In Canterlot, the streets were bustling with life as ponies went about their business, going wherever their schedules took them. Since the streets were filled with life, it would have been a fair assumption that the sun was out, which would have been correct on this day. The sun being up meant that Princess Celestia was likely awake, going about her day and sticking to a schedule many ponies would be amazed she could stick to and not break into a quivering pile of feathers. This was also true, though Celestia was as resolute as ever to her regime.

The sun being up usually meant the moon was set, and the moon was most certainly not hovering in the sky. The natural assumption was that Princess Luna was asleep and not preparing to throw ponies off the side of Canterlot’s mountain for displeasing her. Both of these assumptions were wrong, however. Luna was awake and thinking of tossing at least one pony down the mountainside just to hear him scream.

If Luna had been in bed, she might not have had thoughts of seeing a particular pony fly off to their supposed doom. She also might not have been dreaming that the mountain surround their home looked like pizza slices, or slices of cake. But since the fact was that Luna was standing in front of her sister’s school for gifted unicorns having a grabby old stallion yelling into her ear, everything else would be speculation. Maybe she’d have been off for a midday snack about now, sneaking some of those cheese puff things that obviously didn’t have a speck of cheese anywhere in them but were too tasty to be denied. Or maybe she could have been stealing Celestia away from her schedule, just for a moment, for a hug and a friendly word.

Instead, Luna was a surprise guest at the opening of her own wing to the school. Certainly a grand present, for the wing was much like a school unto itself. Nothing shabby, and certainly worth staying up for. If only it hadn’t been a *surprise* present.

“The one time my sister decides I do not need to be privy to the schedule, I’ve been awake for two days straight,” Luna mumbled, lifting up one of the snacks waiting for her on the refreshment table.

What was then said to Luna was along the lines of, “And furthermore, you shouldn’t refer to the common folk as peasants! Ponies do not live in squalor, are not slaves working the fields just to survive, and they are most certainly *not* pieces to be used in a game of checkers! And what do you think you’re doing with those sugar cookies? Those are loaded with glucose, fructose, and enough galactose that your heart will beg for mercy after a single bite! And *furthermore...*”

All Luna heard was, “Blah, blah, blah, I’m as old as vintage wine and my mustache is full of fleas! You shouldn’t eat cookies because they’re full of things that make them tasty! Blah, blah, blah, fruit punch, blah!”

A lot of ponies in a position similar to Luna couldn’t wait for the day to be over. For a pony *exactly* in Luna’s position, wishing for the day to be over was a folly. Once the sun set, she’d be up with the moon defending the land from nocturnal creatures that enjoyed ponies with a side of custard. Wishing for the day to be over was wishing she wouldn’t get any sleep, and she wanted that with an indescribable desperation. But leaving at the opening of one’s own school was rude, so the only thing she could really do was munch on treats to keep a continual sugar rush going and prevent herself from dozing off where she stood.

Still, the party could have been so much more enjoyable without Kibitz rattling off every reason she shouldn’t be eating cupcakes. *Mmm, cupcakes with sprinkles. Delightfully mushy and crunchy all at once. And they have the chocolate kind!*

“Princess Luna, have you no shame?”

Luna lifted the treat up and sniffed before waving it in front of Kibits nostrils. “My shame is under my bed covers. I forgot to grab them when a loud and obnoxious pony decided to rush me out the door under the pretense that there was an emergency in the happenings.” If a bite of cupcake could be taken spitefully, Luna managed it. “And one should be careful when they require such a wide berth. It is not polite to address a princess in such a fashion.” *Not when they can drop a moon on your head.*

Huffing with chest puffed out, Kibits raised his nose up. “If that was a way of saying I have no room to talk... well, it was clever. But regardless, I am the Royal Scheduling Advisor! It is my duty to keep things in order and princesse on track. This is *your* party, and you should be showing the same grace and dignity that Princess Celestia would show at a gathering in her honor. And that means not stuffing yourself with these... these... abominations of eatery!”

“If they were not meant to be eaten, why were they made?” Gulping down her pastry and grabbing a slice of cake topped with strawberry icing.

“No doubt as a form of torture,” Kibitz harumphed. “You’re setting a bad example. Stop eating like a farm-grown hog this instant before ponies get the wrong idea!”

Rolling her eyes, Luna countered, “And what sort of idea is that? It is wrong to weigh more than a feather? That ‘svelte’ is so thin, one could be snapped like a twig from a spring breeze?”

“At least they care about how they look! It is a form of consideration for those around them so they do not have to glare at the hideous bulges that form from these... these... *things* that pass off as food!” Kibits hoof was raising, pointing at the sugar cookie in Luna’s magical grip.

The argument might have continued into a food fight if the oldest pony at the party hadn’t trotted between them and said, “Mmm, is that strawberry cake? Don’t mind if I do.” And Celestia took a generous slice, with an enthusiastic bite soon following after.

If looks could kill, Luna would have been burnt to cinders from Kibitz’s glare. Since looks lacked lethality, the night princess went right on blowing a raspberry.

“Oh, am I interrupting something?” Celestia’s look showed that she knew full well she was interrupting. “I hope you two have been getting along well with each other. Learning you two were squabbling like children, especially at Luna’s own party, would be quite distressing to learn.”

Ever in going with conforming to other ponies’ expectations, Kibits smiled and said, “I would never dream of starting a pointless conflict, Your Highness.”

Luna scoffed. “That did not stop you from chastising my eating habits.”

“That is not a *pointless* conflict,” was his retort.

Celestia snickered and took another bite of her cake. “We’ve talked about this, Kibits. Luna is not me and is not under the same jurisdictions. And this is a party. We may all indulge within reason for the festivities.”

“Mmph. Your sister has gone well beyond reason at this stage. Sometimes I wonder if she cares about how ponies see her, or if she even cares about them.”

“Of course I care! I care that ponies don’t like having a good time anymore. Is that so wrong? Eat, drink, and be merry! None of these ‘super’ models that couldn’t be any less super if they tried.” With a huff, Luna sipped at her glass of punch, thankful for the invention of ice cubes. “Just the other day I was forced to meet with Sapphire Shores and I offered her one of these delightful pudding cups I had come across. And she would not even taste it! It would ruin her ‘perfect figure’. Why is there no meat on pony bones anymore? Bring me a pony that has a curve and I’ll show you something pleasant to the eye.”

“Be reasonable, Luna. Times have changed greatly, after all.” Patting her sister on the back, Celestia said, “Beauty changed, as it does every once in a while.”

Luna grumbled something about ‘back in her day’, but made no other comment on the subject. “I may still eat whatever I like, especially at the opening of my own school.”

Again, Kibitz *harumphed*, but didn’t push the issue, much as he’d wanted to. With Celestia mediating them, he’d never win, not when she was trying to be ‘reasonable’. “Fine, eat all you want. But don’t blame me when you’re in the tabloids as their latest news article.”

Stars filled the younger princess’s eyes. “I would be news, then? Ponies everywhere would see me and behold my grand visage!”

“Oh, it would be grand alright...” Grumbling, Kibits cleared his throat and pulled a scroll from his shirt’s inner-pocket and unfurled the paper.

“Uch, please, you have not really come up with a schedule for every little thing here, have you?” The complaint fell on deaf ears as far as the royal scheduling advisor was concerned.

“We’ve fallen behind as it is. Mingling was only meant to last twelve minutes and forty-four seconds and you’re already two minutes over the limits. We need to hurry if you want to thank the contractors, constructors, donators, new staff...”

Celestia grinned. “Can you honestly say you’re surprised?”

“I *want* to be surprised. Nopony should be so tightly wound. Even Twilight Sparkle has never been so orderly.” A shiver ran down Luna’s back. “And I know how terrible she can get.”

“Imagine if I hadn’t kept Twilight from having perfectly scheduled tea parties with Kibitz.” Nudging her sister, Celestia suggested, “You go off and blend into the crowd. I suggest keeping away from the refreshments, lest you face the wrath of every new calorie in your body being counted.”

“Salvation!” Luna hugged Celestia. “Let it be known that I now ‘owe you one’ and will be prepared to pay you back whenever you desire.”

“Duly noted. Now hurry, he’s reaching the end of his list.”

“... and then we must introduce all the new faculty to the facilities. First the restrooms, then the drinking fountains, and then... Hey! Where is she?”

