

— The Plus One —

By WilderHoney

A pair of ponies down at the far end of the street made Moonlight hurry, as much as she could, at least. What remained of the stallion she'd enticed out the back of The Original Horseshoe Davie's (not the original, just the seventh) sloshed noisily around in her belly, knocking against her back legs and brushing occasionally on steps as she went across Baltimore. Clouds hiding the moon darkened every corner of the city and turned every back alley an ominous shade of black. You could never really be sure just who or what was lurking down them.

The ponies turned and slid into the vestibule of a small apartment complex. Glancing around to check that she was alone, Moonlight slowed her rush, feeling a dribble of sweat behind her ear, tickling her in just ever so slightly an unpleasant way. She wiped it away and took her phone from her bag, levitating it just in front of her face. A chat screen was open. The most recent message, of many exchanged over the last few days, was just an address and 'GOOD LUCK!' Moonlight just hoped that the caps were all excitement and she wasn't in for a fun evening of running the fuck away.

She turned down the next street, leaving behind apartment blocks for the two storey family townhouses of the relatively well off. This was the edge of the suburbs. Moonlight counted the house numbers on mailboxes until she got to forty-eight; a plain white weather board single family house. A swing hung from a tree in the front yard. Moonlight had always wanted a swing as a filly, and she thought about trying it out. Moonlight decided not to. Instead she took the thin, cracked brick path up to a faded and worn porch and knocked - quietly, as per her instructions.

Moonlight stood there on the porch feeling so incredibly exposed. She looked back over her shoulder to the street, waiting for an answer. Maybe they'd chickened out. It wouldn't be the first time that it had happened to her. Some ponies got cold hooves. It happened.

She was about to knock again when she heard the muffled sound of hooves scrabbling on hard wood from the other side of the door. Moonlight lowered her hoof and waited, putting on her best mildly seductive smile. Her belly rumbled loudly. She rubbed it, also mildly seductively.

The door cracked open. An eye peeked out through the crack. Moonlight stared at it, a small smile, her eyes half lidded. The eye stared at her blankly just long enough for Moonlight to wonder if she'd gotten the address wrong, then the door opened wider and a mare stuck her head out. She swung her head up and down the street before bringing her attention back to Moonlight, straight to her belly. Her eyes widened. She

stared dumbly, her jaw working and failing miserably to make words happen.

“Wow,” she said, finally, loudly. “Wow!” She clamped a hoof over her mouth and quickly checked up and down the street again. Moonlight did the same. The mare went back to staring at Moonlight’s belly, “Wow,” she whispered. “You’re really big. Wow.”

Moonlight smiled sweetly, “Thank you.”

“So is th-” she stopped and checked the street again, then she stepped aside and opened the door as wide as it would go, flattening herself against the hallway wall. She waved Moonlight in. Moonlight stopped just short of rolling her eyes. Instead she smiled and said, “Good plan.” Despite her size, Moonlight stepped lightly through the doorway. It was a practiced skill. And she’d had a few years of it.

The inside of the house was as plain as the outside: worn wooden floors, a faded rug running the length of the hall and, at the far end, something scribbled on the wall. There was a bucket on the floor beneath the scribble next to a spray-bottle. It looked like the mare had tried to clean it off but whatever had been used to scribble was stubborn. The mare had only managed to smudge it slightly. If anything, it looked worse now. She caught Moonlight staring and laughed awkwardly, “Kids, huh? Do you have any?”

“No,” Moonlight said.

“Hm,” she made it sound almost surprised. Moonlight got the feeling that she was being judged.

“Uhh... Umm... So... I’m just... need to go and let the water out of the sink. Dishes,” She said, scooching awkwardly around Moonlight like she’d eat her too if she got too close to her and through a door halfway down the hall. Moonlight followed. The mare was nervous, amongst other things. It was her first time. Moonlight just needed to get her relaxed.

The kitchen was also in a sort of disarray. The mare was holding a plug, the water draining out of the sink even though the dishes were half done. A small pile of cutlery and glasses revealed itself as the water level dropped, leaving them covered in soap suds. “Never leave the water in the sink, you know,” she said. Moonlight didn’t know.

