The ponies trembled as Nightmare Moon took a tremoring step toward them. Lightning flashed down from the swirling black clouds in the night sky. The ponies were lucky no bolts came close to them, but the force of darkness still loomed over them with glowing, featureless eyes. Manes were blown this way and that from the howling winds.

“**CITIZENS OF PONYVILLE**,” she bellowed in an otherworldly, almost demonic voice, razor-sharp fangs aglow in the dark, “**YOUR DECISION WAS A WISE ONE. THIS OFFERING PLEASES ME, THEREFORE YOU MAY KEEP YOUR LIVES FOR ONE MORE YEAR. *NOW BEGONE, BEFORE I CHANGE MY MIND!***”

A crash of thunder punctuated her threat. The ponies squealed in terror and fled from the forest clearing. Once she was alone, Nightmare Moon could overhear the crowd murmuring from the trees.

“Whoa, Mom wasn’t kidding,” said a filly. “That was *awesome*!”

“No kidding,” agreed a colt. “The real Nightmare Moon is way scarier than in the stories.”

“Gets me every single year,” an older mare panted. “Princess Luna hasn’t lost a step.”

Nightmare Moon glowed with a soft light, and shrunk in size to become the far less imposing Luna. With a satisfied smirk, she spat the fake fangs into her hoof, using her magic to send them away with a flash.

“Princess Luna!” she heard, and spotted the same filly’s head poking out from the bushes, along with some other foals who waved in her direction. “That was so cool! I hope you’ll do it again next year!”

“I dare not miss it,” Luna said, and added with a grin, “and nor should any of you.”

She chuckled as the kids scurried back to their group. It had been a decade or so since she was a true princess, she and her sister having retired to allow Princess Twilight Sparkle to take charge of Equestria, but she certainly didn’t mind still being referred to as *Princess* Luna. It had quite a ring to it, if she said so herself.

Of course, while retirement came with the perks of freedom of responsibility and all the relaxation time she could want, she was plagued by a horrible demon known as Boredom. While she still had her duty of travelling the Dream Realm to repel nightmares from her former subjects’ slumber every night, she found herself with more energy to rise earlier in the evenings, and sometimes in the afternoons. She had already familiarised herself with the strange and wonderful worlds of the post office, the supermarket and the bank, so she found herself craving new thrills.

One way she found to entertain herself was to insert herself into Equestria’s Nightmare Night festivities. Ponyville had begun a tradition to leave a piece or two of candy by the old statue of her former alter ego, Nightmare Moon. It was said that the candy offerings, if they pleased her, would stop the dark force of gobbling up the ponies in the town. Luna thought it was preposterous, but she wasn’t about to complain. When she began putting on the act, word of mouth spread across Equestria, and soon almost every settlement in the realm was getting in on it.

That meant an enormous pile of candy all for her to enjoy.

She looked down at the pile of sweets at her hooves and grinned eagerly as she conjured a sack to stuff them into.

“Candied apples, gumballs, chocolate bars… ooh, some small fudge brownies!” Luna’s tongue slid across her lips. “Such a bounty! This new generation is quite generous.”

She used her magic to create a dark portal and stepped into it. She made sure her sack could carry a lot more than it looked; she had a *lot* of stops to make that night.

[hr]

Celestia looked up from her book as a dark portal opened next to her, and Luna stepped through, looking quite pleased with herself. A sack floated in behind her, covered in a dark blue aura.

“Looks like you had fun,” said Celestia.

“I did,” Luna smirked. “Nightmare Night has become my favourite time of year! Ahh, ‘tis a shame I’m too old for trick or treating; could you imagine if a pony opened the door to see Nightmare Moon demanding candy?” She giggled into her hoof.

“You’d have quite a workload in the Dream Realm if you did that,” Celestia remarked. “Besides, I believe Pinkie Pie still takes her foals trick or treating.”

“Pinkie Pie is not over a thousand years old, sister,” Luna pointed out.

