

Hot Dam

by Kassaz

Celestia's sun shone down brightly on the small village of Ponyville in the middle of a summer day, too brightly and making it all too hot. Far be it from ponies in the hoof of an angry Celestia, it was merely the time of the year in which the weather teams would work in tandem with the solar princess to bring about the heat, fostering the life which depended on such seasonal changes. None of that changed the opinion of one pregnant pony soaking in a cold bath as her way of avoiding heat exhaustion: She never hated being pregnant, and so loved doing her best to usher new life into Equestria, but being pregnant in summer was a pain in the flank on days like this.

The water she'd lain in had slowly yet certainly reached lukewarm from her body heat and the surrounding air, and now failed to provide reprieve from the dreaded heat. Turning her head to the ceiling, she groaned long and hard before slowly rotating herself to stand. Her specialty bathtub had no issue keeping all of the water off the floor during this, just as it was more than wide enough to accommodate rolling around in it until she was comfortable; the days of getting in a bathtub only for her pregnant paunch to displace a mess had ended when she could afford it. Her hindhoof fiddled with the plug until its seal was broken, letting the water drain out.

The air against her drenched fur was not as cold as she would've preferred. As soon as the bathtub was empty, more fiddling filled the hole again and her hindleg then worked the faucet to fill the tub with new, cold water. Bundle Joy took a moment to appreciate the dexterity of her hindhooves, sparing her some movement; having four identical appendages was, of course, quite hoofy. The bathtub couldn't fill quickly enough for her liking, but she waited so she could submerge most of her body at once. Finally, she crouched to lower herself into the cool water up to her withers, sighing as she felt the relief it brought. Her passenger didn't care for the sudden temperature change, and had no qualms with squirming about in retaliation.

"Oh stop it. You know, this may be the only time in your life you'll be able to breathe underwater, so enjoy it." her soothing voice calmed her body down somewhat. Now she lay on her side, and part of her bump crested over the cold waters; with only a candlelight to provide visibility, it seemed like a small island in the night. The Earth pony island would soon have an earthquake, as a little hoof's outline became briefly visible. It was a mere foal's hoof poking up to her skin from within, but Bundle Joy did like the idea of her belly housing a primordial god, waiting for its reckoning. Life came from the soil, and that thought had her womb play its dual role. Any imagination was fine, to distract her from the heat, almost alone in that scarcely-lit bathroom, soaking in a bathtub.

"I remember the summers before I started surrogating. They could get hot, but it's different having such a big, warm belly." The foal still occasionally moved more than before the cold had returned. "Well it's too bad. You remember how hot it was when we went out this morning, don't you?" The foal, of course, could give no true response, and stillness or quickening would've led her to the same followup. "What do you mean you don't recall? Well, I'll tell you, and pay attention this time!"

A particular, prurient, pregnant pony pranced through Ponyville's pathways, as best a pregnant pony could, anyway. Even in the gentle morning time, there was no gentle morning weather. Already, the dirt pathways were emanating heat and the air was becoming drier. Fortunately for her, she was almost at her destination, and there was no need for knocking, as the door was opened before she arrived.

A young couple eagerly welcomed the midwife in and the stallion left to fetch some drinks. The mare of the pair was pregnant, moreso than she, and had ever more questions formed since their last meeting.

The basic greetings and smiles were exchanged, of course. Her host levitated her saddlebags off and Bundle Joy followed her to the den, walking side-by-side, with the mare drawing her in for a quick hug and giving another thanks. Their bellies collided, displacing them slightly, but it wasn't enough to disturb the brood. This excitement from a new mother always spread to her; she so loved being the fertility expert of her village. Continuing to a small, round table, both mares plopped their rumps down on some pillows surrounding it. The mare wasted no time asking her questions, and Bundle Joy was ecstatic in explaining the finer details.

She should avoid strenuous activity from now on, unless she wanted to try to kickstart labor soon; she'd give them a scroll for a spell that can induce foaling, if she became overdue, but it's really not a problem to be overdue for just a few days; taking a gentle trot can calm down an unruly foal, just like a rocking cradle; if the foal was sitting more *in line with her spine*, it was likely a filly, and likely a colt if *wide with her womb*, but this wasn't actually a reliable test; and, just like the mare's mother had told her, it was fine if she fell over on her side to give birth, the foal would be protected. Bundle Joy could tell the pair was nervous, and also told the mare that, yes, they could continue having sex if they wanted to; this frazzled the stallion who had just set down their drinks and the mare looked away, blushing and keeping her hooves rubbing on her taut middle poking out.

