

My name is Bonnie, and I've come to learn that sometimes getting your deepest fantasy realized isn't all it's cracked up to be.

For the past five years, I've been an intern at Juno's Cradle, the top surrogacy center in the tri-state area. It's not too different from being an intern anywhere else. I sign in visitors, take phone calls, fetch coffee... you know, the usual. It's a great place to work. You meet a lot of fun people.

I've also taken to learning the ropes a bit. The doctors and nurses on staff are very passionate about what they do, and they'll talk your ears off at the slightest provocation. Most people don't particularly care about what goes on behind the doors of a surrogacy center once they've picked up their babies and gone off to start their family life. But I've always taken an interest. If people ask me why, I'll say something like, oh, I'm helping to safeguard everyone's future, that sort of thing. You know, like it says in the pamphlets. But that's not the real reason I started interning here.

"Make a hole, everyone, we've got a wet floor situation!"

My ears perked up over the book I was reading, and I saw a stocky raccoon woman - Jade, I think her name was - speed-waddling through the reception area, hands on her swollen belly. The surrogates had something of their own subculture, their own lingo. A 'wet floor' meant that somebody's water had just broken unexpectedly.

The surrogates here all went mere weeks between pregnancies, and various gene therapies and experimental medicines were given to them at all times in order to make the process of childbirth as straightforward and safe as it could be. But one of the side effects of the treatments were that labors tended to be very, *very* short, and even experienced surrogates were sometimes caught by surprise.

And that was precisely what had happened to Jade. She ran past the reception desk and over to the elevator, where she was frantically mashing the call button.

“Come on, come on, come *on*,” she hissed through gritted teeth. “Get down here, get down now, I need to- ooooh!”

She groaned, leaning against the wall as she tugged down her shorts, kicking them across the room as soon as they could and revealing her bits to the world at large. You can always tell who had been there longer than a year or so; they tended not to be shy.

The door dinged open, and two more surrogates - an otter and a zebra - stepped out, idly chatting, then stopping when they saw Jade. “Come on,” said the otter woman. “Let’s get you to a suite!”

“No!” squealed Jade. “It’s - *nnggh* - too late, I need to- AAH!” She gripped her belly again and looked like she was about to fall backwards, but the Zebra woman caught her under the armpits as the otter knelt down.

“I can already see it!” said the otter. “Nothing for it now, just push!”

I tried my best not to stare, but I couldn’t help it. Nose still ostensibly buried in my book, I cursed the otter woman for her head being in the way as the raccoon started to push her baby down and out.

I didn’t interned at Judo’s Cradle because I wanted to help save the world, though of course, that was a nice perk. I interned at Juno’s Cradle because I love pregnancy. I’m obsessed with that. And because nothing gets me more excited than seeing a woman in the throes of labor.

Don’t get me wrong. I’m always respectful to the girls. I don’t stare. I’ve never touched anyone who didn’t want to be touched (though if someone asks me to rub their belly, I sure as heck won’t hesitate). But I just can’t help myself.

Moments later, a shrill cry filled the air, and then Jade was holding a cute little baby. I quickly looked back to my book.

I made my way back to my apartment not long after that. As soon as I got in, I locked the doors, stripped off my clothes, and plopped down in front of my computer. The image was fresh in my mind and I still felt tingly all over, but a little extra seasoning certainly couldn't hurt. I went down through several layers of redundant folders to find my special folder. Smirking to myself, I clicked on an old favorite, and soon my screen was filled by the image of a large grizzly bear woman, splayed out on her bed as she actively labored with twins.

And as she started to huff and puff, I hiked up my legs, letting my hands slip between them. I ran a finger across my pussy, and it came back slick.

“That’s it, big mama,” came a voice from behind the camera. “You’re just about ready, give us a nice big push now!” And indeed, she spread her legs apart, nice and wide, and started to just that. I had watched this video over a dozen times before; she was having a couple of very large babies, and she was in for a lot of hard work before the first one even started to crown. It got me going almost every time.

