



Buggy Love

Shining Armor got back to his room after a long day of running drills with his guard unit. It had been an exhausting day and he looked forward to seeing Cadance and getting some sleep. She heard him coming in and walked across the room to meet him.

"Shining, I'm so glad to see you," Cadance said.

"Hi, darling, how's my sweet Candy doing?" Shining asked.

Her horn lit up in response with a sickly green glow, catching the stallion offguard. He could feel a paralyzing pressure on his horn as his magic was suppressed and his mind emptied of thought. "Oh, I think you'll be the snack tonight. I've waited a long time for this."

Shining felt his vision blur as a green glow came over his eyes. He tried to shout and struggle, or to break through her grip on his horn, but his body wasn't responding. He could feel Chrysalis as she licked his neck up to the tip of his chin.

She used a hoof and pulled him closer to her maw.

Shining could only watch as Chrysalis shifted her form, and her jaw stretched open to fit his head inside. His body still felt paralyzed by her magic, draining the emotion and will to fight from him.

He could feel the hard chitin straining to stretch around him as Chrysalis forced him into her throat. Each breath was harder as the throat tightened around him until he finally felt the magic from his horn fading.

Chrysalis laid down as she licked his hind hooves, then swallowed them. She waited until he'd passed fully into her stomach and rubbed her flexible chitin belly. Chrysalis licked her lips to savor the taste as the stallion filled her belly in a small ball; his magic and will to fight drained from him. He could only squirm in the tight prison, and she found the feeling amazing.

There was a soft rumble from the closet where she'd cocooned Cadance. "Don't worry," Chrysalis said. "I'm saving you for dessert."



Fierce Competition

Applejack couldn't believe what she was seeing. Minutes ago Flim and Flam had come back, claiming they wanted to apologize. They said they had a new recipe for better apple cider using a new kind of apple. Then they'd used their magic to subdue and tie her up.

Big Mac had put up a fight, even as Flim's mouth stretched over his head. Mac had put his hooves against Flim's jaw to push his way out, but a quick jab in the side from Flam made his forelegs slip into Flim's mouth, getting trapped there.

Flam could see what a tight fit it was with Big Mac struggling and squirming so much. He leaned back against the stallion to force him into Flim's mouth, sliding him forward almost to the waist.

"Yep, it's our new and improved cider recipe! Step one is to eat a couple fresh apples." Flam polished the apple in his hoof on his shirt. "And step two is to take their farm full of world famous apples."

As Big Mac's hind legs slid into Flim's mouth, Flam tossed the apple in his hoof away and licked his lips. He looked down at Applejack, who still seem paralyzed in horror, and opened his mouth wide.

Moby Pip

"Hoist the main sail, First Mare!" Pipsqueak said. He stood on the bow of his pirate ship, pointing toward the horizon. There was a strong hot breeze in the humid night air carrying him towards his foe. "Full speed towards the beast!"

"Aye aye, Captain!" First Mate Nightmare Moon replied. She raised the ship's sails for the young colt, or so the colt thought, as he sailed along on her moist and humid tongue that gave him the impression of being in the middle of the sea. "Shall we use the cannons?" she asked



"Yes, and swab the poopdeck! We're gonna catch that kraken this time!" Pipsqueak wobbled as the ship rocked back and forth. A large wave came over the side, coating him in saltwater. He wiped the water off his face and shook his legs. "Quick, it's right under us, drop anchor!"



Nightmare moon nodded, but it was too late. Pipsqueak felt his ship tilt backwards. He tried to hang onto the ship's wheel as the deck went vertical. "We're sinking, Captain!" Pipsqueak fell backwards with his ship as tentacles wrapped around it. He thought they were tentacles but actually it was the tight throat that grabbed the captain's leg, getting ready to pull him down into the abyss. They were out of room to maneuver and one of the masts snapped in two. Pipsqueak was pulled by one tentacles in the beast's throat, and it tried to drag him over the ship's railing. First Mate Moon tried to hold onto him with her magic but she finally let go as the throat swallowed the captain in an audible, loud gulp. Nightmare felt the bulge traveling down her throat, struggling all the way, until Pipsqueak and

his “ship” fell into the belly of the beast.



