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Warning: This story contains expansion, macro, breast expansion, ass expansion, muscle expansion, cock and balls expansion, hyper and bukkake.

Author's Note: Applejack will be male for this story. Both Applejack and Twilight Sparkle are of age and anthropomorphic.

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Friendship is Bigness, by DragonMasterX.

Applejack sighed in defeat. It had been a long day at Sweet Apple Acres, but labor wasn't what put him down. No, he was thankful for the chance of another peaceful day of hard work, to the point of regretting his body couldn't pull him through another couple hours of more apple bucking. He wanted something to do; anything that could pull him out of the recent funk he'd gotten into.

For some reason, he hadn't been feeling himself at all lately. The only time he could focus was when he was charging or bucking trees. Whenever Applejack got back home, his thoughts drifted away and he spiraled into a depression he just couldn't figure out.

Applejack was one of the hardest workers in all of Ponyville, ensuring everyone had fresh fruit from his family business. He put up his biggest smile when he had to deal family, friends or customers; believing himself independent enough not to want to burden others with his own problems. Applejack knew he had to come up with a solution on his own. It didn't take him long to realize, however, that his problem was ironically the lack of company. He felt lonely.

Sweet Apple Acres was Applejack's home. The farm house was full of noise and laughter, since he lived with his grandmother, big brother, little sister and dog. He wasn't alone, but he felt like something was lacking. That was somebody else to share himself with.

Applejack had valuable, irreplaceable friends, but he had never established a meaningful relationship with anybody he could call a kindred spirit. And seeing his friends getting together was like watching what he wanted for him happen to others from far away. Applejack first noticed his jealousy during the wedding of Rarity and Spike, who currently were on their honeymoon. Even with Fluttershy and Rainbow Dash getting engaged, Applejack could only offer them a half-hearted although perfectly mimicked congratulations. He hated himself for being jealous of his best friends, knowing the least he could do was to be happy for their happiness. Applejack had enough of being alone and spiting others because of it; that wasn't him. He had to bring that around.

But the question wasn't what to do about it; it was how to go about it. Applejack had never been one get out much; instead dedicating his life to working hard at the barn or apple bucking for the family business. As a result he felt very out of touch with the dating scene. Applejack didn't feel adequate.

Most of that feeling of inadequacy came from what he was staring at. His own reflection spoke out to him, wordlessly relaying what the problem truly was. He didn't consider himself attractive or manly enough; no matter how macho he appeared to others. That façade of the tough cowboy

stallion worked perfectly with everybody, and although he was as sincere and loyal as one could wish for, Applejack wasn't very proud of himself.

Years of diligent farm work had hardened Applejack's body. He stood an agreeable six foot five, which made him taller than most stallions. The natural caramel coat combined with his long, wild mane of untied golden hair. The freckles on his cheeks were of a slightly darker shade as his coat. Just like this moment, following a shower after work, Applejack could see his lean muscled body. He wasn't like those bodybuilders in the magazines, but he definitely had bigger physical strength and endurance than all of them.

Applejack was simply disappointed that he hadn't put on the kind of muscle his older brother Big Macintosh casually showed off merely by tearing an overall or two per season since he went on puberty. Meanwhile, Applejack was on his 20s and could barely make his bicep round up at the top of his arm. It was simply discouraging, even if he was as normal as normal could be.

"Average ain't enough for this guy, no siree," the blonde horse put up his arms in a double-bicep flex. Both arms returned the image of a powerful horse, but to Applejack this wasn't enough. He needed to feel confident. He needed the strength to be able to respect his own self. "Reckon I've put on a pound or two after eating and working out three times more 'n Mac. Heck if I know how that big brother o' mine does it."

Tired of pitying himself, Applejack let out a long sigh and put on some deodorant before throwing his shirt on. After tying his hat as his back and wearing his jeans, he decided to go out for a walk around town. Hands on his pockets, he anxiously tapped the side of his flat thighs with his fingers to the rhythm of some country music in the background.

It seemed like there was some sort of festival going on downtown. Probably Pinkie Pie trying to be as loud and playfully obnoxious as possible. A brief but fond smile colored Applejack's sullen expression as he thought about his friend, but he wasn't in the mood for big parties with lots of people in it.

Rainbow Dash and Fluttershy were probably out on a date at this time. Springtime was the best for couples to spend their alone time together after all. Dusk was fast approaching and he wasn't the kind of equine to stay out late unless with friends. Shoulders deflated, Applejack was ready to turn tail and head back home but then he observed an unusual sight. The lights at Twilight Sparkle's house were open and bright. Applejack's ears twitched and stood at attention as he felt somewhat renewed. "Good 'ol Twi. That gal's oughta be studying her brains out right now. Bet she wouldn't mind a bit of company now."

Out of all his good friends, Twilight Sparkle was the one Applejack could compare to the most; at least socially-wise. Despite their stark differences: Him a country bumpkin, and her a proper by-the-book girl, they were both mostly sheltered folk without a lot of practice being around strangers. Applejack wondered if perhaps he could share his dilemma with his friend and perhaps find a solution together. It was a good plan initially but the idea of reaching out for help terrified Applejack, as he was the proud kind that believed he could do anything on his own with enough will power. However, time and time again he had been shown that true power can only be achieved through purpose, and the great purpose of his life was his devotion and loyalty to his friends; whom were always ready to lay it all down for his sake. His friends had taught him that their bond was more important than individual greatness, and thus Applejack was able to push back his pride and steel himself.

He swallowed that bad side of him and then took a deep breathe. The good memories rushed in and

he felt calm again. “Gosh darn, this is yer friend yer thinkin’ of, Apple-dense. Let’s crash that nerd’s study!” Fully resolute, Applejack marched to Twilight Sparkle’s home and didn’t even think of knocking. “Howdy, bookworm!” Applejack announced himself with a cheerful grin, although in his excitement failed to measure his great strength and slammed the door into the wall.

Twilight was at the top of a ladder organizing her novels and encyclopedias on her giant bookcase. The unicorn’s horn was shining bright as she channeled magic power, levitating issues and minimizing the effort of her task. She was not expecting the walls of her humble abode to suddenly begin quaking.

“Applejack?” Twilight quickly recognized the thick accent of one of her best friends. “Eep!” she cried out as the small but strong tremor made some books fall of their place. In an attempt to stop them from falling to the floor, the lavender mare stretched her arms out, keeping the other books aloft with her magic. Fortunately, she managed to catch and hold onto all of her falling books by tucking them under her arms and against her chest, “That was close...” she trailed off with a sigh of relief.

Shaking her upset reading glasses back into place, Twilight glanced down at her friend standing at the entrance with a meek, apologetic expression and a shy wave.

“Evenin’...” Applejack gently murmured out, realizing the ruckus he had caused.

