

## **It Just So Happens...**

*By HiddenBrony*

Another day was coming to a close on Sweet Apple Acres. A warm wind blew playfully along the trees, the rustling of leaves rousing a chorus of birds from their branches to take flight back to their homes. The setting of the sun glowed in brilliant reds and oranges, silhouetting a pegasus of a different color as she worked the last tree of the day. Fluttershy moved silently downward, a small basket of apples draped around her neck unloaded in rhythmic beats into a waiting applecart. Landing gently, the yellow pony turned to look out upon the glorious setting before her.

It didn't take long at all before the orange workhorse appeared with two baskets draped over her flank on either side. Silently and diligently the two worked in tandem, cutting the workload by more than a half as soon the cart was full, and the last trees bare. Applejack sighed contentedly, before a shock ran along her spine as the pegasus nuzzled softly against her mane, whereas the Earth pony repaid in kind. "Thank you, Fluttershy. Ah can't believe how much sooner we got done this year 'cause a you." She breathed, obviously winded from a long day of work.

The pegasus' cheeks reddened slightly, but she shook her mane regardless. "Oh, you know it's really no problem." Moving over to the cart, Fluttershy squeaked slightly as the looming form of Applejack's brother emerged from the blind side of the cart. "Oh! Um." The pegasus stammered, as a curious look dawned over Big MacIntosh's features as he looked to two mares over.

"Now what are you two doin' out here t'night? I know I sent you two off a couple hours ago." Big Mac said, his eyes moving from Applejack over to the pegasus. "Y'all should be in Manehattan by now."

"Now see here, Big Mac, today was a special day an' all but this orchard belongs to all of us now and-" Applejack was cut off from a rising wing from Fluttershy, who shook her head. Applejack's face melted from indignation to acceptance as she turned back to Big Mac. "'Twas only a little bit more left to do. Y'know me, I can't just leave no job half-finished."

"And I couldn't let her." Fluttershy said, standing next to Applejack, her wing coming to rest over Applejack. Her hooves patted the ground as she stood, but she met Mac's gaze head on. "And, um.... We're going to. Soon, after we take the cart back and-"

“A’right, that’s enough outta you two ponies. Y’all got married today and you’re gonna be in Aunt ‘n Uncle Oranges flat by the time Luna’s moon hits mid-crest and let me take care of this.” Big Mac gestured over to the full cart. The red apples shown brightly in the sun as the stallion threw himself under the ropes attached the cart. “Applebloom’s already been at your cottage fer the last couple hours.....” Big Mac paused briefly.

A strange silence filled the air as the two married mares looked at each other a moment. “You okay there, Big Mac?” Applejack called, looking over her brother. “Why’d yo-”

A Pink mane popped out from under the apples in the cart suddenly, drawing the attention of all those present. Big Mac unamusedly kicked the cart near the base, causing the pink Earth pony within to stick her head out quickly, drawing a big breath. “ARE YOU TWO IN LOVE-Oh hey guys!” Pinkie shouted, waving her hoof at her friends. “Weren’t you two going to Manehattan? I’ve always wanted to go but I’m not going to go with you, because, really! You’re married now and I was in a tuxedo!” She said, a now very wrinkled tuxedo coat sagged slightly from her back as she hopped nimbly out of the cart. “But that’s not why I’m here.”

Fluttershy tilted her head, trying to figure the pink mare out, but Applejack merely sighed. “Pinkie, why are you here now?” She asked, her voice filled with exasperation. “You already outed me ‘n Fluttershy over ah year ago.”

“Oh I know! Tuxedo and all, I mean, come on! That question *obviously* wasn’t meant for you.” She smiled happily, before turning to Big MacIntosh. “But I don’t see anyone here but you three, and Big Mac can’t go and love himself! Not like you two.” The mare wasn’t making any sense at all, but the nearby stallion seemed amused by her antics, if only because it left his sister completely dumbstruck.

“Pinkie...” Fluttershy stepped forward, shaking her mane slightly. Pinkie noticed it was actually shorter than she had realized. She had seen it done up during the wedding, but the flowing hair Fluttershy normally sported had been cut back some, although still framing her features. Her normally stagnant hairstyle caught the pink pony completely off-guard that she almost missed Fluttershy’s question entirely. “Um, what are you doing here? In the apples?”