“Obsession” is a very strong word. It wasn’t as if I had pregnancy on the brain for every waking hour. I had friends. I had hobbies. I did needlepoint and had an active *Club Clashes II* account. But I just loved this stuff so, so much. I started to rub myself faster and faster as the bear pushed, one hand rubbing my clit and two fingers plunging into and out of my soaking-wet passage. And I was so fired up that it barely took me any time at all before I came, flopping back in my chair just as she delivered her first baby.

I loved it. I wanted nothing more than to be a part of it. And in a few more weeks, I would be able to get just that opportunity.

I couldn’t wait.

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My 24th birthday came and went with little incident. I went out with some friends and got thoroughly sloshed. Which is not something I typically do to celebrate, but I indulged, because it would probably be the last time I'd be able to do so for awhile.

A week later, I was in the office of Dr. Moore, the director of Juno's Cradle. She was a goat anthro in late middle-age, her kindly eyes peering out from behind a pair of stern horn-rimmed glasses.

"Are you sure about this?" she said. "I know you just came of age - happy birthday, by the way - but it's unusual for someone so young to want to get into this life."

I knew from a young age that I was born immune to the illness that had rendered the majority of the population infertile some decades ago. And I had no heart conditions, genetic defects, or other such things which could be passed on to my children. Which means that, as soon as I turned 24 years old, I was eligible to be a surrogate. Which is why I was here in the office.

"I'm sure, Dr. Moore," I said, nodding. "I've been interning here for a long time, and I've seen everything that the surries put their bodies through in order to help people. They're amazing. And I want to help too."

None of this was a lie. I really did want to help people. But Dr. Moore did not have to know the *other* reason why I wanted to do this. She looked me over, drumming her fingers on the table. Then she let out a laugh.

"'Surries', she says," said Dr. Moore. "I guess you have been here awhile, you're even talking like them." She looked over at her computer. "As it happens, we do not have any leoprine surrogates on the roster at the moment, so it would be great

to help you. You'll still have to be given a physical, of course, but if you're really willing to do it, then we'd be glad to have you."

She slid a clipboard over to me, and I gave it a look. It had all of the standard disclaimers, all of the terms and conditions, that sort of thing. I would be required to relocate, of course, which wasn't a big deal. I already lived nearby. I'd be expelled if I was found smoking, drinking, doing drugs, or any of the usual things that could harm the baby. And other such things. I made a big show of reading it carefully, but my decision had been made the moment I stepped into her office. I plucked a pen out of the cup on Dr. Moore's desk (which was, I couldn't help but notice, shaped like the torso of a pregnant woman) and signed on the dotted line.

"Welcome aboard, Bonnie," said Dr. Moore. "You can head over to Dr. Rainer's office for your checkup, and if everything checks out, we'll get you moved in and put a bun in your oven as soon as we can!"

It was all I could do to keep myself from blushing at her words. My heart was positively racing. "I just can't wait," I said, struggling to keep my voice level.

This was it! This was really happening! I was really going to do this!

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I'll spare you the boring details of what happened next. I got my physical, everything checked out, I took a nap on a surgical table, peed on a stick some time later, and I was off to the races! In the meantime, my dorm was set up, and I couldn't be happier with it. The living space was a little bit smaller than I was used to, but I had all the necessities, and more importantly, I had a door that locked very securely. I had a feeling I was going to be getting a lot of use out of that last feature.

It had been about a month since I settled in properly. I got up, looked in my mirror, and ran a hand over my tummy. Of course, it was perfectly flat (or at least, as close

to flat as it ever was, sue me, I like snacks), and it was certainly far too early to feel anything, but just knowing that I was pregnant sent shivers down my spine.

My first stop was going to get some breakfast in the communal dining areas. There were waffles today. I tended to be a bit of a late riser, so the crowds were pretty sparse, but there was an older woman with a modest bump sitting alone at one of the tables, nibbling on a sausage. When she noticed me, she waved me over.

