I can't wait to type on my computer again.  
  
>Was this really happening?  
>You were in your office with two students, making out with your daughter.  
>What was the world coming to?  
>It was like you were the marionette of some sex crazed puppet master.  
>Rotating your seat, you spy a glance at Applejack, who was snogging her older brother.  
>Yes, it seemed that against all logic and reason, this was indeed happening.  
>Deciding to give up logical thought, you lift your daughter off your lap and place her in the floor in front of you, and move to unzip your pants.  
>Might as well get a blowjob out of this madness.  
>Immediately, Rarity went to town on your stiff member, licking up and down the shaft and sucking the hood.  
>The feeling was good, but you couldn't help yourself. You felt hollow, like a husk.  
>Placing your hands on your daughter's head, you bobbed it up and down.  
>It did feel good... But something was missing.  
>You looked back at AJ, only to find her bent over the arm of your couch.  
>Her brother was railing her pretty good. They looked happy...  
>They had a certain spark that you didn't share with Rarity.  
>She was sucking you hard, and you wouldn't hold out much longer.  
>You didn't have it in you to hold out.  
>Your seed rushed down your daughter's throat, and she held you firmly until you were done.  
>Slowly, she rose off your rod, and wiped her face, giving you a peck on the cheek.  
>"We'll celebrate more later, Daddy. See you at home"  
>The Apple kids were finished, laying down, and embracing each other.  
>After a while, they left, and your last student for the day came knocking.

>When your door opened, you saw a familiar rainbow haired girl step through the threshold.  
>This was Rainbow Dash, you surmised easily enough.  
>She moved towards you with trepidation, and sat in front of you.  
>She gave a funny look after sniffing loudly.  
"Rainbow Dash? Is something wrong?"  
>She held her arms close to her chest, and put on a sad look.  
>"Yeah... Had an incident with my friend, G"  
>It seemed rather strange to you, seeing this girl acting like she was.  
>You got the idea she was a tough girl, very brash. The girl you were seeing was... Sad, and unsure.  
>It's obvious something serious happened between her and that Gilda girl.  
"I'm sorry to hear that, Dash. What happened?"  
>"She sat next to me in class today, first time in forever...She said she had something important to tell me, and I uh... Kind of... Made a scene. Cheerilee sent me here."

I relapsed into my coma. Feeling better though. Let's write some RD drama. Maybe her and Gilda can finally tie the knot.  
  
"A scene? What did she do to set you off?"  
>"Well, she just freaked me out... She hadn't been acting like herself all day, first thing. Kept trying to get close to me, and then she started hitting on me, and started sharing her feelings. Like, what the hell? I'd just had enough. I lost my cool."  
>Wow. Sounded like a tough gig.  
>You'd expected Gilda to have gone about this in a better way.  
>New goal: Help bring these two together. You loved a challenge.  
"Dash, you told me she said she had something to tell you... What was it?"  
>"I don't know... She wants to steal me away from my friends again, I guess. I can't believe she hasn't gotten over what happened."  
>Okay, so the problem is Gilda didn't make her intentions clear... And made Rainbow uncomfortable.  
"Why would she want to steal you from your friends?"  
>"I don't know... She's just jealous"  
"I wouldn't assume that, Rainbow Dash. How would you feel if I called Gilda in to talk about this?"  
>She seemed surprised at the offer.  
>"You're serious?"  
"Of course. I think the only way to get to the bottom of this is if the two of you spoke and gave each other a chance to communicate properly. I think Gilda is having trouble finding the words to say to you."  
>She sat in thought for a moment.  
>"Fine."  
>You smile. This was going to be good.

