Very few sounds filled the air of the White Tail Woods at night; only the distant crickets, the soft howling of the wind and the occasional hoot of an owl up in its nest. Which was why, if anypony else was around, they'd easily hear the stomps of a grumpy bat pony's hooves crinkling through the grass.

Midnight Blossom was having such a good night too. Ponyville was holding its famous Nightmare Night festival, and she'd decided to attend. Because a free festival meant free food, and the only reason to have free food was so she could eat it all. It all made sense in her head. It was a holiday, which meant holiday food.

So why in the name of Celestia's holy flanks did everypony get so mad at her? Just because she ate all the apples in the bobbing bucket, kept helping herself to 'free samples' at each stall, and even swiped a candy bar or two from an unsuspecting trick-or-treater, doesn't mean anyone in Ponyville who could tell her off *should* have told her off.

"Why do you have to be such a *pig*?" one mare had snapped at her.

Midnight had retaliated by glaring her dead in the eyes and snorting indignantly, before going back to her feasting. "Oink-oink."

The memory played back in her mind as she sat on a log to rest her hooves, and her wings fluttered in glee at what she did. She wasn't sure exactly why, but rubbing her greed in other ponies' faces made her ecstatic. She couldn't help it if she was hungrier than most ponies, and that it caused her to have a rounded belly and a pair of sizeable flanks. When Midnight Blossom was hungry, she was going to *eat*.

*grrroooorrrrlllgh...*

"Speaking of hungry..." She frowned and gave her stomach a loving rub, her hoof sinking into it slightly. Even all that candy wasn't enough to sate her, but she certainly wasn't going to show her tubby face in Ponyville again. Bunch of killjoys. She crossed her hooves, puffing out her chubby cheeks. "Hmph."

But, on the other hoof, the White Tail Woods wasn't exactly known for having a 24/7 Hay Burger in it. There were no other towns close enough for her underused wings to carry her overfed body.

She sighed. Maybe she should just swallow her pride, go back and apologise?

She froze, and her nostrils flared as a scent wafted into them. The warm, inviting smell of freshly baked bread, with a sweet tint to it. And was that chocolate?

Birds fled their nests at the loud, desperate howls from Midnight's stomach. She hopped off the log and followed the scent into the trees. She smelled food, and she was going to *eat* it. She didn't care if it was a trap or not, as long as she ate.

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The scent trail weaved through the trees, with Midnight following it with ease. She stepped over every root and fluttered over every fallen trunk, her nose twitching in the air as it led her through the darkness. Despite it being autumn, the leaves on the tall trees were still dense in this deep part of the woods, and was impossible to navigate without light. Luckily, Midnight had her hunger to guide her, and it was growing louder and more impatient with how much stronger the smell of baked goods was getting as she walked.

Luckily, she didn't have much longer to wait, as when she popped her head out of a bush she'd clumsily toppled into, she found the source.

A cottage sat inside a wide clearing, the moonlight showing it clear as day. It was made of large cobblestones and the roof was covered in thatching, like it had been plucked out of Ye Olde Equestria and plopped down in the middle of the Woods. And yet, it looked like time hadn't touched it. Light shined through the thin gap between the closed shutters, and a small line of smoke puffed from the chimney. Somepony was definitely in there.

Something about the house reminded her of something. While she was stalking a pair of trick-or-treaters earlier in the night for their bountiful hauls of candy, she'd overheard a conversation between her targets.

"Hey," the astronaut colt had whispered, "I'm gonna swipe some candy from the Nightmare Night statue."

"What?!" squeaked the filly in a Daring Do costume. "You can't do that!"

"Why not? Everypony knows Princess Luna isn't evil anymore."

"That doesn't mean the White Tail Witch isn't evil!"

"The what?" The colt tilted his head, his fishbowl tipping over with it.

"You've never heard of her?" The filly adjusted her plastic helmet. "They say she has a cottage in the deepest, darkest part of the White Tail Woods, and she lures away greedy ponies on Nightmare Night and fattens them up!"

"That's weird," the colt said bluntly. "Besides, the only pony living out in the White Tail Woods is that mare running the chocolate stall, and she's no witch."

"How do you know she's not? Living out on her own like that."

The colt rolled his eyes. "I'm just gonna take one piece. What's it to her if I do?"

"Don't say I didn't warn you." The two friends then walked on, unknowingly a few caramel apples lighter.