“By Celestia, Applejack! I know I said to come on in whenever you felt like it, but leave my study intact please!” Twilight wasn’t one to stay mad long, but the sudden violent intrusion had put her on edge; she was used to peace and quiet after all.

“Gosh, Twilight. I do apologize,” Applejack scratched his blonde hair with a nervous grin, “Didn’t mean to charge in like a bull. Sometimes I forget I only look like a puny loser,” Applejack murmured the last bit, more out of self-pity than humor.

Twilight could barely hear her friend, realizing she was maybe too high up for conversation, but she at least understood he was sorry for startling her. Calmer and with a sigh, Twilight began to step down her ladder but in her haste forgot to balance herself properly. She slipped on the second step down and cried out as she fell, books and all.

Applejack was looking around while waiting for Twilight when he heard a sharp albeit high-pitched yelp. He looked up and didn’t even think twice about dashing towards the bookcase and ladder. His speed and agility were on time as he slid over and caught Twilight in his arms just before she crashed. “Whew! Y’all okay, pardner?”

“J-just peachy, th-tha...” A gasping Twilight was about to thank Applejack when the rest of the books buried the two friends like an avalanche. “Thanks,” muffled appreciation barely escaped the literary heap.

“Sorry ‘bout that, Twi.”

“That one wasn’t your fault,” Twilight put emphasis on the first word as she began clearing the books off them now that she was safe and could cast spells again. In only a matter of seconds, several stacks of books were neatly levitated down around the two equines.

“That magic ‘o yours sure is handy,” Applejack smiled, getting a small giggle out of the librarian.

"I know," Twilight replied with a nod but without follow-up. Neither talked and they just stared at each other for an increasingly uncomfortable amount of time until the mare cleared her throat, "You can... ah... put me down now, Applejack."

"Oh!" Applejack realized he was still tightly holding his friend. He blushed in embarrassment at how hung-up he had been and made sure to put Twilight down. Gently this time. "Man, always a time to make a fool outta yer ass, ain't it Applejack?" the young stallion blew some air off, making his hair briefly lift over his forehead. "Sorry."

"You're apologizing a bit too much, don't you think?" Applejack saw Twilight's hand stretched down to help him up. The stallion accepted and got back up on his feet. Twilight laughed a little, but Applejack's nervous grin didn't help her either. "Guess it didn't help I yelled down at you when you came in. Um..." Both Twilight and Applejack were fidgeting and avoiding eye-contact. Applejack had made a fool out of himself and Twilight had been caught off-guard with the unplanned visit, so their cringe-worthy slow exchange wasn't progressing much. In an attempt to fix the situation, Twilight made the effort to break the ice, "So what brings you here, AJ?"

Applejack felt like he could breathe again when Twilight didn't just withdraw like she would usually do. In fact, Applejack was very much content with how far the once extremely shy and introverted nerd had come. He had problems with dealing with people outside of his element, but Twilight used to have no element to easily socialize herself with. Now she seemed at home with people, or at least friends and that made it easier for Applejack who wasn't feeling himself lately. "Reckoned I'd visit my friend Twilight Sparkle, chat it up? Y'all seemed busy though, so I completely understand if..."

"No no! That's okay. Here, I can make some tea for... ah, you like coffee, don't you?" Applejack nodded and Twilight giggled.

"I don't flap my gums and done make myself an idiot again, right?" Applejack scratched his head with a snicker as Twilight shook her head.

"I just remembered the first time Rarity had you try tea. I almost died when she started lecturing you about arching your pinky when you take sips," Twilight could barely contain her laughter. Applejack's cheeks were flushed with color.

"Yeah. 'fraid I don't do gentle-stallion-buffoon," Applejack laughed at himself as Twilight went to prepare some coffee for them, "And that gal knows it!" he added, still at odds with his stylist friend's aesthetics.

"Mmhm, and that's how we like you, AJ. Sit down if you want, I'll be there soon."

Applejack took a seat by a table after realizing he really didn't have to offer Twilight help with organizing the pile of books. She had neatly organized the stacks after all; maybe later when she had to put them back on the case he would help her. While Twilight busied herself; Applejack couldn't help but stare.

The stallion took notice of his feminine friend. Twilight wasn't much to write home about in the curves department; she wasn't as busty as Fluttershy or as athletic as Rainbow Dash, and lacked the distinct lady-like mannerisms that Applejack would never admit to Rarity he liked. However, the librarian mare held a kind of allure and femininity that gave Twilight certain appeal.

Applejack had never bothered to consider dating any of his friends before, and these thoughts were

beginning to manifest as additional doubts in the blonde stallion's head. He was becoming both anxious and nervous, as if a certain part of him had to blurt out what he was thinking and go for it, yet the conflicting side in his brain was smothering him with more and more awkward scenarios. "Twilight's a good gal, but ain't no way she'd settle for a freaking stick-horse. Better guzzle and buzz off..." It was then that an idea hit him.

As the apple-bucker stallion watched Twilight prepare coffee, he realized Twilight was the perfect person to be with right now. Performing her task barely using her hands, most of it was carried out by the magic projected from her unicorn horn. "Shiny mumbo-jumbo of hers?" Applejack muttered to himself, looking at his arms and then at a mirror across the table. He pictured himself slightly taller and with a more masculine body type, "Might just work. Do I ask...?"

"Sugar?" Twilight startled Applejack as she placed a mug down by him on the table. Applejack's eyes went wide and he nearly blurted out everything he was thinking. Twilight giggled, "I mean if you take sugar with yours, AJ. I forgot, hehe."

"Black, sugar-pie," Applejack smiled a bit, used to calling his female friends with an affectionate nickname. "S-say, Twi."

"Mmm?" Twilight lifted an eyebrow with the mug covering her snout. Applejack was fiddling with his fingers.

"Y'all got all those fancy-shmancy magic tomes, right?" Applejack started, trying to be as eloquent as possible without talking too fast, "Reckon one of them pages has some really useful words of enchantment, eh?"

Twilight merely blinked, "Why, yes. Um, most of them have very useful spells!" She wasn't sure if to continue talking about them or if to wait for further questions. Twilight was bad at telling, but she knew she had a special gift for putting people to sleep with lectures.

"Alright sugar-pie, lemme level with you for a sec here ah..." Applejack stumbled for a second after rushing with his sentence. He smacked his tongue inside his mouth once and avoided eye contact before he came out with it, "I'd be mighty grateful if... I mean... I'd appreciate it if you could use your magic to help me, Twilight."

"Oh!" Twilight stood up straight. It was rare for Applejack to sound so serious, but if she had to be honest with herself, Twilight had been noticing her friend was way too tense. "Sure sure. What can I help you with, AJ? You can ask me anything!" she grinned, trying to be as clear and kind as she could to make Applejack feel easy with her.

