The Apple Does Fall Hard for the Tree

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Summary

(Work-in-progress. Keep watching this space for new chapters!)

After failing to successfully hibernate as her bear friends do, Fluttershy finds herself quite pudgy, and not really averse to being so. Her eating habits before and during her hibernation attempt have also left her with quite the appetite, and who better to purchase good filling food from (without having to brave the center of town) but the Apple family?

In turn, Applejack finds herself unaccountably attracted to Fluttershy with her new softness, the affection and loyalty of friendship bleeding through into something stronger, heavily spiced with lust. Can she balance her love for her friend with this new craving for her body?
Me oh my, I love pie!

The sun had just about reached its zenith when Applejack heard the tinny clatter of the lunch bell at the farm house. She gave the tree she'd been bucking one last kick, then knocked the heaping bushel basket onto her back before trotting towards the tempting scent of cider and who knew what else. Trotting beneath the shade of the trees, a soft breeze rolled across her coat, cooling the light sweat she'd worked up.

~A pony's gotta enjoy lil moments like these,~ she thought to herself. Applejack reveled in the moment of pleasant breeze, sun-dappled shadow, and the crisp scent of ripe apples, and nearly ran nose-first into Fluttershy, lurking at the treeline overlooking Sweet Apple Acres' grazing meadow.

"Whoa nelly! Hey there sugar cube, what're you doin'? Playing hide and seek with Applebloom or the critters?" She grinned, the expression so natural her face simply relaxed into it.

Fluttershy mantled her wings about herself, meeting AJ's eyes only a moment before studying the grass and leaves. "N-no. I came by t-to..." With every word her nose dropped further towards the ground, pastel pink mane curtaining off more of her face.

Applejack flicked an ear, nonplussed. Fluttershy had come a long ways since she'd first met the cripplingly-shy pony, and this was a rare flicker of the old 'Shy. She almost never acted this way with her five closest friends anymore, and seldom even with her other Ponyville neighbors.
"Fluttershy, are you alright? Yer actin' a mite strange today."

"APPLEJAAAAACK! LUUUUUUUUUUUUUUNCH!" Applebloom hollered at the top of her tiny lungs from barely six feet away, almost teetering over from the force she was putting into the yell. She blinked when she spotted AJ standing just within the shadows of the orchard, her big sister's ears clamped down against her head. "Oh, there you ahrr. There's a scrumptious salad waitin' and one of Granny Smith's pies! C'mon!"

With a flounce of mane and tail, Applebloom galloped away, leaving AJ to roll her eyes and blow a strand of mane back into place.

"As I was sayin' before," she sighed, turning back to her friend, only to find Fluttershy on her back with all four legs in the air, rigid as a statue. That wasn't new; the timid pony had gone into shock around loud noises before. What was different was the big plush swell of tummy Fluttershy was sporting. The mound of buttercup-yellow pony pudge was hemmed in by her four legs, and AJ was shocked she hadn't noticed it, until she remembered how 'Shy had been holding her wings.

"Oh, sweetie, you don't have to go back to bein' a shrinkin' violet just because you put on a little weight."

"Eek."

Applejack blinked. "Ooookay. Ah've never seen a pony turn into a ball that fast before. Your hedgepig friends must be giving you lessons!" She gave her bushel of apples a bounce, sending it arcing up and off onto the grass without spilling a single apple, before settling down on her stomach beside her friend.

"Fluttershy, I think your tummy is cute. Would I lie to you? Think of who's askin' you that,
now."

From amongst the ball of pegasus feathers and pink mane, one blue eye blinked up at AJ. "D-do you really think so?"

"Ah do," she drawled firmly, and drew a fetlocked hoof across Fluttershy's head, between her ears. "The second ah saw it, the first thing that popped into my head was 'I wanna rub that belly.'"

