# Sierra’s Pony Pie

Sierra stared down at her partner, master, friend and lover. Artemis was a… strange sort. When she’d met him, he was transporting gems to the little troll, Flurry Heart. Then she’d made a meal of him but something… changed. Something about him was different. He hadn’t been afraid when she’d eaten him. Hadn’t even struggled when she swallowed him. Instead, he’d made good on his promise. He’d spoken to Flurry Heart on her behalf and gotten the Gem Caves reopened.

Not that it mattered very much, as Sierra had decided to join Artemis in Ponyville. Meeting Spike had been interesting. He was a tiny little purple dragon with green frills, but he was just a few years his mistress’ junior. No… mistress wasn’t the right word. Twilight Sparkle treated him more like a brother than a pet. By all rights, Spike should be at least a full pony taller than Twilight Sparkle at this point. If anything, Spike should be as tall as Twilight standing on the pony Big Macintosh’s back. Was his growth stunted by magic? Or was it by his own choice so he didn’t outweigh his own home?

Her stomach grumbling brought her back to the moment at claw. Artemis had asked if she wanted something to eat while he was out gem hunting with Spike and Rarity. She had yet to answer him. Looking over their humble home, she scanned the house for gems. Surely, she hadn’t eaten all of them yet. Her internal gem radar picked up on four small ones. Not even close to large enough to fill her up. Perhaps take the edge off, but not even *close* to filling her.

“I’m sorry Artemis. If you could find a few rubies, that would be wonderful.” She said and he nodded at her before turning, picking up the basket Rarity had made for him, and walking out of the house to join Spike and Rarity. As soon as the door closed, Sierra’s stomach grumbled and she had to dump the last four gems into her mouth, chewing slowly. Maybe if she savored them… The door banged open and she nearly inhaled one of the gems as she turned to blast the intruder with fire. Her coughing saved both of them. Pinkie Pie stared up at her from the door, a cake balanced precariously on her back.

“Sorry. I never got you your Welcome to Ponyville Please Don’t Eat Unwilling Ponies cake.” Pinkie said and Sierra coughed a plume of smoke. “Do you… not like cake?” Pinkie asked and Sierra looked it over. A towering ten tier cake, covered in light chocolate frosting. Each layer of the cake looked like a section of her own tail. The chevrons at the top were a darker chocolate, like her spikes. Around the base of the cake was a group of white chocolate claws, looking like they were holding up the cake as an offering.

“I’m sorry… Artemis just left, and I thought you were someone breaking in to do me harm. I do like cake.”

“Oh good. Cause this is all for you. But who could hurt you? I mean, you’re *huge*. They had to rebuild this house just for you because you would take up like, five houses alone, and you have Artemis living with you. Not that he takes up much space, being that he lives in your belly most of the time. But he lives here too, so they had to accommodate for him when he’s not in your belly, so of course the house is big. But is the bathroom big? I mean, you do go to the bathroom, right? Of course you do, your scales are shining like chocolate diamonds. You have to shower too, so the bathroom *must* be big and…” Sierra clamped her jaws around the little pink pony and held on. She didn’t swallow, even though Pinkie Pie tasted like the icing she always used. She just wanted her quiet.

Now she faced a new problem. She couldn’t lift her head higher, nor could she say anything, or down Pinkie would go. It wouldn’t be a problem, as she could just keep Pinkie in her crop until Artemis got home. He knew how to handle this crazy mare. A sudden tickle at the back of her throat triggered a reflexive swallow and Sierra’s face went white as she felt the bulge of the energetic pink pony slide down her throat and disappear into her belly. Reflexively closing the entrance to her stomach, she felt Pinkie Pie sink into her crop instead and breathed a sigh of relief.

This could have ended *very* badly. “Wow, is this what Artemis feels every night?” Pinkie’s voice echoed in her ears and she looked down at her stomach. There was no way… “This is so comfy. Can I sleep in here too? Oh, no, cause then I’d be sleeping with Artemis. Do you know any hunky boy dragons willing to gulp down a sexy pony and hold them in here?”

“N…no…” Sierra said as she watched Pinkie bounce around the house. “Pinkie, what are you…” she froze as she felt Pinkie touching near her rear.

“Does Artemis come out here when he’s done?”

“N-no. Pinkie. That exit is only for *food*. Not friends. And especially not Artemis.”

“So… you’ve never had him… stick his penis up your butt?”

“Wha… Pinkie, no. We’re not…”

“I know you’re lovers.” Sierra froze as those words left Pinkie’s lips. “It’s written all over your face. Now. And it’s all over the house. I can smell it everywhere. Twilight knows too. You really need to use better cleaning supplies if you want to hide it. I can give you some of mine.” Pinkie said and Sierra looked down at her. “What? You’ve seen me eat cake. I can easily take a whole pony.”

“Pinkie that’s… that’s just…”

“Wrong? For a pony I guess. But I’m not exactly an ordinary pony.” Pinkie said and Sierra couldn’t help but agree. Artemis had told her all of the strange things Pinkie could do. Her mane could work like a whip, or act much like a unicorn’s magic. Her tail could be as stiff as a board, strong enough for her to literally use it as a fifth leg, or as limp and floppy as a wet noodle. Pinkie’s body itself was up for debate. Artemis had told her that, once, Pinkie had *literally* broken apart. Into pieces. As in pieces of Pinkie were scattered, relatively close to each other, but separate.

She’d *literally* put herself back together. “Ok… I guess you’re right. But…”

“Sierra, all it takes to get that smell out of fur is a good bath with this.” Pinkie said as she pulled a shampoo out of her mane. Sierra took it carefully and looked it over. “It takes care of any smell, from poo to saliva.” Sierra glanced at Pinkie and popped the lid, inhaling the scent. Chocolate. “It’s also non-toxic. You know, just in case after his bath you wanna eat him again.” Putting the lid back on, Sierra set it down and went to move away when Pinkie held out another object.

“What’s that…?”

“You know, if you wanna make pony-dragon hybrid babies.” Pinkie said and Sierra’s face turned bright red again. Taking it from Pinkie, she watched as it expanded rapidly to fill her claws. It was, in fact, a dragon phallus. Not attached to a dragon, but one end of it was hollow. Obviously for a pony to put their penis in. It looked to be sealed from that end up to the tip.

“Can this…”

“Expand? Yep.” Pinkie demonstrated by jumping at the tip of it. It opened and expanded around her, the bulge she made traveling down the shaft and out the other end, which opened to let her through. When she came out, she was spotless. Her mane and tail were messed up, but a quick shake, everywhere, fixed that.

“How much…?”

“You could probably fit your whole claw in it.” Sierra blushed as she set it down.

“Thank you, Pinkie. We’ll enjoy these presents.” Sierra said then her head clicked on something. “Wait… how’d you get out of me?”

“Easy silly. I came out the right end.” Pinkie said and Sierra glanced at her rear. Pinkie had come out of her, spotless, in the same amount of time it would have taken her to say hello. From mouth to gut to excreted through the rear, Pinkie was *not* a normal pony.

“Let’s… do it again.” Sierra said and Pinkie looked up at her to ask what she meant only for Sierra to snap her up and send her down again. This time, Sierra reclined on her back a little so she could see this happen. Sure enough, a couple seconds later, Pinkie was popping out of her rear, spotless. “We should surprise Artemis…” Sierra said, and Pinkie looked up at her.

“What do you have in mind?”