“Oh, well, I was at the wedding - oh! It was during the reception, with all the cake and games and I was helping with Pin the Tail on the Pony!” She smiled, nodding her

head. Her mane bounced around a bit as she kept nodding her head, until Applejack cleared her throat, causing Pinkie to reflexively continue on with her story. “And then, and then...! Um. What happened next?” She paused, falling on her haunches suddenly. Putting a hoof to her chin, sitting there longer than anypony wished to admit to. “Oh! I remember! The Hyper Combo!”

“Naht this again...” Applejack blurted, causing Fluttershy to giggle slightly, recalling the extravagant display of Pinkie Sense that had originally been unleashed upon the married mares. “Pinkie, please, can you get on with why you’re asking about ponies in love and how you ended up in our applectart?!”

“Surely Furlly!” Pinkie sang, once again bounding unto her feet. “Well! Suddenly I knew that someponies were in love, and I *had* to find out, because love is a big thing and big things need parties and I *love* parties! Endless love cycle!” The pink Earth pony nodded furiously again, causing Applejack to shoot a hoof out and stop the pony from moving even more, forcing a hoof over her nose. Cross-eyed, Pinkie stared at the hoof a moment, as if contemplating its very existence. But before another moment passed, she had launched into her story again, “So I went on a journey to find the loving ponies! So I looked all over, talking with all the ponies there that I could find, even though some of them had already went home when you to left even though you didn’t leave because if you had we wouldn’t be talking an-”

“Pinkie.” Big MacIntosh looked back slowly, raising an eyebrow. The colt of few words moved his head back forward, waiting for the story to finish before taking off toward the house.

“Um. But! I couldn’t find anypony in love that wasn’t already in love. I thought I had something when I was talking to Rainbow Dash, but she wasn’t with anypony at the time so it couldn’t of been her...!” Digging at the ground with her hoof, Pinkie Pie sighed. “And now I don’t know who it could of been.” She sighed.

Fluttershy digested the information, trying to think of anything that could help her friend. “Well, I’d love to help you Pinkie-” A small *ahem* escaped from Applejack as she nodded toward the position of the sun. “But uh, um. Applejack and I really do have to go...!” She mumbled, just high enough for everypony to hear.

“Nahw just hold on a apple-pickin’ minute. That doesn’t explain why you were in the cart!” Applejack mentioned quickly.

Pinkie Pie stared, unassuming. Suddenly, she was up on all four hooves, shrugging. “I dunno!” She sang. “Alright, see you later!” And with that, she took off, hopping down the road and humming some incoherent tune.

“Did ah... did anyone else get that?” Applejack muttered, shaking her mane. Fluttershy nuzzled her side and motioned for them to get going, waving a hoof toward the stoic stallion nearby.

“Eeyup.”

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Pinkie Pie stared out her window, looking at all the Ponyvillians below. It had been a couple days since the wedding and Operation: Secret Snack wasn't going as smoothly as she had hoped. Granted, it was the same plan and execution that happened everyday regardless, but with increased fervor and eavesdropping - but nopony had even come close to mentioning new loves or even anything regarding romance. Her Pinkie Sense had never been wrong before, so she knew that someponies were in love... the pink pony paused. Maybe it was someone she knew! Sometimes love wasn't quick, and it was gradual. She remembered back when Mr. And Mrs. Cake weren't a married couple, back when she was just a filly. She had begun a small tutelage under Mr. Cake after finding out her cutie mark, and she knew treats always meant parties. The now Mrs. Cake was simply a regular customer in those days, as Mr. Cake's now chiseled chin had taken a much softer look. When her Pinkie Sense kicked in shortly after, she had used it to nimbly dodge opening doors when carrying trays of snacks, but her first love combo happened one day when Mr. Cake had just so happened to accidentally missed her twitchy tail and had strode too close to the door when Mrs. Cake barged in, intent on alleviating a foul mood with various snacks.

Needless to say, a short tumble later and the two ponies were as inseparable as they were frosting covered, Pinkie throwing a small party for them shortly after their third date. She sighed wistfully, turning from the window and heading downstairs from here loft above Sugar Cube Corner. She had never not thrown a party for loving ponies. The idea that somewhere out there, a potential party was being missed because she couldn't find the culprits... it almost took the laughter right out of her.

“Hey Pinkie! What's up?” Rainbow Dash stood below, leaning up against the wall next the stairs. The pink mare's eyes shot up and sparkled at the sight of her friend, calling forth a happy laugh from her lips. Dash merely shook her mane, remarking she

hadn't even said anything to cause a laugh.