Celestia had waved Luna off before Kibitz looked up from his parchment. He barely caught her tail disappearing into the crowd before he turned to the princess he was usually advising.

“I believe Luna decided that she didn’t need your schedule,” Celestia teased, brow raised as she nibbled at her cake.

“Mind your glucose levels, Princess Celestia,” he fumed as he tried to spot Luna. “How can that mare possibly be your sister? Nopony ever sees you eating enough sugar and salts to bring down a manticore.”

*If only you knew of my stash under the bed.* “Come now, Kibitz, let Luna enjoy herself. It’s not often she has a reason to be up past dawn that doesn’t involve Equestria being terrorized.”

Kibitz’s mustache twitched as he caught sight of Luna sneaking across the grounds. As the royal scheduling advisor, is was his job to advise princesses about their routine. What sort of pony would he be to shirk his responsibility? As Celestia as his witness, he would not let Luna get away with insulting his position!

“Hmm.” Celestia’s eyes darted about. “I sense a disturbance. Kibitz, where are you going?”

“To give Luna a piece of my mind,” he said, just about stomping towards the younger princess.

“Oh dear, he’s serious.” Eyes darting between Kibitz, Luna, and the snack table, Celestia pondered bearing witness to whatever mess was about to be created or taking this chance to try those fudge cubes she’d heard so much about.

Some could assume the events that followed might have been prevented if she’d only seen and intervened in the situation before it even started. As it was, Celestia licked chocolate from her lips, Kibitz began to think spiteful thoughts, and Princess Luna found herself accosted by a loud party goer.

“Look no further, Your Royal Nightness, as you are now beholding you first, best, and most faithful student to your spectacular school of dark magics!” the mare cried, drawing many eyes and making just as many roll.

Luna had to blink several times in order to catch up in the conversation. That and the fireworks in broad daylight gave enough spots in her vision that it seemed a pack of dalmatians were running by. “What is this, then? Who has dared to blind the Royal Canterlot Vision? Stand in front of Us so We may return the offence in kind!”

The mare flinched, shushing her sparklers with a flick of her horn. “Ah, mhmm, yes. The apologetic and embarrassed Trixie did not mean to cause you any harm, Your Starriness. Trixie hopes this will not paint a first impression of overly bright lights and foul intent.”

A few more seconds of spot-clearing and Luna could finally see her attacker. “Your reason for sending explosions towards the royal brow and burning off the edges had best be a good one, else you will face dire consequences.” Then Luna remembered what year it was. “Well, you’ll at least be removed from the party.”

With a nervous chuckle, the mare, named Trixie if Luna was assuming correctly that this odd mare was referring to herself each time she said the name, pulled at the hem of her star-spangled cape. “If Trixie may try again?” she said before clearing her throat and standing up on her hind legs. “Presenting you first, most loyal, most faithful student to Luna’s school for gifted unicorns! The *Great* and *Powerful* Trixie!” Her horn lit up and a few fireworks flew from behind her, this time much smaller in scale and less harmful to the eyes.

This time, with the lights being much more subdued, Luna smiled and clapped her hooves together. “Oooh, a court jester. We have not had one of those is many a year. Do you tell jokes?”

“J-Jokes?” Trixie fumbled and fell onto her stomach, then scrambled back up with an expression of frustration. “Your Royal Moon-ness, The Great and Powerful Trixie is here to enroll in your prestigious school! This is no jest!”

“Enroll?” Glancing back at the wing that was, in all truth, her school, Luna scratched her chin. “Err, yes, I see... and you are ‘The Great and Powerful’ Trixie, then.”

Trixie nodded. “Indeed, one of the most powerful unicorns in all of equestria, yet lacking in the focus provided by an education. Trixie wishes to learn the greatest spells and magics in the world and become three times as great and two times as powerful!”

Luna nodded. That certainly made sense. For the most part, at least. “One does go to a school to gain knowledge, We suppose.” *Oh dear, I’ve never done this before! Is there a process we must go through? Does Celestia see that each student is accepted into her school? Where will I ever find the time to check in every unicorn that wishes to attend?*

“Glad Your Royal Darkness agrees with the assessment of the situation.” Trixie bowed, tipping her hat off. “Your wisdom is as great as you are... erm... sparkly.”

Looking to the side, Luna tapped her hooves against the concrete and tried to come up with something that didn’t incriminate her as anything other than a good teacher. “Well, *ahem*, Our sister has let students into her school that have special, err... talents.” Luna slapped her face. “Hence it is the school for ‘gifted’ unicorn. What credentials and skills do you possess?”

“Aha! Trixie knew you would bring this up!” Placing her hat back on her head, Trixie stood back up with a gaze full of stars. “She is here strictly because she has seen what the school of Princess Celestia’s has done for the famous Twilight Sparkle. The talent she possessed is magic, correct?”

Something buzzed in the middle of Luna’s brain. There was some correlation between this ‘Trixie’ character and Twilight Sparkle. Something to do with boasting and a magic duel that lacked in the danger and absolute power of Luna’s time. “Aren’t you the same Trixie that terrorized Ponyville with—”

But the thought was shut down before it could go anywhere, Trixie turning to the side and swinging her cape to reveal her cutie mark. A magic wand with a sparkle-filled cloud of magic behind it. “Behold! Trixie’s special talent is much the same! For many a year, Trixie has gone from city to town, amazing ponies with her spectacles of might and magic, facing villains and monsters all across the land!” The excitement fell away, her cape fluttering back over her body. “Except that last part is a tall tale. Trixie has faced nothing greater than a burglar, and Trixie is fairly certain he’d eaten a few salt licks too many. But Trixie is persistent! Never will she quit, no matter how much she fails or stumbles or blows herself up! All Trixie desires is a chance to prove her mettle, for Trixie wishes to make these tall tales of the proper size and stature.”

*Speaking of stature, she’s a physically strong unicorn. Not something you see often in Canterlot. The part about traveling must be true, at least.* “Yours is a compelling story, but as it is, We are not quite ready to be taking students in. Yet.” Luna raised her hoof up to silence Trixie’s retort. “Still, all ponies deserve a chance to prove themselves. We will hold a test, the first audition for Luna’s School for Talented Unicorns.” Luna smiled to herself. *Yes, talented. Not all ponies are gifted, after all. If a pony works hard, a pony can be great.*

“Oh, thank you, thank you, thank you!” Trixie cried, hopping around Luna like a filly told they could have anything they wanted in a candy shop. “You won’t regret this, Your Royal Generousness! Trixie will show you her best and her better!”

“Your excitement is shared, Great and Powerful Trixie.” The problem of how to go about all this was still present in Luna’s mind as she frantically looked around, as if her solution could be somewhere in the crowd.

“Aha! There you are, Princess Luna!” Kibitz cried and he stormed up behind Luna. “It is rude to walk away from a pony as they are talking to you! When I’m doing my job and scheduling things, the least you could do is—”

“Kibitz, perfect timing!”

“What? Ack!” The old pony was grabbed with the grace of a diamond dog finding a giant gemstone and presented him to Trixie, or possibly presented Trixie to Kibitz.

“I would like you to be introduced to my first student, Kibitz, the Great and Powerful Trixie.”

Trixie held out her hoof to shake the flustered old stallion’s. “Charmed to meet you, Kibbles. Might I say you have a wonderful mustache.”

“Hold it, hold everything!” Kibitz shouted. “... Except me, you can put me down.” A moment later he was released, albeit from three feet in the air. “Gently would have been preferred...”

“Trixie, this is Kibits, my sister’s advisor on all things organized.” Luna patted the top of the disgruntled stallion’s head.

“Princess Luna, I ask that you bring your flights of fancy back to Equestria where reality is taking place. Ugh, I feel a migraine coming on.” Kibitz rubbed his temples, his glare returning at full force, aimed at Luna’s chipper smile. “You cannot just *have* a new student, Luna. There are rules, regulations, plans to be made, papers to sign.”

Luna nodded. “Of course! And that is where you come in, is it not? To make the plans and set the path for my new student.”

Kibitz’s expression lost any kind of emotion. “Are... are you serious?”

