I sat around with my friend, waiting for our third to show up. The young stallion before me had promised me a little help romantically, and now we were already half cocked waiting for the person to show up. But, he was paying for drinks, and I could never turn down a free drink. "So...how do you know this chick?" I asked, swirling around a shot before downing it.

My friend shrugged, "I knew her from way back. Point is, you speak the same language, and she's...well, she's easy."

I set the shot down, "Well I'm glad you have some confidence in me, prick."

My friend held his hooves up, "Sig, it's not like that. I meant she'll like you. She likes things that walk on the ground."

I cocked my head and leaned towards him, "Lith, the hell does that even mean?"

Lith scratched his head, "She was- she- dear Celestia.... She founded the uh- Earth First Movement."

"Oh...that sounds nice." I grumbled, looking around the rather green park across from the restaurant, "Seems like it's working."

Lith looked behind himself, staring out over the park before turning back to me. He looked a bit worried as a pegasus came by and took our glasses. "Yeah...I don't think we're talking about the same thing. Point is, she likes things that don't fly, and...she's not a big fan of- she uh- she likes humans, donkeys, cows--"

"Normal things, I get it." I ran my hand through my hair, tugging at it a little, "Like, ground based stuff."

Lith nodded, "That's a better way of putting it than, *normal*. Normal isn't exactly what she likes...she's very...particular."

I shrugged, the waitress bringing me another drink, "Thank you," I said, sliding her a ten bit coin. She took it with a smile and flew off to another table. "So, you never actually told me what she looks like. She speaks German, she's a green peace weirdo, and she likes ground walking folk. That really doesn't tell me much."

Lith tapped his hooves nervously on the table, "Look...she has trouble getting dates, you have trouble getting dates, you speak Sturmer, you speak...what did you call it?"

"German?"

"Yeah, like Sturmer. Anyways, I figure you two give it a shot, see if things work out, maybe go into something a little more serious down the line." Lith watched as I pounded another drink, getting pleasantly pickled.

I glared at him, "She's not like...a Nazi, or a dude...right?"

Lith shrugged, "I don't even know what a Nazi is, I know it's a human thing, but I don't--"

He was cut off by a shrill German yelp, "*No! Pig, get off me!*"

We both looked to the park, watching as a blonde pony in a pink dress was getting harassed by a griffon. Lith leaned over, "Oh shit...that's her...."

I watched as the Griffon wrapped their talons around her foreleg. I grew a bit angry in my half drunk state and started shouting in German, "*Bird fucker, what the fuck!?*" I pushed my chair aside and hopped the short wall that surrounded the outdoor eating area, "What, you don't understand, *pig*!?"

The griffon looked over to me, "Hey how about you mind your own--"

I crossed the street, charging over to the griffon. "*Kurwa, you think this is funny!?*" I yelled, busting out my Polish as well, "You want to put her down before you are hurt!?"

The griffon tossed the tiny German mare away, sending her running around and behind me, "*Oh master, thank you, the bird is going crazy!*"

It had been a long time since I had heard the word, *meister*, but it proved she was unapologetically German. I thought it was funny, this little mare was adorable, and fighting for her would be easy. White knight that I was, I stood off with the bird, matching them eye to eye. "Go on feather fuck...do something...."

The griffon's feathers poofed out, "Both of you are damn racists, and I'm not gonna put up with this crap!" He balled up his talon, taking a warning swipe at me, "Now back off--"

I cut the half-breed off, leveling my fist into his gut and crumpling him, "You think it's okay to just abuse someone in the street!?" I yelled, slapping the back of his head, "Calling people racist for no reason, the fucking balls on you!"

The griffon flattened out, leaving me with a cooing mare wrapping her forelegs around my leg, "*Oh master...so strong, many thanks*!"

"Shit shit shit!" Lith yelped as he ran over, "Sig, what the crapstick!?"

I looked over to him as he skidded to a halt next to the griffon. "What? If a girl screams for help, I'm going to help."

The blonde mare snuck out from between my legs, "Lith, mein' friend!" Her English sounded rather lacking.

Lith looked up at me, "Shit...Sig, you need to go!" He stood and turned to me, "Sig, Aryanne. Aryanne, Sig. Now get the buck out of here!" he stood up and started shoving me with his forelegs, "Take her anywhere else but her-- not down Feather Fall Street!"