"Hi Dashie!" Pinkie bounded, feeling positively restored. "What are you doing up so early! I thought you were gonna nap today after the big party we had yesterday!" She asked, catching a glance from Mr. Cake. She immediately ceased her hopping, instead opting for a more leisurely walk. "It was sooooo much fun, even when I got distracted because it was like a game. I didn't win though, but that's okay because—"

"You didn't win?" Dash echoed, tilting her head, causing her mane to slide with it gracefully. It hid the fact that Dash tended to blush everytime someone used that nickname. Pinkie watched the multicolored strands for a moment before snapping back to attention. "You mean you didn't find the ponies who were in love?" Nodding, the pink mare's mane bounced around, defying gravity.

"There were so many ponies and it was a wedding, so it's normal for proposals to happen and stuff, so it was hard to pinpoint just anypony who was starting to fall in love." Stamping her hoof, Pinkie looked about the shop, picking out a small muffin and snatching it up in her mouth without a second thought. "Behshides, ahf moy Phinkei Fensh wharked all dah timmmmmmmmm..." Pinkie trailed, finally swallowing the small treat. "Then I wouldn't get even the teeniest amount of rest around anypony."

Rainbow Dash shook her mane, smiling. "Pinkie Pie, you're so random." Heading for the door, the two friends walked out into the Ponyville air, Dash taking an extended breath as she stretched her wings out, giving a few flaps, wind rushing past her and through Pinkie's untidy mane. Folding them back up, Dash looked about. "So that's what you wanna do today, huh?"

"Do what?"

Rainbow Dash exhaled sharply, putting a hoof to her head. "Look for the new loves! I can't stand to let one of my friends lose!" She said, looking about, her eyes twinkling as she looked at the passing ponies. This was going to be a challenge - and she was going to win it. "Someponies out there triggered your Pinkie Sense and we're gonna find 'em!"

Pinkie giggled, nodding her head excitedly. "Okay Dashie!" She hopped up, her head on a swivel. "Where will we go first? How do we know who all was there? I wonder if the combo'll trigger again! I've never *not* found happy ponies when it happened!" Pinkie Pie was bouncing around with no clear destination, Rainbow Dash giving it a

slight ponder.

“How about Rarity? You know that mushy stuff is perfect for a mare like her! Remember when she went absolutely wild fantasizing about Celestia’s nephew?” Recalling the memory, Rainbow laughed slightly, her laugh clearer now than it had been in Pinkie’s memory. The pink mare paused her jovial hop long enough to realize Dash had seemingly changed a bit over time - she was a Wonderbolt some time out of the year, her mane had been kept in better shape, and her voice was starting to lose that boyish rasp. Feeling a prodding push on her flank, Pinkie whipped back to see Rainbow with a quizzical look on her face. “Hey Pinkie, what’s up? You’re going into the clouds without me.” She asked, giving a second prod against the pony’s head.

Pinkie laughed as she shook her mane. “Nothing! Just being a old granny Pie, thinking of awhile back, when Twilight first moved to Ponyville! I was so excited back then to have a new friend! And now we have more new friends than ever!” Her mouth moving quicker than Dash cared to catch up with, she seemed satisfied with the answer none-the-less. She would have stopped the pony from her revelry by this point, but she enjoyed a look in the past now and again - when she wasn’t speeding ahead.

Pinkie was still off in a tangent about love and ponies by the time the two reached Rarity’s boutique, finally provoking Dash to clear her throat and knock on the door, which ceased Pinkie’s verbal river. “Thank you, Pinkie, that was, uh... very cool.” She sighed, shaking her mane.

“Wasn’t it?” The mare giggled as the door of the Boutique opened. It revealed a proper white and purple unicorn, decked out in her usual mask of product. The two visitors looked to each other and giggled slightly at the sight as the blinded unicorn before them whisked her hoof at them.

“Come now, I believe I’ve been open in Ponyville long enough for everypony to know I’m closed today, so you can- *Oh!* Rainbow Dash, Pinkie Pie!” Rarity concluded, the two no longer able to contain their merriment at the ridiculous sight and bursting into laughter. In pure daylight, the mask of green mud and cucumbers on her eyes looked as comical as it did messy - unlike in the dark of night, illuminated by candlelight where it’s various molds would pronounce fear into the hearts of ponykind. Removing the vegetable from one of her eyes, she pursed her lips, but she eventually cracked into a smile at the two. “Oh, come in, darlings...” She sighed, realizing her beauty mask would have to wait. The two mares behind her, she went to her sink and deftly washed the product off quickly, taking great pains not to let her mane get wet. She placed the two

cucumbers on a small plate nearby.