"Right! Uh, see. I've never been, y'know, the biggest among the other ah... male folk," Applejack flexed one of his arms slowly to demonstrate, failing to notice Twilight's light blush as she saw his bicep flex. "Thinking maybe one of your spells can... yanno?" He gesticulated with his hands, having trouble coming up with a way to express his actual need for a more masculine appearance. Admitting his weaknesses was the hardest for a proud stallion like Applejack, after all.

Up until now Twilight had been nodding to show she was paying attention, but she had momentarily lost herself in the definition of Applejack's dainty although noticeable arm muscles. It wasn't until she noticed him making gestures that she snapped out, "Hmm! Oh right!" Twilight shot up from her seat with a hand under her chin, "I think... I think one of the books back there had a spell for "size adjustment". It was ancient so I was setting it aside to study it on some other day, since I was tidying up today. Celestia, it's so tough to keep this place in order without Spike around," she

giggled. "Here Applejack, let's check out my library!"

Applejack couldn't believe how easy that had been. He hadn't even needed to say anything outright. The way Twilight spoke almost made Applejack feel reinvigorated and more powerful already. He followed Twilight over to her study, although trying not to touch anything. He left it all up to the dark and red haired unicorn.

Twilight didn't miss a single beat and quickly swiped the second book from the top of the farthest stack. Applejack curiously approached from behind and tried peeking over Twilight's shoulder as she flipped through the mystic tome's pages. It didn't take more than a couple of runes, alien symbols to Applejack, for him to give up entirely. He rolled his eyes away and threw his arms up in defeat, spinning in place turning to pace around as he waited in silence.

The arcane arts adept advanced audaciously, her eyes bouncing from left to right like a typing machine. The pages flew past one after another with Twilight's expression growing increasingly concerned and serious. As she read and tried to understand and decipher the ancient knowledge sealed within those pages, Applejack couldn't help but find that posture of Twilight extra alluring.

She was slightly bent forwards, so her skirt was ever so much lifted over her legs, partly revealing her thighs. They weren't plump, but they were definitely marked and Applejack could appreciate the sensual contour upwards to her rump. He briefly wondered if she exercised when nobody saw her. The way elbows touched her sides as she held the book up to her eyes made Twilight's breezy shirt's collar relax and loosen slightly around her shoulders, allowing Applejack to see more of his friend's slender, delicate neck and back; usually that was also hidden by her hair, which Twilight was wearing in a ponytail over her shoulder.

Little by little, Applejack was starting to feel this seemingly innocuous yet teasing sight to be flustering him. He laughed in his mind, unable to believe he was so desperate for a girlfriend that he was fantasizing with the friend who in her grace was merely trying to help him, no strings attached. Applejack fully knew Twilight's type: She was sexy without realizing it. She was probably lost in her own world far beyond what Applejack's bumpkin brain could perceive, and she likely did not realize what a tease she was being. Even something as innocent as twirling a lock of hair around her finger while her horn flipped ages with its magic, or her taking her glasses off to bite the rim out of slight frustration was driving Applejack nuts.

The cowboy stallion turned around not to see that. "This ain't right," the blonde thought to himself in full regret. He was desperate for some sort of outlet. Twilight was always like this, disappearing into her world, blind and deaf to her effect on others, but tonight Applejack was more sensitive than any other night. He inhaled deeply and without turning to look at Twilight he cranked up a smile and began walking towards her kitchen, "W-whoa there, pardner. You're tryin' too hard there. How about another cup'a'joe? I'll do it this time..."

"It's here!" Twilight announced, nearly making the tip-toeing Applejack fall flat on his face in a startle. "I got it, AJ!"

"W-well call me a fiddle and slap me silly! That was fast!" Applejack quickly praised and returned to Twilight. It had not been fast at all. Applejack had survived a 20 minute long, drawn-out tease. Twilight blinked in surprise as she put her glasses back on and looked at the rattled Applejack.

"You look a little agitated, Applejack. Are you okay?" Twilight asked, getting a quick nod and uh-huh from her friend. She continued. "Well, alright. What I have here is a powerful, ancient spell which was apparently first devised as some sort of magic enhancement, and size is one of the things

it mentions in detail! However..."

"Yeah?" Applejack had followed more or less, and he was excited, although the last part was making him hesitant.

"Well, this would be my first time casting this spell, and I'm not exactly sure of its potency. I don't know..." Twilight fidgeted, starting to sound unsure.

"Now you listen to me, Twi. There any other better mage in this gosh-darn world, I'd sure like to meet 'em," Applejack smiled with confidence in his friend. "I'm no expert on the whole light-show thang, but you girl are the one I go to 'cause I trust y'all and yer skill. Not a doubt in my mind, and I'm the easily impressed cowboy! So how come y'all the one lookin' meeker 'n mice caught red-handed with stolen cheddar?"

A smile lightened Twilight's expression up and she approached Applejack to give him a tight hug, "Thanks Applejack. You're always saying nice things, even when I'm being a downer. Heh, and I'm the one supposed to be helping you!"

"R-right. No worries, pardner," Applejack stuttered at first but readily returned the hug. The awkwardness melted away when he finally remembered the kind of friend he had in Twilight. They shared a tender moment and broke away from each other without any more weirdness happening between them. "So, are we ready then?"

Twilight gave a light nod and directed Applejack so he would stand in front of her and asked him to stay still. Her horn started to glow with its usual magic sparkles surrounding its tip as she read the runes on her book. While Twilight hadn't been completely sure about the spell's background history, she was convinced about its execution and its main effects. Applejack would surely benefit, and that was enough for her; she wanted to help her friend. Channeling her strong magic powers, Twilight nodded her head three times consecutively and unleashed a blinding blast of light that engulfed the room.

It took several seconds before Applejack could see again. The afterglow of a magic coat melted right off both the caster and the spell's target, returning the room to normal. Applejack blinked and was unsure if to move or not. Twilight giggled as his eyes darted around curiously but without him moving his head it made him make silly faces. Eventually she spoke up: "It's okay, Applejack. The spell's effects aren't immediate."

"Oh! Reckon I can move now?"

"You "reckon" right, AJ," Twilight grinned, "The spell was a success. However, much rest is necessary for the effects to manifest. The word "bed" was mentioned several times, so just like with any muscle building program, I'm sure you need your sleep too!"

"R-right! Muscle building. Woo!" Applejack pumped a fist up with a big grin, "Can't wait for the first sunray o' the morning. Appreciate it, Twi. I sure owe you one now!"

"Hehe. Don't mention it, Applejack. That's what friends are for, right?" Twilight smiled. Applejack gave Twilight a big hug and then put her down gently.

"Welp, I better get goin'," Applejack said his farewell and thanked Twilight one more time before finally leaving. He was rather disappointed not to see any immediate effects on his person, but he trusted Twilight. He wasn't sure he was going to be able to sleep after all of that, however. Still, he

made for Sweet Apple Acres; back home.