The mare dried her hooves with a dish towel, then opened the cabinet over an old gas stove, taking out two crystal wine glasses. They looked too fancy for the house. A wedding present? She reached further in and pulled out a dusty bottle of wine. It slipped from her hooves. Moonlight caught with her magic and placed it down gently on the counter top.

The mare stared down at it with a sad pride. “I bought it a few years ago for a special occasion that never came around,” The pride faded and she shrugged and

muttered, “Oh well,” before taking a cork spiral and stabbing into the top with a lot of force. She twisted and the cork came loose with a satisfying POP!

The mare poured the two glasses to half full and slid one across the counter top to Moonlight. Moonlight took it in her magic and sipped. It was a red, a sweet one. Too sweet for Moonlight’s liking. A second sip confirmed to Moonlight that she did not like this wine at all. But she sipped again, if anything just to try and put the mare at ease.

For her part the mare finished her own glass and was busy pouring another one.

Moonlight slid around the counter as sexily as she could with her belly so full and stood behind the mare. She came in close, resting both her hooves on the mares sides just below her forelegs and gently massaged in small circles. The mare put down the bottle and drank the glass in one gulp. Moonlight leaned in a little closer, letting her belly press up against the mare’s back. The mare let out a small gasp and shuddered. Exactly the reaction that Moonlight wanted.

Slowly, so slowly, the mare began to relax. Tension left her body with each breath. She slid back slightly, her backside pushing a little harder up against Moonlight’s belly. It gurgled noisily. Moonlight moaned softly, into the mare’s ear. She let her hooves wander up and down the mare’s sides.

“It’s hard to believe that he’s all in there,” the mare murmured. She stared straight ahead. Her body had relaxed, but her voice was still a little shaky.

“But he is,” Moonlight purred into her ear. “Just like you wanted.”

“Just hard to believe, that’s all,” The mare pushed her body harder against Moonlight’s body. Moonlight’s belly squelched. Inside, Moonlight felt something snap.

“It feels so good though,” Moonlight said, biting her bottom lip.

“Yes. It does,” the mare leaned her head against Moonlight’s neck. Moonlight rested her chin on top of the mare’s head. Moonlight massaged her front.

The mare placed her hooves on top of Moonlight’s. “So... what do you do for a living?” Moonlight asked. Not every client wanted to talk about their lives, but Moonlight knew how to read them. Usually, she was right. She could tell that the mare could be an open book if asked, looking for someone to talk to as much as she was looking for someone to make her wildest fantasies come true. There was plenty of time for both to happen tonight.

She’d also invited Moonlight into her home. Home visits usually came with an implied sense of intimacy between Moonlight and her clients.

“I’m... mmm... I teach. Elementary... ohh. That feels good. Right there.”

“Do you enjoy it?”

“Oh, definitely,” she brightened up. The nerves from just a moment before had left. Moonlight listened as the mare told her all about the ins and outs of teaching – she taught art – and her favorite students and just how eager her students were to learn. Their hunger always surprised her. And just when she thought that there was nothing else she could teach them and they moved on to high school, another group came stumbling along and she could start all over again. She made it all sound so *magical*. Which was strange; that was not how Moonlight remembered her school days at all.

Maybe she just had the wrong teacher.

The mare seemed to get taller as she spoke. Her posture started to change, straightening. From a beat-down housewife, mother and teacher who was almost afraid of Moonlight, she grew. She turned around and placed a foreleg around Moonlights neck. She pressed the other into Moonlights belly and kneaded. She slid her hoof across it’s surface and pressed somewhere else. Moonlight sighed. Soon, it went from the mare resting on Moonlight to Moonlight resting on the mare, nuzzling into her neck. The mare moved both of her hooves to Moonlights back and gently massaged. Moonlight sighed again, content. She almost fell asleep.

She let the mare massage her for longer than she maybe should have – at least if they planned on getting around to anything else that night – but she’d really needed this. And the mare’s hooves were so wonderfully soft. But they did have other plans for that night. And these were the type of plans that one really could not put aside.

