

Sundae's Fuller Figure

Prologue

Your favourite Forum Filly here with the latest online fashions, trends and general weirdness that everypony loves to read! Today we're taking a look inside the secret, wide, wide world of GainerPonies, a community of ponies who like 'em larger and in-charge! Literally! Fat ponies and those who love them! Fat ponies that are actually trying to get fatter!

Yes, you read that right, dear readers. Ponies trying to make themselves fatter. I can sense your shock and disbelief already, but it's quite true. Why would anypony want to be fat, you ask! Why would anypony want to get fatter, I hear you cry! I spent some time around these lovers of lard to find out! Read on!

Years ago when getting online required knowing the right unicorn with the right equipment and the forums were strictly local, little underground communities sprang up all around from things as innocent as the local book club to more sordid midnight meetings between two (or three!) playful ponies. And it was there, deep in

these groups and forums that a handful of earth ponies, pegasi, and unicorns would gather to discuss their attraction to the fuller figure; the plush plot versus a more delicate derrière. Colts and mares of all shapes and sizes were accepted and celebrated. Pictures would be traded, dates made, relationships forged.

Over time, those attracted to the larger than usual would admit to enjoying their ponderous partners pack on pounds, and it was in those discussions that the nascent GainerPony community was born. Growing from simple talks to trades of altered pictures showing their subjects in a far weightier light, sharing of erotic fiction involving pony protagonists growing heavier and heavier, and even recipes that didn't shy away from gratuitous use of butter and sugar. Fantasy flab soon became relating as these recipes were put to use and it wasn't long until, from Canterlot to Cloudsdale, you could find pictures of ponies modelling themselves at larger and larger sizes.

Some of these ponies, like young mare-model Chocolate Frosting—now tipping scales and fluttering hearts at a whopping 400 pounds—have managed to build up a following online as they ballooned up for all of the world to see. “Oh, I absolutely loved every minute of it,” says Frosting, who now maintains a fashion line for the plus-sized pony, “Wouldn't give it up for the world. I almost feel sorry for all those mares who starve themselves to fit into a dress. I can eat whatever I want, as much as I want, and you know what? I'm beautiful and I'm happy.” The porcine pegasus has fans numbering in

the thousands, many of whom don't hesitate to send her tokens of their affections. "My fans are certainly going to see a lot more of me," she promises between bites of a fan-mailed pastry.

In fact, her fans, and the fans of many other models get to see a lot more of them in person rather regularly. GainerPonies members from around Equestrian frequently gather at regional conventions to celebrate corpulence in all its glory. A garish gathering of gluttons, you must be imagining! Not at all, forum-goers. I, your fabulous Forum Filly, managed to attend such a gathering held in Ponyville this past summer.

Far from a bunch of unkempt hogs stuffing their faces *en masse*, I found a very active bunch that wouldn't look out of place at a *Daring Do* convention. Flabby friends from far and wide reunited; panels held about fat fashion, health, cooking, dating, modelling, and even writing; and aside from the theme and the relative rotundity of a majority of the participants, an outsider would have no idea that anything strange was going on at all.

That is, unless, you followed the after hours crowd.

The less foal-friendly events came after sundown, where the topics turned to more intimate affairs, and the models proudly displayed the fruits of their fattening labours on stage. Chocolate Frosting flaunted her curves, a far fatter earth pony who might've been related

to the Ponyville Apple family nearly broke the stage under his enormous girth, and there were several others who might've been even larger! The room was energised, the crowds snapping photos and yelling words of encouragement to the extra large entourage. Silence soon fell however, as a grand scale was pushed onto stage alongside three of the largest creatures I've ever seen struggle into view. A young, though rather official looking pegasus by the name of Fuller Figures—barely any heavier than yours truly—welcomed the enchanted crowd to the final stage of the competition.

