

A Sexy Surrogate by Kassaz

You are Shifting Sights, a pony with light red fur and a purple mane, and today is Nightmare Night, but you're past dressing up for it. You didn't feel like going to any of the parties being held in Ponyville. You're simply looking at passers-by as of now, criticizing their costume choices to yourself.

A Lion: She could at least be a manticore. Those are scary and it's not much to add.

A Seapony: That would work better if there was a beach around here. Seaponies drag the ground even if they just sleep too long and get left out of the water.

Mistress Marevelous: That's a stallion. Why is a stallion dressed as a mare? Humdrum isn't much fun, but that's still weird.

You hear a stirring behind you and look back to see your family's surrogate, a pony named Bundle Joy, still asleep on the sofa. Your mother was too frail to bear children, but magic solves that by letting another mare do the carrying. Your parents had decided they wanted another child just recently and you find it weird that you'll be so much older than your new brother. You also find it strange they used the same surrogate you had.

You've seen pregnant ponies before and you of course know how it works, but it's different when you're related to who's inside the belly. Having taken a moment to stare at its slow rising and falling you see it twitch a tad yet not at all disturbing its owner. Walking up to her and checking that she was still asleep, you put your ear against the very warm orb.

You concentrate to listen as well as feel, but it's difficult with all of the noises swirling in the mass. You think you may hear a heartbeat, but can't discern quite where it's coming from.

“Listening to your baby brother?”, followed by giggling that pushes the belly into your ear repeatedly.

You jump and retreat several steps, tail tucked, and this gives way to much more forceful laughter. Her belly shakes back and forth violently and you wonder in that moment how your brother feels in there. You wonder how she feels. That can't be what you feel when you laugh, but it's solid and cohesive, so not what a particularly fat pony feels either. It's a part of her and yet it's another living being.

“I didn't mean to scare you. Come here. I'll show you how he's sitting right now,” she adjusts herself and with her free hoof starts rubbing her belly, seemingly in random spots. Creeping back to where you were, you wait for her instructions.

“Right here. Put your hoof here,” she raises her hoof over an area upwards from her belly button.

Your hoof hovers over that spot for a few seconds, before she gently takes it and pushes it in for you. It gives a little before becoming tight and solid. Immediately after, you feel some stirring and a tiny lump hit your hoof and linger for a second before retreating into the mass again. You sit on your haunches and put your other hoof on the now gently squirming belly.

She laughs and that juts the belly in your face and hooves. You've never paid this much attention to a pregnant mare before, but you like it.

“Did you hear his heartbeat earlier?” You tell her you tried but couldn't find it. “You were looking too high up. His head's down here,” she points dangerously close to her crotch.

“Go ahead, it's fine,” Your head is almost between her legs now. You notice how it smells; it reminds you of a playground, with the strong scent of soil. Your ear is flush against her belly and your muzzle is almost in her teats, one of which is leaking slightly. Without thinking, you tell her as much.

“Oh, they do that sometimes. I need to be milked again. Do you hear it though?” Her talking and giggling pushes her belly further into your face and this now sends a chill down your spine. You push in further and concentrate, before hearing a tiny little heartbeat echoing out. You describe it to her.

“It's such a wonderful feeling, bringing new life into the world. It didn't seem like so long ago that I was carrying you.” That gets your head out of there. You're blushing. She giggles again. “I'm just playing with you!”

It's tense for a bit, at least for you, still sitting on the ground still so close to her rear end, until she asks “Is the party outside still going strong?” It is. “Do you think you'd help me get a costume on real quick?” You can. Can you avoid showing her your newfound arousal? Maybe.

She motions for you to help her up and you do, pulling the heavily pregnant pony off the sofa. She starts stretching herself and you're thankful she's facing towards you, but this does little to detract from her allure. First, she stretches her front legs, bending her front half downwards, and her tail obscures just enough of where her flanks meet to leave a pleasant amount to the imagination; along with this is an overview of how her belly attaches to the rest of her body, poking out a bit on each side perfectly.

She grunts and slowly begins shifting herself onto her forehooves so that she may stretch her other end. Her belly sways during this and the position she's now in, with her back legs pointing straight out and holding little of her weight, accentuates her rear and the muscle supporting it. She adjusts herself again and rubs her neck idly while continuing.

“Alright. I should have some tubes of paint I brought with me for this.” She finds them and continues, “Here, just get a glob and rub it on my belly. I'm not just going to be a pumpkin this year. I'll be a Jack-o'-lantern!”