“Geez, Rarity, I thought that stuff only came on at night!” Rainbow teased, wiping a rogue tear from her eye. A few strangling chuckles escaped her lungs as Rarity huffed slightly, but said nothing as she finished cleaning her face. As she waited for the unicorn to finish, Pinkie stomped a hoof on the far end of the plate, sending the two slices of cucumber into the air, and she snapped them both in her mouth.

Rainbow stuck her tongue out, visibly disturbed, but ended up rolling her eyes regardless. “Not exactly what I’d say good. What’s that green stuff made out of, anyway?” Pinkie poked at some of the mud which floated on the surface of Rarity’s sink, the pony in question using magic to rub her face with a nearby towel.

“It’s made of *essential* plants and herbs to ensure cleanliness and to bring out a ponies natural beauty, Pinkie darling.” She mused, placing the towel down nearby. “Now, what can I do you two for?”

Dash opened her mouth, but was somehow beaten to the punch by a hyperactive Pinkie. “Well Rarity, we were at the wedding yesterday and Fluttershy and Applejack got married, and-”

Another hoof found it’s way to Pinkie’s snout again, Dash shaking her head. “I think Rarity knows what happened during that part, Pinkie. She *was* the Maid of Honor.”

“And must I say, Rainbow Dash, you looked simply *stunning* in the outfit I designed for you.” Rarity complimented idly, causing the unsuspecting cyan mare to blush profusely. Rarity paid it no mind, however, and turned her attention back to Pinkie Pie. “Dash has a point, Pinkie, but do go on, darling.”

“Okay!” The Earth pony among them went into her spiel anew. Rainbow Dash found herself wandering off in her mind, taking in the sights of Rarity’s Boutique. Outside of the adventures the six friends tended to go on, she didn’t find herself here as often as she’d like - Rarity teaching her how to care for her own mane without magic. She usually did drop by for a visit between shows, however, as the ‘Fastest Flyer in Equestria’ usually didn’t take that long in arriving back home in Ponyville when she put her mind to it. The scent of vanilla wafted into her senses as she walked about during Pinkie’s epic, and she soon found the culprit nestled near some stairs up to Rarity’s bedroom. Sniffing the concentrated source, she decided she rather liked the scent,

having only really smelled it at Sugar Cube Corner when Pinkie was making vanilla cupcakes. "...and then we came here and you had that silly mask on!" Rainbow turned to look at the other two. Trotting back over to her friends, the pegasus shrugged.

"So long story short, Pinkie here needs help finding ponies in love." Rainbow summed up, reading Rarity's expression.

It melted from confusion, to understanding, and after a moment, Rarity was back to confusion. "Well, I can understand the need to satisfy curiosity, believe me, and gossip of love and friendship is always something I love to hear, but what catches my attention, is why *you*, Rainbow Dash, are interested in this as well." Rarity smiled coyly, eyeing Rainbow Dash with an assuming expression laden on her face. "I have it on good authority that sometimes Pinkie goes off on a one-sided crush..." She trailed, putting a hoof to her mouth in mock contemplation.

"Yeah, and I have it on good authority that Luna doesn't have a kid." Delivered as deadpan, Rarity merely raised a hoof back in shock and defense, before placing it back on the ground. "Seriously Rarity, we all heard the arguments for the gala back when Twi had only 2 tickets, and two years running there hasn't been hide nor hair of any such stallion as 'Celestia's Nephew'."

Before she knew what happened, the unicorn had rushed past the two ponies and straight upstairs, her cheeks red and her horn had a slight glow about it as she thundered past. Rainbow's wings were out as she had instinctively taken flight a few feet as she watched the white mare disappear. "Uh." She drolled, landing back on the ground.

"That wasn't very nice, Dashie." Pinkie interrupted. Dash spun to see the pink mare's expression, but it looked more dark than normal.

"Uh." She squeaked out again. What had happened? It was all so fast she couldn't put a hoof on it. "She was... I mean." Placing a hoof down, Rainbow hung her head. She had been so quick to be defensive about something that hadn't even been established in conversation yet. "Real smooth, Dash." She muttered, closing her eyes.

"Aw, don't you worry!" Pinkie suddenly sang, putting a hoof around Rainbow's shoulders. "Come on, let's go upstairs and tell Rarity we're sorry." She said.

"We're sorry? What did you do?!" Rainbow asked, her mouth agape.



“I ate her cucumbers, silly!” Pinkie called, hopping off and up the stairs, leaving a confused and downtrodden pegasus below.