“Why would I not be? You job *is* to schedule, so let the scheduling commence. We are most excited to begin teaching.” A wide grin broke across Luna’s lips. “Yes, I can see it now, Princess Luna’s most faithful student, the next rising star to meet Twilight Sparkle in the realms of magic.”

A heavy *thunk* was heard as Trixie fell over, mumbling, “The star-crossed and swooning Trixie is honored, Your Perfectness.”

“And We, Princess Luna, will be the one to raise her into the sky! Ha, at last, I shall reach the same level as my sister and show Equestria how capable I am!” Luna nodded in satisfaction, looking down at Kibitz. “Now, you get all the paperwork ready and We shall prepare to interview Trixie and test her skills. The test will be held posthaste. Can we do it today?”

The last straw had finally been put on Kibitz back. It was one thing to make a pig of oneself, another thing to insult a pony doing his job. But to insult his position and *then* ask him to do the exact same job they’d just mocked? There wasn’t anymore he was willing to put up with.

But years under Celestia’s servitude made Kibitz strong and calculating. He did not scream or argue against his brick wall of a Night Princess. No, it wouldn’t have done him the slightest good. If Luna would not be reasoned with, it was time to get tactical and sneaky. It was time to do something Celestia would do when she’d had enough of a pony and could stand their foolishness no longer.

It was time for a ludicrous act done for amusement at the cost of another, better known as a prank.

“Of course, My Princess,” Kibits said, pulling out a fresh scroll and quill, his emergency ink getting its first use in months. “We can easily have all the required documents prepared in a few hours time. You go on and get ready, prepare your own test. I’ll take care of *everything*.”

“A most joyous day!” Luna declared, pulling Kibitz and Luna into a hug. “Before the night comes, the first lesson will have already happened!” Setting Trixie and Kibitz back down, Luna spread her wings and prepared to jump.

Kibitz quickly said, “Be sure to meet your new pupil in the east wing. I expect you to show up at three-thirty on the dot. In order to get the... paperwork settled.” An observant pony might have noticed the way his lips curled in a restrained fashion, as if he were resisting the urge to laugh at a joke.

“Then so it shall be. Fair thee well, Trixie, prepare yourself, for our test shall be merciless!” With that, Luna soared into the sky, back to Canterlot Castle.

The Great and Powerful Trixie’s legs were wobbling, her eyes wide and shining with stars brighter than any firework she’d ever conjured. “T-Trixie is to be Princess Luna’s student. Pinch her, Trixie must be dreaming.”

“I would, but that is highly undignified.” Kibits jotted on his paper at a rate Twilight Sparkle would be impressed by, stuffing it back into his robe when he’d finished. Turning to Trixie, he said, “Miss Trixie, if you would be so kind to meet Princess Luna in the eastern wing in the palace proper at four o’clock. By that time...” This time, Kibitz couldn’t stop himself from smiling. “By that time, Luna should be more than ready to meet you.”

“I will, I will!” Trixie grabbed Kibitz hoof and shook vigorously, shaking loose several timepieces, writing utensils, and an abacus from his clothing. “Thank you, Kibbles, Trixie will never forget the kindness you’ve done for her!”

“I-I-I-It’s K-K-Kibitz!” he shouted, pulling his hoof away. “Yes, well... *Hmmph*, please carry yourself with grace in the palace. Maybe then Luna will learn something.” Kibitz turned and trotted to the royal staff he knew were catering the party Luna had so ungraciously left. “If you’ll excuse me, I need to see some ponies about an emergency feast.” Grumbling a goodbye, Kibitz trotted away from the excited Trixie and towards what he hoped to be the perfect revenge.

A few hours later, at 3:15 PM exactly, a room within Canterlot castle had been cleared out and furnished with a single table. The table itself was old and due to be chopped apart and recycled, but would fine one last use. Kibitz had ordered for something that wouldn’t matter if a mess was made. When asked why, the crotchety stallion would only use the Royal Stare. Looks didn’t kill, but Kibitz could create a world of misery that only Discord could surpass for those underneath him that would not obey.

Checking his watch, Kibitz let a satisfied smile cross his lips. “Ten minutes before Luna will show up. Excellent work, everypony, you’ll all receive an early Hearth’s warming present this year. You’re all dismissed.”

The flustered kitchen staff, along with several waiters and servants, bowed before the Royal Schedule Advisor and backed away. Another thing Kibitz had learned while working for Celestia was that kindness had more of a place in leading ponies than a threat ever did. Replace the beating stick behind a pony with a carrot made of diamonds in front of them and the results were staggering.

Kindness only went as far as those who listened as far as Kibitz was concerned, though. These amazing results were baked with the intentions of a hard worker scorned, one who craved not for the multitude of cakes, potato chips, and all the other heart-stopping things that passed for edible these days. No, all Kibitz craved was a healthy dose of schadenfreude with an extra embarrassed Princess of the Night on the side.

The air was warm and, while Kibitz's desire for sugary, salty, or greasy foods had vanished a decade earlier after a year at a monastery at the next door mountain (which involved eating steaming-hot pizza rolls stuffed with sauce that could be a suitable stand-in for lava, standard fare for ponies learning how to resist the temptations of food), he couldn’t deny that the spread was leaving a delightful aroma in the air.

“Irresistable to the weak willed pony,” Kibits said to himself, slapping the book he was holding in his magic closed. “Oh, Starswirl, you might have failed in making food last longer for unicorns stuck in the cold, but one failed spell is another pony’s revenge.” Tucking the book under his leg and thanking the old wizard’s need meticulous notes, the old stallion grinned at the mound of delicacies and imagined the ensuing mess that was soon to take place.

*Luna will trot in, thinking so highly of herself, and come across the sugary holocaust, completely unguarded...* A tiny paper sign that read ‘For Luna and Guest’ floated up and was placed in front of the spread. *One bite and she’ll desire more. Another and she will crave. One more and she’ll be hooked, stuffing herself, as out of control as ever. Oh yes, your new student will behold you, my Princess... so much* more *of you.*

It wouldn’t do any good to stick around, much as he would have enjoyed to see the spectacle unfold. Best to stay out of her way for a day or two to avoid getting incinerated and let her experience what indulgence would inevitably lead to. And to prepare the counterspell; Kibitz might have wanted revenge, but he wasn’t cruel. The reverse to his prank would be prepared in advance and administered when she apologized. Or got stuck between a set of doors, whichever came first. Laughing at the image his mind conjured, Kibitz walked out of the room, past the clock that said 3:20, to find a suitable shelter that could protect from alicorn strikes of both the magical and rolling varieties.

Kibitz assumed that for the next ten minutes, the fresh snack foods would sit is waiting, cooling or becoming less cold depending on the treat. Assumptions were just as often wrong at they were right, the only absolutes being that everything had a chance of happening or not happening, and that the past couldn’t be changed. The room was not devoid of pony life for very long, for the Great and Powerful Trixie had taken it upon herself to learn everything about being a good student and go three steps further.

A good student, like Twilight Sparkle, was punctual, always on time. So Trixie would do it better; she’d show up early! So early, in fact, it was before her teacher would show up. That would demonstrate dedication. Then Trixie would wait until the teacher was ready, and that would show patience. If there was one thing working on a rock farm taught Trixie, it was patience. The other thing it taught her was how to tell sedimentary from igneous, which turned out to be a far more useful than she’d ever thought. Both of these skills, Trixie was sure, would make her Luna’s number one student and, from there, number one unicorn! *Foalproof*, she thought.

So at 3:21 PM, a full nine minutes before Luna was set to show up, Trixie walked into the room and announced, “The Early and Excited Trixie is ready to begin her testing!” accompanied with a display of lights and crackling pops. There weren’t any other ponies to greet, but better a grand introduction in solitude than a quiet one amongst peers.

“It seems Trixie is so ready that even Her Nightness is still in need of preparation,” Trixie declared as she trotted across to marble floor. “No doubt she’ll be most pleased with how ready Trixie is. Maybe she’ll make Trixie her first student right on the spot when she sees her! Oh yes, I can see it all now... Fame! Fortune! Those cream filled donuts they only sell in Canterlot!” Then the scent of a hundred tasty things to eat flew into her nostrils. “Smells like Trixie’s third wish has come true sooner than she thought...”

