

Neo-Equestrian Obstetrics by Kassaz

Luna's moon finished its journey to the West, out of view, making way for its solar counterpart in Celestia's sun to dawn a new day on Equestria. Slowly, the gentle rays of light crept up on homes and through windows, stirring the ponies inside to wakefulness. Some ponies smiled, some frowned, some jumped out of bed, and yet others did their best to return to the realm of dreams. The ponies leisurely started their days, stovetop presses were primed with coffee, fillies and colts were awoken, and the little village of Ponyville started to bustle in tune with the other villages scattered over their peaceful world.

In one bed, in that little village of Ponyville, there were two lumps under the covers. The lumps weren't lovers side-by-side, but they were a family. That lump lying higher, on a pillow, began to move, and the covers receded to reveal a mare with a white coat, blonde mane, and beautiful blue eyes, albeit bloodshot in the moment. Her name was Aryanne. Her neck twisted, wondering why the bed was colder than it should be, looking for her stallion, and fear set in when he wasn't there. Now fully awake, she remembered that he was out on a campaign in the badlands and wouldn't yet return for several more days. No longer was there reason to stay snuggled under the blankets, and a powerful rear kick cleanly sent them off her form, revealing that lower lump, her belly swollen with foal. Her cutie-mark was now visible, a pink heart with an odd swirl of a symbol on it, common to her family and a few others, but otherwise unknown. She preferred to think it represented good fortune, family, and pride in one's nation. Her friends sometimes called it "the windmill of friendship", and she liked that interpretation as well.

The lower lump radiated heat from the core of her being, and she smiled as she watched it rise and fall with her breathing, thoughts of what adorable colt or filly, and then proper stallion or mare, the foal inside would become raced through her mind. Did she bear a future stallion, brave like her husband, or a filly she would raise into a mare like herself; which half of love did she currently hold inside of her? These thoughts were made less romantic when she unceremoniously squished her belly, rolling over to stand up on the bed.

Her hindleg left the mattress and blindly tried to find flooring, and she found herself straddling the mattress, with her large middle making further movement difficult. She sucked in, planted a forehoof for leverage, and swung her other hindleg off. She started breathing again, now standing on her hindlegs, with her belly keeping her at the mattress and her forelegs hovering above it. Aryanne was a mare who had seen dragons, hydras, Cloudsdale, and it was nearly impossible to not catch glimpses of the gorgeous mountain city that was Canterlot; all of these creatures and places had their awesome sizes in common. It always befuddled the mare how her belly could somehow inspire that same equine feeling, when she knew full well it was actually quite small, albeit a big small. She supposed having her most personal spaces inhabited would do that. Errant reflection finished, she arched her back to get a rearing stance, and held it for the few seconds necessary to walk backwards and land on all four hooves with a bounce.

Soon enough she wouldn't be carrying this foal inside of her, but on top of her. She grinned again and put a hoof on her dome. Her bedside antics hadn't awoken the little one, so there was naught but a gentle stirring for now, but that would change soon. Somewhat solitary, scanning shelf, she saw the article of clothing she needed to wear if she were to leave the house, a bra, lest she leave puddles of milk for some cats to drink. No, that milk was for her foals only, sans some sexy sire shenanigans.

She bit the bra and sauntered over to set it on the wall, slinging it over a hook. Then she spun around to awkwardly thread a hindleg through the correct hole, followed by its twin to its twin. Now she was a still somewhat sleepy, pretty pregnant pony, bound by bra to the wall. Remembering previous times, she craned her neck to ensure she moved her poor tail down and out of the way. Knowing this was the easiest time for an Earth pony to adjust her clothing, she wiggled around until the bra didn't irritate any nooks or crannies, folded any fur, or ruffled any of her rear.

All of the wiggling her rear began to remind her of the foal's conception, and she was beginning to feel arousal build between her and the wall, but a proper mare didn't start the day this way. She planted her forehooves firmly onto the floor, and bounced her behind, needing a few tries, to free the bra from hook and rest it on her rear end with an audible snap that helped further waken the mare.