Pipsqueak tossed and turned, deep in a dream. His face was still coated in frosting from a cake, and his belly full of candy looted during his birthday party. He muttered a few words in his sleep, mostly “ahoy” and “arr”. He was even still wearing his pirate bandana from the party, and under one arm clutched the toy ship he had gotten from his parents. Luna smiled as she watched over her subject, and created his special birthday dream. She used her maw to straighten out the blankets and tuck him in. “Sleep well, my little pirate.”



Shy Meal

Fluttershy was tending to some migrating birds when she settled down onto a cloud to rest. She wasn't used to long flights, but had to help these critters get started on their long migration.

She dozed off for a moment only to wake up when she felt somepony land on her

cloud. Looking up, it wasn't a pony at all.

"GGilda?"

"Hello, Twerp. Just the pony I was looking for!" Gilda's smiled, stretching her wings to further intimidate Fluttershy.

"I, um... I think I should be going now, if you're here to see Dash I can tell her you said hi." Fluttershy stood up, the cloud hiding the fact her hooves had started to shake.

"I prefer you right here." She grabbed Fluttershy, wrapping one talon around her wings. Gilda tightened her grip so much that Fluttershy couldn't spread either wing out. With her left paw she slid her talons through her mane, grabbing a hold of the trembling mare's head.

Fluttershy's heart was racing. She'd never been in a fight before, and Gilda seemed upset. She looked into her eyes trying to get a read of her emotions, to help her influence the griffon into letting her go, but all she saw in those eyes was hunger.

Gilda opened her beak wide, tightening her grip and inching Fluttershy closer to it. Strands of saliva dripped down from the hard maw onto the soft tongue, which seemed to be inviting her inside.

Fluttershy began to struggle on instinct as Gilda's beak closed around her mouth and nose. Almost playfully, Gilda's tongue began to caress and taste Fluttershy's muzzle, coating



it in her spit.

Fluttershy's heart raced as she squirmed from side to side, her forelegs slipping around in the tight embrace of Gilda's throat. Somehow the griffon had shoved her into that sharpened maw, ignoring her screams of terror.

Now she could feel the beak digging into her stomach, leaving the Pegasus no way to go but further inside. Just flailing her hind legs made the beak rub against her sensitive skin, threatening to cut it.

Gilda grabbed her hind legs roughly, squeezing them tight enough that she couldn't even kick out at the air anymore. She closed her eyes as she leaned her head back to force Fluttershy down. With her mouth and throat full of the delicious, but large, mare Gilda had to hold her breath for the final stretch of swallowing.

With a strong push Gilda got her past the hips, and her muscles did the rest. Fluttershy felt her head enter an empty space, only to have that space quickly fill up as she was curled into the fetal position.



Fluttershy called out for help and pushed at the damp, warm walls, but no response came. She tried to kick, to flex her wings, but made no progress.

Gilda felt the squirming and laid down on the cloud, rubbing her belly. "You tasted amazing, Twerp. And to think I get to do this five more times."



Do Something

“Sister, do something!” Luna shouted. With what little air remained in the stomach, it wasn’t a very loud shout. She accompanied it by pushing all four of her legs out against the muscles and chitin that formed the body around her. Luna found that one side of the stomach was soft and spongy, but something pushed back and Luna’s legs were tired from the effort.

Chrysalis’ stomach had smashed the two mares

together as yet another burp let out some of the air. All Luna could feel was a slippery fleshy wall on her back and sides, and Celestia’s large rear in her face. No matter where she pushed, the stomach proved stronger than her legs.