They were the type of plans that could potentially escape and press kidnapping charges.

Moonlight lifted her head from the mares neck and pulled away slowly. They both stared at each other with half-lidded eyes. “Maybe we should get down to it?” Moonlight suggested. “Before we do anything else, that is. We might run out of time otherwise.”

“You’re right,” the mare smiled. The smile grew bigger. Her eyes got an evil glint in them. Moonlight knew the look well. She’d seen it on more than a few clients over the years. And even more in mirrors.

The mare stepped back and bumped up against the counter. She took a breath then whipped around and grabbed the wine bottle. The mare went to the door and leaned up against the door frame, looking back to Moonlight. She licked her lips. That smile was only getting eviller. It might have been the wine.

“Shall we?” Moonlight asked.

“We shall,” the mare slid around the corner into the hall. Moonlight followed her. They went upstairs. The mare put an emphasized wiggle in her backside as she climbed. Moonlight’s belly scraped over the stairs as she climbed. She was glad there was no rug. Rug burn on your belly is something that no one wants. Instead, it was a worn hardwood belly massage all the way up.

There was a floor up on the landing. In the dim light from downstairs, Moonlight saw patches of worn blue carpet. But mostly, she saw toys. Toys and clothes. They were just thrown about the place, left wherever they happened to fall. All of it just there, waiting for someone else to deal with. The mare took it all in and stopped. She took a deep calming breath — Moonlight was familiar with them — and rubbed the bridge of her nose. She let the breath go and turned to Moonlight, a forced smile on her face, “I am so sorry,” she said. “You would think that eventually they would get the message. But...” she shrugged. Moonlight smiled. She couldn’t really talk. This was just like her bedroom floor.

The mare took Moonlight’s foreleg and led her across the landing and up a short hall to a door. She let go and put a hoof on the door handle. She let it hang, staring ahead at the door. The mare stood like that for a while. A very long while. Moonlight frowned, then moved herself between the mare and the door. She took the mare’s hoof from the handle and placed it on top of her belly. The mare’s trance broke. She stared from Moonlight’s face down to her hoof on Moonlight’s belly, then back up again.

“We don’t have to do this,” Moonlight murmured. “We don’t have to do anything. If you want, I’ll just leave. That’s it, just say the word and I go. We pretend that nothing happened.” They couldn’t, but it was what the mare needed to hear.

The mare stared off into space, like she was genuinely considering it, but she shook her head, “Let’s do it. Too far now.” Her tone was final. Confident. Or just pretending.

Moonlight smiled. “Okay then.” She slipped back behind the mare and gestured for her to open the door. She did, holding it open. Moonlight went through.

The room was dark. The light from downstairs didn’t make it this far, but the mare didn’t make any move to turn on a light. Moonlight was left to stand there and wait for her eyes to adjust. Just as they did, the mare closed the door and the room fell even darker. Moonlight barely made out the shape of what she thought was a bed and another dark lump on top of it. She heard muffled hoof steps on carpet and the clunk of the wine bottle on wood. Then the world went bright. Too bright. Moonlight raised a foreleg to shield her eyes.

The mare had turned on the lamp. The wine bottle was sitting on the bedside

table next to it. The shape was a bed and the shape on top of it was a second mare.

The second mare had been hogtied.

Plump was a word that Moonlight would use to describe this second mare. This was the mistress that had spurred this whole evening, presumably. Pretty was another word Moonlight would have used. She reminded Moonlight of an ex-girlfriend from back in university.

Though another word that Moonlight could have used was pathetic. Sorry. Terrified. Any one of them would be appropriate the longer she looked at the mistress. Shivering, she stared between the two of them with frantic, pleading eyes. Moonlight noticed the ball-gag. She looked over at the mare.

The mare smiled, a mild blush formed on her cheeks, "A special occasion that never came around." She glared down at the mistress, "Because of *you*," she spat with such venom the second mare could have melted.

"Can you... Can you take the gag out?" Moonlight asked, frowning. The mare looked over at her. "Please? We don't fucking need it."

