

## On the surface

Surface Stick's tummy rumbled, grumbling and complaining. It had been a hefty meal, and the mare's stomach was distended already. She burped, tasting plastic and pony fur on the back of her tongue. She didn't know why she ate the dildo too, they never digested well enough. She rubbed at her belly, fluttering her bat-like wings as she stretched out. Her body gurgled again, a warning sign of what's to come.

"Damn, Naarkessex must really want out of there, huh?"

She giggled, of course she did. She didn't like going in either. The two had been fucking, a nice, slow anal pounding, when Stick began to suck the other pony right in. She had pulled her into her ass and turned her into a sloshing, mushy mess. Now the poor thing wanted to come back out, bones and all.

Stick squatted above the toilet, giving off a heaving grunt. She pushed slowly, savoring the feeling of her ass being spread open. Her back arched as she pressed on, pushing the first load from her. It plopped wetly into the toilet, slimy shit oozing from her ass. A few orange feathers stuck to it, and with a grunt she shoved out an undigested bone. A heaving grunt and more came out, piling atop the old. Thick clumps of shit poured from her ass and made a large, rolling pile. She sighed contently, then lifted one leg just a bit and began to piss over the pile.

"Hahh...there you go hun. Back where you belong."