I scratched my head as Aryanne wrapped herself around my leg, "But...it takes half as long on--"

"Not down Feather Fall!" Lith screamed, stomping his hooves, "now get the buck out of here before the guard comes!"

I shrugged, "...Alright...but I expect an explanation." I coaxed Aryanne off my leg and towards the strange path home.

"*Wait, my master.*" She wiggled free and turned her flank to the KO'd griffon. "*Swine*," she dug her back hooves in and kicked some dirt over the griffon, "*You are touch me...scum.*"

I felt a little guilty as she finished up and walked past with a proud and proper gait, "*I uh...was that necessary?*"

Aryanne hurried past me, walking towards Feather Fall Street. "*Yes, the griffon needs to learn his place! Touching a beautiful earthpony should be a crime!*"

I felt another strange sensation rumble in my gut, it felt odd for her to specify, *earth*, pony. I walked over to her, "*Um...anyways, Lith said not to go down--*"

Aryanne slowed, hugging my leg and nuzzling my groin, "*Master, you smell nice. And Lith is scared, but with big strong master, we have nothing to fear!*"

In my slightly drunk state I was growing proud from the constant praise. "*I...sure, screw Lith. I'm not about to spend thirty minutes walking around in a giant circle for no reason!*" I scooped up the mare, throwing her over my shoulder and making sure her pink dress clung to her and covered her flank.

Aryanne's voice went a bit hot, "*Master...so forward.*" Her tail flipped up, nearly lifting her dress up. I kept a hand on her flank, holding her dress down, "*Master...holding me, touching me, you barely know me...but you like Aryanne?*"

I chuckled stupidly, "*I am always a friend to...good looking people.*"

Aryanne giggled softly, letting me carry her ass forward over my shoulder. "*Master is too good to little Aryanne...Aryanne will be spoiled, will need to be shown her place....*"

I laughed softly as I turned onto Feather Fall Street, "*Lith said you were a bit...perverse...was he wrong?*"

Aryanne wiggled her rear, "*Little filly Aryanne? No, but master saved me, and master deserves reward for his bravery.*"

Lith was right, this little mare was a kinky little pervert, and I loved it. What I didn't love was the growing presence of pegasi watching me walk with menacing glares. I did my best to ignore them, accidentally running into a pegasus mare in the middle of the street, "Hey!" she poked me in the gut, "You need to get out of here...and never come back!"

I met her glare, "Why's that!? You have something against me!?"

The pegasus glanced up at the exposed mare posterior on my shoulder, "With that in tow? Yes...now leave!"

I glared at her, shoving her with my knee as I walked past. Aryanne wiggled around before making a strange noise, "*Bird!*"

"She just spit on me!" the pegasus yelled, chasing after me, "Hey, look at me! Look at me you little shit!"

I reached my free hand back, flipping off the pegasus and quickening my pace. The crowd of pegasi were livid, wings flared out as the horde collectively stared me down. I made my way off of Feather Fall and onto my street, a small human community.

I slowed my pace, people's heads turning and a similar glare focusing on me as I walked towards home. Mutters and growls resonated from the humans, a few ponies staying calm. A melody of curses and a dance of middle fingers was aimed at me as I tried to walk home.

"What the hell? Everyone is acting so weird...." I muttered, "*Do you know what's wrong?*"

Aryanne patted my back with her forelegs, "*No master, but...all this attention, it makes me blush...and big strong master's hands...they're so warm...so strong.*"

I walked up my lawn, the dull tan ponystyle home was as calm as ever despite the massive amount of hate now radiating off my neighbors. I hurried inside, locking the door behind me and setting Aryanne down. "*Well....*" I took a deep breath and watched Aryanne look around my rather dull entryroom, the pale white walls bare and uninteresting, creating a rather boring atmosphere for the square bare room. I ducked down to her, staring into her bashful blue eyes, "*...Maybe this is sudden...but I could always spend the night with a pretty girl...why stop now?*"

Aryanne looked away, "*You spoil this little filly...master will have to punish naught little Aryanne.*"

I laughed huskily, "*Little filly needs to be punished?*"

Aryanne grew red, "*Yes master...Aryanne needs to be punished...Aryanne has been a naughty filly and needs to be taught a lesson....*"

I smiled wide, "*Well...we will get started then.*"