Back in the present, Midnight crept up to the cottage, thinking of how to get inside. She couldn't see through the shutters, and she didn't think it'd be wise to let the occupant know of her intentions. Her belly's loud, hungry grumbling didn't help with that, though, but it wasn't her fault that such a delicious smell had lured her here, right?

She circled the cottage like a prowling cat, and her ears pricked up when she spotted a lone window, smaller than the others but lacking a shutter. That was her way in. Crawl inside, stuff her maw full of whatever delicious treats were inside, sneak out. Easy as pie. She swore she could smell pie too.

Wasting no more time, Midnight pounced onto the window, smirking as she got her head and front hooves into the, then frowning quizzically when she went no further.

"Oh bother," she grunted, trying to squirm the rest of the way through. Already, her greed was coming back to bite her by making her too round to properly fit. She took a deep breath and sucked in her gut, allowing herself to just barely fall in with an audible pop. "Oof!"

The first thing Midnight felt was how nice and toasty the air was inside, warming her up from the chilly outdoors. She smiled and wiggled her body comfortably, then looked around. She saw a stove, some cupboards and a pantry, so clearly that was the kitchen window she'd just crept through. She initially wanted to throw open the pantry door and go to town on whatever was inside, but that smell was so strong now, and she could pinpoint exactly where it was coming from inside the house. Good thing too, because her belly was ready to wake up half of Equestria with how it was roaring to be stuffed with treats.

She followed the smell through a wide doorway, into a huge room. There was a warm glow from overhead candlelight, some paintings on the wall, the biggest dining table she'd ever seen and completely covered in every conceivable kind of dessert, some nick-nacks on the shelves-

*Wait, what?*

Midnight did a double take. Rubbed her eyes and shook her head. She certainly was not hallucinating. Right before her was an enormous dining table, the size that you'd need to host a banquet at Canterlot Castle. On top of it was something out of a dietitian's nightmare. Plates, platters and bowls were strewn across the tabletop, all filled with cupcakes, chocolate-fudge cakes with at least three layers, thick chocolate pudding, stacks of plump sugary doughnuts, pyramids of chocolate-chip cookies, and all other types of delights that sent the gluttonous bat pony's mouth dribbling. The combined smells of each dish was like an orchestra playing the sweetest melody to her sinuses.

"Sweet Luna above," she gasped, smacking her lips. She grabbed a cookie off the top of the pille with the crook of her wing. "I'm sure nopony would miss just one..."

With a single bite, her eyelids shot open, pupils dilated. The dough and chips made sweet love to her taste buds as she grabbed another cookie. Then another. And another. Then a cupcake next. Maybe some of that ice cream. That pudding looked delicious as well.

"Oooh, is that chocolate milk?" she burped, grabbing a pitcher.

Midnight ate and ate and ate, shovelling and pouring treats into her greedy maw, which was increasingly coated in chocolate sauce, crumbs and ice cream. Her stomach puffed out rounder and rounder the more she ate, filling out her lap as she sat in wooden chair. For a moment she thought she heard the creaking of wood, but was too busy stuffing her face to think about it. Everything was such a blur of sweetness, and she had lost all track of time and restraint.

But time didn't matter anymore, did it. No, food mattered. *Her* food, all for her. Restraint was for those who didn't understand the joys of food. But she did, and she was taking full advantage.

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The warm air of the dining room rippled with a loud, wet belch as Midnight set down the final platter. Bowls and plates stacked up all over the table, all emptied and licked clean. Midnight sat back in her seat, white-socked hooves contentedly patting the grey, fluffy dome that was her stomach.

"Now *this* is a treat," she mumbled with a smile, and let out a hiccup. The sudden jolt was the last straw for her poor chair, which finally collapsed beneath its occupant's immense bulk into a mess of wood. "Oof! And I guess - *urp*, oof - that was my trick..."

Unbeknownst to the greedy mare, that was not her only trick. Her chair didn't just collapse from all the new weight thanks to the food in her stomach, but most of those sugary calories had already begun digesting during her feast. Her flanks had puffed out enough to need at least three chairs to fit them. Her cutie mark had stretched out to fit its new space. Her legs had all bloated into tree trunks, thick rolls around her knees and ankles. Her back was a mess of creases and crevices of blubber. Her face was a round mass of chubby cheeks and chins, atop a thick neck. With each slight momement, her body jiggled and rippled with its new layers of blubber. Her wings twitched and fluttered uselessly.

And yet...

"Nuts, none left," she grumbled. "I'm still kinda hungry..."