Fluttershy giggled, and slowly uncurled from her ball. Now that she was looking for it, AJ could see she was a bit thicker all over. 'Shy had always been just a bit soft in the rump, but that was rather pronounced now, plush cheeks smothering each other as they fought for room beneath the pink cascade of her tail. Fluttershy's legs had all grown a bit plumper, as had her neck, and it took a smile to show off the new chubbiness of her cheeks.

"I, um, came by to buy pies actually, but...I really didn't want anyone to..." She poked the front curve of her belly with a forehoof, the soft-coated plushness yielding at the pressure.

"Sugar cube, it's alright, the Apple family isn't going to make fun of you for gainin' some weight. Heck, Granny Smith'll be proud of you! You know how she goes on about us runnin' around with no meat on our flanks." Applejack winked, and coaxed another smile from the pegasus.

"I, I suppose."

"Here, I'll walk with you. You'll join us for lunch, then I'll help you pack up your pies for the trot home."

Fluttershy nodded, though familiar signs of nerves had returned. Her ears were nearly lost in her mane, almost pinned to her head, and her wings stayed glued tightly to her back. She crowded AJ a bit as they crossed the grass towards the table spread with the Apple family's lunch, and it was plain 'Shy hadn't adjusted to her new size yet. Her soft flank pressed against Applejack, and the rustic pony felt warmth rising in her cheeks.

~Tarnation and taters, it's just Fluttershy. Settle down, girl. Still, wish she'd move on ahead a tad so I could get a better look at that...~ AJ almost stopped cold, but managed to turn it into a simple stumble and keep trotting on. Before she could figure out where these wild thoughts were welling up from all of a sudden, they'd reached the table and friendly voices were folding the two in an auditory hug of welcome. In seconds she and 'Shy had big bowls of Waldorf salad in front of them and tall glasses of dark, sweet cider. Three enormous steaming pies were spaced along the table, and baskets of fresh apples were everywhere of course.

Fluttershy nibbled daintily at her salad at first, but seeing how AJ dug in with obvious appetite, she soon followed suit. While AJ passed on the pie, opting for a granny-smith apple instead, Fluttershy let Applebloom ply her with piece after piece of the sweet, cinnamon-sprinkled pastry until there was none left on the table to offer. When the two ponies shoved back from the table, the motion stirred a heavy belch from 'Shy's depths, leaving a blush burning on her cheeks. The Apples still at the table only applauded, and Granny Smith took a shaky bow.

"Glaaaaad you enjoyed, child! C'mon back anytime, glad to have ya!"

"T-thank you everyone. I'd, um, love to buy some pies to, um, share with my friends tonight."

AJ had to hide her grin as Fluttershy's blush deepened to match many of the apples at the table.
Bits changed hooves, and Fluttershy soon took possession of a dozen deep-dish apple pies, spread across three baskets. With a bit of rope, AJ helped sling two over her back, and the last 'Shy took in her teeth.

"I'll walk you back, hon. The apples can hold on a mite longer."

Fluttershy bobbed her head awkwardly, and set off for her cottage at a surprisingly brisk pace. It took a few minutes of trotting along beside her before Applejack deduced the reason for her speed.

~Good golly, she's still hungry, and those pies right under her nose are a stick'n carrot!~ She let the grin show this time, then gradually let 'Shy pull ahead to get a good look at the grounded pegasus in motion. Her belly bounced, slow waves rolling along her sides with each beat of her gait. That rump of hers jiggled richly, flirting with AJ's gaze from beneath the obscuring waterfall of pink tail. If 'Shy noticed AJ falling behind or gawking, she gave no sign, her eyes (or at least nose and mind) on the prize.

When they reached the cottage, Fluttershy pushed right inside and shed the pies. AJ followed her in, and gaped at the interior. What had once been spotless and cozy had deteriorated into...well, the term 'den' fit the place best at that point. The windows had been curtained with heavy velvet, and dried or canned food overfilled the kitchen cupboards. Fluttershy's bed had been moved downstairs, extra blankets piled upon it.

"You, uh, been doin' some redecorating hon?" Applejack asked, peeking at the titles of some books stacked near the front wall. Most were cookbooks, and the others seemed to be naturalist guides.