Celestia scoffed and waved a hoof. “Age is just a number, Luna. Remember it wasn’t that long ago that we both went ziplining!”

“I will never forget,” Luna grumbled, rolling her eyes. “Nor will I forgive you.”

Celestia giggled. “Oh, you enjoyed it really.”

Even in retirement Celestia still had the air of a princess about her, with her trim figure, snowy white coat and flowing rainbow mane. It was still a little strange to see her sitting in the Silver Shoals Retirement Home without her crown, instead of delegating from her throne up in Canterlot Castle.

Still, it was a welcome reprieve for both alicorns, Luna especially. The former Princess of the Night was a lot more casual in her appearance, wearing a black hoodie with the logo of the band *Dethklop*. It had started filling out in recent years, as the luxuries of no more commitments and a lot more indulgence had taken a toll on her once-slim body.

“Better be careful with all that candy, Luna,” Celestia chuckled, reaching a hoof over to tickle under her sister’s jaw. “I think I see a second chin!”

“You jest, sister,” Luna huffed, swatting the hoof away, “but do not forget that a fuller figure was once considered attractive by all!”

“Not since the post-Discord era,” Celestia reminded her. “It took me almost a *year* to work off all that chocolate rain.”

“Ah, but we are in peacetime now, sister,” Luna grinned. “We can afford to let ourselves go just a little. Besides, the more candy for me, the less sugary nightmares to fight later.”

“I suppose so,” Celestia agreed, and with a golden glow of her horn, a small bowl appeared by her side. “I’ll take some then. But no coconut.”

“No promises,” Luna muttered, levitating some candy into the bowl. “I have yet to sort them first.”

“And how are you going to sort them?”

Luna grinned and rubbed her soft belly. “Why, in order of which kind I will eat first, of course!”

With a titter, the dark blue alicorn pranced down the hall to her apartment, leaving her sister in the lounge. Her soft stomach and rump bounced with each step, to Celestia’s amusement.

“I have a feeling we’ll have a full moon tonight,” she muttered to herself.

[hr]

While Luna’s Silver Shoals apartment had framed photos of her with her sister and loved ones on the shelf, the collection of posters depicting various video games and metal bands, plus the games systems connected to the TV, set her apart from the more elderly residents. Technology had marched on since her retirement and Luna had her hoof firmly on its pulse, helping herself to all sorts of magic-powered entertainment devices. She had plenty of time to herself these days, now that she had fewer duties to tend to.

At the moment, though, she was sitting on the rug sorting the collection of candy she’d looted for herself from across Equestria. It wasn’t stealing if it was for her alter ego, after all.

“Chocolate bars, cookies, small cakes, gummy treats,” she murmured, tapping a hoof on each pile as she went. “Chocolate bars with coconut… for Celestia.” She smirked.

She found herself surrounded by neat piles of treats, and she clapped her hooves with glee. “Such a collection! That dark side of mine has its uses after all. I’ve always wanted to be a part of an Equestrian tradition that *wasn’t* to do with me being a princess.”

*Grrruuuurrrrgle…*

The alicorn looked down, her pooching stomach gurgling to voice its dissatisfaction with just *looking* at so much candy.

“And I’ve also always wanted to eat so much candy by myself,” she snickered, rubbing her hooves together. “I am most certain my metabolism will be more than enough to handle it.”

She looked around at her collection, licking her muzzle. “Now, where to begin? Perhaps I shall try one of each, then I will decide which one sounds best from there.”

With that, she used her magic to free a small chocolate bar from its wrapper and pop it in her mouth. She smiled at the smooth creamy taste, swallowing it as she lifted up a fudge-filled chocolate cookie. Then a piece of frosted strawberry cheesecake, followed by a bag of gummy ursa minors.

She gulped and allowed herself a little moan. “It is still difficult to decide… perhaps another round.”