I put my hand on her back, forcing her around, "*Master...you're so rough...but naughty Aryanne deserves worse--*" I cut her off, giving her flank a slight tap, her voice cracking into a high pitched whine, "*Oooh master, harder for little Aryanne please--*"

I stared at her sex, revealed by her excited tail. "*Hold still little lady....*" I slid my hand under her dress, "*Little filly has a heart on her--* ***Holy shit that's a swastica!***" I yelped in Polish, jumping back and slamming into a wall, "*What the fuck*!? *Lith, you fucker, you absolute-- You set me up with a Nazi you fucker!*"

Aryanne looked back, "*Master is going to punish little Aryanne, please?*"

I clenched up hard at the adorable fascist. "I- *Is this why the pegasi were freaking out!? Why do you have a swastica on you ass!?*"

Aryanne looked down to her flank, "*Cutie Mark? Is the symbol of unity and strength, only true earth ponies know of it!*"

I froze, "...Are you-- *How do you feel about pega*--"

Aryanne spun around, a look of pure rage on her face, "*Birds! Filthy peasant birds! Not fit to wallow in the same mud as pigs!*"

I looked straight ahead, "*Lith...you fucking prick*...."

"*Get out!*" I screamed, trying to pushed her out of the door, "*Out Nazi, out you damn racist!*"

Aryanne spread her legs out like an X, stopping me from pushing her out the door, "*No master, please give me an hour to be with you!*" She held on for dear life, refusing to budge and inch as I jammed my weight into her back, "*Master why!? What has Aryanne done to you?!*"

I felt something snap in my brain, "...*Untold horrors!*" I yelped, pushing on her back and trying to force her outside, "*Now get out!*"

Aryanna bumped me back with her flank and dropped to the floor. She turned to me with a determined expression, "*I stay.*"

I started shaking my head, "*No, no you're not!*"

"*I stay to protect you.*" she stated, walking up to me and nuzzling my leg, "*Best friend must be protected and cleaned.*"

"*From what!?*"

Aryanne stepped back, walking to the window and peering through the blinds, "*The flighted scum...the feathered ones must be kept away.*"

I started laughing like mad, "*You're fucking crazy!*"

Aryanne turned around, sticking her foreleg out, "*Aryanne is not crazy, now...I stay and bring a friend.*"

"*Oh fuck off, kurwa*."

Aryanne shook her head, "*I stay and bring two friends.*"

I pointed to my door, "*Get the hell out!*"

Aryanne walked past me, wandering around my home, "*Is beautiful home, will have much fun. Where is phone?*"

I shook my head aggressively, "*Do you not realize how fucking offensive this is!?*"

Aryanne stopped in the hall, "*Master, Aryanne is not offensive! Aryanne wishes to love you, why you try to turn her away?*"

I started shaking, "*You've got a fucking swastika on your ass!*"

Aryanne looked back at her flank, "*...What is a swastika?*"

I froze in place, "*Are you kidding me? Are you- are you stupid!?*"

Aryanne let out a loud gasp and took a step back, "*M-master...how could you....*" she brought a hoof to her chest and lowered her head to the floor, "*Aryanne only tries to make friends,*" she made a few exaggerated sobbing sounds, "*Master doesn't love me...will not give Aryanne a chance....*"

I felt my hands tighten up as she turned away, "*I- damn you...I just- stop it....*" I could feel my heart trying to sink into my colon, "*This isn't fair! ...Do you really not know what a swastika is?*"

Aryanne rubbed her eyes with her hoof, "*No.... But you call glorious cutiemark evil, no?*"

I scratched my ear, "*It...kinda is--*"

Aryanne jumped back, stepping up on two legs before lurching forward and burying her face into my gut, "*Why, master, why!? Friend said you would love me, friend brings me here on train, and you save Aryanne from evil feather freak! Why you hate her now!?*"

I held my hands off her, slowly bringing them down around her. As much as I wanted to be angry at the little racist, her ignorance and cute defense was heartbreaking. "*I- ...because you're a Nazi...how am I--*"

Aryanne started sobbing into my stomach, "*Master, I don't even know what Nazi is!*"

I took a deep breath and pet the blonde pony, "...*So you're just dumb...I- I still don't like it.*"

Aryanne just kept crying, "*Aryanne is not dumb! Master, why do you call Aryanne dumb!? You want to hurt Aryanne?*"