"Um, not exactly? My bear friend Ursula heard me worrying about wrinkled withers, and told me I should try hibernation. She says it's wonderfully rejuvenating. So I found sitters for Angel and my other little friends, and gave it a try." Fluttershy tried to sound casual about the whole thing while she carried a pie atop her head into the kitchen, and set it on the counter.

Applejack blinked at her, and took a few steps closer while the pegasus cut a big wedge out of the pie. The scent of cinnamon and caramelized apples spiked the air. "Have you been, uh, asleep for the past few weeks, then?"

Fluttershy blushed gently, and wagged her head. "Not...not quite. I kept waking up after a day or so, starving! I ate until I wanted to burst, and being so full made me sleepy, so I'd crawl back into bed. Um, that, um, kept...happening. I got a little better at staying asleep, but not by much. When I decided to give up, I trotted upstairs to find a bow, and saw myself in a mirror for the first time in three weeks."

Applejack was there when Fluttershy's head began to droop, the orange mare nuzzling her friend along her softened cheek and neck.

"Sweetness, you are gorgeous, and cute as a button from nose to tail. If you want to slim down, I'll help you; you won't have to ask Rainbow," she winked, and grinned as 'Shy shuddered at the thought of being at Dash's mercy. "but..."

~AJ, what are you doing?~
"Only change for your own sake, not 'cuz of what other ponies might think or say. How do you feel?" Applejack swallowed, and inside, scorned herself. It wasn't right to give her a push in this direction. It was all well and good to say that other ponies' opinions didn't matter, but this was Fluttershy, who could be crushed with a glance! She didn't need any handicaps in the social arena.

"I feel...really good," she whispered, so low AJ could barely hear her. "I love being...soft. It matches how I am inside, do you see?" She smiled, looking up to meet Applejack's surprised gaze. "A-and, um, n-no, you don't want to hear that," she laughed breathlessly, shaking her head and sending little wisps of her mane floating up from the rest.

"Go ooooooon," she grinned, outwardly just goading her friend, but inside hanging on every word. AJ had no idea why softened 'Shy was was having this effect on her, but she wasn't willing to break away and retreat. Instead she stayed, basking in the growing heat her pegasus friend was kindling in her.

"It feels naughty to be so big and plush...and to keep eating so much," 'Shy confessed, cheeks and even the insides of her ears burning. "Part of me wants to stop, but it's a very, very small part."

Applejack leaned over and fished a fork from the drawer beneath the counter, and an elastic band from a tray beside the flatware. Strapping the fork to one hoof, she dug into the big wedge of pie, splitting off the gooey tip. Applejack raised the morsel towards Fluttershy's lips, the spiced apples and golden crust glistening. "I don't think you should stop," she whispered, eyes half-lidded. "I really, really like seeing you this way, sugar cube. Too much, probably." AJ chuckled, letting her eyes roll off of 'Shy's and down towards the floor. She felt the bite of pie vanish from the fork, before the butter-colored pony slipped past her.

~Probably on her way to open the door and ask me to leave.~

Instead Fluttershy drew herself alongside her friend, raising her wings, and leaned into AJ, letting her rounded flank press into and mold against the other mare's side. Her downy wing drifted down slowly, uncertainly, before settling atop Applejack's back. "Really?" She whispered, and with every inhalation the plush pony took, her fattened flank swelled against AJ's bulk.

"Honest, hon, cross my heart. Seeing you plumped up, pretty as ever, it's makin' me want things I never really thought about." Applejack lifted a hoof, and after one false start, drew her fringe of fetlocks along Fluttershy's cutie-mark in a slow caress.

Fluttershy whimpered, the sound hardly escaping her snugly-clamped lips. "AJ, you have no idea what it's been like the last few days. I can't stop touching myself. Every hour, every minute I wanted—needed someone else to touch me, but---" She just turned her head to brush her soft cheek along Applejack's rump, the caress sending a sharp electric tingle racing up the earth pony's spine.

