

Pregnant Pony Table Testing (Draft) by Kassaz

Octavia the pony is sleeping, embraced from behind by her lover, Singsong. In the past, she would have been the big spoon, but recent events have made that impractical, leaving her hands resting on her gravid belly. The couple's alarm clock begins ringing, the simple mechanical device dutifully banging its hammers until its owners deign to stop it. She was the first to wake, being the closest to it, and yet was utterly incapable of silencing the annoyance; although this was done purposefully, she still resented the decision in that moment. Octavia's burdened womb stretched her abdomen out thrice the length needed for her arms to meet in the middle of it; it was because of this that she was the little spoon and they slept cramped on one side of the mattress, giving the rest of her the space it had needed to grow over the months.

Grumpy and unable to do much else than frown, a rump bump sent her beloved closer to the edge of the bed, and the sensation of slowly falling was enough for him to waken and steady himself. He sat up, yawning followed by stretching, and dutifully left the warm bed and contours of his mare to walk around and silence the contraption. Her eyes followed his path, envious of the free movement she's lately been unable to enjoy. He broke the new silence in place as he knelt and the edge of the bed and talked to her, or rather her belly. "Hello babies, how did you sleep last night?"

She'd planned to tell him of how they had kept her awake for an hour last night, having shifted in place constantly in what she figured was a vain attempt at comfort, before she had been able to lull them to stillness with humming, all while he slept; before he could elicit this complaint, he elicited a grunt, as his arms snaked around her protrusion and he started peppering it with kisses.

The mare's frown couldn't withstand the onslaught of affection and she slowly started to giggle. Her lover peeked over her swell, pleased with himself, and started to walk back around the mattress. The seriousness of her new frown was ruined, but she still tried. "Come now love, I saw you grinnin' at me. You know you can' help it." He pecked her on the cheek before reminding her "I love you, and I love our family.", earning another smile.

Kneeling next to her and placing an arm underneath her side, they worked together to bring the mare to her knees on the mattress, her belly still lay out very snugly over much of it. Octavia took her time adjusting, in her drowsiness, but she still heard when Singsong sung at her rear, "Can you hear me better from here, babies?", and she brushed her tail in his face.

He stood back up and started opening bedside dressers to get his and her undergarments, quickly slipping on his and setting hers on the bed for now. When she was ready, he helped her scoot to the edge and then picked up her underwear; she slowly lowered her left leg to the ground, allowing him to slip her into it, followed by the other. He brought them to cupping her motherly form, running his hands over the neck to ensure they wouldn't slip, and ran his fingers along the lower insides to remove any wrinkling, among other things. Then he picked up the bra and she was more than capable of fitting it around her breasts on her own, but he still helped.

He wrapped his arms around her, resting his hands past her bosom on the crest of her womb, and hers followed. They both drank in the sight of their family for a minute or few. Finished, he stepped away to allow her leeway to finish getting out of bed. She stepped back until much of her belly filled the ether between her and the mattress, only the furthest third of her belly remained, she planted her hooves suitably spread apart, and swung the rest of her body off the mattress. Singsong was on standby in case she swung too far and lost her balance, but that didn't occur this morning, and her sway slowly lost its back-and-forth momentum over time.

Out of bed and just barely clothed, they left for the kitchen, she followed. Wondering which way what wayward womb widened whilst waking, she was relieved to not yet have any trouble stepping through the door frame, although a little ways more and her childful sides would be grazing it; she hoped Singsong wouldn't soon need to break the door frame with a hammer just so she could

continue sleeping in their bed. Wondering what would result, she placed her hands on each side of her swell and tried to suck it in, but it wasn't possible to tell it had even happened, and she reclaimed her breath, now knowing what would result.

Breakfast had been started by the time she entered. She didn't yet have the energy to feel like she somehow wasn't contributing enough to their household, even given her current state, and simply walked to the table to wait. Singsong had prepared a chair at the corner of the table, with another facing it from the opposing corner. Her paunch planted perfectly in that closest to her and she rotated about that so her plump posterior placed playfully in the other; she spread her legs, her belly fell between them, she shuffled about some, and then was pleased. Having that number two in her thoughts, two whole chairs needed to seat her comfortably, it had her thinking again just how large she'd become. She never expected such a big belly burden as what currently rested between her legs and between those chairs.