"I get that a lot~" a new, older mare's voice sounded from behind. Midnight's ears pricked up and she tried to look behind her. Her oversized neck made it almost impossible.

"Huh?" the bat pony gasped. "Who's there?"

"The pony you have to thank for your little snack~"

The voice's owner thankfully walked around into Midnight's line of sight. It was a mare; an adult unicorn with a darker coat than the bat pony's, and her lavender mane flowing down from her crooked witch's hat. Her round, foal-bearing flanks sported the cutie mark of a cauldron, a lollipop sticking out from some pink liquid inside. Her light-blue eyes locked onto Midnight's, lowered eyelids combining with a smirk to give her an air of mischief.

"My name is Spellbound," the mare said. "I own this cottage you made yourself home inside, and I baked the treats you helped yourself to~"

"Oh," was all Midnight could think to say for a moment. "S-sorry, I just smelled something really good, and-"

"Never worry, dear," Spellbound interrupted, lifting a hoof. "I *was* saving that feast for somepony else, but I can always make more~"

Midnight felt a wave of relief, which was shaken as the older mare put that same hoof onto her ballooned belly, making her chubby cheeks flush pink.

"Besides," she went on, "how can I look at somepony who's just eaten so much of my baking, and not take it as a compliment? Especially somepony with such a healthy appetite as yours, Midnight Blossom~"

Midnight's eyes widened. "H-how do you...?"

"I make it a point to learn the names of all the big eaters in the area," the witch mare explained. "I've had my eye on you all night~"

Before Midnight could understandably question anything Spellbound was saying, she saw her body was coated in a purple magical aura. She felt lighter all of a sudden, and she watched as she was lifted off the ground, despite her wings not moving. Though, they were far too small to carry such a bulk. So the massive mare could only watch as she was carried away from the table, the witch following behind her as she carried her.

"Nightmare Night is my favourite time of year, you know," she said, carrying Midnight up some stairs. "The darkness and spookiness, all those ponies in the town indulging on candy and sweets, all the eager little trick-or-treaters. It's intoxicating~"

Midnight suddenly began to ponder where these stairs led to, since she was sure the cottage was only one floor when she saw it from the outside. The roof looked too low for there to be a second floor, so how...?

"I saw you in the marketplace," she went on. "What a performance! There are too few ponies willing to display their appetites in public. I would have invited you to my stall for some free chocolate, had you not disappeared~"

Midnight's eyes widened again, remembering something she'd heard before, and looked at the witch.

"Ah, you've heard the rumour too," said Spellbound. "Well, I think we should keep the truth just between us, hm? That little mystery keeps bringing curious passers-by to my home, and I do love some new victi- I mean, guests~"

A door on the landing opened with magic, and Midnight was squeezed into quite a comfortably decorated room, with a huge four-poster bed with red sheets. Midnight was floated over to it and gently set down, propped up against the soft headboard. Spellbound slowly approached, and in a few purple flashes of light, Midnight saw a plate of cookies, a platter of fudge brownies, and a huge triple-chocolate cake floating through the air toward her.

"I hope you're ready for your Midnight snack~" she purred.

Midnight simply licked her lips, an animalistic lust in her eyes as she stared at the treats approaching her. As soon as they were set down, her expansive belly used as a table, she shovelled into her mouth as much as she could at one time.

"There's a good girl~" giggled the witch. "Now, I'm expecting a sneaky little colt and filly who stole candy from the Nightmare Night statue, so I'll be busy downstairs. I'm sure you'll be okay on your own up here with my special self-refilling plates, yes~?"

She was answered by a loud chomp, then a wet belch. She smirked and left the room, closing the door behind her.

Once again, everything around Midnight was a haze. Her world became nothing but a deluge of batter, dough and chocolate swarming into her mouth. She couldn't stop. She *wouldn't* stop. She wanted more. She *needed* more. ***MORE***...

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Midnight let out a long yawn, her eyes adjusting to the light of the new day. She was in her bedroom, as usual. Not in a strange cottage in the White Tail Woods with a witch, right? Yes, she was at home.

"Phew," she sighed, "what a weird dream. I probably shouldn't have so much cookie-dough ice cream before bed."

She dismissed it with a shrug and rolled herself off the bed.

"Oof!" she grunted, watching the room bounce up and down and hearing a strange gurgling noise from below. She looked down and saw the curvature of a massive, grey body. She moved her legs, but couldn't feel the floor. Only something warm and soft. She patted it, and felt herself wobble for a moment.

"Uh oh."