The orange mare returned the caress, a hot pant of breath escaping her lips as she felt the pillowy warmth of 'Shy's rear yield beneath the pressure of her muzzle. She gave her friend a gentle nibble, and was rewarded with an instant hike of that massive pink tail. The slightest slick sound registered as Fluttershy's thick half-moons flexed, and Applejack didn't bother holding back a croon of delight. Fluttershy was wet, her hidden folds loosing their nectar into the deep cleft of that glorious ass. Applejack was moist herself, and growing more-so by the second, which Fluttershy had plainly discovered if the gush of hot breath across her far more-accessible pussy was any indication.

"I-is it...? May I?" She whispered, her velvety nose resting against the muscled curve of AJ's
rump.

~YES, gods yes, go wild darlin'!~ This was starting to feel dream-like, but in that rare sense when everything flowed just the way she wanted and no one and nothing resisted her will. Applejack tested the fabric of apparent reality.

"No."
Chapter Summary

AJ talks things out with Fluttershy, and the two head out on a date.

Fluttershy immediately began backpedaling and wilting, collapsing in on herself amidst a miserable chant of “Sorrysorrysorrysorry--” but Applejack had expected that, and was ready with a pounce before the poor butter-colored mare could try and stuff herself under the couch.

“Fluttershy, I want to, you pro'ly don't know how much I do, but...you're actin' like a mare in heat, and t'ain't fair of me to take advantage of that.” She felt ridiculous reciting this little speech, sprawled across 'Shy's lusciously plush body, pinning her to the rug, one of her forelegs securing each of the pegasus'.

Fluttershy whimpered and squirmed beneath her, doing nothing to ease the ache in AJ's driibbling sex. “I kn-know what I want! What I need!” A hint of 'New Fluttershy' crept into her voice, assertive and demanding. “You're right here and you-you-you want me or...you say you do,” her voice softened, trailing down into a range so quiet AJ had to guess at every other word. “What could you be waiting for?” She squeaked at last, eyes squeezing shut, forcing a hot tear out of the corner of each.

It cracked Applejack's heart to see that, and she ducked her head down to cover 'Shy's lips with her own, head tipped to one side, allowing one pony muzzle to mesh with the other. Fluttershy's mouth was frozen and unresponsive for all of a second, before ravenous passion drove her back against AJ. She kissed the sweet pegasus as long as she dared, soft flexible lips massaging one another, wet tongues thrusting and swirling, before the pair separated with a gasp.

“S-Shy darlin', I'm gonna treat you like you deserve, and give you a proper chance to choose me, not just take me 'cuz I'm here, and convenient an'all.” She saw Fluttershy's eyes fill with hurt and her mouth open, brimming with protests. She covered her moist lips with a hoof. “I don't think I want just a fling with you, sugar cube. Call me greedy, but I want more, a lot more, and I don't think we oughta start this way if we want to build anything that'll last.”

Fluttershy's eyes grew wider by the second as AJ spoke, and the orange mare could swear her cheeks were about to catch fire by the time she finished. “You...want to date me, Applejack?”

“Call me old fashioned,” she sighed, gingerly lifting her other hoof from its pin against Fluttershy's and rolling onto her back beside the other mare. “Whaddaya say, 'Shy honey?” AJ turned her gaze from the ceiling towards her friend, only to find her lips brushed right into place for another kiss.

“Pick me up at six.” Fluttershy sighed the words over Applejack's nose and lips, longing warring with impatience in her voice. “Now, you'd better go. I have some pie to eat, and I d-don't know if we'd be able to...” Flutter's blush spread down her neck and up to her ears.

Applejack nodded in a bit of an orange and blonde blur, scrambling up and searching for her hat. “I reckon yer right hon; I don't know if our self control would outlast a dessert binge like that. I'll see
you in a few hours!” She scooped up her fallen hat, jammed it on her head, then swung about to give 'Shy's cheek a tender brush of a hoof. “I'm...I'm right-glad you stopped by the farm t'day, 'Shy. Really opened my eyes to a lot, some things I should have noticed a long time ago.”

