

Gentle jog

The orange pony pranced along the lonely joggers path, his thick diaper crinkling between his back legs. Naarkerotics' tummy was full, slightly distended with his last meal, and what a delicious meal it was. He trotted along, the sun warming his face, a smile settled on his short, stumpy muzzle. The diaper crinkled loudly, already sodden with fresh piss, and soon to be his thick load. His stomach had started to gurgle angrily, and he felt a small cramp in the bottom of his pelvis.

“Hoof, already?”

He said with a low chuckle, continuing to walk until he reached a nearby tree. He glanced around the path and made sure no one was coming, then pressed his diapered rump out into the air. Naark reached down and squished his front hoof into the front of the diaper, letting out a tiny smile at the feel and loud crinkle it sounded when he pressed inward. He felt the wet warmth of his piss through the diaper, felt how heavily it sagged between his legs. He raised his tail and bit his lower lip, pushing his stomach inward and squeezing his puckered hole.

“NNnf!”

He let out a squeal as he began to push the first hot load of his last prey out into the diaper. He began to pant heavily, clenching and unclenching his hole. He felt the wet, warm log slowly slide from his gaping hole, the meal he ate now digested and turned into nothing but warm shit.

“Hff!”

He huffed loudly, grunting as he sucked in a deep breath and hardened his gut, pushing downward and outward. The thick diaper sagged between his back legs, the acrid smell of shit staining his flared nostrils. He inhaled deeply and moaned out, finishing off the last of his load, plummeting it into the full diaper. It skidded across the ground, heavy and full, soft and crinkling.

With a lustful, calming sigh, Naarkerotics trotted off down the path, pulling his filled diaper along behind him.