Laid out on a one of the finest tables Trixie had the privilege to see was a selection of refreshments that put the one at the opening to Luna’s school to so much shame it would no doubt have to hide away in order not to embarrass itself in front of all its snack table friends. More food than even a family of ponies could possibly eat sat in wait, warmth radiating as strongly as the smells. Pizzas with spinach and dried tomato, chocolate chip cookies, veggie burgers, fudgy brownies, marshmallow krispies, fruit pies, ice cream, soda pop, onion rings, and lots and lots of cake, never mind all the exotic ones she couldn’t name, teased at three out of five of Trixie’s senses, each begging that the remaining two be gratified as well. The food was so fresh, she could still hear some of it sizzling.

Memories of the last time Trixie had partaken in a meal larger than a fire-cooked can of beans passed through her mind. That had been the last time she’d visited her family for Hearth’s Warming two winters ago.

Her eyes came across the sign Kibitz had placed down and grinned. “For Luna and Guest, hmm?” A danish lifted via Trixie’s magic as she sniffed the sugar-laced confection, smelling the lemon filling. “Trixie is that ‘guest’ after all. Nothing to prepare for a rigorous challenge from a princess than a hearty meal.” The first bite was taken, and the hidden spell laced in the treats danced across Trixie’s tastebuds with her none the wiser. The treat was more gratifying than anything she’d even eaten before, warm lemon-flavored syrup drizzling over her gums.

When she swallowed, the effect of Kibits’s waiting trap took full effect. Trixie licked her lips to get every crumb off her lips. There was a *need* to have it all. Subtle, a mere push on her thoughts like playing a puzzle game that demanded ‘just one more’. To Trixie it felt as if she were simply craving more, the natural reaction when eating something delicious. Who was she to deny herself when there were free snacks begging to be eaten?

The next item that caught her eye were the onion rings, still steaming and fresh from the oven. Trixie thanked the fact she was a unicorn, able to hold the piping-hot halos of batter without worry of scalded hooves. Blowing on each to cool them off, she chomped down each ring whole, one after another. She savored each bite and taking time to appreciate the perfect textures of the crispy shell and the crunchy vegetable on the inside.

As ring after ring went down her throat, the flaw in Starswirl’s *stored calorie spell* became evident. The hidden energy in the food reacted semi-violently when it reached a pony’s stomach. Gurgles emanated as her insides went into overtime to digest so much magical nutrition. Only a few seconds after ingesting an onion ring, it dissolved and the excess energy rushed for somewhere to go, something to *be*. Some went straight to her muscles and head in the form of a euphoric rush that made her feel like she could run around the surface of the planet twelve times and still have enough in her to lift a house. There was only so much her body could naturally change into energy, however, and the daintily devoured danish had three times said limit.

The rest of the calories changed into fat instantly, rounding out her stomach so fast it was like somepony was inflating a basketball. A layer of pudge surrounded her the whole of her being but, of course, Trixie hardly noticed. Why would she? Her mind was consumed with the thought of consuming a gooey-with-cheese slice of pizza, the crust glistening with the grease that gave it such a wonderously crisp texture. With tastes so warm and inviting that they practically sent out RSVPs, who was she to deny the umpteenth serving just because she’d put on a few pound?

Trixie’s eyes clouded over as she probed another thing to munch, this time her hooves discovering the warm crust and sweet smell of apple pie. Levitating the hot tin and a fork, Trixie poked several holes in the top crust to let the steam air out. The hot scent of sugary apples tickled Trixie’s nose (more than all the other delectable scents had been teasing her thus far) and it was all she could do to keep herself from diving face first into the taste waiting for her. Instead Trixie took her eating utensil and scooped as large a chunk as she could, shoving the whole thing into her mouth.

As with the rings and pastry before, the instant Trixie swallowed her stomach expanding and a wave of plushness covered her body, from cheek to cheek to cheek to cheek. Like a squirrel whose mouth was packed with nuts, Trixie’s cheeks filled out with more than just stick pie. Unlike such a rodent, the fullness of Trixie was round, smooth, and just as warm as the meal she ate. The rest of her fell victim to the assault, a great deal of fat shifting to her hindquarters and belly before piling on her legs, neck, and anywhere else it could find.

“Is this how Twilight Sparkle ate when she lived here?” the pudgy mare sighed as she let the now-empty pie tin fall to the floor. “This food... how has Trixie lived these many years without it?” A slice of cake floated in front of Trixie as she licked the crumbs from her lips, refusing to let a single crumb escape. The fork playfully dug into spongy dessert as Trixie savored the chocolate fudge frosting with her nostrils before delighting her tongue.

“Years of wandering Equestria has finally paid off! Trixie’s Karma has balanced out!. No more lugging Trixie caravan unless she wants to!” The fork in her magical grip fell away so extra concentration could be placed on levitating more cake slices, or sloppy chunks. Manners were the next idea to be forced out of her head as the *eat more!* thought took over. “No more hoof wrestling earth ponies who think Trixie can’t carry her own weight just because she’s a unicorn unless she wants to.” Cakes of differing flavors forced their way into her waiting maw, one after another, as her rate of chewing and swallowing increased with her uncontrolled greed. “No more, *gulp*, hecklers calling, *ooohhh, so good*, ‘Trixie is a fraud’!” Strawberry, lemon, raspberry, several other types of fruit, mixed with chocolate, vanilla, caramel, stirred together in blends specific to each type of cake. Whatever their names were, Trixie did not care; there was a party in her mouth and the entire table was invited.

“All it will be is magical training and feasting, living like a princess, doing whatever Trixie wants!” With a laugh, the last of what she’d lifted up in her magic vanished down her throat. “If Trixie wants power, she gets it. If Trixie wants to laze about, she gets it.” A cookie so fancy it could only come from Canterlot and no doubt had a name other than ‘cookie’ to match its prestigious baking was chomped down, a conga line of its brethren lining up to meet the same fate. “And if Trixie wants to eat until she can’t eat another bite, she can!”

Due to the unforeseen nature of Starswirl’s imperfected spell, the capacity of anypony foolhardy enough to (or unlucky enough to be tricked into) eating the enchantment would find their capacity reached far beyond what anypony would deem reasonable. The confections and meals were turned into energy or fat from the moment they hit the digestive system. How was a pony to feel full when what they ate vanished instantly? And the addictive nature of such perfected taste meant the craving would never be satisfied, nor would it be punished with the feeling of being sick. The only punishment was an increase girth. If only Trixie could have seen the notes on what had happened to Clover the Clever during testing of the spell, perhaps she’d want to stop herself before reaching the same size. Or Starswirl’s theory on how too much of the cursed snackage could create a pony large enough to cover a continent, maybe then Trixie would have dropped the cream-filled eclair she was lifting to gobble down.

As it was, Trixie was unaware Clover the Clever needed bedding that could have let three restless ponies sit comfortably or that Starswirl had fanciful daydreams about what he could do with a pony that size. So Trixie ate... and ate... and ate...

Already Trixie’s weight had skyrocketed to the point her explosion of excess was as grand as one of her fireworks at full blast. No longer was she just a pudgy mare, she was *fat*. Each of her butt cheeks was a slab with the consistency of a water balloon filled to the brim; wobbly, shaking at the slighting movement (and Trixie’s chomping created several). Nevermind the fact each buttock could hold a beefy filly each. The round, fleshy orb that curved out Trixie’s sides and pulled her back into a grand, full shape was threatening to drag against the ground. Each section of Trixie, her torso, neck, back, thicks, shins, all of it had a distinct helping of fat that went beyond chubby and right into overweight, shooting past just being fat. In essence, Trixie was as large as a pony could realistically become.

If somepony were to look on at Trixie’s tight, engorged shape, lacking in things such as folds or rolls save where any major joint was, one might think her ready to burst. With hay fries covered in salt and carrot dogs topped with ketchup and mustard of the finest quality flying into her mouth in rapid succession while leaving red and yellow dabs across her cheeks, her body filling with wobbly fat the same way a balloon took in air, it was a fair assumption to make to those not versed with ancient, unused, and flawed spells. Ponies of the glutinous variety were about two hundred pounds lighter than Trixie currently was, and even then Trixie was pushing over three in seconds. Soon she appeared less like a pony and more like a big blue calf for the hippopotamus species.