Before Fluttershy's blush could creep any further down her coat, AJ grinned, and slipped outside into the autumn afternoon.

Fluttershy was half up to her ears in the second pie when a knock on the door startled her upright, sugary apple goo shining on her face and crumbs of crust sifting off her chin. A quick swipe of her tongue took care of a lot of the mess, and a hoofed cloth finished the job before she raced to the door, heart thudding hard against her ribs.

~Is that AJ? Back so soon? D-did she...change her mind?~ Thoughts of dread warred with the excitement of seeing her special friend again, as she opened the door. Spike stood there, paw raised to knock again. Behind him sat a wagon piled high with cages of various sizes.

“Oh, there you are Fluttershy! I'm glad you're awake. Um, I hate to do this to you, but Twilight and I have been called away to Canterlot on urgent business, and we can't watch the animals the last week you'd asked us to.” Spike spread his talons helplessly. “I wish I could stay to help you unload, but we need to leave now, so...um, bye!”

“G-goodbye Spike...” 'Shy called softly to his rapidly retreating tail, before turning her attention on the wagon. It would take hours to properly unload and re-house her animal friends, so she'd better get started. Various squawks, chirps, barks and chitters chorused from the cages as she drew near.

“Oh, I missed you too my friends. Let's get you back into your homes so you can relax.” The sun rolled inexorably towards the horizon, six o'clock drawing closer, and 'Shy hadn't even gotten a start on getting ready for her date. ~I guess that quick trip to the spa is out.~

Applejack was right on time, and Fluttershy was so frazzled she actually considered playing sick for a moment. When she knocked again...the last blow hesitant instead of louder, 'Shy shook her head and flew across the living room, throwing open the door.

AJ stood there, resplendent in an especially cute little vest Rarity had made her a few months back (“For rodeos!” the fashionista had crowed, and no one had the heart to tell her such fine clothes wouldn't hold up five seconds through the competitions Applejack participated in) and a finer version of her Stetson. She hadn't gone all out, and for that at least Fluttershy was grateful.

“Uhh, 'Shy, are you alright?” AJ took a cautious step inside, waiting for the pegasus to move back and let her in completely.

Flutterhy squeaked and scrambled back a few feet, letting her friend in, then slipped past the earth pony to shut the door. “I'm, um, not quite ready yet. Sorry Applejack.” She stood on three legs, rubbing one foreleg with the other, knowing AJ was looking her up and down, seeing the twigs in her mane, the honey in her tail, and an orange stain on her flank where Angel had chucked a cup of
carrot juice at her in a rage.

“It's alright sugar cube!”

'Shy let her eyes drift slowly up to meet AJ's, and saw nothing but affection and encouragement in that gaze.

“I made our reservations for seven so we could take our time strolling over. We'll just have to canter rather'n mosey, and we’ll be fine. Do you want any help with your mane or tail, before you hop in the shower?”

Fluttershy let out a soft sigh, foreshoulders sagging as tension ran out of her, and pecked AJ on the nose. “Please.”

It was easy to see why Applejack had wanted the pair to take their time trotting to the restaurant. There wasn't a cloud over Ponyville, and Celestia was just setting the sun, letting Luna's stars really pop out and shine. Cool breezes washed over them, and Fluttershy crowded against Applejack, blushing at how much sooner her body pressed against the other mare's than it would have in the past. She would have to readjust her awareness of her personal space.

~There's more of me now, and...that's a good thing. AJ likes it, I like it, and...and...it doesn't matter what other ponies think.~ Even as she thought it, Fluttershy knew she was kidding herself. The eyes of her neighbors, and even worse, strangers, would be on her tonight. ~I won't look at them, I won't see them. I have somewhere else to rest my eyes tonight,~ she sighed to herself, leaning over to brush her nose along AJ's neck.