There wasn't much to do while she waited, sans entertain such thoughts while slowly drumming her fingers on the taut dome. She snaked her right hand underneath her breast to scratch a deeper itch. Her thinking became morbid, as she realized there hadn't been much movement for her to feel so far in the day. Both hands were then worriedly pressing in her belly in varied places to bring her brood to brawl. She was relieved to feel the kicking, but didn't like to feel the kicking, and then worked to hum and rub smooth circles over her skin to calm them back down.

"You're already fretting over our children like this, love. What are you going to do when they bring home dates?" He smirked as he walked over and set their breakfasts to the table, one plate holding his average breakfast of eggs, bagel, and hay hash and two holding her breakfast of many more eggs, bagel, jam toast, hay hash, and some cut fruit.

"Stop, I don't want to even think about that for another decade or two." He'd yet to seat himself, with his cheek facing her and expecting a quick kiss, but instead she slowly turned his head to face her and gave his lips one instead.

—

Vinyl the pony was sleeping, embraced from all sides by various pillows. Recent events had too made her previous accommodations impractical. Her alarm clock had begun its machinations several minutes prior, only recently bringing its owner to wakefulness mired in a desire to stay sleeping. She was still in the habit of trying to stop the alarm with her magic and return to her dreams, but this clock was fancier than normal and couldn't be stopped by magic; worse yet, it wouldn't stop ringing until it was either triggered physically or its own magic determined everypony in the immediate area was suitably wakened.

Vinyl too had a broad, bulging, burdening belly which prevented her from getting out of bed and silencing the alarm. She could for now only prop herself up from the side with an arm and miserably awaken so it would cease on its own. She used her other hand to rub the sleep from her eyes and scratch her belly as she wondered into cognizance, lazily using her magic to start moving pillows and allow for more movement. Eventually she could freely move, except for the massive weight growing inside of her centered on the mattress, and the alarm had stopped.

Her lopsided abdomen rose and fell with her breathing, and she took time to marvel at it. Her husband, Mellow Drone, was out touring, as Vinyl was in no state to; she understood they could use the extra bits, but it still had her left lonely. She was pulled out of these thoughts by the gurgling of her stomach disturbing her brood; she once again became cognizant of what she was looking at and feeling, and decided she couldn't really be so lonely right now.

It was time to get out of bed, and being so preposterously pregnant carried an advantage Vinyl had discovered for herself. She pushed herself up more and was now being propped by a hand and a knee; she leaned into her protrusive paunch and ever so slowly started sinking into it. Conservation of

her mass was achieved by shifting and rearrangements filling her out from her sides. Eventually, she could use her other knee and hand to steady and hover herself over her belly until it finished its width-wise expansion. She stayed like that for a minute or two to enjoy when the weight would still be the burden of but the mattress and some skin. Taking a deep breath, she pushed herself back and forth until she felt ready to push up and sit; while still very heavy, her belly was now a more manageable shape, at thrice her width. Her belly button had a downward angle, so she still couldn't reach it, even like this, though.

She shouldn't sit with her legs turned as they were, weighed down by her wideness, lest they start going numb underneath her, yet she didn't want to start her movement off the mattress yet, because her children were understandably upset over being squished and shifted around. Vinyl liked the sensation, feeling so many little lives she was nurturing thrash inside of her, so she simply rested her arms on the top and waited for them to calm down on their own. Eventually, the thrashing could no longer be described as a futile jailbreak and was better suited to a tight nursery with some rolling over in their sleep.

She gave her tight belly a pat, making a noise not unlike a drum, and began scooting back leg-by-leg until she could lower one and then the other. She figured she should change her panties now or not at all, so she slid her fingers underneath the sweat-soaked fabric and after a few attempts had them off. With one hoof still standing in the pair, she bent it backwards to get it in hand. No, they didn't smell good enough to continue wearing. She threw them over shoulder and used magic to fish for another pair in the dresser drawers, but realized she couldn't find any. That pair was already dead to her for now, and if she weren't wearing panties, a bra wouldn't matter much either, so she decided she didn't need any clothes at the moment. She'd clean some later.

Buck naked and not really alone, she started leaving for the kitchen. Belly bouncing, burgeoned broadness blocked normal passage through the door frame. Knowing how her contours curved, she knew she'd need to turn to her side and awkwardly sidestep through, being thankful today wasn't the day her belly's end would graze the other side and make even that an issue. She could always break the door frame if she needed to. She didn't even try to change her belly's shape further, knowing it would obstinately stay exactly the same size, but with the exercise making her lightheaded. She was lightheaded enough being what was really a one unicorn blessing.