The mare looked mildly disappointed. She stared between Moonlight and the mistress as though she wanted to argue the point. But she stepped forward and, harshly, yanked the gag out of the mistresses mouth. The mistress didn't scream, to Moonlight's surprise and own mild disappointment. Usually, they did. A small, occasionally guilty, part of Moonlight's conscious that really liked it when they screamed. There's a vicious streak buried in every pony. Her first meal that night hadn't screamed, but he was also so very incredibly drunk. It helped that a mysterious mare kept offering him drinks.

The plus for him was that he wouldn't have to worry about any pesky hangovers. Or the tab for the drinks.

The minus was literally everything else.

The mistress stared wildly around the room, terrified eyes frantically searching for an escape route. They settled first on the door, then the closet, and finally the window. Moonlight put herself between the two. The mistress stared right through Moonlight. There was a part of Moonlight was just begging the mistress to try to slip her bonds and make a run for it. There was a certain thrill in a chase. That thrill doesn't come too easily when you've already eaten though. The fear was the main draw to it, Moonlight's and the prey's. Both in getting caught. The dominance in finally catching them.

But the mistress didn't. She didn't even make an attempt to struggle free. She just stared at the window with a resigned longing that Moonlight recognized from a

long time ago. She almost pitied her for it.

Almost.

The mistress finally noticed Moonlight. At first, she stared at Moonlight with an almost bored expression. At least, until she noticed Moonlight's belly. Her eyes widened, but the bored look didn't leave her face. "Oh. Wow," she said, forcing disinterest. Her voice was high and sweet and barely suited the tone she was aiming for. Moonlight's belly growled, loudly, enough for everyone to hear it clearly and Moonlight felt her first prey squirm and roll over inside. So much for her thinking that he'd be long departed.

The movement must have been visible too, because the two mares flinched away from Moonlight. The mistress' eyes betrayed the fear that Moonlight knew was there all along. The mare's expression was an odd mixture of shock, joy and arousal: she fidgeted by the bedside. Moonlight wondered if she would make it all the way through what was to come.

But now, it was show time. Moonlight put on her best predatory smile, toothy and cruel, made herself as tall as she could and stared down at the mistress. The mistress stared back, confusion intensifying. "Soo," Moonlight purred, taking a step towards the bed, turning just a little to show off her belly. "A little bird tells me that you like to interfere with things. Specifically... relationships," Moonlight moved in closer, lowering her head so that she was level with the mistress' head.

"I get it. Really, I do. Sometimes, there is just that *thing*. That *thing that you just have to have*. I've been there. I have. But there are some things that you can't — read *CANNOT* — have. Married stallions, for example, sit on that list," Moonlight lowered her voice to a whisper and leaned in closer. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw the mare lean in, still fidgeting. "But I think you know that. And I don't think he was the first, was he?" The mistress looked away and weakly shook her head. "I didn't think so.

"But you thought that it would be okay, yes? That you could be his little *thing* on the side. No pony had to know. No one can get hurt by what they don't know," Moonlight was rambling a little now — it's hard to ad lib. She felt just a little self-conscious about what she was saying. It made her sound like an actress in a fetish video. Or a villain in a cartoon. At the bedside, the mare twitched. But Moonlight wasn't done. Despite the self-consciousness of it, monologuing is a lot of fun, "It's safe to say that you slept with the wrong stallion. But hey, at le-

"Oh my gosh! Just do it already!" the mare squealed. Both Moonlight and the mistress looked up at her. She blushed, "I didn't think I could hold out much longer," she mumbled, pawing at the floor with the tip of her hoof.

Moonlight rose back to her full height and looked down on the mistress, making her smile wider, toothier and crueler. "Oh well. Looks like it's time."

The mistress stared back dumbfounded, "For what?"

"To play," Moonlight murmured sweetly and giggled. She took the mistress's front hooves with hers and sat back on the floor. The mistress slid across edge of the bed over onto Moonlight's belly, pulling sheets along with her. She lay there, looking up into Moonlight's eyes, fear creeping into her own. Her bottom lip started to tremble. Moonlight's belly groaned and squelched. The mistress inhaled sharply. And *then* she started to struggle.