“Hey there, you must be the new girl,” she said. “I’m Stella, welcome!”

“Bonnie,” I said, giving her a nod, as her hands were busy.

“Always nice to see some new blood around here,” said Stella. “We don’t get as many applicants as we used to. Guessing you’re just getting started?”

“Uhhuh,” I said, patting my middle. “Just got the confirmation yesterday. My bun has officially started to bake.”

“Congrats,” said Stella, popping another sausage into her mouth and shooting me a forks-up. “I’m a few months into a fresh batch, myself. The first one’s always a little rough, but once your body gets used to things, it becomes just as routine as anything.”

“That’s good to know,” I said, though I hoped, deep down, that parts of this would never be routine.

“So what are your plans for the day?”

“Oh, you know, getting settled in. It’s a bit of an adjustment, y’know? I used to live in an apartment by myself.”

“Yeah, living communally is a bit of a change of pace,” said Stella, looking around the room. There were a couple of women shuffling around, going about their day,

having distant conversations. “But I wouldn’t have it any other way. You’re never lonely, and everyone here just knows what you’re going through when things get tough. I’m gonna miss it when I retire.” She let out a wistful sigh, then smiled. “But that’s a long way off! I’ve got a lot of babymakin’ left to do.”

I had to suppress a shiver at the thought of getting pregnant over and over again for a decade or more. I quickly chugged my orange juice.

“Anyway, I was thinking about hitting the gym after breakfast,” Stella continued. “Things always go more smoothly if you keep in shape. Have you been yet?”

I shook my head. Stella beamed.

“The facilities here are great,” she said. “Don’t be a hermit, now, there’s lots to do! Come on, we can go together. It’ll be busy soon, so you’ll have a chance to meet some people.”

That sounded like a plan to me, so we made small talk until we were both finished and made our way to the third floor, where the on-site gym was located.

I hadn’t been down since I’d moved in. I’d expected a plain little room with some secondhand treadmills and stationary bikes with some easy listening music piped in. But to my surprise, it was reasonably swanky, stocked with top-of-the-line machines that even had TVs built right in, and there were even personal trainers on staff. I was right about the easy listening, though.

“Pretty great, huh?” said Stella, patting me on the shoulder. “So where would you like to start?”

“I’ll follow your lead,” I said. Stella grinned as she hopped up onto a pedaling machine, and I took my place on the one next to her. She took off at a pretty good clip, and I did not feel compelled to match her pace. Sure enough, more surrogates began to file in, greeting each-other and taking places on various machines. One of

them - a tall Siamese cat woman with a considerable roundness - stopped in front of Stella.

“Heya, Ming,” said Stella. “How’s it hangin’?”

“Low,” she said, giving her belly a gentle slap. She and Stella shared a laugh.

“This the new girl I’ve heard so much about?”

“What?” I said, feeling my heart race for a moment. “What have you heard?”

“That there was a new girl,” said Ming. Then she and Stella laughed harder, and I sighed.

“You’re hilarious,” said Stella. “Bonnie, this is Ming. Ming, Bonnie.”

“Nice to meet you,” said Ming. “Pardon me if I don’t stay and chat, but my little darling has been rowdy and I need to do some reps in order to hush her up.”

Without another word, she dashed away, setting herself up on a nearby weight machine.

“Don’t mind Ming,” said Stella. “She gets pretty intense about her workouts.”

“I guess it takes all sorts,” I said, as I watched her go. All she had been wearing was a sports bra and briefs, leaving her belly completely exposed. And she was, not to put too fine a point on it, a dish. It was hard not to stare, but I powered through and focused on my workout. Stella was talking about something, but I was barely aware of it. I just stayed focused. Working on, working out, getting that good cardio in...

This worked pretty well until I heard a yowl, followed by a thunk. Heads turned towards Ming, whose weights had just fallen to the ground, and she was now rubbing her belly and groaning.

