

Casual Conversation, Candid Cellist, Cheerful Confectioner by Kassaz

Dawn hits the small village of Ponyville, Celestia's sun seemingly rising up from behind that mountain overlooking it and holding Canterlot. Already, plenty of ponies have awoken and now go about starting their daily routines, with shops opening, visits being made, plans unfolding, and more. Two ponies lie sleeping still, ignoring the rays of light slowly creeping towards their bed, because for them it's a day of relaxation and reprieve from their work.

The two colourful ponies sleeping are confectioners, and coloured appropriately. Caramel, the stallion with chocolate mane and light caramel coat, snores in the hold of his light pastel mare, Bonbon, snoozing away more quietly behind him. Tucked between them is her belly, playing cradle to their foal, but still small enough for now that she can cuddle him before they'll need to change sleeping arrangements.

An alarm clock sits on their dresser, mechanism unwound. Habit prevents either pony to error too far from their routine and the light shining ever closer aids this. Caramel is the first to waken, with a yawn and otherwise trying not to disturb his wife. Still in his drowsy state, his eyes slowly begin to focus on room beyond bed, but this is merely to prevent him from falling back into slumber; all of his focus is on the unseen behind him. He could feel every breath she took and every movement she made; every breath wasn't just for her, but also their foal. The next chapter in their life was beginning and he couldn't be happier.

It eventually became a matter of leaving bed, and perhaps waking her, or returning to sleep. He chose the former, gently wriggling free of her soft snuggling and standing up on the mattress. Dragging the blanket still draped over him just a tad, as he was leaving the bed, was enough to elicit the first little whine from the deep-dreaming dam. After stretching out and walking his way around the bed, he took more time to appreciate how lucky he was to have her, and how cute she was before getting all grumpy every morning.

He rested his chin on her side, and gently spoke sweet words to their foal, telling of the room and its contents, how the sunlight looked as it crept in, how beautiful and peaceful the foal's mother was right now, and of other things, ending with a want to show and tell these things directly, held in his hooves and showered with love. His focus shifted when his mare did. A lone eye had opened to stare at him, his head still lain; the sheets covered her muzzle, and obscured her demeanour in the moment.

Pulling back the blanket with teeth revealed a lazy mixture of emotions on display, betraying naught in particular. She began to roll over and he helped the blankets off before she'd get tangled in them again. All four hooves hit the floor in unison. She yawned. He kissed her cheek and left to make breakfast. Solitary, standing still, she sleepily sauntered to standing closet. Bloodshot eyes and a grumpy face greeted the desired article, a bra. With so many foals running about the village, her milk had come in early, and she felt silly wearing one, but she didn't want to start leaving a trail of milk wherever she went, lest she become the subject of some candy-coated joke.

She bit the bra and walked across the room to lazily hang it on the wall by hook. She almost lost her balance in her stupor, but managed to thread one of her hindlegs through the appropriate hole, and after some twisting managed to thread through the twin. Now she had the issue of being a grumpy pregnant pony hooked to the wall by her bra. Her forehooves planted firmly on the floor let her behind bounce to lift off the floor and over the hook, the strap joining her with a slap and waking her up a little more.

Caramel slid the apple muffins mixture into the oven; the tea kettle's whistle became shrill. He took away the heat and left it to quieten as Bonbon slowly trotted into the room, looking a little grumpy with a wavy frown, but he knew it wasn't towards him. "You caught your tail in the bra strap again, dear." He gently grabbed the strap near her cutie-mark with his teeth, and rode it until he was in the middle so he wouldn't get her tail in his mouth, then pulling away and bringing it over her dock, where it was meant to rest.

He nuzzled her cheek and told the grumpy mare of his love for her, and saw her first smile and gentle eyes of the day. From their kitchen counter, she opened a small box and spooned some tea into their cups, lazily carrying them over to be set on the table, by mouth and individually; he carefully brought the kettle over, also by mouth, and tilted his head as he poured so the steam wouldn't scald his face. Unicorns and pegasi certainly had some advantages in the kitchen; Caramel couldn't tell how a pegasus' wing could thread through a hoofle and pour without getting burned, but he'd seen it happen plenty of times; then again, maybe that was a winkle.

Bonbon didn't like waiting for her tea to steep and had been lightly blowing on it since it was finished pouring. After a few premature sips and more blowing, she was already drinking her tea, whereas Caramel hadn't even touched it by that time. Caramel would admire her, watch the tea leaves swirl, or glance at the mechanical kitchen timer, enjoying the peace. When she was finished with her first cup, he'd only started blowing on his. Soon thereafter, the muffins were ready to leave the oven and the tray was set to cool in front of them on the table. Bonbon had already started preparing another cup of tea, yet chose to blow on a muffin this time instead of her drink.

Caramel sipped his tea and watched his impatient wife with a smirk; he was able to hold the cup instead of lapping at it as she did, because the cup was no longer hot enough to burn the frogs of his hooves. Having given up on avoiding the wait, she stretched in the chair and asked "So, what are your plans for the day, sweetie?"

He told her of his grand plan for the day, to make some great toffee or perhaps a fine caramel, and then not share it with anypony, except for a certain candy-coloured mare who may be able to sway him out of some of it. She thought tasting some caramel later in the day would do her good. Not to not notice, he finished with "Since you asked, just what are your plans?" and started drinking his tea again.

—

Octavia the pony pranced through the paths of inner Ponyville. Arriving at the familiar outdoor restaurant, she plopped her rump on a mushroom head and rested her forehooves on another serving as table. A waiter came by with menus and asked what she wanted, and she informed her guest had yet to arrive; she still ordered drinks for the both of them, as she knew what her friend liked.