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It was getting late. Applejack walked into a very quiet household. His granny was likely on her fifth dream already; nothing would wake her up. Big Mac had dropped Apple Bloom off in the city for a sleepover at one of her friend's. His big brother was probably enjoying a night out. With the cattle and even his dog already asleep, Applejack wondered if this hadn't been the quietest it had ever been in his life. "Hot damn," Applejack whistled as he plopped down on a chair in the kitchen. "Couldn't be quieter if I sound-proofed the whole gosh-darn building." His tail idly swished above the floor. His fingers rhythmically tapped the dining table while he bit his lip. Applejack's eyes glided over his rolled up sleeves, frowning at the unchanged volume of his biceps, "No improvement yet, huh?"

He was impatient. As far as Applejack was concerned, he had made quite the bold move asking for Twilight's help. He had almost had his heart jump out, not mentioning the other thing that wanted to jump at his female friend. Applejack's hooves tapped the floor anxiously. He looked down and felt a chill run down his spine. He had lost all taste and was smacking his tongue dry inside his mouth. His breathing was deepening; the stallion felt hot. Applejack's problem wasn't that he was impatient. He was horny.

"Can't blame ya, 'lil guy," he softly murmured to the bulge in his pants. Applejack only wished that Twilight hadn't seen his package in this condition before he left. He couldn't tell for how long he had been hard, but Applejack felt as if he hadn't ejaculated in years. He needed it badly now. "Let's take care of this quick-like," the stallion said to himself as he stepped off towards the toilet. It was hardly appropriate for him to clop off in the kitchen after all.

He simply kicked his pants off after entering the bathroom. His underwear and shirt joined the pile of discarded clothes as he thought of taking care of his business under the shower. Applejack untied his hair and tail next, letting his golden locks flow free and wild. Moans escaped his lips as he firmly groped himself. "Man I'm hard," the stallion sighed in pleasure, his fingers pushing his rigid shaft as it throbbed with undeniable need; he was awfully sensitive too!

Silence was immediately torn by the loud sprinkling of hot water splashing the shower tiles. Applejack closed his eyes and wasted no time tending to his primal needs. His brain pushed away any nuptial concerns as his hands got to work his twitching meat. The stallion penis was dripping pre-cum in generous amounts already, diluting with the water running down the drain. Applejack paid little attention to what was an unnatural amount of pre-seminal fluid running down his length, unaware of what was going on with his biology.

As Applejack's intensifying ministrations became bolder and less restrained; he had begun using both hands to masturbate; the young stallion became inundated with pure bliss. Pleasure flooded his every sense as his hard dick ejaculated hard, spurting into the shower wall. But Applejack didn't stop pumping his rod. His shaft was still turgid and he was nowhere near done. His muscles tightened up and his teeth clenched to muffle lewd groans. Applejack clenched his butt, toned rump cheeks lifting and squeezing together as his balls swelled with more horse spooage.

Even with the rare, unbridled need to ejaculate immediately again, the stallion continued jacking off with sheer abandon, blissfully unaware of the changes happening to him. With his flexing muscles rippling with power, Applejack's arms began to thicken. Biceps and triceps swelled like balloons, sinewy muscle spreading along his upper extremities. Applejack was gaining mass. He came again.

The horse's eyes shut even tighter and he couldn't prevent a loud growl from escaping. His transformation spread to his shoulders that expanded to accommodate his bigger, stronger-looking arms. Applejack's back widened and his chest exploded outwards. His defined pectorals ballooned out and became twin slabs of cut beef clearly screaming manly. To complement these looks, Applejack's abdominals swelled out and started multiplying along the front of his torso. Becoming more pronounced and prominent, Applejack developed his once barely noticeable six-pack into attractive wash-board abs.

Applejack's lower body was next. His legs bulked up with extra, hardened muscle. Cord of powerful leg muscles stretched his skin, noisily increasing his body's overall thickness. His thighs and twins looked like a professional bodybuilder's. They were even more noticeable with Applejack fiercely flexing as he jacked off. If Applejack hadn't been so consumed by his egregious lust, he would be wholly surprised about his extreme growth.

But perhaps the fastest growing members of his body were his genitals. Applejack didn't care at first, but his usual seven inches had already added a couple extra. And at the pace it was going, its more-than-generous length wasn't yet done in its enhancement. Applejack's penis was growing both longer and thicker. For all of his complaints about his appearance, he had never quite touched upon the issue of his dick size; but that's because there had never been one. Sensory overload was happening within him. His phallus had already become too much to grasp even with both hands. It had transformed into a monstrous sausage of pornographic proportions that even lewd actors would blush at. And Applejack's sense of tact couldn't have been more pleased.

That enormous horse schlong's copious output was backed by Applejack's swelling testicles, which were literally swelling bigger, having gone from decent sized marbles to ping pong balls and now tennis ball sized. His plump testes were growing onto his inner thighs, soon being sandwiched by his legs before they grew large enough to begin spreading his legs apart. The sperm factories were becoming two taut spheres of virility bent on outdoing the shower head with just pre. Applejack couldn't stop stroking, and his gigantic, now foot long dick was in the process of clogging the drain with its constant payload.

The muscular Applejack came again and again, and with every orgasm his body shuddered and swelled even larger. Every orgasm seemed to add to his being, increasing the girth and size of his sexual equipment while his muscles continued to develop and he shot up taller and taller. The grunting blonde moaned as he broke seven feet in height and kept going. His fourteen inches of horse cock were implacable, and it didn't take long before they became fifteen. Then sixteen, seventeen, eighteen... Applejack's dick was growing faster than the rest of him, but it was clear he wasn't done growing. By the time he reached eight feet and a half in height, Applejack banged his head against the now low ceiling. "Tarnation!" he growled out in pain.

Applejack's had thrown his head back when he ejaculated all over the shower wall. As a result of him becoming rattled his monster of a cock was let go and it bounced upwards from his reeling. The immense dick slapped the shower head off its pipe, making a mess of water and horse cum splatter in all directions. "The heck?!" the cowboy growled as he caught himself before he fell. His free hand caught the thing that demanded the hyper stallion's attention: His mega boner. Applejack couldn't wrap his fingers around his meat, but he made an effort that only sent him over the edge for another cum spurting round to blast his face. "Ohhh, fuck! What in Tarnation happened to my 'ol faithful?!" he paused, "...and to the rest of me for that matter?!"

