

Derpy's landing wasn't exactly graceful, but that was hardly new. The mail mare didn't outright crash though, she just landed a bit clumsily and had a near miss with squashing the parcel on her back before she got to the door and gave it a little knocking at with her hoof.

“Delivery here! For uh.. Etium! Yeah, Etium. Is that – oh, hi there! I-”

The door had opened for Derpy, after which she promptly found herself staring into a pair of vibrant emerald green eyes on a smiling, pale face. One sharp horn in the center of the forehead, a blue hole-pocked frill going down the back of their head, three blue diamond gemstones on their collarbone – and a little bit of a gleam to them, and to the eyes. Derpy wanted to blink through that glow but she couldn't seem to make herself do so, or move, or.. anything?

“Ah, excellent! Yes, I'm Etium. And you've gone and delivered yourself to me, marvelous! Trust the mail mare to always handle their business. Now if you'd be so kind-”

Shuddering, Derpy tried to clear her head and focus but she was never very good at that to begin with. When the Changeling plucked the parcel she had with her out of her hands and opened it, revealing a small box of four fruit-stuffed muffins, she didn't manage to resist him guiding her gaze down to the baked goods. Even managing to talk was tricky.

“J-just delivering the package, actually. Heh. I uh.. W-why's my head feel so-”

Etium looked deeper into Derpy's eyes, his own ones flashing brighter for a moment. The light seemed to make something inside of the pony wither, something that had been keeping her tense and on alert and now it just failed.

“No, my dear mail mare. You definitely delivered *yourself* to me. Any good mail mare delivers their packages promptly, and I am *delighted* you got my property to me. Now, eat the muffins. Start with the cherry one. Then the peach, then blueberry, then butter cream.”

The Changeling's voice rang though Derpy's mind and hammered at her thoughts, making it impossible for anything else to get through. She looked at the little fluffy fruity things and shivered, reaching for the first and stuffing it in her face in one bite. An aficionado of muffins, Derpy could tell the thing was juicier than it had any business being. More than made sense, even. The bits of fruit inside seemed like they exploded when she bit in and by the time she was chewing it felt like she'd taken a drink to go with the fluffy cake. Derpy swallowed, dutifully, and then-

“B-but, Mister Etium? I.. *oh wow*, that- *HWURPHHB*- that..'s juicy. I.. I promise, the-”

Derpy didn't get to finish. Not with Etium stuffing the peach muffin in her mouth.

“Hush, now. My *berry* precious new toy should busy herself doing as she's told, not worrying about silly details or questions. Now *eat*.”

The inside of Derpy's head was starting to feel like that muffin. Soft, fluffy, and wet. Soggy and soaked through, bursting when her teeth closed over it, and the rest of her? That felt weird too. For a moment the mail mare was wrestling with a pressure in their body, in *all of it*. Every internal inch, taut and creaking and leaving her with a strange pleasure dancing about her nerves. Her tits got the worst of it though. Derpy saw the things throb and swell *rapidly*, enough to leave their uniform tight and uncomfortable in the first second or two, in desperate need of being released.

Luckily for her she had her own- she had Etium there to help with that. The Changeling ran a finger over their horn, then over Derpy's clothing, and the whole of her uniform just popped off as if it was always meant to. Part of her had a moment of worry about what she'd tell her boss about that, but mostly Derpy was caught up in the way her breasts were turning bright red and hadn't stopped growing. Her belly was gurgling away on that first muffin while she swallowed the peach one and the whole time she had more and more tit resting atop it. A lot more. Derpy felt the peach muffin easing its way into join the cherry and stumbled back a step, which left her with two big red breasts the size of her head and still growing bouncing along for the ride.

Touching them left Derpy nearly falling over. The things were soft still, despite feeling like there was an untold amount of pressure in there as they started resembling crimson beach balls. The mail mare *had* to hang onto them with how heavy they were getting, but she could only hold so much as each one started overflowing from the hand under it – and then her ass got to feeling eerily similar. Letting go of her breasts without thinking left them bouncing down hard enough to make Derpy burst into a wild moan, and while she was busy groping her ass as it started squishing and spreading and taking on a distinctly peach-like color her owner's eyes glistened bright again and she found that blueberry muffin between her lips next.

With sticky trickles of juice running down her lips and her entire body now growing in throbbing, wildly blissful spurts Derpy sank down to her knees. The blueberry muffin got her belly to start growing and it seemed eager to do so even faster than the rest of her. The mare's peach-shaped and peach colored ass left her something nice and comfy to sit on, even if it was so sloshy inside she kept gently swaying and rocking about. Her belly wasted no time touching the floor and then starting to encroach on the rest of her body too, blending the juices a bit here and there and

leaving Derpy too awkwardly shaped to even think about trying to get back up. Her waist and her gut ballooned out into a nice round shape and there stopped being any clear definition between the two except that at the backside of all that blue everything went peach colored and peach shaped, and there were to *enormous* cherries on the front while Derpy tried to paw at herself as much as her thickening limbs allowed her to.