“I ccan’t...” Celestia was being pushed on by the stomach, or more accurately Pinkie’s belly rub. She was trying to turn around to face her sister, but there wasn’t enough room in the narrow belly to do so. Worse yet, the walls seemed to be always closing in, secreting a liquid that was adhering to her fur and making her skin tingle.

Celestia could feel the sphincter above her, but couldn’t turn enough to get a good view. She pushed against the strong muscle, which forced her rear into Luna’s face. She gasped when she felt Luna’s muzzle slip back into her aroused folds, letting out a soft moan. It took her a minute to wiggle her way off of Luna to let her breathe, though she might have wiggled faster if it didn’t feel so good.

Chrysalis had a wide smile on her face as her belly was rubbed, both inside and out. She watched the bumps travel up and down her stomach as the sisters fought helplessly. Pinkie continued her rubbing like a well trained masseuse, causing another loud burp as Pinkie worked the air out.

“It... it must be a joke, right sister?” Luna pushed Celestia’s ass out of her way and saw her flowing mane dissolving before her eyes. There was a puddle of the

stomach acid now forming on Luna's chest, numbing it completely. She pushed the puddle off, taking most of her fur with it and spreading the tingling to her belly.

"Can. . . feel them. . . Pinkie? . . . nothing more. . . than fat. . ."

Luna squirmed as Pinkie's belly rub moved down to her face. It forced her muzzle into a crease in the fleshy stomach, smearing the digestive juices all over her head. Luna felt her horn burn for a moment before going numb. She tried to call out to Celestia for help, but all she accomplished was swallowing some of the bile.

By the time Pinkie had moved on to rub somewhere else, Luna could feel her throat had gone numb and it was difficult to speak at all. Her flesh had gone so numb and soft that when she tried to reach out for Celestia, she could swear it felt like they were fusing together.

"Ttia..."

Celestia felt dizzy from the lack of air as hooves rubbed her side, through the stomach, and helped spread the digestive enzymes. "Luna, don't leave me—" She was cut off as Pinkie's rubbing moved along her neck to her face, forcing some of the juices into her nose. Celestia coughed to get it out, but couldn't inhale again due to the thick rolls of stomach tissue sandwiching her face, rubbing her cheeks and taking off all the fur.

Luna couldn't breathe as the stomach began to convulse on its own, squeezing the two sisters together. The only protected flesh was Luna's belly and Celestia's back, which were squished together. Luna couldn't feel her legs, and her eyes were so watery it was hard to make out her own foreleg. It seemed thinner as the acid dissolved past the flesh and towards her muscles.

"All. . . fight. . . sister have?" "Body. . . so mushy!"

Celestia gasped as the pressure on her face ended, and she could faintly hear a few words here and there. She pushed against the stomach with the last of her might, trying to force her way back into the throat, but the muscles sealing her in were too strong. She felt something snap and looked down, noticing her hoof had separated from her foreleg. The rest of her didn't feel much better, being entirely numb as it was absorbed.

Luna could feel her sister's heart beating as they were forced together, their internal organs surviving the longest.. She had given up trying to speak, her throat so numb she couldn't even gasp anymore. Luna closed her eyes as she went blind. Even her sense of

smell had failed her, leaving her trapped in a dark void with nothing but that heartbeat from her sister to keep her company.

Celestia smiled and began to giggle as she looked down at her missing legs. She could feel darkness closing in, but the lack of oxygen was causing her to feel warm and pleasant. Despite her vision blurring and fading, bright lights and feelings of Euphoria assaulted her brain as her body shut down.

The two sisters felt happy, to be part of each other and soon Chrysalis. Their last feeling was of their bodies merging together as Pinkie gave them one final, hard push through the belly. She rubbed a little more, having helped blend the two into a rich goo of protein and amino acids, to be used by Chrysalis' body for nutrition.

Pinkie finished rubbing the Queen's stomach as there was no longer any discernible bulge. The Princesses were gone.

"Thanks, Pinkie, this is the best birthday party I've ever had!" Chrysalis said.
"Don't mention it!"