Applejack couldn't deny the fact that his heavy, imposing member looked more than a dream, but there was also the matter his face was now dripping with a bucketful of his own seed. He could feel himself rumble and moaned as he witnessed his most recent growth spurt first hand. Looking up,

Applejack swiftly noticed the approaching, cracked ceiling and instead of bowing his head he just dove on his side to prevent getting slapped by his own length. "Holy hell. I just got big... bigger? Sweet mercy, look at my arms!" the stallion exclaimed as he finally noticed the rest of his body. "I'm... I'm built like a tank! Scratch that, I'm built like a freaking beast!" Applejack's eyes darted from left to right, and although difficult, he found it very attractive to cover the entirety of his newly built frame. What was even harder, however, was to ignore his throbbing erection.

Even after ejaculating again and again, his huge tower of meat had hardly been satisfied at all. Applejack couldn't even flex without causing every expanded muscle on his now nine feet tall body to scream out in pleasure and channel that pleasure through his rod. "Fuck, I'm so horny. Why am I so horny?!" the hung horse grunted out of frustration. He tried sitting up and felt his hands involuntarily twitch and weave over his sensitive manhood. Even if he wasn't consciously ordering his hands to beat off again, his twitching monster of a horse schlong was inviting him to continue. "Nngh, fuck! It feels so good. I can't... ugh. J-just one more!"

The desperate stallion put both hands around his massive two foot erection. Applejack deeply breathed, his nostrils flaring wide as he stared at his enormous dick. "I'm more donkey than horse now. But not even donkeys can come this much! Ahhh..." Applejack gasped as he felt the electrifying touch of his fingers teasing his exposed flesh. Every waking second felt like sweet torture as his powerful hands groped, pulled down and then worked back up the shaft. The ministrations didn't last longer than maybe two minutes, but to Applejack it was two eternities of bliss.

His right hoof smashed the floor next and he gritted his teeth hard. A hard-hitting orgasm ensued and Applejack watched with half-lidded eyes as his ejaculate blasted the wall, splattering everywhere and on everything. Applejack hadn't noticed but he had knocked the curtain pole and the curtain off when he swelled too thick for the stall. The whole room was covered in cum, water, or a mixture of the two. He was coated in cum, panting. Every gulp of air seemed to empower him, making Applejack stronger instead of weaker after his orgasm. His body groaned and stretched, achieving 10ft. of height. His dick was well over the three foot long mark, and his balls were larger than watermelons. Everything about Applejack was absolutely massive. "I keep getting bigger... and hornier!"

Applejack's lust-addled mind couldn't process what was going on with his body. He was absolutely stunned by his transformation. He felt as if he could take on a whale and stop it with just his arms. And by the looks of his giant dick, he could probably leave it pleased too. He shook his head and slammed a fist on the tile set of the shower stall, breaking it unintentionally. He was frustrated. Everything was arousing to him now. He had to get out of the house. "At this rate I'll start humping the walls. Better skedaddle outta here!"

The lumbering beast of a muscle-bound stallion had to be extra careful when moving. Applejack had to summon all of his available will-power just to stop himself from sitting down and clopping off again. He even took a bit of time to rinse all that cum off his body and leave at least the shower stall clean. His much bigger hands had trouble turning the water off, but he managed to turn the knobs with a finger and enough focus. "Bathroom's ruined. How am I gonna explain this to granny? Fuck, stop worrying about this, I gotta get out before I cum from my dick touching the floor. I don't wanna outgrow the house!" Applejack slapped his freckled cheek and did his best to squeeze through the bathroom door. It was a rather arduous task. Even while side-stepping and shimmying along the door frame, Applejack's taut, muscular buttocks and his enormous package betrayed him and permanently widened the bathroom entrance. Applejack looked past the vastness of his pectorals with a blush. "First the shower, now the doorframe..." He knew he had wanted to be big, but he'd never dreamed of breaking things with his cock. At least that hadn't set him off. Applejack

didn't want to keep spreading his seed inside.

Applejack was safe from ejaculating inside his home, but all of the will power he had managed to scrounge up prior to crushing that door frame was now gone. His three foot erection was twitching uncontrollably. He couldn't wait any longer. Applejack dashed out of his place and didn't even bother trying to squeeze himself through this time. The mini-giant stallion accidentally tore the door off its hinges when he tried to open it. Applejack crashed past out of frustration and made for the dark part of the cattle fields. He ignored the animals and immediately got to work.

Applejack was a horse-cum factory on overtime. He couldn't even appreciate the gentle spring time breeze caressing his fur-stretching muscles as he became lost in the pleasure of his masturbation again. His hands, now adept at groping his expanded flesh, made short work of that unending stiffy. Applejack's eyes briefly opened during the session just to look at his wet body. His arm muscles were so huge. He was so undeniably thick, he looked so powerful. He was sexy. Incomparable in girth and going down the road to become even larger, the stallion observed his arms gain even more muscle alongside the rest of him as he came again. His virility profusely splashed grass, thoroughly covering it all in his essence. And then it happened again.

Applejack growled as he shuddered and flared in every direction, becoming taller, burlier, even more hung. He was twelve feet tall now, his dick more than a third of his body length. "This third leg o' mine's making me grow every time I rub one out? Fuck! It feels so good, but... I have no control over this. I gotta stop before I get too big. Nnggh..." Applejack groaned as he did his best to keep his hands off his erection, but it was easier said than done. He was so immense and studly now. He didn't need a reflection to tell he looked like a finely sculpted mountain of muscle. Applejack could feel the raw power coursing through his being. And he could feel he was going to become even more powerful if he kept this up. It was tempting, as the process was as pleasurable, if not more so, than jerking off. The blonde shook those perverted thoughts off his head and, more out of lust-inflicted thirst than actual exhaustion; he turned to look at Ponyville. Applejack was needy, but he had to see his friend. "Have to get to Twilight! She'll know what's up..." And so the mighty stallion started stomping in the direction of town.

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"AHHH!!" Twilight screamed for what must have been the twentieth time that night. She had completely given up on muffling her moans by now. She had never felt such intensity. Such raw, incontrollable chaos happening inside her head; every waking moment spent in pure ecstasy.

Her clothes lied in tatters as a trail leading up to Twilight. She was completely naked, lying on her stomach on the floor. She had been crawling towards her study, unable to walk without falling over. Twilight's legs weren't responding. They felt numb from the sheer amount of pleasure coursing through her body. No matter the orders her brain sent out, they kept getting vetoed by her immediate need for more release. Twilight couldn't stop masturbating.

The young mare couldn't remember how it had started, but she remembered going to brew more coffee after Applejack had left. She didn't even get started on the menial task before an overwhelming need for sexual release washed over her all of a sudden. Twilight had started by softly caressing herself, but the experience quickly devolved into mindless finger-fucking. She had to alternate hands in order to avoid the numbness from stopping her, but she quickly learned she wasn't growing tired from climaxing over and over. In fact, every time she came she simply became more and more eager for it.