>The minutes waiting for Gilda to arrive were awkward at best.  
>And when she sat down next to her friend, Rainbow Dash avoided eye contact.  
>This was it...  
"So, Gilda... Dash says you've been trying to get her attention."  
>She blushed, and fidgeted with her bangs.  
>"Yeah, well. She's my friend right?"  
>The rainbow haired girl scoffed at this.  
>"Yeah right."  
>A little turbulence, it's to be expected.  
"Rainbow, it's obvious Gilda is trying to connect with you. Don't you think it could be because she cares about you?"  
>"I doubt it. You should have heard the things she said to me about my friends. She's just jealous because she can't make her OWN friends. Everyone knows Gilda's a loner."  
>"What? You want me to admit it? Fine! I admit it! I'm jealous of you! Okay? I resent your friends, and I want MY friend back..."  
>"G, I'm not some 'thing' for you to compete against my friends for!"  
"Girls, settle down. Inside voices."  
>They turned away from each other, arms folded.  
"Gilda, you miss having Rainbow as your friend, yes?"  
>She looked down, and then over her shoulder at her old friend.  
>"Y-yeah. I miss having her as a friend."  
"Do you realize you can never have what you had in the past? Have you accepted that those days are gone?"  
>"I guess. Sure."  
"Dash, you realize that Gilda doesn't want to steal you away for herself. Right?"  
>"I don't know, man! She's been trying to get me to ditch my friends ever since I met them."  
>"I know that! But things are different now, I swear!... I just want to be your friend..."  
>And here.... We.... Go.[/Heath Ledger]  
"Gilda, you can't just be RD's friend. You have to be a friend to HER friends as well."  
>There was a silence, as she pondered a bit.  
>"I know that..."  
"Are you willing to do what it takes to accomplish this?"  
>Her next words would sway this entire confrontation... You hoped you chose yours correctly.

>"I'm tired of being alone... Dash, I'm sorry that I've been such an ass to you. I understand why you don't want to be my friend any more. But please... Give me one more chance? I'll do what it takes..."  
>The tears welled up in her eyes, and you watched a couple streak down her face.  
>Rainbow Dash had her own tears to try and keep down, as she embraced her old friend.  
>"G, if you really want it that bad, of COURSE I'll be your friend again. I can introduce you to the girls, and we'll start off slow"  
>Mission successful.  
>Well, Gilda probably won't be professing her love any time soon, but at least she had a place to start.  
"I'm very happy for you two. If I may make a suggestion, Dash. Introduce her to one friend at a time. Maybe do something with just one friend and bring Gilda along, so they get to know each other."  
>"I guess that's a good idea... How's tomorrow sound, G?"  
>"Heh... I'm down for anything. What did you have in mind?"  
>"Hmmm... How about... A run through the park with my friend AJ? She's pretty cool."  
>And just like that, they were leaving your office. You puffed your chest out with pride, fist pumping.  
"Fucking awesome!"  
>You thought that would be the last student to show up for the day, as it was getting late.  
>But a rapping on your door told you otherwise...

Got a delivery here for a Mr. Anon Y. Mous?  
  
>"Mister Anonymous?"  
>A girl stood in front of you. She had lavender hair, with a magenta highlight.  
"Yes? May I have your name, Miss?"  
>"It's Twilight. Twilight Sparkle."  
>That's a silly name. You shudder as you are reminded of a shitty novel.  
>You hope the book she had tucked under her arm wasn't anything to do with that abomination of literature.  
"Good to meet you, Twilight Sparkle. My daughter Rarity's told me about you."  
>She took a seat awkwardly.  
>"O-oh. That's nice. Rarity is a good friend, she has a very generous spirit..."  
"She does... Is there something I can help you with?"  
>"Well... I guess I should start with the basics. I have a brother, his name is Shining Armour. He's in the National Guard."  
"Okay?"  
>"Well, he's coming home in a week, and he'll be spending a day at school visiting, and answering student's questions about service."  
"And?"  
>"Is it wrong?"  
>Wait what?  
>"Is it wrong that I'm in love with him? I know Cadence has been waiting for him, and she's a great girl for him, but am I wrong for wanting a piece of him for myself?"  
>That came out of NOWHERE.  
"Wait, what? Back the truck up here."  
>"I'm sorry, I've been under a lot of emotional stress. I was reading this book here, and it-"  
"Listen. Twilight? First thing: it isn't wrong or evil or bad or anything for you to have those kind of feelings for your brother. As long as you aren't causing harm to anyone. Are you feeling stressed because you feel like your feelings are immoral?"  
>"W-well... Yes. But I'm also kind of having a mini freak out, you see... He's only going to be in town for a week. And I don't even know how to start making a check list of things we need to do together."  
>You really hated having to fill in so many blanks.  
"So you're worried you won't be able to share your feelings with him while he's here?"  
>"Huh? Oh. He knows I feel the way I do, but he never did anything about it"  
>Sigh.  
"Then what's the problem, exactly?"