After casual conversation, the midwife visit ended with the mare falling to her side as she was told and being given a feeling up for any issues. Her teats had no blockages and her foal was beginning to turn in the right direction for birth, but wasn't quite there yet. She felt for the foal's orientation and, when confident she knew it, asked the mare to tell what she thought it was. The mare poked and prodded herself, thinking the slight give near her middle and navel where the foal's legs were; it was hard to tell from the earlier moving around the foal had done. Bundle Joy corrected her, telling her she believed the foal's four little legs were actually facing inwards. That little inner protrusion, the mare squirmed at Bundle Joy pressing in on her belly button, was the young foal's young horn.

A small surge of magic shocked Bundle Joy and a contraction rippled through the mare's barrel, causing her to grimace in pain, before it left her and knocked a picture frame off the wall. The mare mentioned this was the third time these magical outbursts had happened, but her mother told her that mares are to simply power through them without complaint.

Bundle Joy rolled her eyes and told her that wasn't necessary. Unicorn foals could kickstart their own births early if they were rowdy enough, as she well knew, but there were magical devices for coping with these outbursts, and she'd brought one in her saddlebag in case these had started by then. She didn't have much in them today, so it was easier to knock the bag over, grab it in her mouth, and dump its contents on the floor. Along with some pacifiers, a water pouch, and a pound cake wrapped in waxed paper, there fell out what looked like a pair of ear muffs; the mare, now curious, watched her as she took them in mouth, plopped down by her, and had her roll on her back so the device could be placed wide across her belly, each end cupping one side.

The mare stood at Bundle Joy's direction, to make certain they were on correctly and wouldn't fall off. Bundle Joy told her this device was created by an obstetrician in a unicorn village, and had only recently started making its way across Equestria. It won't hurt the foal or stunt any magical outbursts, but it prevents them from harming the placenta, uterine sac, or leaving the mare's body, and it's fine for the mare to use her own magic to adjust them.

Bundle Joy had been told it may even boost the mare's own magic a little, although she hadn't been able to really verify that claim. The mare fiddled with the magical device to cup it to her better before chuckling, pleased at her new dominion, "Unicorn foals must be the most burdensome to carry, huh?"

"Oh, I've been burdened by all three tribes, and let me tell you." she sat back down on the pillow before continuing, "Most unicorns foals have magical outbursts, but pegasi have extra limbs that can get very uncomfortable, and an Earth pony foal can be strong enough to break a rib."

Appropriately, perhaps from the shifting about, the strong Earth pony foal inside of her kicked out, and she rubbed a hoof as it receded. "This little one here is mild, but let's just say it's not a good idea to let Earth pony foals calm down on their own."

The other mare felt a bit better, at learning that.

When the visit was finished, Bundle Joy insisted she could walk home on her own, it wasn't that hot yet, but the mare insisted her stallion make certain she got home safely. She spoke of how those pegasi could be so inconsiderate about these things, just because they were accustomed to not having any cover from the sun. Bundle Joy wondered if she was going to hear "cloud head" or "high hackles" thrown around, but her stallion to his credit calmed her down with a kiss to the forehead and gladly complied.

The walk was much less pleasant for the hot dam than it was earlier. The stallion walked at her side, but at a respectable distance, and she was glad for that mare to have him, although it was more fun for one to walk in front of the other, either way. In such a maternal, marely state, it was important to act properly, especially for a surrogate, but wondering eyes harmed nopony. She stopped to drink from her water pouch twice on the way back home. Nopony would turn away a pregnant mare from a watering trough, but it was better still to leave that for the little ones and those without their own drink. She was beginning to sweat; she'd let her mane down later. Their homes weren't far apart, and soon enough they'd reached hers.

"Well, you've been such a gentlecolt. Thanks for walking us home." She raised a hoof to pat her womb for emphasis. She wanted to be more playful, not enough to cause any problems, not enough for him to even know she was playing with him, but it was hot, and so she'd rather not. He told her it was no trouble on his part and she walked past him to enter. Her tail may have been a tad misplaced, maybe revealing more than it should've, but she was hot and not paying attention, so it couldn't be helped, not at all.