Her stomach growled, provoking her progeny to prodding, perhaps playfully, she preferred to ponder, prodding in-turn to placate. She left the bedroom for the den, and there for a door to the outside. It was important for Equestrians to have their own gardens they could eat from. Generosity was an element of harmony, but ponies such as her also thought it could be most generous at times to avoid needing generosity in the first place, and if most everypony didn't need it, that helped free it for those who truly did. Her eyes scanned the meticulously-arranged garden, settling on a carrot that looked particularly good to her that morning. Another growl, another kick, and another assuaging led her to chide herself. "Keep calm so I can carry on, little foal. I'm preparing our breakfast."

Bending down to grab the carrot in her mouth, she pulled back, to more resistance than she'd expected. A hindleg not planted firmly enough slipped, and she landed on rump, bump on lap, and carrot in mouth. Love is war, and her little prisoner didn't care for the sudden change of the world, with a hoofprint briefly becoming visible on the crest of her belly. A forehoof gently rubbed the bump into submission, and her gentle humming slowly lulled the foal back to stillness. She marveled at it again; sometimes it seemed like she was looking at part of a face, in herself, with her hindlegs making ears; she giggled at the silly thought.

A mare at her stage needs a wide berth to stand back up, which was of course easy to get in her garden. She needed to lean back and use momentum to get her forelegs on the ground easily. Again, her belly visibly shifted and changed shape with her change in orientation, no longer pressed so far out in front, but returned to sitting deeper inside and spreading out from her sides. With everything settled in, she felt the foal's head resting too near to her bladder; looking around to verify nopony would see her, she oriented her body before relieving herself, legs spread. She could feel the foal's head gain plenty of room, sighing the entire time. Looking around once more, it didn't seem anypony saw her, not that it was strictly improper, but it's when ponies rose above horses by gaining magic and learning how to use tools that they were to do away with the more egregious horsing around.

Her stomach protested again, and she decided not to cook anything fancy, opting to instead make some biscuits, clean the carrot, and eat them with some other fresh vegetables. Fortunately, there was enough leftover dough in her refrigerator for half a dozen. Letting her belly sway underneath, her forebody rested on the counter. She plopped the dough directly on the counter and started dividing it onto a skillet by hoof. Then, a generous layer of butter was slathered on. When finished, she dropped back down to put the skillet in the oven, but the sudden movement had her wait a moment for calm. "Calm down, little one, so I can put them in the oven."

In sum, it was an uneventful breakfast and, in looking at a note she'd left for herself, she had plans for the day, at least.

That proud, particular, pregnant pony pranced through Ponyville's pathways, as best a pregnant pony could, anyway. The dirt pathways of the small village were almost always pleasant to tread, allowing her to see the bustling of her fellow ponies going about their daily lives, taking care of their foals, and holding foals yet-to-be, as she was. This was a strong Equestrian village, and many like it made a strong Equestrian nation. The sun now shone much higher in the sky, and brought with it the heat. Far be it from ponies in the hoof an angry Celestia, it was merely the solar monarch in tandem with the weather teams of the nation beginning their preparations for summer, to bring the heat necessary for the transitions of life which depended on the season.

Whether weathering the weather would be worth this weather was something she'd rather not weather the weather to know, but she'd promised, and a dam does her damndest to keep her promises. What she saw wasn't so inspiring. What she knew was a dam worked hard to carry her burden and worked hard to the day she foaled, and if she had any complaints, she kept them to herself. She was standing in row with some other gravid dams of the village in some neo-Equestrian exercising ritual she didn't fully understand. Why, several of the mares were even wearing leotards; they walked through the village dressed like that!

A fellow Earth pony mare was at the head of this herd, also pregnant, and had the decency to be naked for the event. The mare had a white coat, blue and pink mane, and her cutie-mark was a bun in an oven; Aryanne decided this would perhaps be a respectable event, deferring to the cutie-mark and burying her doubt, for now. Apparently, this was a pregnancy exercising meeting, with the goal being to help dams relax. She began to drop her saddlebags, when they were covered in a magical glow and gently lowered for her. She saw it was a unicorn helping some of the others, and Aryanne gave her a smile in appreciation.