>The girl calmed herself, and took a few measured breaths.  
>"Okay. I realize this all sounds crazy and random... Let me start from the beginning..."  
>This should be interesting.  
>"Ever since we were kids, we always had a special connection... We did EVERYTHING together. We were all we had, most days..."  
>Damn, you were hoping to avoid any history lessons today.  
>It was at least ten minutes of back story.  
>"And that is how we ended up sleeping in the same bed that night. Nothing sexual happened, but that was the night I confessed my incestuous desires. That was the night before he shipped off."  
>Well, it was actually kind of a touching story. You were glad you listened to all of it, and didn't miss a single detail.  
>"And ever since then, it's never been mentioned. I don't know what to expect when he comes home."  
"So... You want to seduce your brother while he's visiting, before he makes his trip back to HIS home, to be reunited with his fiancé."  
>"Well... Yeah."  
"...Do you remember what I said about the 'not hurting anyone' thing?"  
>She looked hurt by that.  
>"B-but she'll never have to know! I need this. He was MY brother first!"  
>That... That touched your heart. And your boner.  
"Okay then. I'll help you."

>Twilight looked stunned.  
>"Y-you will? That's great!"  
>Yes... This will expand your dong nicely.  
"So, what exactly do you need help with?"  
>"Well, I was thinking maybe when he gets here, you might be able to talk to him..."  
"Talk to him... About having an incestuous relationship with you? That's pretty hard to work into a casual conversation. He's not a student here, so I can't really give him official counseling."  
>"I know that. But he knew the old counselor, Mister Abernathy pretty well. Maybe he would want to meet you? I would introduce you, of course"  
"Are you even sure that's the best way to do it? I don't even know what I'd be trying to talk to him about."  
>"Just... Talk about me. You'd have to say something about me, something to gauge his feelings for me."  
"I... I have an idea. But first, I need to ask you a personal question..."  
>She blushed at your question, but agreed the idea you had just might work.

Why is it so fun to call Luna Lulu? The world may never know.  
  
>That night, dinner was slightly later than usual, but Rarity made your favorite.  
>Spaghetti.  
>"Do you like the meatballs? Home made! I found a wonderful recipe I was dying to try"  
"They're divine, Rarity. Sweetiebelle?"  
>Your youngest daughter looked up at you with her mouth full, and red sauce around her lips.  
>"Mmm-Hmm!"  
>She seemed to be enjoying her food.  
>"So, father, did you have a good day at work today after I visited you?"   
"Yes, actually. I helped one of your friends Rainbow Dash connect with an old friend of hers. Gilda."  
>Her eyes bugged out a bit at that.  
>"Gilda? She's a brash ruffian!"  
"On the exterior, maybe. But we had a heart to heart, she's quite soft on the inside. Don't tell anyone I said this, but she's always had a soft spot for Dash. I was glad to help them rekindle a friendship"  
>"That sounds lovely. I almost wish I could have been there to witness it."  
"... I met Twilight Sparkle today."  
>"Twilight? Oh she's such a dear! Why would she need to see a counselor?"  
"Oh, her brother is coming to the school next week. She was having a nervous breakdown. Not a big deal, really."  
>"She does have a tendency to get worked up over such things... But I never knew she had a brother! "  
"Yes, she called him Shining Armor, but his old student record identified him as Francis Sparkle."  
>"That's very interesting..."  
"Indeed. I'll be speaking to him this Monday, in fact. I'm rather looking forward to it"  
>After dinner, you washed the dishes and proceeded to shower and carry out your nightly ritual without incident.  
>You were laying on your bed, reading a book on psychology, when when you heard the handle on your door turn.