Moonlight had wondered when she was going to start. She knew she would, sooner or later. Just normally, they started up a lot sooner. As quickly as she'd started, the mistress stopped. Her lip quivered. She stared up into Moonlight's eyes. Moonlight knew that her eyes were shimmering. It either frightened her prey or it hypnotized them. Transfixed them. She'd never been able to work that bit out.

It looked great in the mirror though.

"P-please," the mistress whispered. "*Please.*"

Moonlight pulled the mistress in closer. The mistress flinched as she felt Moonlight's breath on her face. Moonlight stuck out her tongue and softly licked the mistress' cheek. The mistress squeaked. Moonlight pulled the mistress' muzzle into her mouth and closed her lips around it, sucking on her like she was a lollipop. She eyed the mare, sitting on the side of the bed with an equally amazed, and smug, grin on her face. She sighed and licked her lips. Moonlight raised her eyebrows, as if to ask, *And now?* The mare shrugged back at her, as if to say, *Fucked if I know.*

Moonlight let the mistress' muzzle go. The mistress breathed deep, body shaking. She locked eyes with Moonlight. There were tears in her eyes. "Please," she whispered, "Whatever you want. Whatever you want. Please!" She spluttered choked and tears ran down her cheeks. Moonlight frowned sadly, then smiled down at her with feigned benevolence, like a mother trying to soothe a child. She stroked her mane, then used her magic to undo the bindings on her legs. From the bed the mare narrowed her eyes at Moonlight. A hopeful smile broke onto the mistress' face. She sobbed noisily and wiped an eye with her newly freed hoof. Moonlight wiped the other one for her. She bent her head down to kiss the mistress on the top of her head.

She licked her instead, all the way down the side of her neck. The mistress shuddered. Moonlight shuddered too. She slid her tongue across the front of the mistress' throat and up the other side of her neck to her ear. She stopped just short and held her lips over her ear. "I want you to squirm," Moonlight whispered, and opened her mouth wide.

She pulled the mistress' muzzle into her mouth and sucked again. The mare leaned forward on the bed. Moonlight sucked the rest of the mistress' head into her mouth.

The mistress' muzzle pressed back into the top of Moonlight's throat. Her cheeks bulged. The mistress punched weakly against Moonlight's body. Moonlight barely felt it.

Moonlight swallowed. The rest of the mistress' head slid into her throat. Another swallow pulled her in up to her chest. Moonlight barely tasted her but she could feel the heart thumping away at a million miles an hour against her tongue. Moonlight swallowed again. Her throat bulged. There was muffled screaming. It might have come from within Moonlight or outside. She couldn't tell and she barely cared. She ran her tongue over the mistress' chest and shoved in her a little farther with her hooves.

The mistress was a chubby little thing. Her chubby little tummy filled up Moonlight's mouth entirely. And she loved it. She wished that she'd had the forethought to stuff this little thing full before they'd gotten to anything else. She chewed lightly, squishing her body with her teeth, pushing against the mistress' soft backside with her hooves ever so gently squeezing and rubbing it. She'd decided that she wanted to savor this part. The chubby ones were always the best prey to eat. The scrawny went down too quickly and the bony were a little too painful to really enjoy properly.

On the bed, the mare had shifted and was lying on her front, her head propped up on her front hooves. She chewed her bottom lip. Moonlight winked at her then tipped her head back to let gravity do its thing and give the mare a better view of her throat. There were only ever two reactions when she did that: One was moaning in pleasure, the other was abject disgust. It was the creepiest part of the experience for a lot of Moonlight's clients. She couldn't tell what the mare thought about it though. She wouldn't really have been able to hear if the mare said anything either. To tell the truth Moonlight was in her own world. One in which only she and her prey existed. It was the best world she'd been to.