The first exercise was sustained rearing, with the goal of working the barrel and flank. What a strange thing to do; acrobatics had never appealed to her on a personal level, and it would be even harder gravid so, but she wasn't going to be the one standing out. Following the mare's instructions, she took a deep breath; dug in her hindhooves, spaced apart rather than side-by-side; and pushed hard with forelegs. She found it less difficult to stay that way than expected, but could already begin to feel her muscles ache. Her wide womb, already hard as a rock, was tightened considerably, and she felt her foal kick at her from being sucked inside by the contraction of muscles. Her hindlegs felt fine compared to her flank, which seemed to hold all of the stress that wasn't in her middle. It wasn't even a minute before they lowered back down, some more gently than others, and rested before starting to rear again.

After rearing came "poga", or whatever it was called. Compared to the rearing, it seemed simple; they were simply going to stretch out, whilst balancing, and perform some breathing exercises. The mare at the head was going through some poses they could copy, and she saw some variations between the tribes. Some pegasi balanced solely on their forelegs, using their wingspan in lieu of legs to balance themselves, and Aryanne noticed at least one with her teats sagging, parted by belly, and leaving a small line of milk leaking down from one. A few unicorns were balancing on just one leg, using magic to hold themselves upright. No matter, she would use the Earth pony pose, using diagonal legs.

Her right foreleg stretched out straight from her form, pointing towards the sky, and her left hindleg stretched aimlessly behind her. As she was one of the last mares to pose, it was seconds before the mare at the head instructed them on how to breathe.

Aryanne slowly breathed in as much as she could, and then slowly let it leave her; she could feel her joints stretch out, just a tad. Unbeknownst to her and some of the other mares, they were still holding little bundles of stress in their bellies, but the head mare noticed, and explained to them how to simply close their eyes and try to stop thinking about whatever was bothering them in life, and to let that stress leave them as well.

Aryanne closed her eyes and thought of her husband. She was worried that he was okay, that he would return in time for the foaling, that he would return at all. She grit her teeth. No, he was simply working with the guard to build a small settlement near the border, and so slightly expand Equestria's territory; he would return. She thought about him holding their foal, and about making the next, and her belly loosened to hang more freely beneath her, as it slowly did for several of the other mares. Of course, her brood brought back her immediate focus with a kick to her most private parts. "Calm down, little one, mommy is just trying to relax." One kick felt as if it hit the apex of her belly from the inside, and she felt some pain she'd not felt before, albeit minor. She stopped to dive her head between legs and inspect what pain her progeny had produced. "Oh, I'm an outie now."

After that came the most preposterous exercise, they were expected to lie on their backs and jut their bellies up. Aryanne snorted, but she'd come this far, and cutie-marks didn't lie, so she again cast aside her doubt and trusted the expertise of the mare at the head, who she'd by now recalled as the town's surrogate and primary midwife. It was a respectable job, doing such a marely task only a marely mare can make do, and, if anypony, she probably knew what she was talking about when it came to relieving back pain.

Aryanne knelt with the others to then fall to her side, and then struggled to use her legs to rotate herself onto her back. It was impossible to see the mare giving the instructions now, instead seeing an upside-down world of heavy bellies and legs surrounding her, but she followed the instructions and watched as the pose propagated throughout the herd. She sucked in air, clenched her rear, and slowly managed to curve her spine outwards, watching the crest of her belly transition from merely blocking her view of most things, to overwhelming her vision. As her belly reached its apogee, she actually found it rather easy to hold the position. It truly was relaxing in its own way, she could feel it doing something to her back. It felt her foal was still cradled by her inner nooks and crannies, but at the same time they felt less concave, and it almost felt like the foal was balancing on her, rather than within her.

Aryanne wasn't aware the surrogate was walking through the crowds until she'd reached her. The first thing she noticed about the mare from this angle was how large she was in comparison; surely she was gestating gemini. "Mind if I give you a quick check-up as part of the meeting, sweetheart?" Aryanne didn't mind. The mare Aryanne now knew as Bundle Joy, placed a forehoof at the top of her swell and started pressing in lightly. Aryanne rolled her eyes at hearing if the foal was *in line with her spine*, it was probably a filly, and if *wide with her womb*, likely a colt, but let the mare feel her up anyway. The mare reached over middle and pressed in lightly, slowly dragging her hoof to the other end; then she gently placed her hoof at the point where her burden now jutted out from her body, and dragged it down the middle to the other side. The mare made no effort to avoid Aryanne's navel, and the odd sensation of hoof on the delicate region had her shudder, almost falling over; fortuitously or not, Bundle Joy pressed in a tad deeper to help steady her before removing her hoof. Then she continued poking and prodding in the far half of her belly, spending some extra time feeling around more deeply there. "Well congratulations, it seems there's a little filly sleeping in here, and she's already facing her entrance into the world!"