And so she had another round, but she still couldn’t make up her mind. So she had another. And then another. And another, and another, and another…

The next thing Luna knew, she was surrounded by empty bags and wrappers, nursing an aching stomach. Her taste buds were caught in a flurry of chocolate, frosting and gum. A burp escaped her as she carefully rubbed her swollen stomach, which gurgled and groaned in protest of how much was packed inside.

“Perhaps my metabolism is a bit out of practice,” she groaned, awkwardly pulling her spherical middle onto her bed. “Oh, mother of me… I shall need a small reprieve before I tend to my duties in the Dream Realm.”

She laid on her side, finding it the most comfortable position for her aching stomach, and let out a yawn as her eyelids began to flutter. Despite how much sugar was inside her, she was incredibly drowsy.

“Just… a small nap…”

[hr]

Luna groaned and her eyelids were heavy. Her vision focused and she yawned as she looked around. This didn’t look like her room… in fact, it didn’t look like Silver Shoals at all. It was dark, but there was just enough light to make a few things out. She was sitting at a table in the centre of a large space, where she could see a counter, a collection of cakes and pies in the display windows. The decor was very colourful, a lot of cute browns and pinks, like a gingerbread house.

“Is this… Sugarcube Corner?” she murmured, rubbing her face with her hooves. “How did I get to Ponyville…?”

Her nose twitched as she caught the whiff of something warm and sweet nearby. So nearby that it was on the table before her. A large, three-layer chocolate fudge cake! Had that always been there? Was it for her?

“Hello? Anypony?” her voice echoed through the empty store. “Would this dessert happen to be for me?”

No answer. That was to be expected, as it seemed to be after hours. She could only assume it had been left for her.

“No silverware?” she thought aloud, tilting her head. “Oh well, nopony is here to see me.” With a greedy titter, she opened wide and lunged.

**CHOMP!**

She tasted nothing. She opened her eyes and blinked when she saw no cake in front of her. Had she imagined it?

“Just can’t get enough, can you?” a voice scoffed. Luna looked around, and flinched when she saw the cake floating right in front of her nose. Its middle layer moved as it said, “All that candy and you want a nice frosty chaser, huh?”

Luna, however, was unphased. “This Nightmare Night prank is elaborate, but in poor taste.” She went for another bite, but the cake swiftly backed away. “And speaking of taste, I would like one, if that is not too much trouble.”

“Of course you would,” mocked the cake. Luna could swear she saw something move in the corner of her eye. “That’s all you do anymore; eat, eat, eat.”

“That is a blatant exaggeration,” Luna huffed, puffing out her cheeks. “I have plenty of things to keep me occupied through the d--AGH!” She lifted her hind leg when she felt something prodding her right in the cutie mark.

She turned around to look at the perpetrator. A stack of gummy ponies looked back at her. She yelped and backed away from them.

“I-I never gave you permission to touch!” she snapped, then blinked and looked back at her flank. She was certain it was not as large as this earlier in the day.

Her backside looked wide and round enough to plug a doorway. Her legs, once slender, were now thick with rolls covering her knees. Her stomach was a round barrel and her once-narrow face was now soft with a pair of chubby cheeks that she squished with her hooves.

“What sorcery is this?!” she gasped. She watched as the cake and the legion of gummy ponies approached, now being accompanied by the likes of pies, crumbles, fritters, cupcakes and milkshakes.

“No sorcery,” the cake sneered. “This is just who you are. A lazy, greedy blob of a has-been princess who has nothing better to do but to stuff her fat face!”

“I have better control over my urges than you think,” Luna argued. She shuddered as her stomach let out a mighty roar of hunger. The living treats giggled as her chubby cheeks flushed pink.

“Yeah,” one of the gummy ponies squeaked, “you sound *really* composed.”

“I warn you,” the alicorn growled, “I may not be a princess anymore, but I still have more power than you could ever imagine!”

“Not enough power to stop yourself from eating me,” remarked a large strawberry pie that Luna suddenly had wrapped in her magic and was about to bite into. She caught herself and pushed it away.