Twilight was no stranger to self-pleasure, especially considering her reclusive way of life. Partying

and hanging out with friends was one thing, but she had never developed the courage to take steps towards a consummated relationship. Curiosity had often made Twilight think what kind of pleasure sex would deliver, but now that she was knuckles deep inside herself, the mare could hardly care about the difference.

What Twilight was completely sure of however, and this was her reason for “hurrying” to her study, was that she wasn’t meant to be 8ft. tall. She was definitely not meant to have proportions that would make everybody look away from Fluttershy’s chest for a change, either! It had been unnoticeable at first, with Twilight’s body stretching and growing larger bit by bit every time she fingered herself to an orgasm.

From her five foot five height, she broke six in no time and went on to grow taller and taller. Twilight only noticed when her clothes became too tight around her body. It began with her shirt being stretched out by her once tiny breasts, now a pair of generous mounds of mammary flesh. Twilight’s chest had expanded, inflated out like a pair of water balloons being constantly stretched to their limits. The boobs were huge but also firm and taut, giving them perfect, gravity-defying perkiness. A similar change happened upon her modest hips which flared out to child-birthing proportions in order to support her long legs and big, growing thighs as well as her fattening rump. Twilight had no choice but wiggle herself out of her clothes.

It had been a clunky effort with Twilight trying her best to wrestle out of her clothes while her expansion occurred. She failed at conjuring her own will-power up in order to quit masturbating while she undressed, falling through the infinite well of vice manipulating her actions. Twilight’s clothes stretched, groaned and ripped loudly with every inch added to her body height and curves. Everything about the plain looking nerd became pronounced in the female bits department. And as a result of her unimpeded growth, she had to go through the biggest wardrobe malfunction in Ponyville’s history.

Twilight was incredibly curvy, Amazonian in height. She couldn’t stop fingering herself thanks to the electric feeling running through her body. She was impossibly aroused, as if she wasn’t ever going to move away from being a finger-fucking machine. She was on her knees, her new, large bubble-butt hiked up invitingly although there was no one around. Twilight couldn’t believe how busty she was getting, and was also surprised when she found a way to avoid hurting her chin on the floor by using her huge tits as pillows. Her arms had long since disappeared under the mass of her tits, her deep cleavage exacerbated as both of her extremities pushed her chest together while fighting for which of Twilight’s two hands would pick up abusing her drooling vagina.

Over half-way through, Twilight moaned as she failed to crawl quickly. She was so desperate for a stuffing that she couldn’t even put her ideas in order. “I have to find out what’s happening to me!” was what one part of her mind begged, but the other part of Twilight simply wanted to keep cumming. In some way, Twilight had managed to force herself to crawl over while stopping to masturbate every few feet of distance covered. It was the least efficient solution she could think of, but it was the only one she could think of. By the time she reached her destination, the books, her body had stretched and grown to 10ft. tall. She was massive even by tall people standards.

With a trembling arm, Twilight smacked the side of her thigh to get rid of her own juices. She bit her lips and squeezed her own tail, using it to dry it off. “I’ll shower extra hard later...” she gulped, disgusted at what she was doing. Twilight was usually neat, tidy and not at all the kind of desperate, sex-starved woman she was being influenced to be. The part of Twilight that could still rationally think had deduced it was magic influencing her. She needed to consult her books and find a counter-measure for this out-of-control swelling! However, just one hand searching was only good for toppling the stacks of book.

Slipping down face-first onto her huge but soft bosom, the shuddering, giant Twilight let out a muffled scream of frustration. Her ears twitched to the unpleasant yet oddly energizing, wet squelch of her squirting genitals. “Nngh... I can’t do anything like this...! Oh god...!” the horny mare didn’t want to admit how turned on she was. Her best effort only allowed her to sit down with a hand still jammed up her wet cooch. Twilight had to admit how comfortable her gigantic yet definitively round and perky rump cheeks to sit down on; so comfortable in fact that she found herself grinding against the floor, twerking her big ass as if she was hoping to have it porked by a virile man’s bits. For whichever reason, Twilight was losing her mind at a faster pace than before.

Before arousal-induced insanity settled in however, she made the effort to at least swipe the closest book. Using her dry fingers to turn pages, the panting Twilight was surprised to have picked up the same book she had used to help Applejack. She managed to connect the dots as she read the runes on page. “D-dear Celestia...” Twilight’s cheeks were already flushed with color thanks to the arousal, but now they were truly red. “Oh dear! Oh my!” if the dozens of self-pleasure sessions hadn’t upset Twilight enough, she was truly scandalized now.

“The enhancement spell...! Owie!” Twilight exclaimed; wobbling towards a corner with her head bowed down. The astonishment of her discovery had made her jump up to her hoofed feet, banging her head on one her bookcases’ rests. Her legs were trembling and she was shaking nervously, eyes wide as plates. “This... th-this is meant to be used on... f-for... ahhh!” the mare couldn’t take it anymore. She ended squishing her giant chest against a wall, setting her off for the umpteenth orgasm she had been building to. The intense pleasure caused her to expand in every direction at once, making Twilight pierce the low ceiling she had drifted to from the book-case. Being unable to resist their swelling, her breasts demolished the wall and her overwhelming and ever-increasing weight finished to crumble it down. Twilight meekly yelped as she fell through with an audible thud. “...c-couples...”

There was a poignant pause of uncomfortable silence as Twilight gulped. For the first time since the craziness started, she had stopped touching her curvy self. The reason was standing right in front of her, like a titanic mountain of maleness, what she had been subconsciously looking for. Rather, who she had been looking for: Applejack.

To Twilight, there was no denying her spell had not just worked but also been thorough with both of them. She had been blessed with enormous, plump, attention-drawing breasts; attractive flared out hips, thunder-thighs and huge buttocks; all of it complementing her new tallness. Meanwhile, Applejack had not just received the manly body he sought. The 15ft. tall orange horse stood thicker than thick. The stallion was a gorgeous specimen of virility and masculinity, having been transformed into a muscle-bound, extremely powerful-looking and hung beast. His balls must have been as large as his own head, stretching Applejack’s scrotum to create a very attractive taut, spherical shape. While his mighty gonads hung as low as his knees, his dick, if it ever was going to be limp again, easily went past that. In fact, if before Applejack could get his cock head close enough to ejaculate on his face by accident, his cock had grown long enough for it to give his face a slap if he wasn’t careful with it.

Careful wasn’t even remotely associated with either equine. While Twilight had grown out of the side of her house, a musky trail of cum lead up to the titan of a stallion. It seemed Applejack couldn’t stop masturbating either.

When they saw each other, their eyes were clouded over by lust. Both had been worried, extremely so. They had been afraid of what was happening to them, entirely absorbed by their concern for what they might do if these changes went unchecked. “I’m going to be a danger to others!” they once thought, and that was their main reason for steeling through their overboard arousal. But

somewhere down along the road, those thoughts were overridden. Every effort they had consciously made to help themselves had been no more than a ploy by their aroused sub-conscious that wanted them to meet with each other.