What a thought, that Aryanne's exit would be her daughter's entrance, not that this mare really knew it was a filly. Still, she couldn't help but smile at the mare, despite not really wanting to.

Soon enough the event was over; Aryanne was ready to leave immediately for other things, but a thoughtful pegasus had taken the time to fly a cloud over and kick some rain out of it, which the other mares were walking through to cool down. She'd dry off in minutes with this heat, so she gladly took a walk through with the others. Her largest regret was there didn't seem to be anything an Earth pony could do to help in-turn, but the instructor had been an Earth pony, so she supposed it truly was an all-Equestrian affair.

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Aryanne could be obstinate all she wanted, but had to admit to herself that the experience had left her feeling better than before. She more easily made the trek to her sister's house, and pushed the door open to be greeted by several of her nieces and nephews, who barrelled towards her from their spying spot at the windowsill. Being heavily pregnant and swarmed by knee-high young made it difficult to carefully walk around without stepping on anypony. With sufficient space underneath and behind her, without any ponies in the way, she allowed her hindlegs to collapse and saddlebags to slide off. They clung to her belly well, but a gentle sway freed them, and then got caught on her behind to her chagrin; she wiggled her rear until the cheeky display had the bags parted over her and falling on the ground. She couldn't help but blush, one of the younger fillies had imitated her. She turned to face her saddlebags to see one of the colts with his head in one side, prying to see what his "Auntie Aryanne" had brought for them. Why, she never treated her elders this way. All of those memories she had of doing just that were just placed there by a rogue agent of the moon; it was a conspiracy!

She gently guided the colt's head out of her saddlebag and, since she didn't have much in them today, found it easier to knock the bag over, grab it in her mouth, and dump its contents on the floor. Along with an apple, a water pouch, and a neatly-tied paper bag of shortcake cookies, there fell out an old book; her nod was all the approval the little ones needed to open the bag and start distributing the treats amongst themselves. The mare chuckled, and took the book in mouth, then walking over to plop down on the sofa; she could've rested the book on her paunch, but decided to lie on her side to afford her forequarters more room to read the book. The foals gathered around, nibbling on their treats. Before she started, some of the brood noticed something different about her, with one of the fillies realizing and asking about her now convex belly button. The second sphere poking out far to rest on that much larger hadn't earned much attention from her, and she explained that just happened to some pregnant mares. The little filly asked if hers was going to poke out too, looking down at it as if expecting that to happen any moment, and Aryanne added to that adorable distress by telling her it would, were she lucky.

She turned to "The Princess and the Knight", that classic tale of a brave knight being saved by a beautiful princess; some say, she told them, that it was a tale of true events. She smiled the entire time she read to them, not just for what she was doing then, but in entertaining the thoughts of having similar experiences with her own foals someday, and them in this crowd with their cousins. She would do her part to make Equestria even stronger and even greater than it already was, and she wouldn't want it any other way.

Author's Note:

Hello. I hope my story was enjoyed. It was slightly shorter than I would've preferred, and I had much less time to research the characters, plan, proofread, and edit than I usually do, since I learned about this art pack with merely two days to spare before the deadline. Anyone who has read my other stories should see plenty of my prior work in this. I seriously considered not using my pseudonym for this story, fearing some form of retaliation, but decided against that and to try my best with the time I had. I disagree with Derpibooru's censorship; all rules a forum has are technically censorious, but it's important to distinguish rules which are calm, clear, and consistent from those that are varying, vague, and vindictive. If Derpibooru had started out with the recent rules, there wouldn't have been such an uproar, but pulling the rug out from others once it had a critical mass of users is the main crime here. I don't want to ramble at the end of my story, so I'll end by writing I'll never forget the fun I had with /mlp/, I stand against this censorship, and I love pregnant ponies.