

Three Fillies, Two Dams, and One Blooming by Kassaz

Her eyes flutter open, and Mrs. Cake is awake. Celestia's sun has not yet risen and rays of Luna's moon yet make their way into the room, highlighting the stillness. Across from her, still perfectly asleep, lies Mr. Cake. Snug between them and unmoving, sans gentle breathing, is her womb heavy with their two foals.

After several minutes of simply enjoying that, she decides it's time to get up and start the ovens for the breakfast menu. Her belly being firmly cradled by her husband impedes doing this gently, however, and she'd rather not start the day with two wide-awake and rambunctious foals inside of her. Instead of letting the stallion rest, having done so much work to prepare for their two bundles of joy lately, she gently prods at him, and eventually he yawns and his eyes open as well.

The first thing he did upon waking up to her face was smile, and she can't help but smile back, knowing he loves her. As if slowly remembering everything, he looks down at her swell, and his smile becomes a toothy grin. "Good morning, sweetie. How did you sleep?" he asked, hoof gently rubbing a circle at the crest of her bump.

"Good morning, love. They gave me some trouble last night, but they eventually calmed down." she cooed. "I wanted to let you sleep, but I need some help getting out of bed."

Carefully scooting backwards, he rolled over and landed on his hooves. With that, she had the space needed to comfortably get up, but he'd already walked around the bed to aid further, helping to nudge her up with his head. She nuzzled him for that and then moved to step off the bed on the same side he'd used. Bending her foreleg, the other reached down to find the floor, followed by the next; she was still stuck on her belly sandwiched between her barrel and the mattress and tried to suck it in a tad before walking forward. Despite the efforts, her heavy womb swayed back and forth beneath her after this, although getting her hindlegs off was now a simple matter. Carrot was still watching her on the other side, and she'd considered lifting her tail to give him more of a show, but she really should focus more on the kitchen ovens than her own.

She felt some lazy stirring, but the foals seemed to still be asleep. She hummed as she gave them some attention for the first time today. Carrot walked over and rested an ear against her. "Oh, are they awake?"

"No, I don't think so, and I'm glad for that." He kissed her before he brought his head back up to ask, "Why? It's so cute when they start moving and we can play with them." She retorted "You've never been kicked in the bladder from the inside."

They continued chatting on their way to the kitchen. He walked in front of her as they descended the staircase, but that was ridiculous; she'd never even tripped once using the staircase during this pregnancy. The lowest part of her sway had lately begun to scrape the steps as they went underneath her, though; she probably wouldn't walk back upstairs until she was done for the day.

He donned his apron, as did she, and he helped fit it around her gravid form and tie it. Dressed and ready, she started the ovens with fresh wood while he started spreading dough made earlier while also making more. Soon enough, the ovens were primed to accept the first pastries of the day. Then the timers could be set and the next batch worked on together.

“We always do our best when we make something together, don’t you think?” she asked, as she was finally starting on her first batch of the day. She saw him glance down as he agreed, and that earned him another nuzzle. She knew he’d make a wonderful father.

As the first batch of pastries neared completion, both ponies found themselves feeling hunger, which they usually ignored at this time. This had been harder for Cup Cake lately, and her growling stomach eventually prompted their foals to wakefulness, and with that all of the kicking and infighting that came with it in the cramped space. Carrot encouraged her to eat any of the treats if she felt she needed to.

The front door’s bell jingled, echoing throughout the empty dining area and making its way into the kitchen. There was never a need to formally open the shop, because none of those doors needed locks. Still, it was unusual to have anypony so early in the day, and Carrot nuzzled her before going to serve them. He didn’t notice anypony in the room, though; could the wind have blown the door open so easily? His question was answered when he heard the three rambunctious fillies at the bottom of the counter make their presence known.

Once he was no longer startled, he recognized the trio as the Cutie-Mark Crusaders. Knowing them well enough, he could tell Apple Bloom was well wide awake, whereas Sweetie Belle and Scootaloo both looked ready to fall asleep on his floor. Following, Apple Bloom was the one to speak up. “Good mornin’, mister Cake. We was wonderin’ if we could speak to missus Cake about some stuff. We came by early so we wouldn’ mess with yer shop.”