>You pulled the blanket off, revealing your daughter, in the nude, and covering yourself up with it.  
>She was making apologetic sounds, as you were freaking out.  
>"Sorry! Sorry!"  
"What's gotten into you?!"  
>"Daddy please! I'm sorry!"  
>You take some deep breaths, trying to calm yourself. What the fuck was going on?  
"Sweetiebelle, what on earth were you trying to do?"  
>She looked abashed, it was adorable, but you were more concerned with her answer to pay her expression too much mind.  
>"I just wanted to look... I didn't mean to hurt you"  
>What?  
"Sweetie, you didn't hurt me. You just... Startled me. Why were you trying to look at me there?"  
>"I- I've never seen a boy's... Private parts before..."  
"Sweetie, they're called 'private' for a reason. You don't undress people in their sleep, is that understood?"   
>"... Yes sir."  
"Why did you want to look at me there?"  
>She paused a minute, before continuing.  
>"Well... After I saw what you and Rarity were doing, I was really curious about how that stuff worked... How it looked. I... It made me tingle down... there."  
>Oh god. It was time.  
"Sweetiebelle... Listen. What you saw Rarity and I doing... That's not something for girls your age."  
>"But I want to understand what it's all about! I'm not a baby any more!"  
>This was true... But you couldn't bring yourself to lay a single finger on your little girl.  
"Sweetie... When you love someone, you can get a.. feeling. Between your legs. An urge... And maybe you'll feel compelled to touch yourself down there, to get some relief. These next few years of your life are going to be very important years of experimentation. But they have to be kept private."  
>"Why do I have to keep them private? Can't I experiment with you?"  
>Oh god.  
"Sweetiebelle... It doesn't work that way. This is self discovery."  
>She looked sad  
>"Can I have one more look?"

"You... You want to look at me again?"  
>"Just to satisfy my curiosity, honest. I won't try and look again."  
>You thought back to your teens. Back when you were a horny kid looking at the underwear section of the catalogue.  
>Imagination was a terrible thing to go off of...  
"Okay, then. Just this one time, I will let you see."  
>She exclaimed excitedly, the motion jiggled her flat chest. You tried to put that image out of your mind.But your boner would carry that image to it's grave  
>After she calmed down, you looked her in the eye, and slowly removed your blanket, and pushed your briefs all the way down.  
>She covered her mouth with the palm of her hand, her eyes were wide.  
>Using her other hand, she pointed.  
>"What's that sack?"  
"Uhh, that is where my testicles are. You'll probably learn about what they do in school, but the short answer is they make sperm"  
>"I've heard about sperm and eggs in biology. But only a little... What's that at the top there?"  
"Here? This has a medical name, but you can call it the head or hood. This slit here is where men pee from, and where sperm comes out."  
>You were stiffening.  
>"Why is it growing?"  
"Well, penises fill with blood when something stimulates them. It can happen at random, from being handled, from looking at arousing images, or other things. Some men have difficulty with it, but not me."  
>"Does it feel weird?"  
"Hmmm... Nope."  
>You were just about at full length.  
>"Why is it so... Big?"  
"Well, men are supposed to use these to give pleasure to a woman... The size helps. Some men are smaller, some are bigger. But really it depends most on how you use what you're given."  
>"How do you use it?"  
"... You'll understand when you're older, Sweetie. Are you done?"  
>"One more thing..."  
>She hesitated, before reaching her hand over, and gently toughing the shaft.  
>You weren't expecting that, and flinched.  
>"Sorry! Did that hurt?"  
"N-no, not at all. No touching, though, okay? It... Felt weird."