The weather team had done an excellent job with the day, with just a few clouds visible, most playing furniture to pegasi lazing about and watching the other ponies. This was, of course, why the two mares chose that day for their reunion; the weather for later in the week was set about for minor rain and even a storm to help clear some debris. When her drink arrived, she sipped from the cool, iced tea, and nearly choked on it due to a hug from behind. "Oh sorry, I didn't think that would happen!"

Octavia recovered without too much drink stuck in her throat and now got a good look at her assailant. "Yoo 'aven't changed at all, Bunbun. Go 'head and take a seet, I 'lready got yoo a cider."

Bonbon giggled enough to raise an eyebrow as she walked around to sit down, only glancing at the cider for a moment before telling the other mare things had actually changed a good bit since they'd last met. She sat down and asked Octavia to guess, snickering followed by chortling following.

"Oi" she started, "what's with th' fancee bra, yoo don' got the belly to go wit' it." The grey mare tried to calm herself down and start attacking her drink. "Well, I don't yet." The grey mare nearly choked on her drink again, snort splashing some back in her face. Bonbon waited for her to wipe her face with a napkin and then lifted off her seat, resting left forehoof on the mushroom table and lifting the other foreleg out of the way, to show her friend the paternity mark plastered on her belly, three blue horse shoes arranged in a haphazard triangle.

"I s'ppose things have changed then, Bunbun. Whot's it like, havin' a foal in yoo an' all?" The waiter returned before the conversation could continue further. Bonbon sheepishly returned to a sitting position before ordering a daisy sandwich and a different drink, with Octavia dragging the cider to her side and requesting a bowl of hay soup.

"I'm only a few months, but I'm starting to feel it moving." Octavia shuddered. "Here, come feel and I'll see if I can get it to move." Before Octavia could protest too much, her friend had walked over and raised a foreleg to give hoof ample groping space over her midsection. Octavia had forehoof ready, but wavered, and Bonbon used her free hoof to gently guide it on her.

Despite the intense focus from both mares, breathing shallow, there wasn't any movement from within Bonbon's creme-coloured belly. Unperturbed unlike her friend, Bonbon tried soliciting something by sucking in and dropping her belly repeatedly, yet only worried Octavia who wondered if her hoof should be poking her friend so deeply. She could certainly feel the weight her friend had gained, and it wasn't all soft pudge, but it was impossible for her to distinguish it from any organ. The feeling wasn't reprieve when Bonbon sighed and she was free to remove her hoof, oddly enough.

The idle chat continued, with Bonbon detailing how Caramel had been building a nursery and they were going to need to paint it, and Octavia discussing her last few concerts. Bonbon couldn't decide between orange for a colt or green for a filly, and Celestia forbid the room be painted the same colour as the foal's coat; then it would just need to be painted all over again. Octavia had an amusing story about how her bandmates got drunk after a performance and one of them tried to play a pegasus' wings like an instrument; it wasn't some sexual story, but the surrounding townsponies and rambunctious little ones running about had her still keep her volume low as she told a snickering Bonbon the details.

Their food arrived and the chat died down while they enjoyed it. The bitter spice of the soup broth went well with the crunch of the hay coalesced in the middle of the bowl. Octavia took attention from her friend to take in the village sights she'd missed so far: it seemed there was a new stand in the bazaar, but she couldn't tell what it was selling; ponies bustled as they went about their days, some waving at her with a smile and receiving a wave back; there were so many families with foals that were apparent now, and soon there'd be yet another. Her attention snapped back when Bonbon excitedly brought a hoof below the table, using the other to frantically signal.

"It kicked, Octy! I hardly felt it, but it kicked!" Octavia, ever calmer, couldn't help but smile with her friend.

The final hug of that day signalled the conclusion to their meeting, and Octavia took the lonely trek of returning to her hotel room. There were still things to do in Ponyville before she'd buy another train ticket, perhaps she'd buy a quill, or a sofa. She could bother that DJ with horrible taste in music. For now, she'd simply laze about the room and reflect.

Her friend was having a foal, and she seemed really happy. It felt like some of that joy had fallen onto her. She lie prone on the bed, imagining how her friend's life would change. She'd grow bigger, probably happier, and eventually there'd be a little foal riding on her instead of inside of her. Octavia wondered what being pregnant must feel like; Bonbon was so excited about feeling it move, but foals get bigger, and soon it would take up most of her belly; how odd it must feel, to have such a large, little foal moving around there.

Her eyes drifted to her barrel, perfectly flat and following her normal contours. She closed her eyes and imagined it slowly growing to Bonbon's size, just a little lump, and then beyond that; when she'd reached what she knew was a normal size for a dam ready to burst, she stopped; she'd seen larger, but didn't want to imagine what it would be like to be so greatly gravid. Just trotting around would be a bother by that.

She tried to imagine what the movement would feel like, but her imagine left her phantom womb numb. She could tell her vague imaginations gave her legs more freedom of movement than they'd actually have, but couldn't quite focus on improving that. If she were pregnant, there'd be a stud, and she imagined what would happen when she rested on a bed like this, waiting for him. Her stud sauntered over, climbing onto the bed to stand over her; his face was a blur, as were his other features, not that she could notice much. At times, he took on characteristics of those she knew, a fellow band member or a fillyhood friend, but naught stayed concrete in the delusion but his sex. He nuzzled the side of her belly closest to him, kissing it, and with the rear of his body, she felt him start to prod, and she winked.

Eyes open, a blush forms, and a tail covers shame. She silently cursed her friend for inflicting this on her, making her feel foal-crazy and heated. She wasn't old enough to start feeling like getting married and starting a family. She wasn't ready for a foal, or was she?