Strong, sweet, honest Applejack. She couldn't have asked for a better pony to reassure her she could still be beautiful. While it wasn't as if AJ couldn't lie, she was so terrible at it there wasn't much point in the exercise. ~As transparent as one of those crystal ponies,~ she thought, giggling.

“What's so funny, darlin’?” AJ asked, as the pair passed out of the residential portion of town and neared the town center.

“I was just thinking how lucky I am that, of our close friends, it was you who first saw me after I'd left the house.”

Applejack mulled that over for a moment, the two passing a number of ponies who didn't pay them much mind. Street lamps were being lit by a unicorn, and laughter drifted out of a second story window. The town felt relaxed tonight, not bustling by any means but just active enough that you felt the community was close at hoof if you needed something, even company.

“Well, I'm glad as can be Rainbow Dash didn't find you first. She'd have stuck both hooves in her mouth shoulder-deep in less than ten seconds flat, for sure. Twilight Sparkle would've tried to figger out an exercise regimen and diet on the spot. Rarity? I dunno, other than makin' a big 'ol fuss about needing to let out all of your dresses... On the other hoof, she'd get excited about designing new ones for you too.”

Fluttershy giggled, bobbing her head over each guess. “I think you're right, on all counts. What about Pinkie Pie?”
Applejack screwed up her face. “I don't rightly know! Wait—I know. She'd g-aaaaaa-sp and demand to know if you'd been attending parties'n eating cake without her, or if you'd found some amazing new recipe you couldn't get enough of!”

The pegasus nodded, a gentle smile stretching her lips. “That sounds just right. Is this the place?” Applejack had paused outside the frosted glass doors to a restaurant she'd never been inside, but had passed a number of times. The sign read 'McGillaCuddies.' “Is this a...cow bar, AJ?”

“It started as one, but the food's so good they've been drawin' in anyone with hooves, pretty much.” AJ wedged a hoof into a handle and pulled open the door, letting 'Shy precede her into the restaurant.

Cow bars were known for providing large quantities of fodder for a good price, as well as enough cider to make even big bovines good and tipsy. A half-dozen cows were present tonight, ensconced in cozy-looking combinations of booth and paddock that allowed them to relax and socialize while eating. A scattering of ponies were in evidence, as well as a couple of goats and one donkey.

The earth pony barkeep winked at Applejack, and nodded towards a more conventional booth in the corner. Fluttershy let her mane hide much of the room from her, cutting down her peripheral vision until just Applejack was visible, following the orange beacon to their seats.

The booth was surprisingly plush and comfortable, even given her newly-enlarged dimensions. AJ nestled in beside her with a smile she couldn't help but return, and 'Shy brushed her velvety nose against the other pony's. “Thank you for this, Applejack. Maybe...maybe you're right about slowing down, building...well, us up properly.”

Applejack's ears flicked, and smiled in a way that seemed to promise an 'oh shucks' was coming, but it was cut off by the arrival of their waiter. Both ponies scooped up menus and scanned the bar's offerings.

“I'll have a small harvest salad, a small serving of buttered haystack pasta, and a bottle of 'Acres cider.” AJ skimmed the menu across the table back over towards the wall, and peeked at Fluttershy's. “I recommend the medium sizes for you, darlin'.” She whispered, raising a faint blush on 'Shy's cheeks.

“May I please have a medium harvest salad, a large-” Applejack gulped, “order of sweet potato and asparagus souffle, a large order of cheesy crispy Cuddie-fries, aaaaaand...” Fluttershy turned the menu over, “six bottles of cider, and the Devil Made Me Do It chocolate cake.”

“A slice or...?” The sweating waiter ventured cautiously.

“A cake, please.” Fluttershy smiled, setting aside the menu. She reached over and gently nudged Applejack's gaping mouth shut with a click. The waiter nodded, and kept nodding as he trotted off towards the kitchen. He was still nodding the tiniest bit when he returned with water and their cider.

