

Jingle hesitated at the door of the address she'd been given for this project. The shining white earth pony gave her gold mane a shake as she tried to get rid of a sense of something being off, then approached to knock and announce her presence.

“Hello! Mr. Etium, sir? You sent a rather lovely letter asking about a project? Something about a crystal hourglass, I believe?”

The door opened promptly, leaving Jingle Jangle looking at the home's occupant. They were pale, and their eyes were a startlingly dark, verdant green. The curved horn and mottled blue frill on their head crest left Jingle slightly uneasy, but she forced herself past it quickly. That was helped along by the inside of the Changeling's home looking wonderful. Polished, dark wood shelves covered in books and strange little curios with a faint but present smell of spices and magic lingering on just about everything. The cozy atmosphere readily took Jingle Jangle's mind off the old, bad business with Sombra.

“Yes! Indeed, come in, please. I have taken the liberty of acquiring the bases, top and bottom, for the hourglass I wish to see you create but the rest of it I leave to you. Right here~”

Easing inside the cozy looking abode, Jingle found herself stopping short with a quiet 'oh my' as she saw the bases Etium had mentioned. Ornately carved dark wood, polished to shining, inlaid with gold – they were *magnificent*. Huge, too. Both the one on the floor and the one hovering near the ceiling were the size of tables by themselves, Jingle would be able to do *so much* with this kind of opportunity and the pay the letter had offered was enticing too. She couldn't help herself. Bouncing up and down a couple of times, Jingle leapt right at the lower base to pace all around it in an excited flurry of motion.

“Ooh I love the choice of wood for this, and the inlay! I think we need white to offset the darker wood and the gold, it's going to look *amazing!* I can fit *so much* in with a project this size too. Ooh this base is *flawless*.. I could just. I could.. I can't..?”

Jingle stepped up onto the large wooden mount for the hourglass to get a look at it from the inside perspective of the project only to find, after a couple of steps of turning herself about, that one of her hooves had frozen in place and refused to dislodge from the wood. More startled than anything, she looked down and saw the shining gleam of her hoof stuck fast to the wood. When she planted her other foot down to get some better leverage and try to un-stick from the surface all that came of it was her *other* leg ending up just as snared as the first.

“Uh.. M-mister Etium, sir? There seems to be some.. this is a bit, w-what- *ohmygawsh~*”

Nervous and on the verge of babbling, Jingle was going to struggle harder but a wave of heat had run through their body, *particularly* right between their legs and across their chest. In those two places it rooted itself and lingered, throbbing, delightful and warm and *full*. The pony felt like she was edging up to the verge of a climax and every heartbeat was taking her closer. It certainly robbed her of the focus and strength she would've needed to try and fight back against the magic fusing her hooves to the wood she stood on. She barely even noticed when Etium, smiling at her in the most sinister of ways, sparked a gleam on his horn and lifted all of Jingle's clothing off her.

“Oh it's working *just* as intended, don't worry. Everyone said you were the *only* person to go to for this kind of project, my dear. That your delicate touch and eye for brightness were second to none. I'm already inclined to agree. But let's see this *really* start taking shape, shall we~?”

The surge of magic came from Etium, but it was channeled through the wood Jingle was stuck to. It rushed up from below and she could tell, even in the first moment, there was more than her body could hold.. So her body stretched to accommodate. There was an audible thud, two *huge* fleshy mounds swelling and inflating like balloons right from Jingle's waist that slammed down onto the base by her feet and started throbbing. Every moment, every breath, they got a little bigger – and her ass with them. Soft pulses of it, little bouncy feelings that left Jingle with a swaying and jiggling catastrophe of a hind end with pressure steadily building inside it.

Jingle couldn't help the moan when her lower set of tits hit the ground, nor the next few as her body grew into something the magic from that pedestal wanted her to be. What Etium wanted her to be. The notion of freaking out about all the changes that just happened in the last few seconds didn't make it through until after all that squishy, wobbling pleasure ebbed.

“A-ahh.. m-mister Etium? I can't se-ee-eemm... to move m-my legs, a-and.. *oh dear-*”

Unable to move, Jingle couldn't do anything about the Changeling slipping behind her and giving her still growing ass a firm smack that rippled all across her body and left the two enormous breasts at her feet thrumming, singing with fresh pleasure. All she could do was try to weather it and watch as Etium ambled lazily back around her, touching her, pawing at the fat bulk of her butt and giving it a fresh jiggle before he pointed those deep green eyes at hers and Jingle felt something inside her go warm, pliant, and melty as she stared into them. Her breath caught in her chest at that moment, held as a fresh rush of magic tingled through the air.