She reached the kitchen and picked a banana from the fruit bowl. Her trusty stool was already in its proper place by the stove, and she turned around to sit on it, one arm resting on the adjacent counter and the other draped over her belly holding the banana. She adjusted her rump until it was comfortable enough and then curved her back to gain more stability and allow the mass to rest over her legs as comfortably as it could. Her feminine features jutted out even more with this display, and from the front it wasn't at all obvious she was entirely naked.

Magic unpeeled the banana, then lighting the fire and levitating other instruments and ingredients into position. So it was the unicorn munched on banana while watching her magic make her an omelette, seemingly disinterested but truly just tired still. Rather than setting the peel on the counter when she finished the banana, she lazily laid it on herself, leaving plenty of room for the now-free hand to scratch around it and elsewhere on the dome. Eventually, the arm too laid there, only moving to rub down a fresh bump into submission.

...

She felt only a little ashamed at how her longing for the father of her foals had so quickly turned into wanting to compose another frothy, salacious song with him, each using the other as instrument, as in those previous instances of carnal composing. She was so aroused she didn't even find her musical descriptions silly. She waddled back to the bedroom's door frame, spying a horn ring on her dresser, and levitated it into her grasp, then sitting at a nearby chair, comfortable enough for what she would be

doing, but not so comfortable she'd have a hard time cleaning it afterwards. She squirmed in the chair until the weight on her thighs from her belly was reasonable, her rear was spread enough, and she could relax; her lubricant began coating the wood, making it ever easier for her to squirm around to her ends' content.

She began channeling the particular spell through her head and, once it had reached a suitable level of cohesion, she placed the ring over and around her horn. The ring's purpose was to help maintain the spell being cast even after she'd lost control, and it did this by preventing magic from draining back into the rest of her body, not unlike the other kind of horn ring. Before her was the apparition of Mellow Drone, the only part of him she was currently thinking of, anyway. She gave it thought, and so it slid between her thighs, losing shape to travel beneath her. The spell was convenient, as it allowed her to sit, with the spectral member gaining shape as it penetrated, and losing it again as necessary to retract, which spread a wonderful sensation between her behind and the board it rested upon.

She closed her eyes and imagined to her best ability she was somehow sitting in his lap, and gasped as she was penetrated. Her left hand started rubbing her dome, and her right grabbed right breast, to stimulate the nipple, and she could already feel a small amount of milk across her fur. It slid back out of her, and slowly stabbed at her again. Rather than ruining her fantasy, the odd sensation of being penetrated by a member with no body, sitting in a chair otherwise quite still, had her reaching her apex of arousal sooner than normal. In a way, and she didn't like to think of it this way, it was better; she was getting all of the benefits, but she didn't have to move at all, but she did still have to do all of the work, and she could only imagine his cries from previous times. He wouldn't bite her either, oh how she wished he would though.

She was almost finished, her legs stretching out and moving on their own. Her gravid gyrations had resulted in her foals feeling their way around her fecund form, and she was hit by the thought this could be one of the last times she felt them so closely in her arousal like this. Characteristically, she orgasmed with whinnying, snorting with mouth shut, and a furrowed brow. Her eyes were tightly shut, but she would've otherwise seen her belly appear slightly smaller at the strong contractions of muscles she'd caused. She wondered if she were going to think of all of this sex and masturbation once she'd pushed her children out of her, or if it then just wouldn't occur to her.

—

Husband and wife had finished breakfast and let their food settle over idle chitchat; she had plans to meet with her friend in town and he to continue work on the nursery. Soon enough it was time to deal with another burdening aspect of her burgeoning pregnancy, that need to exercise so she wouldn't be left immobile and bedridden for longer than the last week or few. Her hearty, Earth pony frame easily enervated over evenings, leaving her exhausted by the end of her days, and regular exercising would continue to strengthen her in an attempt to outpace growth.

Jumping rope for a few minutes would be the first routine of the day. Earlier in her pregnancy she could easily do it by herself, but as she bloomed outward that became infeasible and more planning was required, along with a much longer rope. One end of the rope was tied to the wall in the same location from yesterday and so on and Singsong would control the other end. Usually the duo donned clothes suited to an exercise routine, and he'd slip into his in less than a minute, but she just couldn't be bothered with it this morning; he could have more of a show than usual as far as she cared about modesty.