Soon enough, with not even a fifteen of the dishes on the table even tasted, Trixie did, in fact, reach the limit of what a pony’s body could hold. At such a point it would be easy to assume that Trixie would rupture in some way, making a terrible mess of things and ruining the new drapery. This was far, far from the case. After all, a pony didn’t gain so much mass without becoming damaged, anyway. The spell Starswirl made was for the express of delivering energy to the body as fast as possible, the problem being how the body processed the energy. The first places to get the excess of power was Trixie’s bones, muscles, and mind. With those full fast, fat was next. With nowhere to store fat, it had to find something else to do. Already, Trixie’s skin toughened and stretched to allow so much fat, so it wasn’t a large leap for the natural processes of her body to decide to make the whole container larger. The energy once again filled the marrow of her bones and converted into growth hormones working in overtime. Not only did Trixie get fatter, she grew taller. And longer.

Trixie still didn’t notice a thing, though, even as she fell onto her rear to spend less focus on balancing, belly resting between her elongated legs. All that was noticed by Trixie, at this point, was the different flavors of food entering her mouth and figuring how to stop a portion of it from drizzling down her chin, and the other chin, and the third and fourth chin that had begun to form. Trixie’s poor cape look cartoonishly small compared to the rest of her, a problem exabberated as Trixie expanded to roughly the size of her ego. How it remained tied around her neck as it elongated and reached the width of a reinforced cart wheel was as great a mystery as they came.

Gelato, chocolate mousse, ice cream both fried and plain, donuts covered in frosting, cupcakes, truffles, and so much more flew into Trixie at an alarming rate. Her thighs spread out further and further, stomach going outward as she reached sizes that could easily allow her to be mistaken for a hot air balloon filling up. The wand-and-swirl cutie mark was stretched wider than she herself had been mere minutes ago. Trixie had become a behemoth of a pony, beyond fat, beyond obese, into a weight class that could only be described as elephantine. And yet still she ate and grew, way past Clover the Clever had ever become, even with the gentle coaxing from her excited tutor.

Possibly, Trixie’s feasting and growing could have lasted for a great deal longer; there was still a whole half of the table left, and she showed no sign of noticing her size. With enough time, Trixie’s uncontrolled gluttony might have led her to become longer than any archway in the palace was tall, wider than any door and unable to fit through any of them. As it was, though, Trixie’s hyperactive and momentum-gaining feast was stopped just as she was reaching out for a sundae topped with four kinds of sauce, cherries, and shavings of coconut.

While Trixie had earnestly had every intention of being a better-than-best student and showed up early, Luna had intended to be a teacher every bit as good as her sister. With a spring in her step and a single scroll tucked under her wing, the Princess of the Night walked into the appointed room at 3: 30 PM, a full nine minutes after Trixie had tasted the first danish. With no other hint to go on, Luna had expected to meet Kibitz and discuss the humdrum paperwork required to officially make a pony her student.

When Luna walked through the door, instead she found a mass of blue making many a grumbling noises and thought a midget ursa had stumbled into the castle. Frozen in shock, agape in the mouth from seeing such a vast mass in one place, Luna found she could do little more, at first, then watch as food flew into the engorged shape, growing larger and rounder with every bite. It was not every day one got to see a pony as large as a hippo, and even fatter than one.

Trixie ate uninterrupted for a minute more before Luna decided it would be prudent to do something. While it seemed unlikely that this could be natural occurrence, especially given the trend of ponies that preferred living as twigs, Luna decided politeness was the best way to approach the situation. The alicorn trotted up to the rotund pony and poked her hoof into the warm preparing to push the table aside. “Excuse me, Miss Trixie? Are you alright?”

“Mmph, hmm?” The gargantuan unicorn blinked for what must have been the first time she she’d first taken a bit of the cursed food, the glossiness in her gaze clearing up only slightly. Trixie looked down, smiling wide as a fraction of the grease in the dimples at the corner of her mouth was licked off. “Ah, your Royalness, a pleasure to see you.” Smacking her lip, the maw of this massive mare didn’t stay empty for longer than a second as custard cream pies were shoved into her mouth, chewed, and swallowed. “Trixie has just been enjoying the... the...” Trixie furrowed her brow as her stomach let out a terrible gurgle, comparable to a dragon’s snore.

Luna blinked and, fearing for her possible pupil, flew into the air to hover in front of Trixie’s face. Even her skull and horn had grown larger, though Luna noted that and the chub in Trixie’s cheeks and nose offhoof. “Miss Trixie, are you quite alright? Most ponies don’t make noises like a sea leviathan preparing to strike.”

Another few thunderous growls and grumbles shook Trixie’s flab. “Trixie thinks she’s... f-fine... just... mmph... need more of that ice cream!” A bowl full of multiple flavors of the frozen treat levitating in front of Trixie before being gulped down like a soup. “Ahh, much better. Now... ooohh...” Another gurgle made Trixie quake.

“Miss Trixie?” Luna asked, poking Trixie’s bulbous belly and getting the loudest *belch* she’d ever heard. The window rattled and Luna had to grab her crown to keep it from flying off. With enough hot gas to fill a miniature blimp having escaped, Trixie deemed herself empty enough to warrant a few dozen more donuts.

Luna landed next to Trixie, disheveled and looking ready to fall over. She did, in fact, landing against Trixie’s fat-filled haunch. Relief filled Luna’s eyes as she found the the cushion of Trixie’s flab warm, soft, and inviting. Perhaps the most comforting thing she’d rested upon in... ever. “My goodness, I cannot remember the last time I had a pony of any substance to lean against.”

Another *burp* was Trixie’s reply.

“Hmm...” Luna lifted a muffin from the table via her magic and sniffed. “Blueberries. It smells good. *Too* good.” Taking a hearty bite, Luna rolled the warm bread in her mouth to taste every fiber of sugar and juice she could. It was the best muffin she’d ever eaten, and came with a delightful rush of adrenaline, better than any cup of coffee had ever done. The rest of the muffin was devoured, Luna smiling as she pushed herself up from Trixie’s side. “Not bad, Kibitz, not bad at all.” Luna’s horn lit with great force as she pulled the table and any snacks already up in the air out of Trixie’s reach.

“Hey!” Trixie cried, reaching her hooves out as if she could reach for the table across the room. “Trixie was not done eating!”

“We doubt you would have ever finished.” Luna felt the tendrils of Trixie’s magic shoot out, light blue and dark blue clouds fighting for breadsticks and pasta. “Just wait a minute, Trixie and... hmph, the effect should... *hnng*, wear off quickly.”

“But Trixie is *sooooooo* hungry! Do you have any idea what years of traveling will do to a pony? It turns you into nothing but flesh and bone!” Sauce of varying flavors, from tomato to alfredo to fudge, spilled onto the ground as the greedy mare struggled to pull something from Luna’s hold.

Huffing, Luna took a deep breath and redoubled her efforts to keep the food away from Trixie. “Such dedication deserves praise, but you have far more skin than you once had. Just a little longer... By the heavens, did all that walking make your magical energy as powerful as your legs?”

“Trixie wants it now! Give it to me!”

The magical tug-o-war went for a while, each side pulling with increasing might. Luna found herself having to call upon the same energies she used to move the moon in order to win this foalish fight. Though frustrated, Luna couldn’t help but admire that Trixie had left her gasping for air before she called such power. The fact left her smiling, in truth.

After a few minutes of pouting, Trixie finally worked up the will to roll forward onto her hooves, taut belly wobbling as she growled, “Give the Hungry and Aggravated Trixie her meal, lest you face her wrath!”

Luna, for all her power, did feel some intimidation as she gazed as the behemoth before her. The sheer size of the mare was staggering, and her raw power in this primal state was formidable. Luna found herself gazing at Trixie’s full face, and fuller body, taking in every detail...

*Those large curves, so smooth, so...* thick*. That stomach could probably hold enough food to feed all of Canterlot, what with how little they eat. And that set of buttocks are huge. From what I felt, getting stuck under such mealable sacks could leave one trapped.*

Finding herself salivating, Luna shook her head and stops her legs from shaking. *Lust later, save now!* “Well, Miss Trixie, We could give you these foodstuffs, but that would pose a problem.”

Trixie’s eyes lost some of their cloudiness, coherent thoughts forming behind them. “And what problem would that be?”