She playfully smacked the mistress' backside and swallowed loudly, letting her slide further. Legs kicked wildly in front of Moonlight's eyes and a part of Moonlight wondered if the mare had her children with her that night or if they had been sent to stay with relatives or whoever while Mommy had to deal with something. It would be awkward to explain just who this strange mare was and what she was doing to the other mare to them if they wondered in.

Good mental image.

Moonlight slurped down the legs to the hooves. She closed her mouth and let them hang there while the mistress' body slid down her throat. Her legs unfolded in Moonlight's mouth and she swallowed one last time, a big showy one for the mare, then traced the bulge of the hooves sliding down her throat, down her chest and into her belly. It bloated outward across the floor. She lowered her eyes down to the mare, on the bed and licked her lips and her hoof suggestively. An evil smile spread across both of their lips.

The mare pushed herself up, staring, fascinated, at Moonlight's. Moonlight

moaned softly and rubbed a slow circle on her bulging, shifting belly, watching the mare with half-lidded eyes the whole time. “All done,” she whispered and covered up a small burp with her hoof.

“All done,” the mare said, hypnotized. “All finished.” She slid off the bed and inched towards Moonlight. Moonlight’s belly glorped loudly. The mare stopped where she was. She sidestepped, circling around Moonlight and her noisy belly. Moonlight twisted her head as far she could before she had to make the, not inconsiderable, effort of shifting her whole body around one-hundred-eighty-degrees ‘til she was between the mare and the bed. The mare grinned playfully, crouching down low to the floor.

Moonlight knew what the mare was about to do: her boyfriend liked to do the same on date night. She shuffled back to the bed, her belly sloshing with the movement, and pushed herself up onto the edge of the mattress. It took her three attempts. She held her forelegs out like she did at home.

The mare wriggled her backside like a cat about to pounce. She crouched down even lower, her chin just scraping the carpet. She started to push herself forward. Pressure built up in Moonlight. Her hoof shot out in front of her. “Wait!” She cried. The pressure rolled up her throat and she belched loudly. Moonlight still held to the lessons taught by her mother and teachers as a filly: burping out loud was bad manners. It wasn’t very ladylike, as they said. Over and over again. She quickly covered her mouth and tried not to blush, “Oh! Pardon m-” A smaller one followed along. Moonlight paused, then giggled. She cleared her throat and held her hooves out again, “Okay, now go.”

The mare pounced, launching herself at Moonlight with a childlike “WHEE!” Moonlight had just enough time to wonder if it was a good idea or if this was the time she would throw before the mare crashed into the top her and knocked her down onto the mattress. The mare bounced on top of Moonlight’s belly like she’d belly-flopped onto a trampoline, giggling, then slid down the side on to the bed beside Moonlight.

Inside Moonlight’s belly, the mistress thrashed wildly. She kicked, rippling bulges on Moonlight’s side. Hooves slammed against Moonlight’s front and pushed her skin up towards the ceiling. If they listened closely, they could hear the muffled cries and eventual sobs as the mistress found out that she wasn’t going anywhere. Indeed, the mare was resting an ear against Moonlight’s side, her smile wide across her face. Moonlight exhaled and bit her lip. The mistress kicked again, right where the mare was resting. The mare smacked back. Moonlight laughed. The fullness of her belly and the mistress’ attempts at freedom brought her to euphoria. A contented and cruel, fucked-up joy that came with having complete power over someone.

Why, if Moonlight wanted to, she could eat the mare as well. It wouldn’t be difficult. She was paying so much attention to Moonlight’s belly, not her mouth. All Moonlight had to do was roll over on top of the mare and then open wide. It would be so, so easy. Moonlight would be even bigger. Bigger and better. All she had to do was roll over.

She could practically hear the little voice in her head. The little evil her sitting on her shoulder. “Do it,” Little Evil Moonlight whispered. “Go on. Just do it.”

Moonlight propped herself up with her forelegs, watching the mare. She was gently massaging the side of Moonlight’s belly. The mistress fought again and the mare pushed a bulge back in, rubbing the spot tenderly. Moonlight licked her lips. So easy. “Go on.” Little Evil Moonlight whispered. Moonlight opened her mouth and leaned forward.