I clenched my jaw and looked off to the side, "*Probably the swastika on your ass....*"

Things got quiet as Aryanne's crying slowly petered out, "*Why is master looking at my flank?*" She pushed back, smiling lewdly, "*Master like's Aryanne's flank?*"

I felt every muscle in my neck tighten up, "*...There's certainly a swastika on it....*"

Aryanne took a deep breath and nuzzled my gut, "*Master, it will not hurt you, is a mark of strength of power and beauty.*"

I swallowed hard and tried to push Aryanne back, "*Sure...that's what they like to tell themselves- can you let go?*"

Aryanne tightened her hooves around my waist, "*Master, hold Aryanne.*"

I turned away from her needy gaze, "*I don't want--*"

"*Hold Aryanne....*" she commanded, her smile falling to a harsh frown, "*Please?*"

I felt extremely conflicted. On the one had, an adorable blonde pony was asking to get her flank paddled, and on the other, even if she wasn't a Nazi she was sure as shit a racist little shit. Every bone in my body was screaming to toss her outside, leave her for my angry neighbors, but something deep in my brain, or my penis, was screaming to just pound the adorable little Aryan into oblivion.

"*You want me to hold you? To touch you?*"

Aryanne brightened up at my words, "*Master will touch little Aryanne?*"

I switched to Polish for a second, "*Little schmoozing bitch,*" I switched back to German, "*Turn around...you like your little mark so much, let's see it.*"

Aryanne smiled wide, turning to the side and showing me the dirty heart with a Swastika on it, "*Is mark of pow-****owowowow!***" she yelped, raising her flank as I brought my hand down on her soft behind. It was wonderful, soft but firm, with just enough give to squeeze. The way she raised her flank up as I grabbed a handful of flank was amazing.

Her backside popped up before wiggling back down and letting me knead her flank. She let out a soft purr as I massaged it, gently running my fingers along her before bringing my other hand down hard across her other flank, "*Master, you're too rough!*" she yelped, leaning her head down and presenting her flank to me, "*Be gentle...Aryanne is tender....*"

I grumbled angrily as I dug my fingers against the dark black swastika. "*Little Nazi...I'll show you tender!*" I raised my right hand, moving my left to the nape of her back and holding her in place. I slapped the little racist's flank, enjoying the pained moan as her hooves clacked against the floor and her ass raised up, tail flipping up as she buried her face into her forelegs.

There was something primal about it, something angry, and seeming the pink heart surrounding the evil symbol turn red was oh so pleasing. Aryanne's bright red backside was amazing, soft, squishy, and each smack had the perfect texture and sound. And the submissive little show she was putting on as I paddled her was a plus too.

Each smack would be accompanied by a soft whimper and a plead for me to be gentler, but the noises she was making, the smell that was filling the room, the wiggling, the mumbling and the dripping was asking for more. The writhing mass of muscle and fat was begging for it, and I was in the perfect mindset to provide it. In my head, I was beating a Nazi, and spanking a pretty girl, and probably going to get laid, so I didn't bother being a prick, I was winning no matter what I did.

"*Alright then...time to--*" I managed to move my thumb along the little racist's slit, soaking the pad of my finger with sticky secretions. But my reward was a gasp and a strong kick to the jaw, either out of fear or reflex. It really didn't matter, the shear impact was enough to make me stumble and crack my skull on the nearest wall.

The last things I saw before knocking out was a sweaty looking racist, staring down at my groin with a hungry expression. I was, most likely in more ways than one, fucked.

**Author's Note:**

Don't like racist pone?

\*cheerfully\*

Go sound with a toothpick!

"*Yes...you get this...and this....*" I felt something strange drag across my stomach as I slowly climbed back to consciousness. My vision was blurry, filled with whites and yellows against a dull grey background. But amongst the jostling sea of German speaking blurs sat something strange, a bright red, and beyond that still green.

"*What the hell?*" I muttered, lifting my hands up and wiping my eyes. "*Who the hell?*" I cleared my view, looking up at a pair of bright blue eyes staring down at me.