Dear readers, I was transfixed by the display that followed. It was not for the weak of heart! These ponies were massive beyond description, that they could move at all was a wonder. The eyes of the crowd revelled in their immensity. The aura of lust from those in the room were almost palpable—these wide whales were their wildest fantasies given flesh. Fuller Figures called out the first one, the Apple relative from earlier whose name I learned was Honeycrisp. A local boy, this young colt managed a slow waddle to the scale, belly brushing the very floor, the stage shuddering with each laboured step. I was mesmerised by the almost hypnotic sway of hundreds of pounds of blubber in motion, his cutie mark stretched to billboard-like proportions, head and limbs cushioned by rolls of fat. I was repulsed, dear readers, repulsed, and yet my eyes wouldn't stop watching. It was impressive to see, and one could certainly see the handsome features in the fattened face. The crowd erupted into cheers as the scale flashed 800 pounds.

The next unicorn up couldn't manage to move on her own without the aid of magic; you could see her horn strain with the effort of levitating her own bulk off the floor and on to the scale which, with the creaking of straining metal, flashed 1200. My mind boggled as the crowd once again erupted, colts and mares revelling in the sheer excess on display and all the tantalising treats that must have led to her current state. I caught Frosting out of the corner of my eye shovelling away an entire tray of cupcakes as she took in this unicorn's girth. It wouldn't be long until she was on stage like this.

The crowd quietened themselves as the final pony was called to the stage, their hushed whispers doing nothing to drown out the sound of deforming wood at the forefront of the room. All eyes rested on the winged mass that was easily the fattest, most obese pegasus you could ever see. Rolling Fog, a fitting name for this expansive Cloudsdale resident. It must always be dark skies beneath whichever clouds are strong enough to support his girth. If I didn't see the bright, eager eyes, the comically useless wings, or the stretched-to-distortion cutie mark, I wouldn't begin to identify him as a pony at all.

His body was almost swallowed up by the sheer amount of blubber that encapsulated him. You could see his hooves just barely pushing through rings of fat on four sides, his flanks were as big as a pair of couches, his belly like a beanbag chair that lifted him further from the ground than his wings could ever hope of doing now. No words

could accurately describe what I saw that night. No words to properly convey how I felt watching this creature move—held aloft by a team of unicorns—the number 2000 flash up before the scale failed completely. The rest of the night was a blur of feasting, drinking and all manner of debauchery. All I could think of were these three blimps. I had to know why. Fuller Figures was happy to answer my questions in a later interview.

Forum Filly: “Thanks for coming, Fuller Figures.”

Fuller Figures: “Thank’s for having me. Happy to help you understand what you saw last night.”

Filly: “I suppose the first question is the obvious one: Why would any pony want to do this to themselves?”

Figures: “There’s quite a few reasons, I find. In any arena, you’re going to find those who want to be the best. Those who can perform the most powerful magic, gallop the fastest, fly the furthest. In this case, in our community, it’s ‘who can be the fattest.’ They do it out of love of competition, or love of food, or love of fat. Or all three!”

Filly: “But those ponies were immobile! Literally too fat to move! How could anyone be happy like that?!”

Figures: “The same way, I suppose, that one would be happy fitting into a size one dress. They like being big, they like being able to eat without a care, they find pleasure in gluttony and pleasure in obesity. That the competition has even gotten to this point is just a natural continuation of this trend. Way back when all of this started having a pony over 400 pounds was a rare sight, but now that it’s easily achievable ponies interests have skewed to larger and larger sizes.”

Filly: “What about their health? What about their families and what other ponies think? Isn’t this just blatant disregard for health and decency?”

Figures: “The same disregard a mountain climber may have for their own safety, perhaps. We take precautions. Some ponies want to climb mountains, others want to be as big as them. Ponies come to me when they’re looking to grow to those sizes, Rolling Fog has been a long-time client in fact. Health is a primary concern, of course, but in the end... it’s their lives, they’re free to do what makes them happy. Right?”

While I may personally not be able to understand why, I can’t denounce what they’re doing either. What I saw was a group of very happy ponies doing what they love, no different to you or I, and while it might be strange to us, it’s what works for them. So eat, drink, and be merry, dear readers! Those extra pounds might go straight to your

plot, but you never know who might appreciate it! Until next time, this is your Forum Filly, signing off.

Written by @jaye_bunny and @kimintodarkness. Fuller Figures belongs to @kimintodarkness. All other characters are fictional. Any resemblance to actual pony OCs is unintentional.