“Oh boy,” said Stella. “Hey, can someone give Ming an escort to-”

Ming cried out again, grabbing her pants and yanking them off in one motion before flinging them across the room. “Not happening!” she cried. “It’s comin’ in hot! Somebody get over here and catch before- NNNNGH!”

I barely had time to register what was happening. I’d barely had a moment to get used to the sight of Ming’s exposed pussy before her lips spread apart and she began to groan. Stella quickly hopped off and dashed on over, crouching in front of Ming, but I still had a perfect view. I knew I should look away, give her some privacy, but I just couldn’t. I could see all of the action from my vantage point as Ming spread her legs wide, groaning and pushing as her baby practically shot out into Stella’s hands.

“Whew,” she said, wiping her brow. “That was a big one!”

“Dammit, Ming,” said someone else, “this is the fourth baby you’ve had in the gym! You need to start taking it easier when you’re ready to pop!”

“My gains wait for nothing,” said Ming, as she accepted the baby and leaned back. Stella gave her a pat on the shoulder before walking back over to me.

“Yeah, I know, it can be a bit shocking,” she said. I closed my mouth and blinked.

“Uh, yeah,” she said. “Shocking. A bit. Yeah.”

“Things are different around here, but you’ll get used to it,” said Stella. “Sooner or later, you’ll get to the point where someone can pop a baby out right next to you and you’ll barely even notice.”

“Ha ha, yeah,” I said. “That definitely sounds like it’ll happen to me. Could you excuse me, please? I need a moment to, um. I just need a moment.”

Stella waved me off, and I proceeded to go back to my bunk and diddle myself raw.

It was possible that this was going to be more difficult than I had anticipated.

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A few more weeks went by with no further incidents, and I was starting to find my groove. The surrogates really were as friendly as they could be, and I was starting to get to the point where I didn't find bare bellies any more distracting than bare elbows. Stella was a godsend, helping me learn the ins and outs of the place. But every so often, I would see something that would necessitate me needing to go "relieve myself" or whatever excuse I needed. Despite what Stella had said the other day, a woman giving birth tended to be the center of attention, and in the aftermath of the event, my slipping off was never remarked upon.

Hitting the gym on the regular didn't seem to be for me, so I had to find some other ways to stay active. Stella suggested the weekly yoga class, and that sounded like it was more my speed. I made my way down one morning, and found myself sharing the elevator with five other women, each of them much, much more pregnant than I was. Two of them - a yellow lab and a gray squirrel - were having an active conversation.

"-and I'm at the stage where they're trying to kick their way out of me, I swear, it's the worst!"

"Speak for yourself, I just love the feeling of them wriggling around in there."

"You enjoy it all you want, I could live without getting kicked in the bladder every ten minutes when I'm trying to sleep!"

"Hah, I know, right? And you're always so much bigger than me, too, it must be rough!"

“Girl, you have no idea. I’ve been sore all day from lugging this load around!”

The whole elevator started laughing, and I was staring as hard as I could at the inspection certificate. I swear, I’ve had dreams that started exactly like this. If the elevator broke down and they all started going into labor one by one, my heart would just explode out of my chest.

Thankfully, that didn’t happen, and we soon disembarked. The yoga studio was an enclosed area on the same floor as the gym, and it looked like you’d expect a yoga studio to do, with pastel colors and padded floors. The instructor was a tall antelope woman who looked like she was late in her second trimester.

“Good morning, ladies!” she said brightly. “I see we have a new face in my class! I’m Carla, and I’ll be helping you work through the aches and pains that are a fact of life around here! Why don’t we start out with some simple stretches, hmm? Let’s go nice and slow so everyone can keep up. Now, you start like this…”

It took me a few tries to get the motions right, but the other girls were very helpful. I felt a belly rub against me as one of them fixed my posture, and tried my best to focus. I *was* actually here to do some yoga, after all, and I didn’t want to have to “excuse myself”.

But eventually, I started working my way into the more complex positions, and I was starting to really enjoy myself. It was impressive, how the other girls’ bellies barely seemed to get in their way. That came with lots of practice, I guess.