She stopped. This always happened after a big meal, trying to trick herself into just a little bit more. Just one more plate. Just one more cake, one more pizza, one more pony. Just one more teensy-weensy little bite. As much as Moonlight fantasized, there was no need to make it a reality.

The mare kissed Moonlight’s belly lightly, just the barest of touches from her lips. Moonlight’s mind went blank. She focused entirely on the mare’s touch. Sense returned to Moonlight.

The mare kissed Moonlight’s belly again. And again. Again. She dotted kisses up the side of Moonlight’s belly to her belly button, climbing back on top and straddling it. She squeezed gently with her hind legs, peering down at Moonlight from under a messy fringe. The mistress squirmed weakly inside. The mare squirmed as well and licked her lips. Moonlight knew that look and she knew exactly what the mare would say next. Right on cue, “I wish I could do what you just did.” She bent over and traced a line with her tongue down Moonlight’s front, sliding down slowly so she was lying on top of Moonlight.

They kissed, the mare’s tongue reaching for Moonlight’s and playing a game of tag with it around her mouth. The mare tugged on Moonlight’s lip gently with her teeth. She dotted more kisses on Moonlight’s cheek and down her neck onto her chest. Moonlight kissed the top of her head, rubbing her back. The mare traced a line up Moonlight’s throat with her muzzle, nuzzling up under her chin.

She sighed. She sounded relieved, aroused. Tired. She grinded slowly, lazily, against Moonlight’s belly. Moonlight felt the warm and wet touch against her coat and skin. Pooling in her belly button. The mare sighed again. “Gosh, you’re so big,” she whispered. “I thought I was huge when I was pregnant, but this... it’s just... wow.” She lifted her head and gazed off towards a chest of drawers. Moonlight followed her gaze. A cracked photo leaned against the wall behind it. By the lamplight, she could just make out a couple - the now ex-husband and the mare - posed together happily. The mare was heavily pregnant. She was huge.

“I was on bed rest for the last month and a half. It was torture. He never helped,” the mare murmured. Moonlight caught the guilt in her tone, but the mare smiled weakly. “I wish I had someone to worship me like you do.”

Moonlight pulled the mare close and kissed her deeply.

The mare rolled on to her side and let her rear slide off Moonlight's belly. She wriggled in tight against Moonlight's body and nuzzled into Moonlight's side. Moonlight stroked her gently, comforting. "I'll have to tell the kids that Daddy's gone eventually," she sniffed and cleared her throat. "They'll be crushed." Her voice cracked and she cleared her throat again. "I would rather just keep you here. Feed you. Find you ponies. Worship you. Like they do. That would be so much easier. I'd make you so *big*. Cuddle up against you with the kids. Gosh, that would be so much better."

Moonlight thought that sounded great too. It was a good fantasy.

"How much longer do I have you for?" the mare asked. Moonlight looked at the clock on the bedside table. It said ten past eleven. They'd agreed on up until midnight.

"Another couple of hours."

"If it's all the same to you, I think I just want to cuddle." The mare shifted her head onto Moonlight's chest.

"Of course." Moonlight shifted her weight so her belly rested a little more on the mare. The mare spread her legs and tried to wrap them around the expanse. She drew a lazy circle on it with the tip of her hoof. They lay there, in silence, the only sounds were their breathing and Moonlight's belly digesting.

Moonlight opened her eyes. Over on the bedside table, the clock said one thirty. Delicately and ever so slowly, she shifted the mare off of chest her and extricated herself from the bed. It was another practiced skill. In the light of the lamp, Moonlight could see damp patches on the mare's cheeks. She felt them on her chest too. Moonlight smiled sadly.

Downstairs, Moonlight retrieved her bag from the counter. She fished around inside and pulled out a card: her business card. The mare would already have one, but Moonlight made this one a little more personal. She kissed the corner, leaving a dark lipstick stain. Then she fished out a pen and wrote:

If you want to cuddle some more... I'm always happy to get bigger...

And then she left. Moonlight rubbed an eye as she turned back down the street, her belly hung in the cold air, just above the pavement.