Now she was as alone as she liked being; despite no longer being directly under Celestia's hot sun, it was still far too warm for her liking inside her little home. She let her hindlegs collapse underneath her, allowing her saddlebags to slide off, getting caught on her behind to her chagrin, and wiggled her rear until the cheeky display had the bags parted over her and falling on the ground. Today was not a baking day, just as the preceding days hadn't; there were some cold treats in her refrigerator for these hot times, however. Then she could run a bath.

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"So that's how we ended up here. Now it makes perfect sense, doesn't it?" There was a slight shift she felt, not even visible from the outside. "I knew you'd see things my way." She drawled near the end, shifting in the bath to shift her focus on something more important in the moment.

A small tablestool stood next to the bathtub, at roughly the middle point so it could easily be accessed by hoof, while she lay on her side. She reached for the chocolate bark she'd taken from the refrigerator earlier; it was melting, but there was the lingering cool in the middle, and it was on waxed paper she could lick clean later.

Next, a glass of water once with ice was covered in condensation, but still pleasantly cold, and it would nicely suffice as further reprieve for now. A gulp of the water soothed her, but again the foal protested the cold, now closer than with the bathwater. "Oh, you didn't like that? But it's so refreshing, you'll understand when you're older." She giggled and took another gulp, feeling the cold travel down her throat to rest in her stomach next to the foal.

Despite a kick to the ribs, she couldn't stop her laughter at the unborn unrest, kicking her hindlegs and snorting. The laughter stopped when she felt some warmth leave her rear and flood the water around her behind. She'd laughed so hard she'd peed in her bath. Still, there was no point in not emptying her entire bladder at that point. She gave her belly a look between condemnation and defeat. She supposed she should change the water out early, even though she really didn't want to stand again if she could help it, which she supposed she couldn't.

Her behind connected firmly with the porcelain floor of the bathtub and gave her leverage to slowly rotate her body, playing subnautical vessel for the foal again once she had all four hooves underneath her. Fiddling with the plug freed the fetid water and soon the bath was empty to be filled again. She enjoyed the feeling of the cold water creeping around her fetlocks. Her womb radiated heat closer to her center, as always. She was certainly sleeping without a blanket tonight.

"Relaxing like this reminds me of a few summers ago, and how I cooled myself then. Since we don't have anything better to talk about, want to hear that story?" There was some shuffling from within, probably so the foal could get more comfortable. "So no objections then! Alright!"

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A maternal mare made her journey towards the outskirts of Ponyville. Especially in the midday, the sun shone directly overhead, unabated by any normal pony's will or any pegasi clouds. She was covered in sweat, some of it lathering underneath her saddlebag straps, although her white fur could hide it from a distance. It would normally be dangerous for a mare so burdened to be out in such weather, whether she had a drink of water in saddlebag or not, but weathering the weather brought her to a nicer destination for weathering the weather.

Ahead of her was a pond filled with fillies, cramped with colts, swimming with stallions, and maintaining a mass of mares, plentiful space for parties of ponies. She noticed a lone stallion outside of the pond, not unlike other ponies, but he seemed to have little intent to join soon, instead watching the others intently. "Oh, you're acting as the lifeguard for now?" The stallion glanced at her before returning his attention to the pond. "Yep, no young 'un's going underwater too long without me noticin'."

"Well, thank you for your service. I have a little one who will be going underwater soon, so do take care of us." That sentence took the stallion's attention away from the pond, and only then did he recognize her, stealing a glance at her swollen barrel. "Oh, Miss Bundle Joy. It's not like you to make a pregnancy joke, but I'll be *dammed*." He returned his attention to the pond, but it wasn't dismissive. "It's getting kinda crowded here, but I wouldn't ask you to walk to a different pond."

She called him a gentlecolt and began to leave the heated ground for the relief of the water. First, she reared for a moment to allow her saddlebags to slide off her swell and fall to the ground; her forelegs returned, sending a jiggle through her body.

Then she slowly sauntered into the pond, the steep incline left her belly to drag on the lip by the time she was shoulder-deep, and eventually the rest of her body awkwardly plopped into the pool. Perhaps her tail had been raised a little too high during this and the lifeguard saw something, but it couldn't be helped except by smirking to herself, now facing everypony but him.