With naught else for them to do, hands held bosom to keep it from flying about as the rest of her was bound to. Once she was positioned, facing the wall, Singsong started the first rotation just fast enough to maintain proper motion of the rope, and she easily jumped entirely off the ground for that, jostling just a little. The pair continued, with Singsong trying to have the rope as low to the ground as

possible each loop around. The building momentum of her baby blimp and heaving milk bags had her start to alternate legs, and this offset the instability only temporarily, as it went from up-and-down to a flopping side-to-side, with the rope stopping its rotations before it would hit either side of her. Just a few minutes of jumping rope left her sucking in air.

“Do you need me to?” he handed her a glass of lukewarm water and a towel, which she both generously used. “Would you, dear?” as she started dabbing around her bosom and neck.

Octavia’s lover walked around, trailing a hand as he went along, and squatted in front of her; perhaps getting closer with more of his body than he needed to, both hands firmly cupped the underside of his wife, and he lifted it up, allowing Octavia’s back to relax. Hearing his lover moan from the simple act allowed him to largely ignore the stress it put on his back and legs. “I never got to asking, how long did it take to get used to this?” With a hot-headed snort befitting an Earth pony, she told him “Maybe after I give birth I’ll be used to it.”

She closed her eyes, and other muscles slowly began to relax. She exhaled, able to easily adjust her standing, and drank the rest of the water. She opened her eyes to see him smiling widely at her, chin laid down the middle, and couldn’t help but reflect the smile. It was time to move forward in the routine, and she couldn’t escape her massive body yet; she stood back into a strong waddling pose and he gradually gave her back control.

She deeply inhaled and slowly squatted until her legs made acute angles. The frustration evident on her strained face, he offered to help her, but she closed her eyes and shook her head. The underside of her belly was flat against the floor. He still walked around in case she fell. She laboriously rose again to a standing position, out of breath, belly first lifting back off the ground, before becoming flush against the wood again when she spread her legs further and bent over to breathe. “I-I need to be able to get up on my own, for as long as I can manage it.”

...

“Hey Octy!” There was an unmistakable white unicorn waving at her from across the market, carrying a foal-filled belly thrice her width. Both waddled towards each other to spare friend part of the trek, and Vinyl didn’t seem to care, but Octavia couldn’t help but notice the stares of the other ponies. They weren’t the only advanced pregnancies in the village, but they were currently, by far, the largest; they weren’t as large as members of the Apple family could get, but the only Apple mare in Ponyville had better things to do than strut around pregnant, for now. Still, locking eyes with some of the smaller mares, and noticing their envy, put a smug grin on Octavia’s face as she went to meet her friend.

Octavia understood that hugging others was complex, given her size; adding Vinyl’s shape and size made anything resembling a hug impossible, but she still occasionally tried, such as with this attempt.

...

A herd of fillies and colts ran through the forum, in-between the various stalls, some disappearing around a corner or alley as soon as they came in some kind of rambunctious game. The more astute were fully aware of the environment around them, albeit outnumbered by those less astute who weren’t. One of the less astute colts was paying attention to anywhere but directly in front of him, and ran into the apex of Octavia’s protruding belly, falling over with a yelp having fruitlessly tried grabbing onto something to prevent this. Octavia whinnied, and asked just who or what that had been, and the colt now lying on his side hadn’t known what had happened at first, seeing such a hugely pregnant mare so close for the first time, eclipsing everything but her legs, not that he’d even noticed those over her gigantic grey swell, and navel the size of his fist.

To his unnerving, a second, but wide and white belly approached him, and he was beginning to feel surrounded, but then he noticed the unicorn attached to that. She signalled to her side, and the grey mass swung slightly out of the way to give the colt a view of the Earth pony mare behind it. Now he only felt uncomfortable because two adults were staring at him and talking amongst themselves, mostly. He was struck out of his thoughts with a jolt when the white mare raised her voice and he realized he'd not been paying attention to what they were telling him. He nervously stood at their command, and waited for any further.

They whispered between themselves, and the uncertainty added to the dread of being physically overwhelmed; he couldn't tell, but Octavia was blushing, and would've sent him on his way, had Vinyl not taken control of the matter. "Hey foal, you've got to pay attention to where you're running off to. You could've hurt somepony." She placed her hand on the side of Octavia's abdomen, and kept talking despite Octavia's growing embarrassment at the entire situation. "Do you know what's in here? Well, do you?" She patted her hand for emphasis. He could guess, but was still far too timid to respond before she did.

"Foals are in here, a herd of 'em, and you're lucky mares are blessed with so much padding to protect 'em." He was too mortified to notice how mortified Octavia was. He swallowed at noticing he wasn't standing in front of two mares, but at least a dozen ponies, a herd and a blessing in two. He had a few brothers and sisters born at the same time; had his mother looked like that, but with them inside of her? He'd seen plenty of pregnant ponies before, but had never given it this much thought. Just past the grey fur before him were newborns, no, not even that, preborns, or something. He struggled to visualize what that must look like on the inside. It made him feel weird.