Aryanne sat over me, smiling warmly. "*Hello, are you feeling well?*" She asked in such an honest tone I lost my anger for a few moments. "*Sig?*"

I shook my head at her. "*Why the fuck did you kick me!?*"

Aryanne cocked her head, quickly joined by a near carbon copy of her, a mare with the a blonde mane in a bun, same white coat, but with a bright red streak in her mane. "*Aryanne...you kicked him?! How could you do that?*" The red stripped one asked, walking to my side and wrapping a hoof around my head. "*Poor baby...come, Austrianne will care for you--*"

"***No!***" Aryanne yelped, pushing her red clone away with a soft headbutt. She stepped onto my gut, causing me to wheeze loudly. She pushed Austrianne away, the two barking in German and leaving me to lay on my back in some unknown place. I didn't bother trying to keep track as the two German twins bickered loudly, spewing high pitched squeaks and rage filled speech at one another.

I took a deep breath and sat upright, finding myself in a rather pink bedroom. For some reason whoever brought me here didn't bother putting me on the massive pink bed behind me, but instead tossed me on the floor. My survey was cut short as something started breathing against my neck. "...*Ciao....*" The creature at my side cooed, still breathing down my collar.

I slowly turned around, finding a off white pony with a shaggy tricolor green, red and white mane, all topped off with an equally vibrant set of green eyes. "...*What?*" I asked, assuming everyone I would meet today would be speaking German.

The mare chuckled softly. "Perhaps a common language, yes?" She asked in English, offering a hoof. "I am Veni, you are Sigmund, those are the sisters." She stated, helping me to my feet as best as she could, leaving me standing in the middle of what looked like the cross between a daddy's girl's room and a earth pony propaganda machine.

I rubbed my head as I turned to the arguing Germans. "...Sisters?"

Veni walked to my side, nodding jauntily. "Yes.... They were arguing about who would have you when." Veni poked my ribs drawing my attention to my bare chest, my button up shirt torn open and marker streaking German words over my skin. "You are quite the popular stallion I think." She popped her eyebrows as she nudged my side. "Quite the stud, as they say."

I tightened up my right eye and looked down at her. "...Did they rape me?"

Veni looked confused. "...Rape? She said you proposed to her, *mi amore*, as it were."

I felt a horridly strong grimace crawl over my face. "...So that's a yes...."

Veni smiled a dumb, perverted smile and leaned her head away. "*Hmmm*, from what I watched you had your hoof hand on her head...*oooh*, the bobbing and slurping, quite exciting." She cooed, jittering slightly.

I felt deeply conflicted. It was undoubtedly my plan to take the mare down, but not remembering the act, and having such an act was deeply confusing for me. "I'm not sure if I should be mad...or proud--"

"*Cosi-cosi?* So-so?" Veni asked, tapping her hoof on the floor. "*Hmm*, well if I had to pretty mares fighting over me I'd be a little conflicted myself," She started giggling like mad, "*Ooooh....* But enough of all that, let me show you your new home!" She spun on her back hooves, rearing up and prancing out of the room.

I looked between the door and the adorably bickering nazis. "...New home?" I mumbled, slowly lurching towards the door, the two Aryan ponies too busy fighting one another to bother me. I followed the overly chipper mare out of the room and into a huge square room, doors lining every ten feet and a small set of stairs leading up. "What the hell?"

Veni pranced into the middle of the oversized room. "*Welcome*, to Earth First! The best movement for the rehabilitation of pegasi, unicorn and lost earth ponies all." She smiled wide. "Is nice, yes?"

I glared at the pony, "That doesn't answer where I am!"

The mare froze. "Oh, you mean town? City, kingdom, principality?" She laughed calmly, "We are in Iron Hoof, west of The Canterlot, east of The Trottingham, south-west of The Crystal Empire!" She chirped, nodding in time with each word. "Many like the sisters, speak the, *ra-ra*, language."

"Ra-ra language?" I asked, scratching my head and looking around the soft cream walls.

The tricolor mare coughed and rolled her hoof. "*Ummmm*, you know...the growly grumbly *ra-ra*language."

I stared at her, speaking in German, "*German? You mean German?*"

"Yes! Yes, that *ra-ra* language!" She clapped her hooves together and tapped them against the hard wood floor. "See, you know the *ra-ra*."

"Stop calling it a *ra-ra* language! You want a *ra-ra* you speak to a Russian! That's a *ra-ra* language!" I snorted angrily and looked to the large set of doors to the outside world. "Look...I'm gonna go home, tell the--"

"You are home." Veni stated, walking up to me, "You want your room?"