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Rarity stamped around her bedroom. The nerve of that pegasus. How dare she... How dare she...

“Shoot.” Rarity stomped. She really had no reason to react the way she did. Melodramatics aside, she knew the story of the stallion wasn’t at all true the moment it fell out her breath - but it was two years ago! The pegasus had no right to open such an old wound to her otherwise clean record of honesty. Actively ignoring all the other times she may have lied, Rarity fell to her haunches in a completely unladylike manner. “Not even a dramatic exit.” She cooed, staring at the floor. There was nothing about that encounter which even echoed logic, not that that was her strong point. Sighing, she brought herself back up, only to slump again. *Why* had she reacted as such, anyway? She had merely teased Rainbow Dash... “Oh dear Celestia.”

Rainbow Dash. The poor girl had a stake in this search of love, moreso than any other pony, really. Rarity had been so proud of the brash flyer. Rainbow Dash had been taking steps over the years to let her hard attitude soften slightly, and she had been taking *such* better care of her mane than before. Rarity had been so caught up in all the *changes* that she didn’t see all that had stayed the *same* about her friend. It was a horrid realization to the pony that prided herself on details. And to add more to the table, her door knocked loudly as Pinkie made her presence known.

Breathing in deeply, Rarity picked herself up, straightened her mane, and opened the door without a word.

“I’m sorry!” The voice belonged to all three ponies as they said it at once. There was a brief pause from the unicorn and pegasus, however the Earth pony ended up laughing at the reaction. “For the cucumbers!” She added between snickers and giggles.

Rainbow took the moment to straighten up. “I’m sorry Rarity, I didn’t mean to attack your dream like that, it was pretty... unawesome. I just thought-”

Rarity shook her mane. “No, Rainbow Dash, *I’m* sorry. I really had no reason to react as I did. It was a schoolyard filly’s daydream, one that seemed so lovely when I was

so small.” She laughed sheepishly, hoping that she could salvage the situation. “I’m just sorry I wasn’t more attentive... I really wasn’t paying attention when I really should have.”

Rainbow looked shocked. Eyes wide, she suddenly made the connections that seemed to obvious to Rarity, and quickly hid her expression from Pinkie Pie, who was finally coming around from a giggling fit. “Well, ah, no problem Rarity. But, well.” She paused. Rarity could see a slight mental debate taking place in those rose-colored eyes.

“Rainbow Dash...” Rarity breathed, sighing. “I really have no excuse for why I reacted the way I did.” She sighed, lowering her head. The pegasus raised an eyebrow, surprised that the white mare had correctly concluded what she was trying to bring up. “I think... I need time to figure it out myself, darling.” She mentioned. A window rattled nearby as it distracted those in the Boutique, long enough for Pinkie to insert herself into the conversation.

“Well, I’m glad that’s over with! I hate it when friend’s fight, and especially when everyone would be all saddy-waddy.” Bouncing past Rarity, the hyperactive pony flicked the lock on the boutique window, keeping it in place. “And now we’re happy again, so we can go exploring for the love couple!” She shouted, excited to start the search.

Rainbow smiled sheepishly, not meeting the pink mare’s gaze. “A-actually, Pinkie, I’m not feeling up to it anymore. I think I’ve got to check a couple things. Wonderbolts business. Kind of forgot all about it.” She lied. Pinkie Pie pouted, but nodded.

“And you, Rarity? Do you wanna come help me search them out?” She asked.

“Oh, I’d *love* to, Pinkie, I really would, but I’ve got so many dresses to finish this week that today really is my only day off, and gallivanting around town and getting into other pony’s business, well, that would *not* be very lady-like of me.” Rarity walked over to her door, opening it slowly with magic as Pinkie Pie trotted out.

“Okie-Dokey smokey! That’s alright because some of my hiding spaces are super secret and I can’t let everypony know where they are.” She sang, heading downstairs. As she left, Rarity turned back to Rainbow Dash, the pegasus in question with a far-away look in her eyes.

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Rainbow Dash felt good. Maybe even more than good. Every limb felt loose, and she couldn't even feel the normal tension that often accompanied her wings when she extended them. The pressing movements of the Spa Twins on her flank felt good, taking great care to keep it all as professional as possible. "So, this is what you and Fluttershy do every Sunday?" Rainbow called, her head flat against the table. Her hooves were lazily stretched out in front of her, dangling off the edge.