Mr. Cake didn’t have the heart to tell the little ponies they’d still be interfering with his and her work. They tried to be considerate waking up so early and, while he could tell them to come after their work day was done, they’d bother his wife less if they thought they had to come early for it. He patted Apple Bloom on the head and told them she was in the kitchen. Before they barrelled their way there, he managed to ask what they wanted her for.

“It’s marely stuff, mister Cake. You wouldn’ understan’.” The stallion gave a snort in the now empty room and decided to start setting up the menu and prices for the day.

The three little fillies flooded into the kitchen as Cup Cake was putting another tray of treats into one of the ovens. She acknowledged them by tapping the ground twice with a forehoof, the common body language for recognizing others when the mouth and eyes are preoccupied. She looked at her guests as she was closing the oven door back and was surprised to see the three so early in the morning. She noticed Apple Bloom was perfectly cognizant, whereas the other two seemed to only be keeping their eyes open. The sweet smells filling the kitchen space seemed to be slowly knocking them into deeper awareness. “Well hello you three, to what do I owe this early visit?”

“We were thinkin’ ’bout gettin’ our cutie-marks by bein’ marely, and you’re one of the mareliest mares around right now.” Apple Bloom told her. Sweetie Belle, now more aware and seeing her opportunity to talk added, “We’re going to be Cutie-Mark Crusader obstetricians!”, rearing up and kicking her forelegs in excitement.

“I already know all ’bout rearing livestock, on ’ccount of farmworkin’, course.” Apple Bloom held her left forehoof at her tuft looking smug.

“Ponies aren’t livestock, Applebloom.” Cup chided, “What do you three know about pregnancy in mares?”

The thought stopped her. Apple Bloom had of course seen plenty of pregnant ponies in her life, but she’d never much interacted with them. Her memories back to the Apple family reunions were shrouded in fuzz and everypony seemed titanic in size. She recalled getting bumped back by a bump, onto her rump, and then crying; that memory had stayed far away from the forefront of her mind until now. There was another time at a different reunion when one of her relatives started foaling, but the adults didn’t let her or any of her similarly-aged relatives see anything. She got to see her new cousin walking around later, though.

Ultimately, this could be the first time she’d get to learn about this, and she told the dam as much. Her friends were similarly ignorant of the details. The mare gave a motherly smile, as if she’d been practicing it for her own foals, and agreed to introduce them to the basics. She asked one of them to untie her apron and Scootaloo was pleased with the idea, rearing and almost resting her forehooves on the mare’s belly before deciding that was a bad idea and dropping; she opted to rear again to rest them on her rear, grabbing the fabric with her teeth to loosen the knot.

The neck of the apron was then taken off and the outfit set on the counter. With Scootaloo out of the way, Cup Cake plopped onto her rear, hindlegs splaying out, and straightened her back to steady herself. The first thing the three fillies noticed was an extra cutie-mark, a standing triangle comprised of three slices of carrot cake, placed on the upper left of her uncovered middle.

Following their eyes, Cup Cake explained, “Oh, you’ve never seen a paternity mark before?”, receiving three head shakes in response. “Well, when you love a stallion enough to have his foals, you get one of these while you’re carrying them around. It lets you know when the pregnancy has begun and is such a sweet way our world blesses us.” Now staring at it as they were, she smiled after finishing that sentence.

The second thing that was noticed was her convex belly button, poking out far to add a second sphere to that much larger. Sweetie stammered “I-Is my belly button going to pop out some day too?” and Cup Cake laughed at that with a “Maybe.”

She then invited them to place their ears on her dome and listen. Scootaloo was closest and the first to rest her head; Sweetie Belle listened from the other side; Apple Bloom watched for the moment, growing nervous for reasons she didn’t know. Both described hearing heartbeats and then confusion, until Cup Cake clarified these were twins. Scootaloo startled away when she thought one of them growled at her; another clarification was made to let her know that was a stomach growling and not a foal. Foals don’t have any air through which to make any sounds, even, depending on their mothers to breathe for them. The misunderstanding had her laughing, hitting Sweetie Belle’s cheek repeatedly, with Apple Bloom’s attention drawn near the middle point, watching the smaller sphere move even more wildly.

The gravid mare encouraged Apple Bloom to mimic her friends and at this time decided to fill her stomach with some of the now-cooled pastries on the nearby counter. Apple Bloom walked over and placed her head down the middle, listening in to hear at least one of the heartbeats and maybe the other with it. Soon mixed with were the noises caused by eating.