“I-I changed my mind,” she decided, turning to waddle toward the door. “I’m not hungry anymore.”

She went to reach for the handle, but a large, pony-shaped monster made of vanilla ice cream, with a chocolate sauce mane and eyes made of sprinkles, dropped from the ceiling and made her reel her hoof back. It gurgled an imposing, yet almost mocking growl at her.

“Oh, we think you’re *very* hungry,” snickered a tall glass of chocolate shake. “And if there’s one thing a hungry pony should do, it’s eat.”

Luna opened her mouth to protest, but it was quickly filled by a large cookie. She wanted to spit it out, and she tried to, but she could only bring herself to chew and swallow. She barely protested as another floated past her jaw, then another, and another.

A tremor travelled through the floor as Luna’s flanks flopped down, her large body wobbling from the impact. Her front hooves rested on her stomach as more and more treats filled it up, making it grow bigger and fatter with every few gulps.

“Try me next,” said a strawberry cream pie.

“No, me next,” demanded chocolate-vanilla pudding.

“Me!” snapped a platter of cupcakes.

“Please, one at a time,” Luna mumbled. She was losing herself, but the small part inside her that was still fighting was getting engulfed by a mound of sugary lard more and more by the second.

She was also losing her figure. While she was already a sphere, she was starting to abandon all sense of shape. Her belly sagged out larger and larger, spilling onto the floor and forcing her hind legs to splay out. All four legs grew more and more akin to tree trunks, the folds over her knees growing thicker.

Her flanks took up more and more of the wooden floor, her cutie marks stretching out to fill up the new space. She could feel her new double-chin bouncing as she chewed mouthful after mouthful. Her cheeks and neck fat spilled out more and more, sloping onto her shoulders.

But still she ate, and snacked, and munched, and devoured. And she washed it all down with gallons of mlkshakes.

“Feels good, doesn't it?” the huge fudge cake asked. “Sitting on your fat flanks and eating all day and night long…”

“Oh yes,” Luna mumbled, spilling crumbs onto her saggy dome of a gut. “It’s quite like a *dream*!”

“Well, let’s get you nice and immobile,” it snickered, floating toward her open mouth. “No need to move when you have nowhere to go, yes?”

*Wait, a dream? Wait, of course this is a dream! Where I have power!*

Her eyes focused. She blasted the cake back with a magic beam and rolled onto her hooves. Her belly kissed the ground, squashing against her legs. She burped and huffed as she slowly turned in place, facing the door and the ice cream pony monster still guarding it. Her horn glowed, and a blast of fire shot from the tip quickly melting the beast. Once it was finished, she splashed through the puddle and threw the door open, revealing a portal.

“Farewell, figments,” she gasped, waddling through.

Her front half made it through into the Dream Realm, but that was as far as she got. Her front legs were as slim as ever once again, but some tightness was keeping her stuck in her dream. While she was normal outside, inside the dream, her backside was still as huge as ever, wedged into the doorway. She grunted, her hind legs kicking helplessly.

She yelped as she felt something tugging on her tail and back hooves. “Oh no you don’t!” She used her magic to wrap an aura around her rump in an attempt to squash it through. “I have a duty to perform…!”

*creeeeaaaaaaak...****POP****!*

“Oof!” Luna grunted as she flopped out into the Dream Realm. She looked behind her, seeing her rump as small as it was when she went to sleep. Still rather jiggly, but easily manageable. From the orb she escaped from, she could see cakes and pies with faces resembling jack-o-lanterns sneering at her. She allowed herself a juvenile display of sticking her tongue out at them.

“No more piles of candy before bed,” she murmured to herself, shaking her head. “Oh, who am I kidding? I tell myself this every year.”

Her ears pricked up as she could feel a disturbance from another dream. One that felt similar to her own nightmare. She stood up and stretched her legs.

“Time for me to work off some calories.”