I shook my head. "No, I'm going, **home**. These crazy bitches may have dragged me out here, but I'm not--"

Veni shook her head, still smiling, "No-no-no, you don't understand. The birds came when you left, your home is gone. Aryanne saved you from the birds, bringing you here to keep you safe from stupid feather ponies!"

I tried to step past the mare, Veni matching each step and blocking me in. "Okay- seriously- stop! I'm going back to my god damn apartment, I'm gonna forget this happened, and I'm gonna punch my friend in the jaw for starting all this!"

Veni continued to laugh. "You don't understand, your apartment was sold! We sell to the horn ponies, take money, build more here, and give you home! Safe and snug away from bird ponies!"

I stared at the mare, rage slowly building in my gut. "You...sold my apartment? How!?"

Veni rolled her head left and right, slowly, ploddingly. "We take bits, change names. But is good! Too many birds in Canterlot. And now you stay with us, enjoy the snuggly nights with us al- Sig, Sigmund?"

I had turned around and was slowly lurching towards the room I'd come from. "***Kurwa!***" I screamed, giving in to the rage and slamming shoulder first into the door, throwing it open and startling the two blonde ponies. "**You!**" I screamed, pointing towards the mares. "What did you do to my house!?"

Aryanne cocked her head, an innocent look over her face. "What did Aryanne do--"

I ran over, grabbing her by her forelegs and slamming her against the wall. "What happened to my house!?" I shouted, getting in her face. "What did you do!?"

Aryanne stared at me, confusion bouncing around her face. "...*Aryanne does not understand....*"

I shook her harshly. "*Canterlot, my apartment, what happened!?*"

Aryanne frowned softly and let her hooves rest on my forearms. "*Bird ponies, too many for poor Sig. I kick legs, hurt you, and I could not in good conscious leave you to be mugged and raped by evil bird ponies!*"

I wanted to strangle the mare, I wanted to throttle her until she went from white and blushy to pure blue. "*I am going to--*"

Something warm bopped against my groin. "*You stink....*" A slightly more husky voice than Aryanne's cut the rustling. "*Smell of sweat and...*" I looked down in time to catch Austrianne taking a deep breath past my cock. "*Haa-aaah- the smell of stallions.*"

I glared at the mare at my cock, quickly turning back to Aryanne. "*Listen you, I w-waaa--*" I stopped myself, feeling my knees buckle as the red striped mare wrapped her lips around my bulge. "*I'm not stay-y-fuck...*" I moaned, feeling just the right amount of pressure wrap around my cock tip and pull off with a tender whimper. "*I am not about to- fuh-uhck!*" I groaned, letting Aryanne fall to the floor as I slammed my palms flat agaisnt the wall. "***Stop that shit!***" I shouted, lifting my knee to force the mare away.

She simply stepped to the side and continued to ogle my package. "*But master, you gave Aryanne the gift, why not I? Is Austrianne not pretty enough!?*" She yelped, pressing her chin aganist my stomach with a quivering lip. "*Austrianne wants to love too....*"

I swallowed my pride, taking a few steps back and collecting myself. "*I am not--*"

Aryanne tapped her hoof on the floor. "*Time, time. We are a new family, new faces, give him time to get settled and then we have fun, together.*"

Austrianne stifled a small sniffle. "*Together?*"

"*Ja, together...like good mares do...we share.*"

I felt extremely flustered, the implications being presented to me were causing my baser mind to scream at me to pull my pants off, leaving my higher mind screaming the opposite. "...*I am going to go...and...wash....*" I mumbled, unable to think of a better reason to excuse myself. "*This isn't over!*" I shouted, exiting the pink bedroom, "*This isn't over....*"

"*Oh-ho-ho!* The big Sig, sharing himself with the sisters of *ra-ra*, how...caring." She snickered softly as she walked towards the far end of the hall. "Is okay, they are odd, but their ideas will keep you safe from the birds, and satisfied in the sheath."

I turned to the wall and bashed my forehead into it. "...I don't even have a sheath. ...Damn you brain...get out of gutter...."

Veni walked over, rubbing my thigh with a hoof, "Is okay...we go, we eat, you eat me, I eat you, we eat food...come, we go." She wrapped a hoof around my leg and started tugging me down the hall. "Come, come, we spend time together. New Earth Movement, new day, new hooves. Cause to celebrate until we hit the sheets I think!"