"Oh yes. Sometimes Applejack as well." Rarity screeched out, the other twin doing a much more aggressive massage to the fashionable pony. "It's really-AH-quite relaxing! Wha-HA! Ooo!" She cried at every jolt and push, her face again masked in the green mud that now mimicked what little was left on Rainbow's face - the pegasus had commonly scratched an itch on her face or rubbed the mud on the table, much to the professional's displeasure. "Isn't it-AH- *glorious*?!"

Rainbow felt a chill run down her spine as one of the twins started to work her mane, causing her haunches to relax into butter. "I gotta say, Rarity, it is pretty awesome..." Rainbow admitted.

It wasn't long before the two ponies found themselves in the steam room, chatting amiably. It wasn't long before the privacy of the room allowed them to cover what had happened earlier in the day. "Please allow me to once again apologize, Rainbow Dash. It was quite... *crass* of me to make such idle circumstances over what's happened." She said, putting a hoof to her chest. "I do hope you don't hold animosity toward me for it."

Rainbow shook her mane swiftly. "Nah, it's no big deal. I actually wanted to tag along to see what I could find out - and I guess I found out a lot quicker than I thought." She sighed, turning over unto her back and stretching out as far as her anatomy would allow her to. "I guess it was kinda selfish, really."

"Don't sell yourself so low, darling." Rarity chided, pressing her hoof against the wood. A satisfying pool of water appeared where she had, the liquid quickly sinking back in as she released her hoof. "I doubt anypony wouldn't of tried to use Pinkie's little gift to find out something if she had it in her head to do so anyway." She breathed, before adding, "Not that she had any ulterior motivations herself. I don't think our dear Pinkie Pie could have it in her."

Rainbow laughed at the prospect. "Yeah, Pinkie Pie being a master schemer!" She

smiled, before giggling a bit more. It was infectious, as Rarity herself got lost in quite a few giggles. It wasn't long at all before both friend were laughing loud and hard, bringing up absurd 'truths' to Pinkie's diabolical plans. Before either of them knew it, there was a knock on the steam room door, signifying only five minutes remained for the ponies. "Ahh... ha ha..." Wiping away a tear that she sword was just concentrated steam and sweat, Rainbow sighed. "Do you... think she's happy? With him?"

"Oh, Rainbow, I really don't know. I for one shouldn't be the one to ask on matters of the heart, when I have so much of my own to work through, Rainbow." Rarity confided, closing her eyes. "But I'm sure you'll find yourself some mare who'll deserve you someday, Rainbow Dash. Or stallion, if you're still giving those a chance." She teased, gratified to hear the rainbow-maned pegasus laugh in response.

The sounds of hooves clopping along outside reached their ears as the two friends looked apprehensively toward the door, but were relieved to hear them start to secede. "Thanks, Rarity." The unicorn beamed contentedly, enjoying her last moments in the spa, and with her friend.

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Twilight trotted over to a shelf in the library, looking over the section before finding a gap in the bookcase, magically sliding a book in the gap. "Ahh... there." She smirked, admiring her handiwork. Spike was off on official duties in Canterlot, and Twilight had finally finished cleaning up the library on her own. Well, not completely alone.

"Ahem, Twilight." A brown Earth pony coughed, causing the purple unicorn to turn around. "I do believe I've found something of value regarding mixing gemstone properties and magic with machinery!" He called from above, a couple books near his hooves. "I was wondering if you'd like to test them?"

"Of course, Doctor!" Twilight beamed, trotting up the stairs toward Doctor Whoof.

Shaking his head, he wore an expression of amusement. "How many times must I ask you to call me by my first name, Twilight? Really, we've been seeing each other for quite some time!" He laughed, before getting cut off as the unicorn nuzzled him unexpectedly. "Oh! Ah..." His cheeks blazingly red, he made no complaints over the sign of affection.

“Sorry, Whoofey, I just... like it. Calling you Doctor.” She smiled warmly, her own cheeks a faint shade of pink in using one of the pet names she used for him. “So at least one more time. As always.” She said, her eyes diverting toward the hastily scribbled notes. “So what did you find?” She mused, looking over the notes.

As if on cue, a certain pink pony shot out from under a load of books, spooking the doctor but merely earning a smile from the purple unicorn. However, it faded quickly as Pinkie pointed at the two. “ARE YOU TWO IN LOVE?!” Staring, the room became quickly and undeniably awkward as only the hurried panting of the pink Earth pony pointed accusingly at the pair. Catching each other’s glances, they averted their eyes back to the mare in front of them. However, she showed no signs of dropping it, frozen in her gesture. Twilight look once more upon the doctor, searching his features slowly.

“....I... don’t know. Are we?”