Which wasn't much. Derpy grasped at her sides while they soaked in more juices out of nothingness and made her that much larger for it. She tried awkwardly to stand but her berry-shaped middle was starting to overflow onto her legs and what she had left weren't really shaped like anything that could help or that she could stand on. It was all just a bulky, squishy sprawl of fruit flesh with a moaning and delirious mare in the middle of it all somewhere. Even that was awkward though, Derpy could see her cheeks going violet and getting bouncy and thick and she felt her neck and chin sink into the same vaguely rounded shape as the rest of her right around when her core got swollen enough to make even the feeble, futile struggling of her limbs impossible.

“You are looking *lovely*. Almost ripe – but not *quite* done yet. One more~”

Looking like a ridiculous pile of fruit growing out of itself, Derpy couldn't much move to do anything about it when Etium approached with the fourth muffin. But then, his voice was still bouncing around inside her head reassuring her that she *totally was* the package that she was supposed to deliver, and thus his property, and thus she had no choice but to eat that *decadent* looking butter cream muffin.

It wasn't like it was *that hard* to convince Derpy to eat another muffin.

“Good pet, good *bed*, good *fuck pillow*. We'll have some people coming by to juice you soon. But for now, I think I'll enjoy this *while it's happening*. Just moan if you need anything, I'll keep doing what I was already doing. You~”

When that fourth muffin hit Derpy's stomach it didn't feel *quite* the same as the others. The fruits had been all pressure and spongy softness saturated with juice whereas this was heavier.. softer too? But not so uniform. Her body quivered and her insides felt.. buttery? For lack of a better term? There might not *be* a better term, Derpy realized, as she turned her head as much as she could and watched her body sagging a bit out as it grew larger still and started to leak juices everywhere as soon as her owner touched her. Etium was right around her peach of an ass and tilting her forward. Realizing that her swollen and rounded body just left her pussy on display, right out where the space

between her legs used to be, helped add to the sudden squirting onset of delights Derpy was sinking into. A fat, fruit-scented cunt waiting for Etium to enjoy.

The noises that bubbled up from Derpy were happy, gurgly things when she felt her owner inside. One more kind of pressure added to the mix, a thick throbbing shaft buried up inside her while the rest of her shuddered and heaved and spread. That last part felt *delicious* in its own way. Derpy's body was already too far gone to be of much use to her, but as she felt her fruity-frame soften and sag outward with a mix of fatty cream and juice her owner was definitely getting some good use out of it. Hammering into the juice-sputtering vent where the space between her legs used to be, setting her increasingly loosely inflated body to rocking back and forth, Etium had left Derpy wholly lost in an unreal amount of pleasure.

It was a singularly *messy* form of it, and wasn't done growing or getting even juicier, but what little focus Derpy could scrape together in her state just left her muttering 'more.. more!' while her fat cheeks wobbled and her flabby, fruity body kept growing. Derpy didn't even really *notice* when someone else showed up, a couple ponies in fact, carrying suction and pumping equipment and a few others who were setting up just to plaster themselves against her body and start squeezing and massaging at her. Not until they started, at least. All of it hit her at once as a result, a sudden 'kuh-thunk' from the pumps and then a few more hands around her body other than just her owner still riding her just below the peach.

Derpy let loose a wild and incoherent sputtering of half-words and gasps when the pumps turned on and she felt juice start flowing out of her. Rich, thick, creamy stuff that alleviated some of the pressures inside her.. at least a little. Enough that, between it and the way she was getting fatter on top of being inflated by her own juices, she sprawled out a couple more inches in every direction. Etium seemed to enjoy watching the show, chuckling at Derpy's state of being and patting the round fuzzy swell of her peach-ass while he leaned into her.

“Heck of a thing, isn't it? Don't worry, the pumps aren't going to make you *any* smaller, pet. If anything your body will probably start producing more the more we suck you dry, kind of like training for breastfeeding – so you can rest easy.”

A hard slap to her fruity hindquarters left Derpy's whole sugary body rippling gently. Still mostly delirious, she turned her head as far as she could toward Etium and found him smiling at her. Those dark eyes of his gleamed one more time.

“You're going to spend *the rest of your life* like this, here for me to enjoy. Doesn't that sound nice, dear? Aren't you glad you delivered yourself to me? One fruity fuckblimp, rain or shine.”

With her thoughts starting to crumble again already, Derpy managed one shaky nod before another throb of the pumps left her spewing sweet, sticky juices all over the room behind her.