>"Was it the good weird you mentioned earlier?"  
>That was it, you were at full mast.  
>Shit. Anon, you are NOT a paedophile. Keep it together.  
"It... It didn't feel bad."  
>Don't do it! It's a slippery slope! There's no coming back from this!  
>"Can I just try one more time? Then we can go back to sleep."  
>Abort! Abort!  
"Well... Just one more can't hurt. But this is the only time this is happening, okay?"  
>"Okay daddy. Let me see..."  
>She held her hand out, poised to touch, and considered her placement carefully.  
>Her hand made contact with your nuts, pressing against the soft skin.  
>"Soft... Feels funny."  
>She moved her hand up, gripping your shaft, and running it up the tip.  
>You had a spaz attack at that motion, and a little white bead appeared at your urethra.  
>As she let go of you, she collected the bead on the side of her index finger.  
>"What's this? Sticky..."  
>You had to collect yourself, as you covered up again.  
"Wipe your finger off, that's some of the sperm I told you about."  
>"I overheard Rarity once... She said that this white stuff tasted 'divine'."  
"Sweetiebelle, don-"  
>She had it up to her face, inspecting it, when she stuck out her tongue and licked it off.  
>The look on your face was caught between mortified and aroused.  
>"Eugh!"  
>She spat it into her wadded up PJs.  
>"It's really bitter and nasty!"  
>God damn it.  
>You hold her tight, keeping your boner from prodding her.  
"Lets just go to sleep."  
>And the two of you slept, naked in your bed, peacefully until dawn.

>Morning came quick, and your alarm did it's job.  
>Good alarm.  
>Getting out of bed, you're met with the frigid morning air.  
>It was tempting to jump back in bed with your naked daughter laying by your side, but she was already getting up.  
>She walked up to you, giving you a big hug, before running off to her room.  
>You definitely didn't look at her bottom as she made her way out your door.  
>But your boner did[/Plinkett]  
>Your morning ritual was normal, and before long you were walking to the kitchen with the smell of breakfast in the air.  
>Is that bacon? That shit smells fucking delicious.  
>It WAS bacon. Cooked to a perfect crisp. And also eggs. Rarity knew you liked your eggs runny, and sunny side up.  
>She sure would make a good housewife...  
>A brief image of an older you flashed through your mind, where your Daughter was in her thirties, making you bacon, and kissing you.  
>The image was broken when Rarity spoke.  
>"So Sweetiebelle said your sperm tasted bad..."  
>Uhhh...  
"Uhhh..."  
>"I wasn't aware you were such a deviant, I figured she was a little YOUNG for you."  
"Rarity, I-"  
>"No, no. Not another word. If you want to screw every little girl that wanders into your room, then GO AHEAD."  
>Fucking shit. She dropped your bacon in the floor. Looks like you'll be microwaving a toaster strudel for breakfast.  
>Add that to the list of things you need to deal with... This was a complete mess.

>Your commute was a very depressed one.  
>All morning, you've been thinking about what Rarity said, and what happened last night.  
>You sat in your office, a pit in your stomach. You didn't even have it in you to get a cup of coffee.  
>Man, what were you thinking? You've been thinking with your boner.  
>Just then, a knock came.  
"Come in"  
>Your voice was hollow. You should fix that.  
>Your door swung open, and in stepped Luna.  
"Ah, Luna! Good morning to you"  
>"Thanks, Anon. I was just wondering... If you were all set for our date tonight?"  
>Ah. Yeah... That.  
"Of course! I'm looking forward to it. I'll pick you up at your house, how's that sound?"  
>"That sounds good, I'm rather excited... I'm getting off early tonight, I'll be ready by 7"  
"Got it. I'll see you then, remember it's a picnic."  
>The morning dragged by, not a single student came in to see you.  
>That made it worse, you needed a distraction.