“And back up again, that was great!” said Carla, as we slowly stood back up from a deep squat. At least, most of us did. The yellow lab was having a bit of difficulty getting back up.

“Come on, Sally,” said Carla. “I know you can do it.”

“I’m fine!” yelled Sally, her voice cracking a bit. “I’m just having a bit of- *ooh!*”

She suddenly started to fall backwards, and the squirrel woman quickly caught her, and that was when I saw that there was a bulge between her legs.

“Oh boy,” said Carla, shaking her head. “Tori, go get a nurse, please. Vicki, just keep holding her there, would you? New girl, give me a hand with her pants!”

“M-Me?” I said, feeling myself blush.

“I know it’s a bit weird, but you’ve got to get used to this sort of thing happening,” said Carla, winking at me. “And it’ll be easier if each of us takes a leg.”

Cautiously, I leaned down, grabbing the legs of Jess’s yoga pants, and on the count of three, each of us pulled. And as soon as they were around her ankles, Jess let out a yelp as the baby slipped right out of her and onto the matt below.

“Whoof,” said Jess, wiping her brow. “Thanks, girls. Guess that wasn’t a muscle cramp I was feeling, eh?”

The whole class shared a laugh, while I made an excuse and made my way back to my room.

This was *definitely* going to be more difficult than I had anticipated.

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I fell back onto my bed, splayed out, my vibrator falling out of my hand and rolling across the floor, and I started to pant heavily. This place was going to be the death of me.

It was bad enough that, as my own pregnancy continued to develop, my already-overtaxed hormones were going even crazier. But everywhere I looked, something in this place was trying to drive me bonkers.

It was hard to stay focused when an ocelot woman gave birth on the sofa during movie night because she “didn’t want to miss the good part”. It was borderline impossible to not let my mind run amok when I watched that poodle down the hall’s water break while she was tidying up the kitchen and then deliver into her own hands while she called for someone to fetch a mop.

But when one of the on-staff nurses asked for volunteers for a demonstration on basic obstetrical first aid techniques, only to go into labor and deliver her own baby *during the demonstration*, that was when I thought the universe was out to get me.

I couldn’t keep this up forever. Somebody was going to find out. I tried my best to keep it cool, I really did, but I was going absolutely crazy. Maybe I’d just stay in my dorm until I had my baby and then quietly drop out of the program and go become a llama herder in some distant country.

There was a knock at my door. As quickly as I could, I pulled a blanket over myself. “Uh, who’s there?” I asked.

“It’s Stella. Can I come in?”

I tried to think of an excuse, but came up empty. I didn’t want to be suspicious. “Come on in,” I said, pulling the blanket a little more tightly to my body.

The otter woman made her way in, dressed in a fluffy white bathrobe. “Hi,” she said, waving. “Mind if I sit down?”

I shook my head, and she sat down on the edge of my bed. “What can I do for you?” I said, hoping she wouldn’t stay long.

“I was hoping I could help you,” said Stella. “I notice you’ve been spending a lot of time in your dorm lately.”

I could feel my ears flatten out in embarrassment. “Well, you know,” she said. “I’ve been a bit under the weather.”

She turned to meet my eyes, and gave me a smile. “There’s nobody around here but you and me,” she said. “And I locked your door behind me. You can talk to me.”

I started to slip deeper under the blankets. “Talk to you about what?” I quickly said. “I don’t know what you’re--”

Then she placed a finger on my lips.

“I’ve seen the way you look at the other surries, Bonnie,” she said, and I felt my face turn bright red. I felt like I was going to burn a hole in my mattress.

“I know exactly how you feel,” she continued, dropping her voice. “Because I feel the exact same way.”

And then my mind went completely blank. I had no idea how to respond to it.

“You love it, don’t you? Seeing all those nice round bumps, the way they move, the way they feel, the way they just *squirm* when the baby is active, the way they contract when labor starts...”