“If you eat all these snacks, you won’t be able to take your test,” Luna replied, flicking Trixie’s nose. “We have a policy about eating too much before exams, and you’re reaching that limit. Another bite and you’ll *never* get into Our school.”

This was enough to shock the Stuffed and Overfed Trixie out of her magic-induced stupor and into the Bewildered and Startled Trixie. With a start that sent ripples throughout her ocean of a body, Trixie jumped back from Luna and the table of food, magic reeling back as the words struck. The castle shook when Trixie landed, her weight enough to rattle the building to its foundations. Impressive, since said base was a mountain.

“The Remorseful and Humble Trixie apologizes!” Trixie cried, cowering under her bulky legs, rump sticking up and giving Luna a view of Trixie’s flabby back. “She did not mean to offend you, your Gracefulness, she is but a small, lowly mare who does not know a better life outside these castle walls!”

Luna’s face flushed as she wasted the mass of pony impossibly move, shake, and wobble. For all her years of ruling, adventuring, and courting, she’d never seen a pony so unbelievably fat. “You are forgiven, Miss Trixie. Was but something We said to get you free from the spell you’d fallen under.”

“Spell?” Trixie asked as she raised a hoof up. “What... spell...?” At long last, the fattened mare took notice of the fat that had accumulated on her leg, following the trail to her breast, her stomach, her legs. Pressing hooves into her cheeks, tail flicking about and slapping her rear, Trixie’s pupils shrank to pinpricks. “Wh-Wh-What has happened to me?! Why is my face covered in a sticky substance?!”

“Miss Trixie, please, calm yourself.”

“Calm? C-Calm?” Trixie stood up, shivering and making her fat ripple even more. “H-How can you tell me t-to be calm when Trixie is larger than a cart? Look at me! I’m fat enough that I’d make a fully grown hippo jealous!”

“Because what else are you going to do?”

“... Your Smartness brings up a good point.” Taking a deep breath, Trixie took a few experimental steps with her new form. Watching such a vast, blubbery creature was nearly impossible to describe further than a great deal of wobbling, shaking, the occasional belch, and slabs of fat smacking against other slabs. Such movements seemed impossible for a pony so large and heavy, but Trixie moved nearly as effortlessly as if she didn’t weigh in as much as a whole town of ponies. The only hindrance for her was the actual size and thickness of her bulk, which forced her walk into a waddling gait.

“How curious. You did not gain weight the way ponies traditionally do,” Luna commentated, trotting by Trixie and rubbing a hoof along her flank. Without meaning to, Luna licked her lips, a hunger unlike the kind Trixie had been experiencing. “The structure of your entire form has been reshaped. Whatever spell Kibitz used is quite potent.”

Trixie blinked, lumbering around to gaze at her bulging rear end. “Kibitz? You mean that pony servant you ordered to set all this up? He did this to me?!”

“Calm, Miss Trixie, calm,” Luna said when she saw fury forming in the larger pony’s eyes. “If you go on a tirade like this, We imagine the castle won’t stand up to your rage.”

“But I’ve been turned into a whale!” Trixie reared her hind legs up and stomped, making the room and the windows rattle. “Why has he done this to me?! What did I do?!”

Luna raised her brow toward the remaining treats, humming. “We doubt the intended target was you, Miss Trixie. The meal was a trap devised to be set off by Us, yet you stumbled across it first. Had you not, We would had been taken in by the allure and eaten all of it, perhaps thrice as large as you are now.”

Trixie’s legs, and subsequently her whole flabby body, shook as she imagined herself any larger. “You mean if you hadn’t come along, Trixie would be a literal whale?”

“Probably. Good thing We came along to stop you, then.” Luna didn’t sound too sure, however. Like Trixie, she imagined the unicorn much bigger with more fat on her frame. Unlike Trixie, Luna found the notion enticing. “Still, the situation could be much worse, We suppose.”

“How could it be worse? How is Trixie to live like this?!” Trixie slapped her stomach and made it ripple like a pond. “She cannot fit into her caravan, let alone any roads! Ponies will require Trixie to have a license just to haul *herself* through any city! Oooh, when I get my hooves on that Kibbles, I’ll... I’ll... Trixie doesn’t know what she’ll do, but it will be unpleasant!”

“Do not fret, Trixie, you shall have your revenge.” Luna trotted around the overfed mare, drinking every luscious curve and slightest jiggle as Trixie tried to turn around to keep up with Luna. “But perhaps we should take care of Trixie first, hmm? You must be tired after that whole debacle.”

Trixie furrowed her brow and replied, “No... Trixie isn’t tired at all.” As an experiment, Trixie bent her legs to feel how difficult it was to lift so much weight. Aside from her stomach hitting the ground and spreading her out like a squashed balloon, accidentally shoving a *burp* out of her mouth, there wasn’t any strain. “In fact, Trixie is ready to get her payback now. Where is the little worm? Trixie will show him what a pony weighing in at multiple tons can do!”

“As much as We would love to see you sit on Kibitz, perhaps we should talk about your admission into my school.” A gentle smile worked onto Luna’s lips. “We believe you are worthy of being a student. And perhaps more...”

Blinking, Trixie turned to Luna, bunching up the fat in her neck as she did so. “Not that Trixie isn’t honored by this decision, Your Regalness, but Trixie has not taken any up any challenge. All she has done is make a pig of herself.” The hem of her cape was pulled by her magic, as if was seemed like a scrap of cloth could cover her thick-and-wide backside. A muffled *snap* could be heard under the on of the few rolls of fat, the one surrounding the base of her neck. Cheeks flushing, Trixie game up on pulling her cape anymore for fear of breaking anything else.

“Trixie, walk with Us. Or waddle, as it seems is your only option.” Snickering at Trixie’s pout, Luna led her massive companion into the hall and through the castle.

“Thank goodness you royal types like everything grand,” Trixie mumbled as she followed Luna through the giant doors that now seemed specially made for her. “You will be able to undo this, right? Trixie does not wish to be the massive forever.”

“Naturally. All magic can be undone with the right knowledge.” Luna looked back, grinning as she watched the mass of flesh that was Trixie wobble and shift about. “But perhaps such an endeavor can be postponed for a time. We will be so busy with your teachings, looking up a counterspell could take some time.”

“What? B-But Trixie can’t stay like this! If she were any fatter, she’d need a caravan for each of her inflated cheeks!” Instinctively, Trixie tried to get on her knees and beg. Her stomach would allow no such thing as groveling, instead making her trip and cause another marequake.

With Trixie in a giant heap, Luna trotted up the to befuddled mare and said, “Miss Trixie, would you believe that I am quite attracted to that fact?”

Despite resting on her stomach, Trixie was eye-level with the alicorn. Actually, she was higher up, even while laying down. This made looking at the alicorn, who was supposed to be so much grander than anypony Trixie had known before, as strange and awkward as her new flabby body was. “Trixie begs your pardon, but what?”

Luna nodded, tickling Trixie’s chin as she stood back up. “We mean exactly what was said. Your form pleases Us...” Purring, Luna pulled Trixie along. “It pleases *me* greatly. Intensely. There is a great deal of willpower needed to keep me from attacking your body like a wild animal and having my way with you.”

Wide-eyed, Trixie said, “Again, Trixie asks *what?*”

As they continued to walk/waddle, Luna spoke, “A thousand years ago, the definition of beauty was something different. We did not starve ourselves, for starving is what we always were. The poor were the hungry, their rail-thin bodies a show of their social status.”

A slender leg wrapped around the trunk that was Trixie’s shin, the massive unicorn’s mouth pressed into a thin line and dripping with chocolate. Her tail curled and twisted about when she felt the regal princess act less-than-regal by cuddling Trixie’s fat.

“Yet the rich and the important had statures to match their grand wealth. If you had the coin, you indulged. Being portly was a sign of power, of upbringing, of beauty. And you, Trixie...” Luna nuzzled into Trixie’s chest, shaking from the soft, warm surface. “You are the grandest pony I’ve seen in a long, *long* time. I would be lying if I said the way your form jiggled did not light a fire in my belly and make me crave you as you craved cherry pie.”

Trixie’s mind had gone into hibernation to keep from overexerting itself. By the time it turned back on, they were standing in front of a set of ornate doors, fancier and wider than most others Trixie had seen. “Your Lustiness, are you suggesting what Trixie assumes you are suggesting?”