“Well *of course* not. You need to be relatively stable for this after all, yes? You *want* to be a fabulous work of art of an hourglass. Which means you must~”

Etium trailed off, but that rush of magic in the air finished the sentence for him. Jingle felt her arms tugged upward, felt them pulled until they touched the other half of the hourglass base hovering over her. As soon as they touched it she felt them stick tight, just the way her feet had. It left her with her back arched and no way to move in any meaningful capacity while she felt the same kind of surge build as the one that had left her bottom half a massive monument to the soft and pillowy. It built, then flared its way through her and left Jingle's body overflowing all over again.

Once again her body seemed like it just wasn't big enough to hold all of herself. Jingle felt her frame 'even out' so to speak, bloating around the middle and leaving her with soft, pudgy arms but this one, again, *mostly* clung to her chest.. though the remnants of the magic did trickle toward the lower set of breasts she had resting by her feet. Jingle's proper *chest* exploded outward, floating a little on the currents of magic running through her from the two halves of the base and sparing her from the sheer weight of them as Jingle watched the things expand. They felt *heavy* inside, sloshing and full and *creamy* looking. They kept throbbing and thrumming with every beat of her heart, getting a little bigger each time, looking like creamy-white perfectly smooth prized melons almost the size of an entire pony and still trying to grow as the spell that held her in place pulsed through Jingle's body over and over.

Particularly when Etium grinned at her and spurred it on.

“There, see? *Lovely* to look at, to touch, form and function alike and you must just be *deliriously* proud to be such a masterpiece.”

The Changeling's words seemed to come through with their magic, wriggling their way into Jingle's mind and stealing away the already shaky footing her fear had had before. It was like he said it and *made it* so. Why wouldn't she be proud? Her gloriously round body shook and quivered with every little burst of energy that filtered into her and made her gasp quietly, moaning every time she tried speaking, too over-stimulated to form any kind of coherent thought. Certainly *much* too far gone to actually come up with any kind of resistance. Nothing past a bit of desperate mumbling anyway. Single words amid gasps, confused ones, but too pleasure-drunk to be afraid.

Jingle tried to move, more on instinct than anything. She gave herself a jerk, trying to make her arms or legs come free, but the only thing she managed to do was make herself start sloshing

about gently while she kept filling up. She was *still* filling up – every breath her tits got heavier and even the touch of air on her skin was starting to overwhelm the earth pony's senses. Which seemed to be precisely what Etium wanted out of it. The Changeling watched her swelling, carefully and patiently, until she apparently reached just the right amount of size and pressure. The 'right amount' was an agonizingly stimulating one, Jingle desperately wanted to touch herself and milk some of that built up cream free. An impulse that just led to more pointless, futile jiggling – and to Etium smiling ear to ear.

“You look *perfect*. Of course, we'll have to time you now just to be sure.. and while we're at it, I suppose you deserve that payment now as well yes?”

The Changeling walked out of where Jingle could see, working his way behind her. For a moment all she could do was keep breathing hard and squirming but all that stepped up when she felt the Changeling fold his slender frame against her backside and felt his magic creep in again. Whatever spell was holding all that cream inside her finally relented, Jingle's breasts started to leak a steady trickle of warm, heavy cream from them that left her shaking from the ragged, needy bliss of it. Having Etium mount her from behind just made it that much better.

“Just think, darling.. A whole *hour* from now you'll finally be empty. *Hhnngh~*”

Some delirious, barely aware part of Jingle realized the base of the hourglass she was now part of was grooved *just right* to collect her drizzling, leaking cream and channel it away toward a collection system. She'd empty, for a whole desperate and gasping hour-

“And wh-when you're f-finally empty, *hhnnh, ahhh~*”

Having Etium inside her, grinding and pounding away and leaving her shiny frame sloshing to and fro, was driving Jingle to madness. The constant hovering near the edge of pure, mind-breaking bliss, never *quite* going over into it properly. She wanted desperately for it to keep going, and just as badly for it to break her and end, but it just *wasn't happening*, and-

“Then you can *finally* cum, my darling. Good way to let everyone around know when that hour has run it's course, don't you think..?”

An entire hour until she'd be free to orgasm. Jingle Jangle squirmed, helpless, trying to wriggle loose or just shake her fat body hard enough to push herself over the edge but she got no closer. It didn't even make her leak any faster. She didn't think- *couldn't* think.. All she could do was slosh, jiggle, and whimper. And judging by the fond pat on her ass while Etium finished inside her

that was precisely what she was meant to do from now on.