Stella was just narrating my inner monologue at me now. My mouth was completely numb, so I just nodded.

“You’re not alone, Bonnie,” said Stella, as she slowly opened up her robe. She was completely nude underneath. Reaching down, she took one of my hands and placed it on her belly, and I felt shivers immediately.

I took a deep breath. “You know?” she said. “W-what gave it away?”

“Oh, I’ve known for months,” said Stella, flashing me a grin. “You remember a month or so ago, when we were crowded together in the elevator and my belly just pressed right up against your back?”

I felt myself blush again. I remembered.

“Or two weeks ago, when I spilled tea on my shirt and had to get it off before ‘the stain set in’?”

I definitely remembered that.

“Or last week, when I said that I had a hand cramp and I needed you to rub my belly?”

I would never be able to forget *that*. “You... you were just teasing me this whole time?” I said. “Why would you do that?”

“Because you were just so cute,” said Stella, scooting a bit closer. “Did you really think you were the only one?”

My righteous indignation immediately drained out of me. “You... you too?” I stammered.

“At least one out of every four people here, if I had to take a guess,” said Stella. “Girl, we live in a world where only ten percent of the childbearing population can get pregnant. I’m surprised that *more* people aren’t fetishizing it.”

That broke up the tension. I couldn’t help but laugh with Stella.

“So what are you doing here, then?” I said. “Why are you telling me now?”

“Because I felt kind of bad about winding you up like that,” she replied. “And I wanted to do something special for you.” She got a bit closer, picked up one of my ears and whispered. “That’s why, as soon as I felt myself starting to have my first contractions, I came straight here.”

And that there was the exact moment I died. My soul sprang out of my body, ascended upward into the celestial sphere, became one with the universe, and transcended time and reality as I watched the whole of creation speed by in an eyeblink before time caught up to this moment once again.

I coughed.

“What are you saying here?” I asked. “You... you want me to help you give birth?”

“I don’t need any help,” said Stella. “I could give birth in my sleep. And in fact did one time, but I don’t like to talk about that. No... I’m here because I just want you to sit back and enjoy. Unless you’d like to do a little more than sit back, of course...”

I couldn’t help myself. I leaned forward and kissed her.

“Oh, good,” said Stella. “That means I get to have some real fun.” She tossed the rest of her robe aside and motioned for me to come closer. I didn’t need an engraved invitation. I quickly cuddled up to her, my hands all over her belly, rubbing and squeezing it like I had done only in my wildest fantasies, only this was a million times better. I could feel her belly contracting under my fingers, feel it growing tighter and tighter as the baby shifting. We continued like this for some time, until Stella let out a little gasp, I felt something wet splash against my thigh.

“It’s happening,” she said, grinning at me. “How would you like to get a *really* close look, hmm?”

There was nothing I wanted *more*, and I told her as such. Seconds later, she was kneeling over me, her belly rubbing against my body and her pussy, her beautiful, gloriously wide open pussy was mere inches away from my face.

“Nnn... I can feel it happening,” moaned Stella. “My baby’s coming... are you ready?”

“Push for me, Stella,” I panted. “I want to see it happening...”

And with that, Stella started to moan as she did just that, her bits starting to bulge out as, slowly, I saw the beginnings of the head. I had never been more turned on in my life, and I suspect Stella knew it, because just then, I felt her fingers inside of me.

“Oh wow, you’re soaking wet,” said Stella, as she began to rub. “You love this, don’t you? You’re getting so hot from watching me birth.”

“Yes!” I moaned, as Stella started to push again, the baby slowly coming out to a full crown. “I love it! I love it so much! I could watch you push out babies all day and living here has been like a dream come true and some days I can barely *nnnnnGHAAAAA!*”

And just as the baby slid out of Stella’s body, landing softly on my chest, I had the biggest orgasm of my life. I felt it throughout my whole body, and when it was over, I felt like I was made out of pudding. It was amazing. A few minutes later, Stella gathered up her baby and got us cleaned up.

“I can’t believe this,” I said, shaking my head.

