

# An At-Ease Almost Hearth's Warming Eve by Kassaz

In Ponyville, perfectly-placed from any purlieu, a property houses a precious pony, purportedly partially-responsible for the proliferation of those newest Ponyvillians, as she sleeps. Protected from the cold of the Winter, the pretty, pregnant pony, Bundle Joy, sleeps away. It's not her, but her present progeny, which spurs her to wakefulness and, never being alone, speak. "You certainly are an active foal, aren't you? You want to play sports some day like your parents, Heavy Hitter and Gentle Catch, don't you?"

Her stomach growled again, eliciting more movement from its neighbor. "Let's have some breakfast then." She threw the sheets off and shivered slightly at the sudden cold, before one, two, three and rolling onto her hooves to then step off the mattress. Many of the buildings in the small village had second stories and so staircases to better use the available space, but hers was one lacking any more than a ground floor, not even having a cellar. Stairs could be hard to use when pregnant and, as regularly gravid as she was, they would've only been a hassle. It was a leisurely walk from her bedroom, to the den, and from there to her kitchen.

Plopping down on her plot once she reached the counter, she started rubbing her belly and trying to divine an answer from her passenger. "Now what would you like to eat, little one?" Reaching for a recipe book and opening it on her paunch, she flipped the pages. There was no response from the recipe for pancakes. There was but the gentlest of stirring for when she flipped to the pie section. When she reached the page for cinnamon rolls, however, there was a heavy-hooved kick, albeit not visible from the outside. She set the book back down on the counter. "Well, that settles it then. You have good taste for a foal who's not even born yet."

The foal of course couldn't actually respond, but Bundle so enjoyed having these discussions with each and every one of her pregnancies. Even before the birth, each foal has a little personality and it can be hard to say goodbye after so long.

There was usually leftover dough in her refrigerator and this was not an exception. Letting her belly sway underneath, her forebody rested on the counter. She plopped the dough directly on the counter and spread it by rolling pin. A generous layer of butter was slathered on. When finished, she dropped back down to get another bowl and the filling, but the sudden movement had her wait a moment for calm. "I know you don't have much room left in there. I'll try to be gentler, so rest again now."

The cinnamon, sugar, and raisin mix was spread and, being an Earth pony, she had a choice between starting the rolling through nudging with her snout or plopping back on her plot so she could easily and gently roll with her forehooves. She opted for the former and began rolling in the middle to prevent unevenness; in three sections, she had the rolling started, and after that it was much easier to nudge it along and finish.

Her stomach growled again and the foal kicked her in the ribs, along with her more sensitive areas. The foal eventually decided to rest, his head too near to her bladder. The frosting and baking must wait. It was barely fresh dawn by then, so she took a shortcut to the toilet, stepping outside and breathing in the first cool Winter air of the day.

Looking around to verify nopony would see her, she walked forward and oriented herself before relieving her bladder, 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 would've been the first time anyway. She kicked some nearby snow over the sizeable, sizzling hole she'd made before returning inside to the warmth.

"Well, you won't be able to do that again for a bit. Let's finish that icing now." She already had the sugar and butter out, so she just needed some milk. The refrigerator only gave an empty bottle, however. The milkmare wouldn't be around until a bit later, so waiting wasn't much of an option. There was still milk for the purpose, though. "Don't tell anyone, little foal."

The necessary milking equipment was kept in her bedroom. Rather than walking to get it, she set the bowl on the floor and snaked her forehoof around her wide belly. After some fun fumbling around, she was able to relieve herself in the bowl, with only a little spraying outside. She'd mop that up later. It was then a simple matter of setting the bowl back on the counter and mixing the ingredients to the right consistency. She stuck her hoof in the icing and watched the way it dripped from her hoof.

"Oh my, is it really okay for me to just taste it like that? Oh, if you say so." she purred, before closing her eyes and bringing the hoof to her muzzle, slowly licking and sucking it clean. The mare couldn't help but then giggle at how she sometimes behaved when alone, or as alone as she liked being.

It occurred to her that she should've cut and set the rolls to bake before she went to work on the icing, but there was no changing it now. She held the knife over and ran it across, judging how many and how thickly she could cut, before following through and getting a thick baker's dozen. Then they simply needed to be put on the tray and slid into her oven.