Soon she was treading water. She wanted to be up to her neck. Being pregnant in the deep water was a very different experience, as she well knew. She could move so freely, feeling so weightless, relative to what it felt like to carry a foal on land. She couldn't quite float properly yet, but soon gentle kicking was all that was needed to keep her head above water, and she let her rear sink further below the rest of her body. She stayed like that for several minutes, eyes closed with gentle breathing. Then something touched her.

Something big bumped her rump, then went under her bump, before it shot up through the water's surface, revealing a colt with soaking wet mane staring at her. Nothing was said for several moments as the two stared at each other, until he broke his gaze and blushed, mortified. Bundle Joy thought he looked about that age. She was gentle when she asked "Just what were you doing under there, little colt?"

"*I-I* was swimming underwater, *w-with my* eyes closed, *and it* was an accident." She thought this naughty colt was clearly lying to her; the pond wasn't quite cramped enough for that coincidence to be believable. She coyly responded as she sunk a hoof to rub the top of her taut womb, "Well, be careful from now on, little one. There's a foal growing in here, you know." His eyes shot down to her hoof and he must not have known how obvious his staring was; colts never did. It excited her to know she was carrying a colt who would perhaps act the same some years from now.

There was but a gentle rocking in the nursery of her body, but she announced it to the little one, and then asked if he would want to feel the foal move, it was perfectly okay to. Hesitantly, he approached, close enough her shadow consumed him; his little hooves were already underwater to help keep him afloat, and one stopped in this effort to rest on her. She gently took his hoof in her own, and pressed it in more deeply than the colt thought possible for such a hard, tight surface. The little foal inside was in no mood to play, and to her dismay ignored the provoking hoof. "Hold on, little colt, let me bother him a little more."

"This *i-is a colt*, *i-in* there?" Bundle Joy thought his scrunch was so adorable at this little revelation. "Well of course, that's where all little colts come from, including you." He scrunched even harder at that. "H-How does that *happen*?" Oh dear, as interesting as this could be, she really shouldn't upset his parents. "Oh, you'll learn eventually. I sometimes give the classes about it to the young schoolfoals." She cut the conversation short, remembering that she was trying to provoke two colts, not just one.

She sucked in her barrel and let it pour back to its resting state. That got the foal's attention, and she moved his hoof over where she knew it would connect with the outside world, as far as a foal would be concerned. She smiled at seeing his excited reaction to such a simple aspect of life, and guided his hoof to further bother the foal; it wasn't mean, if the foal slept at the same time as she, for at least a day.

She was glad she came by the pond today, for more than just the water.

Only the sun told how long she and the other ponies had stayed in the water, and were Celestia having a bad day not even that. In any case, hunger eventually bothered the plump pony, and she retreated to the shallow edges to rifle through that saddlebag with her face; the upper half of her body was hanging out, with her middle struggling to gain friction on the lip and make anything else inconvenient. She pulled out a carrot to munch on while she lazily lay on her side and get dirt stuck to her fur.

She saw across the pond some young stallions neighing and nickering, some running from a distance and jumping in, splashing as many other ponies as they could manage to. Was she observing the ne plus ultra of stallions; they were young, and seemed so virile. She wouldn't mind helping any of them conceive some day. She wondered, lay on her side like this, was she a broodmare of a sire to them, provocatively displayed, or just a wide old mare they'd sooner help carry something in the market as they would for their mothers?

She'd need to slide back in the water and maybe see if she could find out.

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She finished recounting that story with a smile on her face. "Don't tell your parents I told you that story." she told her currently-lopsided belly. Then she became aware of her surroundings again, on her side in a lukewarm bath with flickering candle as the only light. She craned her neck to look at her body. She playfully poked her mound and asked the foal if her story were so boring sleeping was a better option during her tale, but it seemed that really was the case to the foal, with only a lazy shift in response.

Oh no, she was becoming bored. It's funny how new parents found time to think and relax when their foal was sleeping, but it was the opposite for her. Certainly, trying to sleep with a rambunctious foal bouncing around could be a bother, especially when carrying an Earth pony, but it was so nice to have discussions and tell stories to the new life she was helping bring into the world. She should bring a book next time. There was nothing particularly interesting amongst her soaps and towels to occupy her thoughts.

She sighed and supposed she should go to bed soon. The temperature would be kinder to all during the night. Even if she'd spent most of the day in a bathtub, she enjoyed it.