“Believe it, girl,” said Stella, as she wrapped the baby - still attached to her - in a towel. “Really, you’re all worked up about nothing. Nobody cares if you stare a bit.

Heck, as long as you ask first, I don't think anyone here would object to a belly rub."

"Oh wow. I've been missing out."

"Not for much longer," she said with a wink. "And in a couple months, it'll be your turn."

I grinned to myself. I couldn't wait. "I actually had an idea for that," I said. "If you'd be willing to help out..."

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It was time. I felt my first contractions after breakfast that morning and quickly texted Stella to get things set up. I knew that first babies tended to take more time, but I still wouldn't have long.

Soon, I was sitting comfortably in a nest of pillows set up on my bed, wearing nothing but a black lace domino mask and a smile. Granted, the mask did absolutely nothing to conceal my identity, but plausible deniability never hurt anything. Stella, for her part, was standing in front of the bed with my phone set up on a tripod.

"Everything ready?" She gave me a thumbs up, then hit the record button.

"Hey there," I said, in my best sultry voice, as I looked into the camera, my hands running across the surface of my belly. "Did you see that? Because I can sure feel it... I'm in labor, and it feels so *intense*." I spread my legs wide apart, showing off my pussy for the camera. "It won't be long before I have to give birth, so I hope you'll enjoy the show." From beneath a pillow, I withdrew my favorite toy - my little magic wand vibrator - and fired it up, applying it to my clit. Stella grinned, adjusting the camera angle, no doubt zooming in a bit. I pleased myself with one hand and rubbed my belly with the other, moaning and groaning my way through

my contractions, until finally, there was an audible *pop* as my water broke, gushing across the sheets.

“Oh no,” I moaned, in mock distress. “My water just broke! It’s... it’s time! Oooh, it’s gonna happen soon!” I scooted back a bit, sitting upright and spreading nice and wide, making sure to give the camera a great view.

“Oooh, there’s so much *pressure*,” I moaned, as I thought back to all those videos I watched, all of the things I liked to imagine those new mothers saying. “I can feel it trying to come out, I can’t hold back any longer! I’ve got to... got to... puuuUUUUSH!” And I pushed. Oh boy, *did* I push. And it was better than I ever could have imagined. It hurt a little bit, because even modern medical science isn’t perfect, but as I felt my cervix open up, felt the baby begin to descend into my birth canal, felt my pussy began to open up, all I could think about was how good it felt.

“Oooh, it’s coming! It’s coming out! I can feel it comiiiiing!”

Stella was grinning ear to ear as she zoomed in closer, as my pussy began to open up and the baby started to emerge. She was loving the show, and so was I.

“It’s really happening! I’m giving birth! I’m birthing just for you, darling! Look at my beautiful birthing pussy, look!”

I was absolutely on fire. Giving birth was a feeling like nothing else, and once this baby was out of me, I was going to be able to do it over and over again, for years to come. This was just paradise.

“Nnnn! Need to push... need to push... oooh, I’m gonna PUSH!”

I felt the baby slip further and further out of me as I bore down, I could feel it coming out, stretching my lips open, and I rode the wave like it was the biggest orgasm of my life. Which, in a way, it was. Finally, with a climactic cry that I

didn't care who heard, it slipped out of me, and I theatrically flopped back into my nest.

"Oh wow," I moaned. "What a big baby I just had! And I bet the next one is going to be even bigger!"

"And... cut," said Stella. "That was perfect! Though really, I'd just say that was kind of an average-sized baby."

"Oh, hush up," I said, as I picked up the newborn. "You've got to give the people a show." I hesitated for a moment. "You're sure it's okay for me to post this online?"

"As long as you don't name-drop the center or anyone who works here, you're fine," said Stella. "I checked. Like I said, you're not the only one."

I smiled as I held my baby, and reflected back on the last nine months. It was true. Sometimes getting your biggest fantasy realized isn't everything you hoped it would be.

But sometimes it can be even better.