"It looks to me like now there are fourteen buns in my oven. What do you think?" There was no stirring within her womb at the quip. "Fine." she said with mock offense, tilting her head away from herself, before giggling again.

She set a small, mechanical, kitchen timer to alert when the rolls should be finished, but rather than leave it where it was, she grabbed it in her mouth and left the room. "My oven has its own slow fire I should tend to now." was her thinking.

Being a medical professional, Bundle Joy had access to specialized products. A unicorn's telekinesis made the act trivial and pegasi had all of those clouds at their disposal, but Earth ponies had their own proud method of using a proud object to do themselves proud. Any way it was messy, but in her room and under her bed she'd a special little big product to help her do it in a better place.

With the timer set to the side and her medical device for stress relief suctioned to the inner side of her porcelain bathtub, she stepped in, turned the knobs, and let hot water wash all over her from the shower head. She closed her eyes and let the heat sink into her, before sighing. Then, she winked. Eyes still closed, she slowly lowered her behind towards the edge, until she felt the resistance whence she wanted. She shuddered involuntarily as she continued lowering herself on it, inviting it in. Moaning, she raised and started this cycle anew.

She sometimes liked to imagine some cute stallion mounting her when she did this. He'd tell her how beautiful he found her, how marely she was, and how even though it was useless now, he still only wanted her to have his seed. Her moaning grew louder. She sometimes even liked to think about what the foal could be thinking while she'd do this. What could all that shaking be, is everything alright, I should try to go back to sleep.

It wouldn't be much longer and the foal would be hanging out of her in preparation for birthing and then she wouldn't be able to enjoy this current act. She had this medical toy to help her, but the thought that she'd something similarly shaped already inside of her was yet another perverse thought which aided her in this. Eventually, these thoughts and more, coupled with her rhythm, led her to yell out the name of the father of the foal inside of her.

She stayed like that, panting and letting the water wash over her, until the timer jumped to action not much later. She turned the knobs, only this time to seal them, and held her forelegs over the water to let them drip, before stepping out. The house was kept warm enough for her to be comfortably moist, so she opted to shake herself dry rather than use a towel. Her head was shaken first, followed by her forebody with only her forehooves being firmly planted on the floor, and the shaking traveled gradually throughout her, ending in a tail whip.

As she was accustomed, her belly continued to sway back and forth from all of this long after she'd ceased with it, and the little foal retorted with hard kicking. Trying her best to ignore it on her way back to the kitchen, she hummed a gentle tune, and things were calmer by the time when she finally took the finished cinnamon rolls from the oven, hardly waiting for them to cool before getting one and eating half of it at once.

The pretty, prurient, pregnant pony pertinaciously purveyed, presenting plentiful plumpness, per progeny, particularly in this case of that couple, by her eating over half of the rolls she'd made, with the only breaking being used to get beverage.

Perhaps begrudgingly, she saved the remaining sweets for her trip. By this time, Celestia's sun shone bright in the sky and it was undeniably daytime. She wrapped the rolls in a towel and placed them on her back before once again leaving the warmth of her home. By now she was dry from her shower and she was warm enough for the brief trip without any Winter wear, also proud of the warmth that radiated from her middle most.

Some of the stallions would turn head at her as she walked through and she greatly enjoyed the attention she received for being so very marely so very often. She particularly enjoyed it when a young colt would think she didn't notice his staring. Pregnancy is beautiful, and Bundle Joy liked helping others notice. Still, not many of the ponies were about at and in this time and weather.

The door opened before she fully arrived, with the foal's parents gleefully welcoming her inside. The rolls were shared, but untouched for now. Their firstborn, and so her middle, was the center of attention for this young couple.

"How are you today, my sweet little foal. Daddy can't wait to hold you in his hooves." said Gentle Catch, already hugging Bundle Joy and with his cheek on her taut skin.

“Follow your namesake, Gentle, and show some tact. She just stepped inside.” Gentle playfully stuck his tongue out at her. “Do you need anything, Bundle?” She didn’t. “It’s fine if I do that too, right?” said while staring at the floor. It was. “Hey there, little colt. Mama can’t wait to hold you either.”

Bundle Joy sat, watching this couple giving her womb all of this attention, and she loved this feeling, like being a fertility goddess.

Hearth’s Warming was nice, but it was even better when she was pregnant.