You raise some concern about rubbing too hard, but she's not worried. “You're not going to hurt him, so you can rub me as hard as you like.” You're not stupid. That had to be innuendo. Still, you're not going to call her out on it, lest this be the start of any tricking for tonight.

Squeezing some orange color on your frog, you gently start painting her, rubbing in small circles in an attempt to get an even coating on. "Oh it's cold!" She laughs. It's a very different feeling now that she's standing. All of the mass is pointing downwards and her belly currently feels much tighter because of it. Getting a glob for herself in one hoof, she starts spreading it around her belly's front, stopping where it joins the rest of her.

You decide to sit on your haunches and get both your hooves working on painting the globe orange. Your ministrations solicit more movement from within and you find some fun in giving attention to a hoof or rump or other body part sticking out by gently painting it. In just a few minutes, you have both sides painted.

"I can't reach the back of this belly by now. You still need to get that part." You'd avoided that because of how close it was to her marehood, but you have permission now. Your hooves work their way around the dark side of her maternity and she doesn't say anything when you get behind her to paint up to where it connects here, so close to the exit. You don't touch, but sure as Tartarus do you look. Lastly, you bend down underneath her to paint her belly button a nice orange, pushing it in and feeling her squirm.

"Eee! That's always been so sensitive. Now we just need to add some black. Just paint a scary face on this side." A small amount of dark paint on her left side makes for a reasonably menacing face, complete with hoof-shaped eyes, a jagged grin, and two tiny nostrils.

"Here, on the other side, let's put a tiny pony skeleton." She places a hoof on the front of her bump and starts to feel around. "His booty's up front with me." Her hoof drags to midway on that side. "There's some give, so he must be on his side with his hooves here." She starts feeling the rear of her bump in some detail and this spurs more movement and laughter before she continues. "And his head's facing out that way. Do you think you could paint a baby pony from that perspective?"

You can try. An almost circle with holes in the black for the eyes and nostrils works for a head. Part of each hoof works for the ears. Ovals for each limb with some space from the oval body looks nice. Finally, just the tip of your hoof curling up to her a bit looks nice as a tail. Standing back, it's a standard skeleton laying from the side and it looks good enough from a little distance. It's cute how it's looking out at you.

"Thanks for your help. You're such a sweetheart." She gives you a peck on the forehead. You can't help but scrunch now. "If you want, I could help paint a costume on you now." You're going to decline that. "Well alright. I'll bring you back some candy."

Unbeknownst to her, you watch her sway all the way out the door. Without needing to hide it anymore, your fifth limb makes its appearance. You don't want anyone to walk in on you, so you awkwardly trot to your room upstairs, hitting your stomach with each step. Once inside, you start to indulge all those naughty thoughts about your sexy surrogate.

She saunters into your room, belly swaying back and forth in tune with her slow steps. “So let's get started. You don't need to worry about getting me pregnant, of course. We can worry about that once your brother's born.”

Slowly, she reaches your bed, you on your back, and begins to drag herself over your body. You need to widen your back legs to make room for her womb. Her belly button and all the rest of her slides along your penis, then your belly, and then your face. Finally, she pins your head down with her flanks. All you can see is her entrance, or exit; teats; and then belly obscuring everything else. You waste no time in diving in and tasting her. Every movement of your tongue shifts her weight over you so nicely. You place your hooves over the top of her belly to hold her steady and feel the movements picking up from inside. In no time at all, she finishes and the next few minutes are spent with you admiring her from this angle and encouraging her belly to move yet more.

Eventually, she reverses her climb, your penis now leaking onto her belly and into her other fur as she drags it again. She places herself perpendicular to you on her side and starts kissing your penis. “I'm hungry. Help feed the baby, Shifty. Pay your due to the womb that bore you.” Then, your tip breaks the tight seal of her lips and she begins bobbing her head back and forth, her tongue moving in wild, unseen ways. You hold on for a bit, but then take a look at her. She locks eyes with you and starts rubbing her belly right where her stomach would be. That causes you to explode in her mouth.

Masturbating in bed was a poor idea, in hindsight, like always. You can just change your sheets soon and wash these later so it won't be quite so connected. You don't want her to get the right idea. Sliding out of bed, you take a moment to look outside your window at the party. You can see Bundle Joy laughing with some other ponies and some young ones looking at the foal side of her belly curiously. You see that stallion dressed as Mistress Marevelous again. Maybe next Nightmare Night you could actually dress up. You could dress as a mare character. Hey, it would be really funny if you dressed as a mare character who was pregnant wouldn't it? Yes, that would be hilarious. Haha.