>Thankfully, you didn't have to wait much longer.  
>It was almost lunch when the knock came.  
>In front of you sat a white girl, blonde with blue eyes. She was actually quite cute.  
>"Hey, hon. You seem bored in this office..."  
>She had a bright personality, too! Blondes.  
"You got a name?"  
>"It's Aryanne... Rolls off the tongue."  
>She stuck her tongue out, licking her dark red upper lip.  
>Aryanne... Something about the name made a tiny alarm bell ring... Shut up, stupid bell.  
"So, Aryanne... I don't think you came in here just to keep me company."  
>"Well, I MAY have made a mockery of Cheerilee's history class..."  
>?  
"Made a mockery? So you're a class clown, then?"  
>"Not at all! She was talking about the Great War. Some of her facts about the National Socialist Party were... Blown out of proportion. I simply called out her inaccuracies, and defended the movement."  
>Huh?  
"So you're here because you were talking in class?"  
>"Not likely... They just don't like to see the beauty of the Nazi way of life. The world would be a better place if the Axis powers would have won..."  
>Okay...  
"Yeah, but they weren't ready to fight a war on two fronts. And they didn't have enough industry to produce the hardware to fight the entire world."  
>"Even so, the details of the war itself are trivial. It's their ideals that mattered."  
"Ideals? I fail to see anything noble in mass executions..."  
>"Not executions... It was purification. Think of all the inferior genes that were eliminated from the pool! It's heroic!"  
"No, it was cruelty... And anyway, it was only a small fraction of deaths compared to other dictators like Mao Zedong. Just a drop in the bucket"  
>"Don't even get me started on that Communist pig. The only good he did was extinguish more than forty million Chinese."  
>Okay... You REALLY didn't want to have this discussion.

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"Listen, you aren't going to fail any classes because of your opinions. Just try to keep them to yourself, okay? They aren't very popular. This is a very broad cultured school"  
>"I can't help it! I just feel like I'm meant to enlighten people... And purge the impurities from mankind! Down with green people!"  
>She was actually kind of annoying. 2/10 would not cum inside.  
"Hey... How do you feel about onions?"  
>"Onions? What do onions have to do with anything?"  
>Suddenly, a loud rumbling.  
>In an instant, your door was flying off it's hinge.  
>"ONIONS HAVE EVERYTHING TO DO WITH ANYTHING!!!"  
>The large green man pulled out his bag of onions, this time they were bigger than bowling balls.  
>"YOU KNOW WHERE THESE ARE GOIN', LASSIE?"  
>It took almost an hour to clean up the mess, and you had a feeling you wouldn't be seeing Aryanne for a long time.  
>Luna was sitting on your couch.  
>"So how did that happen twice in one week?"  
>You pondered that...  
"I don't know, Luna. But I'm glad that ate up another hour of my day. I was-"  
>You were cut off by a sound at your door.  
>Rarity had cleared her throat.  
>"Father..."

>Oh shit.  
"Luna? Would you mind if I spoke too my daughter in private?"  
>"Don't mind me."  
>As she took her leave, the maintenance guys showed up.  
>Rarity sat on your couch, and you waited for the new door to be installed.  
>Impressive speed... The only thing missing was your name. They assured you it would be there on Monday.  
>"Father... I've been doing some thinking. It isn't right, what you did with Sweetiebelle last night."  
>Your heart was aching at those words.  
"Rarity, honey, please listen-"  
>"I called grandma. She doesn't know what happened, but she's agreed to pick Sweetiebelle up from school today."  
"You what?! Rarity, you're not giving me a ch-"  
>"I did what I had to! I don't want you to be taken away! I can deal with you courting Luna, but Sweetie's too young!"  
"Nothing happened between us!!!"  
>Shit. You didn't mean to shout, but you had to get your point across.  
>At lest she's stopped talking.  
"She woke me up, trying to undress me. She was curious about how men worked down there. I talked to her, and let her have a little peek at my manhood."  
>"But... She said she tasted your cum..."  
"She touched me, just a brief touch. Some pre got on her finger. That's what she tasted, I told her to wash it off."  
>"You're... Not going to make this a regular thing. My sister is off limits."  
"Sweetheart, I didn't want it to happen once. I'm not letting it happen again. She's MY little girl."  
>"I remember when I was your little girl... Rubbing myself vigorously to the thought of you. I'm going to have a girl talk with her. But don't think she's lost interest in you."  
>You talked for another ten minutes or so, and she had to get back to class. She left you with a kiss.