“Never assume anything, my dear Miss Trixie,” Luna teased, magically opening the doors and, also with magic, giving Trixie’s rump a gentle slap to get her moving. “What I have in mind is more specific than you’d first think, I’d imagine.”

Waddling into the room, Trixie marveled at the roaring fireplace, the satin bed that she could happily sleep on, being big as she was taken into consideration, the golden and jade treasure sitting on the epic vanity the same way a sloppy pony would forget to put their makeup away. “Is this your room, Your Grandeurness?”

“Indeed. The magical fire always keeps the place warm. We have a lovely view of Equestria from so high up. Servants come and bring me things to each with but a thought.” Luna motioned to the whole of the room. “And all of it could be yours.”

“Mine? Just like that?”

“If that expression means what I think it means, just like that.”

Trixie lowered her eyelids as she stared at the comparatively tiny princess. “What is the catch? There must be something you expect from Trixie.”

“Naturally. You cannot expect something from nothing.” Luna nodded for Trixie to walk closer. “Like the rug under your hooves? Shag carpeting all the way from Purrsia. You will feel it every day.”

“Mmm...” Trixie sighed as she let the fuzzy flooring tickle the apex of her belly.

“You will be allowed to stay in this room. Every comfort available to me will be available to you. And you will be my *personal* student, learning the most powerful magics, studying the tomes of generations past. All that magical knowledge, yours for the taking.” Luna gave a sultry smile, tickling Trixie’s jowls and eliciting a sigh as the flabby pony deflated like a hot air balloon. “In exchange, you will take on the duties of The Royal Bed.”

“... The Royal Bed?”

“Indeed, The Royal Bed. You will rest upon the normal bed, and I will rest upon you, as you are. Huge, warm... mmmm, soft... flabby...”

“You mean Trixie will stay like... this?” Trixie looked down at her engorged form.

Luna nodded. “All the luxuries of a princess. You will be rewarded for lazing about and being doted over like royalty. You will eat when you are hungry, perform magic as you wish. The castle, my room, will be your home. Everything you could ever wants, and you must simply be a fat, lazy pony.”

Trixie’s eyes widened, licking her lips and tasted apples, caramel, fudge, and a little tomato. “And what, exactly, would being your bed entail?”

“To put it bluntly, I will want your body to use. Within reason. Cuddling, groping, snuggling, those sorts of things. I will massage you, and I will feed you.” Already Luna was dreaming of straddling the blubber of Trixie’s stomach, clutching tight and kissing the freshly fed and taut middle. “Make that *stuff* you. Sometimes you will be fed until you cannot hold any more. Never enough to hurt, but enough to make you wish to lay about and be completely useless as I rub you down.”

Blinking, Trixie imagined a similar situation, stuffed to the brim with more food than she’d ever thought possible.

“You will be tended to in every way. Books for stimulation, exercise with sweets so you’ll be fat and strong, and you shall be washed daily.”

“So... Trixie will be a pet.”

“If you wish to call it that, so be it. I would prefer glorified furniture with a purpose, myself.” Luna ran her cheek up and down Trixie’s leg.

“And what if Trixie doesn’t want that?”

“Then you will not. You’ll still be taught the finer points of magic, and you’ll still be my personal student.” Smiling, Luna pulled away. “We will find the cure and put you back into your normal pony self. Bear in mind, becoming my bedding is merely an offer. I had to use my greatest strength to keep you away from the cursed food. Even if you were under a hypnotic effect, it was all your power. You have magical potential that I refuse to let go to waste. If, however, you would like a different sort of life, we could make use of Kibitz’s prank. Having all this mare, all to myself? It would please me greatly.”

Trixie blushed for a myriad of reasons, lips trying to decide between dimpling her cheeks with a smile or a grumbling frown. “So it is not merely Trixie’s fat body you are interested in?”

“Perish the thought, Miss Trixie. Had your magical prowess been low, I would have simply retrieved the pony who had done this and returned you to normal to let you attend the school as any other. Seeing how strong you are...” Luna licked her lips. “Seeing you like *this*, you are worth so much more of my time. I want you for your power, and if possible, I want you for *this*.”

Trixie’s eyes darted about as she rubbed the back of her head. Impressive, given how her leg and next fat pushed against each other. “Trixie is still not sure... what of more... intimate business? Trixie is not some two-bit pony show, after all!”

Luna trotted away from Trixie and made her way to another set of doors. “True, I come from a time that the history books makes look far more barbaric. We had harems filled with ponies that were pleasured upon. What they don’t tell you is that each pony was picked special, not forced against their wills to do something they would not enjoy. And I made sure I had a special connection with each.” The doors opened, revealing what Trixie thought looked more like a Canterlot spa resort. “I will court you much the same. We shall talk, participate in discussions on magical theory, go out to the gardens to have picnics, and you shall have no more duties beyond that of being a place to rest. If things work out, perhaps we can try more... *risque* forms of enjoyment.” She leaned closer with a hungry look in her eyes. “I have heard beds of water are simply *divine*.”

“Trixie finds herself flattered, if befuddled, Your Strangeness.” Trixie lumbered forward, drawn in by the shining marble and the personal swimming pool. Except it wasn’t a swimming pool, Trixie realized as she saw the faucet and handles on one end.

“Mayhaps a taste of this life I am offering, hmm?” Horn aglow, Luna turned the water on. “A week or so as a massive mare. If you don’t like it, we’ll cure you. There is no rush, no stakes. And if after a month or a year has gone by and you are done being as fat as a hippo, then you may resume your life as a normal sized pony. What say you?”

Contemplative, Trixie looked up at her hat, then back at her cape. “Trixie is thinking about this deal and wonders if she may have a new cape.”

“A cape made of silk from Saddle Arabia and studded in jewels. A hat finer than any Starswirl the Bearded ever had.” Luna motioned to the tub. “I have to keep my bed happy and warm, do I not?”

Lifting her hat and torn cape off of herself and setting in on the same rack Luna placed her crown and regalia, Trixie climbed the tiny steps and plopped herself into the bath. Her girth was so great, the miniscule amount of water in the bath was displaced enough to make the tub already seem full, surrounding her in warmth. “A week as the fattest mare in Equestria can’t hurt,” Trixie cooed.

Luna grinned as several wash cloths and sponges flew from drawers and cupboards. “Of course not.”

“So, if Trixie wanted a box of the finest bordeaux Canterlot had to offer...?” Trixie began, unaware of the many scrubbers hovering around her

“Then the best candy chef in Canterlot would stop what he’s doing and answer your call.”

The sponges went to work, rubbing every inch of Trixie’s corpulent flesh, slipping into the space between the thigh and her belly, going all around. Trixie sighed as the full-body massage took place, her impossibly plush flab becoming softer as she relaxed utterly. The excess food slop dripping from her face was washed away into the drain. Dirt from travel the roads was cleaned away. Luna Scrubbed Trixie’s back personally, flying onto the super-plump pony and letting Trixie feel just how huge she really was. The alicorn princess felt like foal jumping on for a ride.

“Mmm, this is marvelous,” Trixie hummed, lifting her hooves up one at a time to be scrubbed.

Luna responded by rubbing harder against Trixie’s back and pouring a bucket of water directly onto the crack of Trixie’s rump. Sprinkles of water flew everywhere as Trixie shiver, feeling so much *more* of herself become warm than she’d thought possible.

“While Trixie is loving this pampering, what if Trixie desires to bathe herself?”

“Then take a sponge and send me away. You have the option.”

Both mares smiled, pleased in different ways, when Trixie shook her head. “No, Trixie won’t do that right now. Trixie will use her own stomach as a bed and enjoy having so much excess flesh to rub. *Oooooh~* Yes, that spot right behind the ears...”

“You know, I read about you just before I found you eating your fill, Trixie. You’ve given Twilight sparkle quite a bit of trouble in the past.”

“Ugh, must we bring up old wounds, Your Gentleness? Trixie’s buttocks could use more... *mmph~*” Trixie grunted as each of her butt cheeks were gripped in a dark blue glow, molding and shifted the slabs around, slapping them together to hear the noise they’d make in conjunction with being wet.

“Yes, trouble with an Ursa Minor, using artifacts of questionable origin to amass power. Each time Twilight showing you up in more form or another.”

“Trixie learned her lessons. Which is why I came to you in the first place.”

