

BURGS

She groaned as she shovelled the last of the burgers into her mouth, dragging them straight from the surface of the table into her drooling maw with her hooves. All too quickly, they were gone.

She rattled off a thick, loud belch as she took a step back from the table. “Mmmph... Need more burgers...”

Slowly she backed away from the table, shuffling to the next stall along and sitting back down again, huffing from the exertion, “All your burgers, please,”

She had been doing this for a few hours. Having come to town and stumbled unexpectedly upon the first Ponyville Barbecue Fiesta, she had been taken in by the offer of a free burger by a nearby proprietor.

It had been love at first taste. The already plump pegasus had become enamoured, hooked by the taste, the greasiness, and the seemingly infinite variations. After the first she could only ask for a second, then a third. She couldn't bare to break herself from the warm treat, not so soon after first finding it!

She gorged anew as the sixteenth stall of the fiesta offered its stocks to her bottomless stomach. She shovelled them into her moaning muzzle pounds at a time, spending seconds savouring the taste of each one before she inevitably lusted for more.

She had swollen rapidly in the last couple of hours. Now a 900-pound behemoth of a pony, her lard-swaddled hooves barely managed to touch the ground. Her bloated cheeks coddled her face, three chins hanging from her jaw, all of it framed by the tyres of neck fat that radiated outwards from her head; all of it filthy and matted in slobber, ketchup, mustard, mayonnaise and meat sweats.

She cleared the table, burping her thanks to the cook and turning down offers of steaks, joints and other paraphernalia. All she craved was thick, juicy burgers. All she needed was fat, greasy burgers.

She perched herself in front of stall seventeen, “All your—BWAAAARRRP!—burgers, please,”