Apple Bloom found it almost surreal to know there were two living ponies inside of Mrs. Cake, but in a way that had them inextricably a part of her for the near future. She wondered what their perspective on the world must be; did they even know three little—young and strong—fillies were spying in on them?

Could foals know this, they would've kicked out anyway. All three were kicked and all three raised their heads, then looking at the slightly squirming presence. Asked if it hurt her, Cup Cake responded "Oh, it does sometimes, when they hit a sensitive spot, but I got used to it." Her three companions shuddered, but Apple Bloom also felt an odd feeling welling up from this experience. She was afraid of saying anything strange in front of her friends, however, and by this point, unknown to them, Mr. Cake had been signalling that his wife should ship the three away like a box of cupcakes.

The three gave the wide mare a wide berth as she stood back up. She needed to lean back and use momentum to get her forelegs on the ground easily. Again, Apple Bloom found her eyes drawn to watching a particular part of the dam, and how it 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. The mare told them it was fun to help them learn about being more marely, but she really should return to baking now. Mr. Cake began helping his wife in getting dressed again and the change in mood let the three know they were to thank them and let themselves out, and so they did.

"Well, that was a bust. I don't think we're getting cutie-marks about pregnancy." Scootaloo yawned, breath showing slightly in the cool air. "I'm going to go find some fog to sleep on."

Sweetie, still similarly sleepy, sauntered towards Sweet-Carousel Boutique to nap. Then Apple Bloom was alone, sans the other ponies starting their days, with Celestia's sun having been risen enough to provide dawn to the small village. She could also abandon this, but that feeling yet remained, and so the filly found herself walking towards another property, perfectly-placed from any purlieu, the group had earlier planned to visit.

No more meandering, now nervously knocking, knowing no noticing, not notably noticeably nervous, she waited for a response. She thought about knocking again, but the doorway slowly dilated, showing a damp, white pony with blue and pink mane freely flowing down her neck. "Hello, little one. I would have said something, but I was just stepping out of the bath. How can I help you?"

Apple Bloom's throat tightened and her eyes went from that kind, smiling face down lower, staring at the surrogate pony's heavy womb, realizing too late that her staring was obvious. She could tell the pony was trying not to giggle or laugh, holding a forehoof at her face and grinning. "Did you have some questions for me, little one?" Apple Bloom nodded and awkwardly trotted in after being invited, finding it hard not to watch the pony's sway from behind as she walked to plop onto the sofa of the den, with Apple Bloom picking a spot next to her. She seemed to have recently finished baking some treats which were sitting on a small table; Apple Bloom didn't take any when offered, since that would've been rude.

The filly glanced again, this time staring for a different reason. While she'd seen a paternity-mark following her inside, she realized there was a second resting not far from it. The former was a bow loaded with arrow and the latter a decorative wreath in the shape of a heart, angled on her belly in a way that gave the impression the heart was ecstatic to be in its current position. She got around to asking just why there were two, wondering was she somehow surrogating for two mares at once.

The dam giggled before responding, dual marks bouncing with her. “Oh, two ponies, but not two mares. A surrogate like me gets a paternity mark from each parent, since it’s not my foal in here.” rubbing herself between the pair. “Now, just what brought you my way?”

“W-Well, me and my friends are the Cutie-Mark Crusaders, and today we thought we’d try to see if our special talents were related to pregnancy, b-but they got bored with it and now it’s j-jus’ me.” It was obvious the young filly was nervous and so Bundle Joy chose her words carefully, “Did you find out you like pregnancy for other reasons?”

The filly didn’t look her in the eyes, but nodded. “It makes me feel...weird inside.” Bundle Joy gently raised her chin, “There’s nothing wrong with liking this uniquely marely state. It’s perfectly natural, even. Would you like me to teach you more about it?” She nodded again, this time with a smile.

Bundle Joy fondled herself for a few moments before instructing the filly to place her hoof on the top of her belly; Apple Bloom scooted closer to do this and her second hoof followed the first. “What you’re feeling right now is the foal’s little booty.” Bundle Joy ran her hooves down over each side, pressing in what Apple Bloom would’ve thought was too deep, but apparently not. Apple Bloom followed her next instructions to feel her left side, and the mare’s hoof went over hers and pressed it in further. “The give on this side is because her little legs and hooves are resting over here. The other side has her back.” Bundle Joy pressed in and rubbed a little elsewhere and soon the foal kicked out, hitting the filly’s hooves.

