

The Hose

Kim purred softly as she pushed the clear plastic hose into her muzzle. Oh how she had longed for this day, this chance to fulfil her desires—and in turn, herself.

In the distance a lone petrol pump spluttered to life, her anticipation coming to a climax as a warm mix of lard, butter and goodness knows what flowed through the hose and into her waiting maw. She cared not for the contents, knowing only that they were mixed to be as unhealthy and fattening as possible.

She purred louder still when her chubby barrel started to fill out. Her pleased moans increasing with the pressure her stomach applied to her inside legs as it bloated outwards. Her flanks grew with her barrel, swelling until they sagged over her hocks and continued swelling even more.

She gulped lustfully at the hose, demanding silently that more of the fattening concoction enter her body—to make her full and fat! Even as her barrel brushed the floor she gorged on; leaning her weight upon her belly as she grasped desperately at the hose with her

hooves, as though it might leave her any minute, as if holding it closer would prolong the feeding and fulfil her greater.

Even as she choked on the flow, she sought for it to never slow. Even as the solution filled her cheeks and sprayed over her front, she never prayed for respite.

Lesser ponies may shy away, lesser ponies might try and fail. But not Kim. She would reach her dreams.

She continued to fill herself. Her barrel pressed and rolled over the ground, her hooves removed from the floor completely. Still she pressed on, her scroll cutie mark stretching across it's wider canvas. She groaned in ecstasy, her eyes akimbo as she fell into a woozy trance. And still she grew: thicker, wider, hungrier for more.

She could not fly now. She could not even muster a trot, or a gallop, or even a waddle. She was as beached as a whale, and still she clung the hose tighter.

Kimberly G. Birdhouse belongs to @kimintodarkness.