

SO MUCH FOR *Social Distancing*

by Some Leech

Standing on the threshold of the modest home, you knock on the sturdy hardwood door. Ever since the outbreak, you've been relegated to delivering orders to the denizens of Ponyville. Wearing your mask, while ferrying bagged meals to customers, you traipse about town to earn your pay.

Honestly, it's slightly refreshing. You'd usually be stuck in the bowels of the Burrito Barn working a fryer or cleaning tables, under normal circumstances, although things had taken an unexpected turn. With the prolific spread of a pretty nasty virus, your responsibilities had shifted to courier duty. It was easy enough: grab an order, bring it to the address, get paid, return to the restaurant. When the weather was nice, it was actually pretty pleasant!

Knock Knock Knock. You rap on the door, bag of fried goodness in hand. Whoever lived at the address was kind enough to have left a bottle of hand sanitizer just outside - either for guests or for when they returned home from being out. It was a refreshing sight, yet it did little to prepare you for what happened next.

The door swung open and you froze, finding yourself facing an absolute titan of a mare. Facing off against a pony larger than yourself wasn't all that odd, although that wasn't what had you surprised. Not only was this particular mare exceptionally well built, heaped with toned muscle, but she was buck naked, save for a mask covering her muzzle.

Covered in slate grey fur, with a shortly cropped violet mane, she stared down at you with impassive, turquoise eyes. As if stumbling upon a mare in her birthday suit wasn't shocking enough, the wonders didn't end there. Peering down her frame, past the studded nipples of her rack, over her exquisitely sculpted abs, your eyes finally settle upon her crotch. There, dangling from her groin, hung what had to be the largest marecock you'd ever seen.

Easily a foot long and thicker than your wrist, its amethyst length lay just beneath a very snug condom. Why the woman was only wearing a rubber and a face mask, you couldn't say, although she was clearly a bit excited. It was painfully obvious that she was rock hard, but the sheer mass of her tool caused the appendage to sag.

"Is that my order?" she flatly asked, snapping you from your stupor.

"I - uh..." you faltered, digging into your pocket to retrieve the receipt. Glancing at the slip of paper, trying not to look at the insanely huge marecock less than a foot away, you swallow hard. "Maud Pie?"

"That's me," she responds, dipping her head. "But I may have a problem..."

“W...what’s the problem?” you inquire, peering up at her.

“After I made the order, I went to the bank to withdraw the bits for my meal. Unfortunately, due to the pandemic, the branch office is closed. Is there any way I could compensate you for the meal?” she droned, nonchalantly pointing towards her turgid length.

Maybe it was the suddenness of it all, or maybe it was because you’d always fantasized about choking yourself on a thick slab of horse meat, but your body responded on instinct. Sinking to your knees, you brought your face to the pony’s god-like package. Situations like these were the stuff of pornos and wet dreams, so you’d be damned if you let it slip through your fingers.

Even encased within a layer of struggling latex, the stallionhood smelled downright heavenly. Running one palm under its shaft, admiring its heft, you lifted it up and crept closer. Giving the battering ram-like tip a kiss, if only to introduce yourself to such a godly appendage, you slip it past your lips.

Squatting down before the dickmare, stroking her with one hand, you do everything you can to work her into your eager maw. Skillfully bobbing your head, you massage its delicate underside with your tongue. Through the condom, her warmth permeates the interior of your mouth. Though you can only imagine how wonderful her bare skin would taste, you enjoy the experience nonetheless.

Unfortunately, while you were content to service the customer at your leisure, the Maud wasn’t as patient. She reached forward, gently grabbing the back of your head to pull you forward. Inch after girthy inch of her shaft sank past your straining lips, before the bloated tip of her tool bumped against the back of your throat.

“Deep breath,” she stoically remarked, before bucking her hips.

In one fell motion, your airway was choked by the colossal shaft. Acting on impulse, your free hand shot to your waistband. Fumbling with the button of your slacks and struggling to unzip your fly, your mind flies into a haze of lust. Though you could have never imagined that you’d find yourself in such a depraved situation, you acted accordingly.

As you shamelessly got yourself off, Maud started thrusting. The immense size of her endowment meant nothing, given the mare’s tectonic strength and unshakable resolve. Deeper and deeper, feeling her drive into your esophagus, you could swear she was tickling the top of your stomach.

Seconds stretched into infinity, as she unabashedly swabbed your throat. Each plunge brought you closer to her groin, until your nose was practically buried in the divinely musky sheath of her stallionhood. Without warning, her grip tightened and her legs flexed, as she started fucking your face like a jackhammer.

Whether or not it was due to the lack of oxygen, living out one of your deepest desires, the abruptness of the situation as a whole, or some combination of the three, you found yourself pushed to your limit. Convulsing, quivering from head to toe, a wave of unrefined ecstasy consumed you. Your throat seized violently around Maud’s shaft, driving her to finish.

With one final, herculean shove, the dickmare hilted and held you firmly in place. The sensation of her shaft throbbing, disgorging untold pints of her virile foal-batter into you, seemingly forced your own

climax to redouble in strength. You could feel the heat of her load, as the condom ballooned outward to contain her essence, but she wasn't finished yet.

Realizing your time was short, that you could only go without air for so long, she relented. Stepping back, she hauled her semi-rigid length from your gullet - that was, until the rubber snagged. Slipping from her retreating shaft, she only managed to grab the prophylactic at the last second; holding it firmly around the flared tip of her cock, she finally managed to pull everything free.

Coughing, clearing your abused throat, you wearily gazed up at Maud. The condom held what had to be at least a liter of seed, leaving you to wonder what sort of magical material it was crafted from. As she slid her softening length from the rubber, she tied the end in a knot and casually presented it to you.

"Takeout for takeout," she remarked, daintily setting the obscenely distended latex in your awaiting hands. Without another word, as if nothing had happened at all, she grabbed her bag and turned away. "Feel free to take some hand sanitizer and an after dinner mint," she noted, coolly closing the door behind herself.

It was only then that you noticed on the table, tucked behind the bottle of sanitary gel, was a small glass dish of individually wrapped peppermints. Shakily getting to your feet, awkwardly balancing the overfilled condom in one hand, you grabbed a few of the sweets. Although the delivery may have left you a few bucks short, at least you got a free meal out of the all too brief encounter.