Fluttershy felt giddy, and didn't waste any time grasping one of the bottles, slick with cool condensation. She tugged out the cork with her teeth, and tipped a good few swallows down her throat, letting the sparkly sensation of the precious cider tease her taste buds on the way down. She could see Applejack following her example beside her, and when a deep gurgle rumbled up from her barrel, both of them grew intensely flushed.

“Sounds like we arrived in the nick of time,” AJ whispered, sliding a foreleg back to caress 'Shy's
soft middle.

“I hope I'll be able to squeeze out of this booth still, after dinner.” It was both a genuine concern but a calculated tease for her date, and seeing AJ stammer and bite her lower lip sent a thrill of pleasure through Fluttershy.

~Amazing how much I affect her.~ She bit her own lip, remembering the scent and humid heat of the mare just inches from her nose. ~It's definitely a two-way street.~

Their salads arrived in short order, though their waiter had to make two trips. Fluttershy's medium was too large to carry anything else with it. "Oh my," she murmured, peering over the rim of the vat of greens that ended up in front of her. Applejack's salad would have been considered enormous in any of the restaurants she was used to, but the medium was like a joke! "I feel like I should be using a rake to eat this."

AJ laughed, and kissed her neck. "I can't wait to see what the large is like. Do we sit in it and row the dish home afterwards?"

Fluttershy giggled, relaxing once more, and brandished the rather over-sized fork she'd found in her napkin. She tucked big wad after wad of fresh, emerald green leaves into her mouth, the light vinegar dressing doing an excellent job tying together the pine nuts, cool pickled beets, and roasted root vegetables. There was something else that added a nice bit of flavor, but she couldn't put her hoof on it until she happened to glance at Applejack. "Apple...peel?"

"A-yup! If you chop it into fine enough pieces, it's great in dishes like this. They chop it so fine here I'm not really sure ah've spotted a piece yet!"

Of course AJ finished her salad long before Fluttershy could, and after watching 'Shy plow her way through half the enormous bowl, Applejack gently stole her mini-pitchfork and secured it to her own hoof with its band. "Here hon, let me do the lifting for a bit."

Fluttershy relaxed back from the table's edge, and just opened her mouth for each forkful, feeling that heat flush her cheeks again. It didn't last long though. It was relaxing, being fed like this...and then slowly, exciting, as the pegasus stroked her forelegs across the front swell of her tummy. She didn't miss AJ's reaction to that self-caress, and actually had to move her head to make sure the fork landed in her mouth and not her ear when the other mare grew a bit too distracted.

"Sorry sugar! My my, got a case of the wanderin' eyes for sure." AJ shook her head, grinning.

"I love seeing you look at me like that," Shy whispered, using a volume low enough she wasn't sure whether even AJ could hear her. She wondered if she'd wanted her to hear, and when Applejack ducked her head but couldn't...or wouldn't tear her hungry gaze from Fluttershy's, she knew she had indeed wanted AJ to know. Applejack fed her faster, and it seemed like just moments later, the salad dish was empty. Fluttershy celebrated with another bottle of cider, sharing sips with AJ, while the waiter cleared their dishes and returned with the next course.

Two waiters in a harness pulled a cart the size of their entire table up to them, leaving it parked there. A gorgeous souffle big enough to contain three snugly-compacted ponies loomed over the pair, its heavenly aroma swamping them. Applejack's pasta was set anticlimactically on the table before her, not big enough to make a proper garnish for Fluttershy's entree. While both were still gaping at this mountain of food, a second cart squeaked out of the kitchens with the cheesy fries, which did fit on the table...barely. The fact that they were stacked four feet high helped in that
"I think I'm in trouble," Fluttershy squeaked.

"Applejack? Fluttershy?! I didn't know you two liked bar food! We should have a party in here soon! If we time it right we can do it on square-dancing night and show everyone some fancy hoofwork! Wouldn't that be awesome?"

'Shy and AJ craned their necks past the souffle to see Pinkie Pie waving furiously at them. "Well," AJ whispered, "I guess we're gonna see how accurate my guesses were sooner'n expected."

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