against his cock—his very solid, erect cock. He blushed profusely.

“Weeeeeell...! Hey there, little pardoner!” Braeburn tittered, “Wondered if you'd be joining' us!” Brae softly pushed his hoof into the engorged pegasi's gut, in turn forcing more of the soft fat against his stiff shaft. Scribble could only let out a slow, debilitated moan.

Braeburn's smile grew wider, “Tell ya what, how about ah give yer a little taste of our secret recipe?” He didn't wait for a reply. Almost immediately he mounted Scribble's swollen gut, presenting his thick stallion hood to the birdhouse's greedy maw, “Have a lick, pardoner,”

Scribble's cheeks burned deeper. Timidly he licked at the drooling shaft, taking up some of the salty premium in his tongue. Slowly, and with Braeburn staring him down expectantly, he swallowed.

“Have s’more,”

The pegasus licked again, gently wrapping his lips around the shaft, moaning as he gulped down more of the cum. Braeburn growled seductively as he bounced on his big, fat seat, just making Scribble moan even louder as his gut bounced and rubbed against his cock again and again. He worked Brae’s shaft harder, sucking up the hot cum his efforts were rewarded with. Despite all this he was still shocked when Braeburn lurched backwards and orgasmed, forcing his load into Scribble’s obedient maw.

The flow came thick and fast. Scribble could feel it filling his maw faster than he could swallow. The white, viscous cum dribbled from the corners of his mouth as he vainly tried to take it all, and it just kept coming; his stunted moans doing nothing to stop the hot, salty ejaculate flowing down his throat and into his already stuffed gut. He grew, groaning as his stomach stretched to accommodate the excess fluids, sagging outwards, bulging around his still erect shaft. It went on for minutes, Braeburn’s supply seemingly endless. Scribble felt like he could burst!

By the time Braeburn dismounted him he could barely see over his swollen tummy. His insides burned with warmth, lukewarm cum still dripping from his lips and down his neck. He groaned gratefully, either unwilling or unable to move from the cushion spread below him. Tenderly his hooves worked over his bulbous, fat middle—cock

still stood to attention and smothered by fat—while Braeburn cleaned himself up, “Keep eating’, li’l piggy, ahl be back for suppertime.”

Scribbsie belongs to @scribbsie. Braeburn belongs to Hasbro or something.