Unbeknownst to the giant Twilight and Applejack, their enhanced, hyper sexual bodies had been releasing pheromones with the distinct ability to travel to and extremely affect each other. Now that they were so close together, the potency of these pheromones was at its strongest.

Twilight, on the ground, finally stood up. Her bountiful chest bounced and jiggled along with her heart-shaped rump. Her nipples were hard, her legs soaked with running juices. The curvaceous unicorn looked nothing like the usual, meek and average Twilight Sparkle. Her tail and hair were uncombed, untied, completely wild and in disarray. She was a chaotic looking beauty of undeniably gorgeous proportions.

Applejack, with his cock still in hand, gave it a powerful stroke. The massive organ twitched at the sexy giantess before him, spurting a bucketful of spooage that was nothing more than a tiny bit of pre to the giant's balls. He had developed unto a hulk of herculean sizes. He was the poster boy for body-building magazines; a sensual sculpture of masculine anatomy. Every breath Applejack took made the ground around him rumble. His muscles flexed and bulged with even the smallest provocation. His dick had the size and mass to knock trees down simply by swing it. His balls were so charged with pent-up cum that one ejaculation could topple a small house. He was a power-house of unbridled size and strength.

They both were their respective gender's quintessential form. The magically charged equines had evolved into symbols of fertility. Applejack and Twilight Sparkle couldn't wait any longer. There was no banter. There was no prelude. There was only desire for flesh.

The giants threw themselves at and embraced each other's perfect body. Twilight held Applejack's muscular buttocks while the blonde stallion put a fondling hand on a breast and an ass cheek. Their snout met into the sloppiest, most decadent mouth-to-mouth in history. One noisy, wet kiss that seemed to go forever for the horny creatures. Tongues desperately wrestled in an attempt to assert dominance, upping the game and exacerbating the pleasure of their wild attraction. Grunts and moans became muffled as they pleased each other with their unrestrained touch and groping.

Applejack's giant dong was caught between Twilight's monstrous breasts. Their sensitive flesh was constantly being squished, sandwiched by their need to be as close to each other as physically possible. Applejack was loving how Twilight's big but squishy soft, pillow-like tits enveloped his cock. Twilight was in heaven feeling the big stallion's cock consistently spurting generous amounts of pre under her chin while her nipples rubbed against his steel-hard pectorals. They were beyond turning each other on. They were now leading each other to their promised land, about to make each other's primal wishes come true. They were rubbing bodies, mashing themselves, desperately eating each other's mouth out.

Orgasmic cries and groans were pushed down each other's throat. Their bodies locked up and Twilight squirted all over Applejack's balls. The male's sperm factories swelled and clenched, pushing out his latest orgasm that completely soaked them both in his essence. Immediately afterwards, their rumbling bodies started growing, this time with much greater effect. Twilight's curves expanded out, making her even more desirable. Applejack's muscles and genitals became bigger and stronger. They towered over the smaller households at 20ft. tall. Larger and larger they grew, gaining more and more mass while their attributes became bigger.

They broke the kiss to announce their arousal with loud moans. Twilight couldn't help herself. She

shut herself up by stuffing her mouth with Applejack's thick cockhead. She had trouble fitting it in her comparatively petite mouth. The stallion however would have none of that. Using his legendary strength, he picked up the now 25ft. tall Twilight by the hips. Gripping her butt hard, Applejack delighted himself in her moans and when his dick was out of her mouth, the stallion spun his mate in mid-air. Caught by her waist, Twilight could barely see back up thanks to her ample chest taking up all the view, but soon enough her cleavage revealed Applejack's dick thrust down at her. She immediately resumed fellatio.

Meanwhile, Applejack, holding Twilight by her huge hips, practically slammed her ass against his face. He nuzzled and bit down on those fat, shapely buttocks, hearing Twilight's screams of pleasure muffled by the cock-sucking going on down below. The male horse's snout was buried deep into her ass crack, but his tongue saw nothing more delectable than pushing against the mare's exposed vagina. Applejack's grunts only managed to cause Twilight extra pleasure thanks to his agitated breath. Applejack drank her honey out like ambrosia, slurping Twilight's juices as if he was a thirsty man in a desert.

Twilight could never have imagined herself in a dirtier sexual position, even with all the pornography she had already read on lewd books she kept stashed away. She had never gone beyond normal experiments girls do for oral sex, with bananas at first, then actual dildos. Twilight had always been too shy to try to actually date, so she had no experience. Yet with all of this action going on at once, with Applejack pleasuring her, with such a studly stallion doing it to her; she felt she had surpassed all of the fictional characters in her books. No, she definitely was more beautiful, better than them. Confidence was swelling inside of Twilight, allowing her to leave what little inhibitions she had behind and favor the treatment she thought Applejack deserved.

The equine male began to moan louder into Twilight's pussy as the mare worked his giant shaft up her mouth. His burly legs shook and he had to readjust himself, testicles swinging like a pair of wrecking balls. Twilight was inhaling cock like a vacuum, working him deeper and deeper until he was at her throat. Twilight's cheeks had bulged out, overstuffed with Applejack's meat. Whatever remained outside, she grabbed her breasts and started squeezing. Deep-throating and tit-fucking him; Applejack was in absolute heaven. His efforts redoubled.

As he felt her cry out in pleasure against his dick, Applejack knew his tongue was doing the right job. He had only done this on a few, select opportunities. Mainly during a drunk escapade with Pinkie Pie, but she didn't remember. She certainly didn't remember the sex afterwards either. From that day onwards, Applejack wasn't sure if to ever bring it up again, for fear that he had actually been bad at it. But now things were different. He was tall, strong and unstoppable. He had unmatched genitals that simply kept getting better at their job. Applejack was in control, giving his friend what she wanted.

The lumberjack oral sex position continued with both stallion and mare building up. Their climaxes hit them like a ton of bricks. The synchronized bliss resonated within their overexcited bodies. As Applejack got a load of sweet girl juices and Twilight opened the floodgates to the male's cock, their frames reacted as usual, doubling in size in a matter of seconds. They grew to 50ft. tall, towering over Ponyville as its biggest inhabitants. Yet they had only finished with foreplay.

Applejack sat down, his legs spread as he panted. Twilight crawled over him and rolled herself around, laying her back against his massive dick. She was panting, exhausted, but also eager. Both of them had been climaxing for hours and hours, growing larger and more powerful; greater and sexier. They were ready to go for the main spectacle.