Luna’s lips snuck up to Trixie’s ear. “And it is a happy thing you have, for pride is blinding in too great a quantity. But I wanted to give you another reason to consider this. Imagine it, an average day in Ponyville. Twilight Sparkle is in her library, thinking everything to be normal. Ponies milling about, doing their business. When suddenly the ground starts shaking. An earthquake? Then in the distance, there is a large blue creature lumbering towards the town. Such a large and imposing figure... has the ursa come back for revenge? Twilight is called out to see the problem, but much to her surprise, it is no wild animal. It is the Gran and Bountiful Trixie, larger than life, ready for a rematch, ready to prove her greatness in a multitude of ways.”

‘It is Trixie job to spin yarns and entertain masses.” Smirking, Trixie added, “But you’d make an excellent replacement. Keep going, your audience in enthused.”

“Twilight will be left awestruck at you. What has happened that’s made you so fat and powerful all at once? Blustering about, she’ll try to sneak a peek under your only neckroll to see if there are any more amulets cursing you, but no. It is just Trixie, large and in charge, ready to take on the world. You will announce you have come as Luna’s faithful student to challenge Princess Twilight to a magical duel, to prove which unicorn is the strongest. It will be a battle of the ages, magic flying, taunts thrown about!”

Trixie hummed as the scene unfolded in her mind’s eye, walking out of the tub as she felt magic press her to push her out. Standing in the middle of the bathroom, a gust of hot wind blew over to to dry out her coat, mane and tail. “Yes, yes. And will ponies watch?”

“Of course. What foal daft enough would wish to miss the fattest pony they’d ever seen duke it out with Equestria’s newest princess?” Once Trixie was dry, Luna pulled at Trixie’s leg to guide her back into the bedroom. “What a spectacle it will be. Reporters taking pictures, ponies talking as the watch. My sister and I will be there to cheer our students, of course. And while ponies might laugh or gawk at your physique, they won’t laugh when they see the kind of power you toss around with your weight.”

Like a kitten climbing stairs, Trixie found herself struggling to climb the bed. Not because her legs were too short or weak, but due to her belly refusing to make it over the hurdle of such elevation. Trixie grunted and called upon her magic to lift herself up, Luna assisting in a way that involved hugging the plush rump.

The bed creaked and groaned ominously over the several tons of weight, yet miraculously stood strong as Trixie rolled about until she was on her back. Belly in the and cradled by the finest satin and her own body, Trixie gave in and returned to the fantasies she had during her feastings. Her head was propped up with several pillow, leaving her completely trapped in utter bliss.

Luna climbed the hill that was Trixie and sprawled herself out, feathers tickling Trixie and making the new bed laugh. “*Aa-aa-aah~* You are infinitely more comfortable than I had anticipated,” she said, resting her head against Trixie’s chest and licking the fat more’s chin.

“Don’t leave Trixie on a note like this,” Trixie cooed, reaching her legs up to wrap around the tiny princess. “Finish the story.”

“Ah, yes, of course.” Luna yawned. “Forgive me, I have not slept in two nights and you are making it hard to resist. Where was I... ah, yes, power. Lots of it. Contest after contest to prove your might. Twilight might be strong, and maybe she’ll win a few. What is a victory without challenge, after all? But, in the end, when all is said and done, The Great and Powerful Trixie will be proven as such. Win or lose, nopony can deny you magnificence any longer. From how you eat to how you laugh to how you perform spells with the greatest of ease, all will know you and adore you, look up to you, want to be like you...” Closing her eyes, a wicked smile spread over Luna’s lips. “Want to be as *grand* as you.”

Trixie also closed her eyes, leaning back into her new position. “Trixie can hear the applause already, Your Awesomeness.”

“All for Luna’s most powerful student, the Grand and Bountiful Trixie. Dream of it now, Trixie. I know I will be doing much the same.”

With dreams already in their heads, the two mares rested. Trixie wasn’t tired, as she had said before, but a good bed let their occupant sleep. Instead, that fat mare decided to appease the gentle gurgle of her stomach and lifted a cake box Luna had left lying around. “And for Trixie’s first lesson, she’ll make this coconut cake with pineapple decorations disappear...”

The day after Kibitz had set his deviously laid trap, he walked with a spring in his step not seen since his youth. The usual rush of joy vanishing when he came near did not exist. Why, he even patted a few soldiers on the back and told them what a good job they were doing. Truly, a happier pony could not exist.

“Ah, yes, six A.M on the dot.” Kibitz said s he looked at his watch. “Princess Luna should be returning from her duties around now... if she didn’t hide in shame.” Snickering like a raccoon that found an unlocked garbage can, Kibitz pocketed his time piece and looked out the window at the rising sun and the setting moon. “The poor dear must be so embarrassed after making a pig of herself. All those quakes scaring the maids to death...” Just imagining their horror filled gazes as their monstrously overfed princes waddled along brought made his heart leap for joy. He might have to find more ponies to be angry at if pranking led to this sort of glee.

“You’re looking rather chipper this morning,” a pleasant voice said.

Kibitz turned his head and said, “Ah, good morning, Princess Luna. How was... your... night?”

Luna, as sleek and slender as he’d ever known, trotted up to him with a pleasant smile. “Oh, boring and uneventful. Not ever a squirrel was pestering any ponies. What about you, Kibitz? Have any good dreams?” The tinge of disdain could be heard in her voice.

Kibitz took a step back, eyes wide and sweat forming along his brow. “B-B-But... err... oh, you know, dreamt about an average day in the castle. S-Sometimes I have a hard time knowing when I’m awake, I love my job so much.” *Like now, for instance. Shouldn’t you be a walking whale?!*

Taking a step closer, Kibitz taking a step back, Luna lowered her head like a predator ready to pounce its next meal. “Oh, I do know. I see a lot of dreams, Kibitz, even those of cranky old stallions that conspire to trick their ruler.”

“Now Luna, you can’t hurt me. I’m your sister’s royal scheduling advisor!”

They both took another step, the distance between them remaining constant as they moved. Luna tilted her head with a frown. “You wound me, my good sir. I would never hurt a pony over something as petty as revenge, not when the blight against me was but a harmless jest. No harm was done, so no harm will come to you.”

Kibitz raised a wary brow. “Really? You aren’t planning anything.”

“Nothing. But my faithful new student might have something to say to you.”

“New student?” he asked, taking another step back and blinking when he hit something warm and fleshy. Realizing a shadow was being cast over him, Kibitz’s gaze trailed upward until he saw the grinning face of the fattest mare he’d ever seen. “Good heavens!”

“This is the Grand and Bountiful Trixie, Kibitz. She found your spiked food before I had the chance to even nibble it.”

“Gracious, you weren’t supposed to get *that* huge!” Kibit’s blurted.

Ignoring the protest, Luna said, “So, Trixie, wasn’t there something you wanted to give the pony who did this to you?”

“Why, yes, Trixie did, in fact... A *great, big hug*!”

Kibitz screamed and tried to run, but it was no used. A wave of blue crashed over him after two steps forward, pinning him to the ground under Trixie’s belly. “Hnng, t-trouble b-breathing... y-you w-weren’t. *a-hack!*, supposed to get this huge!”

Luna leaned down to smile at Kibitz. “Foolish pony, you should read ancient arcane spells a lot more carefully in the future. Besides, it could be worse. You could be under Trixie after she had breakfast.”

“Breakfast?” Trixie asked, mouth salivating as her stomach roared. “How about a few dozen servings of hay bacon and omelettes?”

“Of course, my faithful new student!” A devious curl worked on her lips. “Shall we make our way to the dining hall? Or would you prefer the food come to you? We wouldn’t want you to tucker out from heaving so much pony around.”

“Dining hall, dining hall!” Kibit yelled.

“Trixie is rather tuckered out,” she said with all the sincerity of a dragon saying it didn’t have any gold. “Coming all this way to give Kibbles my ‘thank you for the fats’ hug has left me drained. Why don’t you come back with the meal, Your Playfulness?”

“Certainly, oh *Heavy* and *Substantial* Trixie. You get comfortable and don’t worry about getting up for a long, long time.”

Red faced, Kibitz screamed and fumed as Luna trotted away, Leaving Trixie to bounce in place and let him feel the weight of his actions.