“Why’s she sittin’ upside-down like that, though?” was Apple Bloom’s first question, answered by “Well, she’s getting ready to be born. Foals are supposed to come out head-first.” Apple Bloom thought that was a little weird. She didn’t think that would be a very comfortable way to be.

She allowed Apple Bloom to continue and feel the foal, pointing out different aspects of her or her anatomy. Once, Apple Bloom’s hoof padded the area beneath her belly button, and the mare jumped a little, scaring the filly into thinking she’d accidentally hurt her newfound teacher. Her apologies were interrupted with a simple, “Oh, you didn’t hurt me dear, it just tickles there is all.”

This hoofy learning experience and questioning continued until the mare looked at her clock and realized her errands needing doing. They left her house at the same time, mare going to the market and filly towards the outskirts of town, with the latter thanking the former for her kindness. The little village was now alive compared to when the crusaders had first begun their crusading for the day, but the ponies here and there gradually thinned out to naught as Apple Bloom got closer to Sweet Apple Acres.

When she did arrive, she found the excitement of the early day hitting her, as if merely delayed from that of her friends. Her remaining chores could wait for her to nap. She laid down in front of the warm kitchen stove and closed her eyes.

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Her eyes flutter open, and Apple Bloom is awake. Celestia’s sun has not yet risen and rays of Luna’s moon yet make their way into the room, highlighting the stillness, a heavy and completely silent stillness. Across from her, still perfectly asleep, lies her stallion, his shape filled in her mind and yet every detail being vague. Snug between them and unmoving, sans gentle breathing, is her womb heavy with their foal.

She enjoys it, but there's a sensation telling her to get out of bed. She has no issue scooting back and twisting to set her hindlegs on the cold floor, followed by the rest of her sliding off. Seeing herself in her bedroom mirror, she's a much taller, older mare, perhaps even taller than Big McIntosh. She swayed her hips back and forth, watching the swaying that persisted after she stopped. She smugly walked through the only door in the room, guided by unknown forces.

The door leads into a hallway, leading into an infinite chain of hallways separated by door frames, and she slowly trots along without much thought. Looking back at how her body behaves, she notices there's a back-and-forth sway of her belly with the cadence of her stepping. She resumes looking forward as she passes through another door frame, but this time she felt it. Looking back again, she notices she seems wider, but this only excites her more, trotting in place for a moment.

She yet continues through the hallways leading nowhere, feeling more of the door frame each time, and feeling more proud of her fertility in turn. Eventually, however, she struggles to get through, being just too wide. She wasn't concerned, sucking it into her barrel a little to make the room. Then she hears a voice as if it were right at her ear.

"Wider."

She watched herself swell out even more, by just a tad. Her trot became faster. She heard the voice again, louder.

"Heavier."

With that, even wider she became, and she struggled all the more to get through the next door frame. In not much time, she was running, and violently squeezing herself through the frames. This continued in a blur until she couldn't get through the door frame at all, looking back to find her womb widened at least thrice from what it had initially been, and she felt the sensation of not only being tracked, but trapped, and her equine instincts instilled an even greater fear within her, and she yelled.

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Applejack came across her younger sister writhing on the floor and lightly shook her awake with a forehoof. "Bloom, come help me carry some baskets from the orchard." Rubbing her eyes into properly seeing, she followed to the small set of baskets nearly overflowing with fresh apples. Applejack put one on her back, one on Apple Bloom's, and took one in her mouth. It was then a simple walk to put them in their proper place.

Apple Bloom, still in a haze, took note of how the apples weighed on her back and it reminded her of the events of today, and those of her dream. In her blooming thoughts, she began to fall behind her sister. "You okay?" She realized her lackadaisicalness and walked a little faster to catch up.

Once the baskets were in place Applejack noted, "Should just take two more trips for us to get 'em all right." Apple Bloom told her she didn't mind carrying all of them herself. "Yer a good filly, I'll go see what Big McIntosh is up to, then." ruffling her mane before leaving. Apple Bloom had plenty of time to carry those apples.