Their lustful gazes told each other what was going. They needed not speak their intentions, for it

was clear as the cloudless night sky. Muscles and curves were quivering, covered in their sweat and juices. Their need for each other was unstoppable. Twilight was the one to straddle Applejack. She had to stand up at first, grabbing down at the horse's giant erection to keep it steady. She hissed as she pushed her hips down and began to push his length into her snatch. Applejack shut his eyes and gritted his teeth together, feeling tightness beyond his expectations engulf his literal house-wrecking tool.

It took Twilight a while but her womb accepted all of Applejack's massive dong. Her gargantuan rump sat at his lap and gently rubbed Applejack's testes. He couldn't help himself and immediately threw his hands at Twilight's oversized knockers. She moaned as she was fondled, feeling Applejack twist and shake his hips to display his eagerness in fucking her cunt.

Her stomach bulged out with Applejack's hyper dick far inside her body. She began to rhythmically move her hips against him, moaning out loud as the thick organ continued to stretch her. It was mixture between pain and pleasure, where pleasure came out on top. The two horses moaned as they fucked, driving themselves to orgasm once, then twice. It didn't matter how fast or powerful the climax, they simply would not stop. Twilight was like a cowgirl riding a bucking bronco, and Applejack's meat tower was more than glad to continue adding to Twilight's pool of sperm caught inside. And so they grew. They became more massive. Swelling and flaring in every direction. Adding dozens of feet of height at a time, their bodies stretched, taking up more and more space. Every climax added to them, almost as if they were feeding off each other's sexual energy.

They were overwhelmingly tall, already past 100ft. tall and going. Applejack's hoofed feet had grown into what remained of Twilight's house, demolishing the study. Their muscular and curvy sides grew into neighboring spots, rolling over buildings that became rubble buried under Applejack's lying down body. Twilight threw her arms back and arched as she moaned with every bounce of her giant ass, her hungry pussy milking Applejack for all he was worth. Rampant growth went on and on and on without stop as they continued to make love to each other until sunrise... until they passed out.

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When Twilight Sparkle opened her eyes again, an overpowering stench pervaded all of her senses at once. Musk and sexual odor was afoot like an invisible cloud of perversion, detailing that whatever she had been dreaming of had been no dream at all. She immediately slapped her mouth to avoid gasping out loud when she finally noticed she had been lying her head down on Applejack's immense chest. She looked down and gulped, noticing her grand canyon generated by her ostensibly huge tits. "Oh dear..." she gasped, noticing her mate was waking up.

"Ohh, sonuva... now that was a heck of a headache!" Applejack groaned, holding by his head. He blinked, glancing at the naked and curvaceous Twilight before he noticed his head-sized biceps. "Twilight?" the giant cowboy blurted out, unsure of what else to say.

"Um... h-hi. Good morning!" Twilight meekly said, nervously smiling while waving a hand that was making her huge tits jiggle invitingly. "Oww," she hissed a little, feeling Applejack's dong twitch inside of her in response.

Applejack's slow start was averted as every memory came rushing back into his head. Everything he had done the night prior. Everything THEY had done. He was stifling groans from the warmth he felt surrounding his dick. Her vagina was still greedily tugging at him, since they had fallen asleep as one. "Top 'o the mornin' to ya..." Applejack cranked up a grin although it was riddled with insecurity. There was so much destruction around them, and it all smelled of sex; of them. Part of

Applejack wondered where everyone else was; they had likely fled. There was no indication of casualties surrounding them at least. That put them both at ease.

“S-say... um... I’m going to...” Twilight started, making Applejack blush as she gently tried to lift her sexy ass off his lap, to remove his dick from her pussy.

“R-right, knock yerself out,” Applejack quickly nodded, not doing anything at all. The giantess rocked herself out with a meek little yelp. A loud squelch followed and Applejack bit his lower lip to stifle another groan. He watched his monumentally gargantuan dick, almost as long as his leg, slide out of Twilight. Juice and sperm dripped down his tall shaft, making him shudder. He wondered just how much he had ejaculated last night; probably enough to fill three Olympic pools.

The two friends avoided looking at each other for a while until Applejack broke the ice. “Say uh... thanks.” He said, although he instantly regretted being so brash. Applejack quickly tried to fix it. “I mean, thanks for what y’all did, sugar pie. Y’all are a real friend, Twilight.”

Twilight could never have expected anything else to come out of Applejack’s mouth. He was always so honest, saying what he has in mind all the time. It was hard to believe he would take advantage of her. No, if he had, then that meant she had also done it. Twilight hid her face by looking down and breaking concrete with her fingers as she shook. “I’m not a real friend, AJ. I didn’t even do my homework right. I thought I had this figured out and just cast the spell without properly reading about it and then I... we, I mean... I...”

“Now, don’t gimme that. There ain’t no bigger bookworm than you out here, pardner,” Applejack smiled, moving past the awkwardness to scoot next to his fellow giant. Applejack placed one of his big hands on the beautiful nerd’s shoulder, giving her a soft, encouraging smile. “So y’all think y’all made a mistake? Everyone makes mistakes, Twi. C’mon.”

“B-but, AJ...” Twilight grabbed his hand and looked him in the eye not with sadness but concern, “What’s going to happen to us? I could’ve endangered us without knowing and...”

“Well, I’m not the expert on this kinda thing, pardner. But I feel like a million apples right now. I probably weigh like a million Applejacks right now!” the giant boomed with hearty laughter, making Twilight smile a little and giggle. She wasn’t even worried about being naked around him anymore. She scooted closer, still holding his hand.

“You’re silly. You’re making me laugh even while we’re sitting down on Ponyville, about 150ft. tall and naked.”

“I can be funny when I want to, Twi,” Applejack snickered a bit, finally throwing an arm around her, dragging her closer.

“Mmm...” Twilight purred as she accepted his hug, feeling his cock twitch down there thanks to her mountainous tits pushing against his chest, “You know, AJ, I could try reversing the effects of the spell. We have until tonight before it starts... you know... affecting us again.”

“Hmm, that so? Y’all really want to go back to normal?”

“No, not really,” Twilight smiled, throwing her arms around him. Somehow she felt safe and secure even though Applejack had no idea about ancient arcane forces. “I like being big... with you.”

Applejack blushed, the commissures of his mouth lifting into an appreciative smile. “I... I’d really

like being big with you too, Twilight.”

Applejack and Twilight Sparkle shared a tender moment by losing themselves in each other’s eyes. They didn’t need to say anything. What they were feeling was more than just arousal. The pheromones weren’t driving their actions any longer. They truly felt comfortable in each others’ arms. They felt like they could take on anything like this; together. “I want to stay like this,” Twilight leaned in.

“So do I,” Applejack finished, leaning in for a soft, gentle kiss of pure love and affection. They were giants from now on. There were a lot of amends and apologies to make, but for now, they just wanted to cuddle. For now, they were the sexiest and most powerful in all of Equestria.

The End.