"Really Vinyl, it's okay. You can just use your magic to fix it." Vinyl smirked. "I got a few more months before I start cleaning up foals' messes. Now listen up, when you fell over, you yanked my friend's pants down. That's very rude, but I'll let you off with a warning if you just fix it yourself, alright?" She motioned for him to come closer, and he did, walking inbetween the two. Contrary to his original mental image, the grey mare's pants were still on, they just weren't covering her belly all that much. Surely they didn't expect him to walk between her legs and underneath her, right, right?

"J-Just grab what you can and do your best." They looked tight in places, but there was an obvious void where the fabric didn't hug anything, due to her shape. Slowly, his little hand grabbed the stretchy pants by the waistline at the point around her before they were obviously dishevelled, and his other grabbed beyond that to start pulling; he didn't have a good enough grasp to do anything, however. He slowly got closer, looking back at the two mares for approval, with only the white one actually looking at him; the grey mare had her head turned, eyes closed, and was holding her hand closed in front of her mouth. With silent approval, he bent down and his hand reached underneath to grab the fabric at a better spot, and then he started pulling again. He was able to slowly make his way to her front, with the waistline getting taught beneath her belly button. Was he finished now? He waited.

"U-Um, would-would you smooth the fur out too, please?" Oh, that did look a little uncomfortable. He grabbed the waistline again, and pulled it away from her, to run his hand through, before letting it back down as he made his way around. The air trapped in there was so warm already. Then he was at her other side, just beyond her hips, but he suddenly didn't want to leave just yet, so he still waited, with his hand resting between the fur and waistline. "Thank you. You can remove your hand now." He felt bad about having left it there then.

"Um," now it was his turn to finally speak, "I've heard foals move in their mothers. Is that true?" When she told him it was, he had one question: "M-May I feel it?"

She wasn't prepared for that, and told him yes without thinking; realizing what she'd said had her tell him to wait for a moment. She was prepared to, thankfully and truthfully, tell him they weren't active, but Vinyl noticed and butted in again. "Hey, foal, walk around to this side and you can feel mine. They're kicking up a storm right now."

Unlike Octavia's pants, Vinyl's outfit left none of her pregnancy to the imagination and, despite everything that had happened, the young colt found himself nervous about touching her, but Vinyl noticed and mocked this as well, pushing him into her bulging side with her magic. He couldn't describe the feelings coursing through him in those moments, but he liked them. Vinyl pointed out so many things, he thought, but he wasn't listening. He could feel the movement inside of her touch his hands, his chest, his cheek, and other places.

He became aware that he should be listening to her before she noticed he hadn't been. "So you see what we mares have to put up with now, don't you?" He did. "Good, now when you get back home, tell your mother you love her." An "oh" was his only reply.

After longer than was decent, the same magic that had pushed him onto her pulled him away from her. He still stood there. Vinyl waved at him, "Well, run along now. Byebye." He nervously repeated a farewell and ran off.

Vinyl turned to look at her friend. "I think he likes pregnant mares now, Octy." Octavia was glad their very bodies had hidden most everything that had just happened from the other villagers. "V-Vinyl, you can't just do that to a young colt!" Vinyl laughed, "What? It's okay when mares do it to colts. He might want a big family some day, big deal."

...

The excitement from their trip so far had the overburdened unicorn snake her hands behind her belly and brace them against her thighs, bending over and gasping for breath. Octavia wasn't so concerned, she looked fine, and grew a smirk as she observed her friends carefully cramped womb pour into its rightful shape with each heave. Slowly, the unicorn's belly fell out of its unnaturally wide settling, with the unicorn unable to stop it, only able to shift her footing and try not to make too obscene of a face at the sensation; still exhausted, but not quite as much, she slowly pulled back up to be greeted by a belly poking several feet in front of her, and only barely wider than she.

...

"This always screws with my back worse, I don't know how you can stand it." Vinyl groaned, with both arms behind her back to help her jut outwards, waddling worse than she'd been beforehand. "Fortunately, I know a trick to help take the load off us poor dams." she pointed at an empty, unponied table in bazaar, before walking up to it nonchalantly, bending over slightly, and heaving her belly up with a quick arch of her back, twisting to land it, covering one side of the simple four-legged table.