

High level tech support had many perks. High salary, great benefits, and the option to consistently work from home. This was a great boon, as it allowed Matt to not only get away from his hectic office, but it also allowed him to give much needed attention to his fluffy, Arion.

Arion was Matt's alicorn, a dark blue fluffy with a lovely lavender mane. Matt had rescued him from an alleyway a year ago, saving him from two smarties who had decided the "munstuh babbeh" should be killed. Well, raped *then* killed, from what Max caught of their "enfie babbeh" rants.

Usually, Matt didn't intervene in such affairs. There were many alleyways on the way to the office and it wasn't an uncommon sight to witness fluffy-on-fluffy violence. He'd seen many of the little ponies killed, raped, or even mutilated. Sometimes by other fluffies, sometimes by humans.

Matt had never been one to own pets, especially fluffies. Cats were more Matt's speed; pets that existed and were cuddly but could also be left alone. Still, the pressure of keeping something else alive besides himself always kept Matt from owning anything besides houseplants, and even those usually didn't live for too long.

Something about Arion was different though. Normally the endless chatter and constant baby-talk of fluffies was irritating to Matt; he could hardly stand his niece's fluffies, Princess and Rocket, when they rambled on about "wan sketties!" and "wan baww!" With Arion, however, there was almost a conversation.

That fateful day, when Matt chased off those stallions, Arion had cowered behind a dumpster, his emaciated body shivering in fear and cold.

"P-pwease nice mistuh, no huwt fwuffy..." The blue foal weakly cried out. He looked like if he'd possessed any energy at all he would have bolted.

"Shhh, it's alright little guy. I'm not gonna hurt you." Matt said, speaking softly to reassure the skittish creature. "You have a name?"

"Huu... no hab name... just fwuffy."

"Huh, okay 'just fluffy' where are you parents?"

It was the wrong question to ask. Immediately, tears welled up in the fluffy's eyes and he began to wail.

"Nu haf mummah o' daddeh nu mowe! Meanie stawwions giv dem sowwy hoofies an' fowevah-sweepies... huu!" The pitiful creature cried. It kept crying until it eventually sat on its rump and softly sobbed, its misery tiring it out.

"Oh... uh, sorry about that. I didn't mean to make you cry." Matt said, a little awkwardly. Human emotions were hard enough to approach delicately, never mind those of an animated child's toy.

"Huu... it otay nice mistuh..." The foal perked up a little when Matt crouched down to his level. "fank yu fow sabeing fwuffy fwom meanine stawwions."

"No problem little guy." Matt gingerly reached out to pat the foal on its head.

Immediately, the fluffy recoiled, shutting its eyes in fear. Obviously, humans he'd met on the streets hadn't treated him so gently. When, instead of striking or grabbing the fluffy, Matt began to gently scratch behind its ears, the foal opened its eyes in surprise and, after a moment, began to coo in pleasure. The feeling, the fluffy admitted, was very nice.

Matt could immediately tell the foal was in bad shape. There was barely any layer of fat between the skin and bone on the emaciated creature and its coat, normally famous for being soft and silky, was caked in mud and god knows what else. The skin beneath was irritated, and Matt could already feel the tell-tale bumps of flea bites.

"Fwuffy wuv gud scratches mistuh... fank yu." The foal said, gently leaning its head into Matt's hand.

Matt could already tell this fluffy was different from all the others he'd encountered. Firstly, there were none of the annoying cries of "pwease giv fwuffy howsie!" or the irksome demands of "giv smwaty sketties an' wand NAO!" No, this

fluffy immediately thanked and apologized to Matt. He already knew he was not owed anything by a human, and therefore was thankful for any aid or attention. From something raised to be a living stuffed animal, that was impressive.

“You’re welcome little guy.” Matt had to admit, the sight was cute. Something about this little horse was tugging on his long-dormant heartstrings. When Matt eventually stood up, he thought the foal was going to cry again. Instead...

“Huu... fank yu for sabeing me mistuh. Fwuffy need fwind gud nestie befow cowl-time.” The blue fluffy said, struggling to lift its frail body off the ground.

“Cold time?” Matt asked. *Oh, winter. Duh.* He thought.

“Uh-huh, das when cowl sky-wawa come and make fwuffy cowl and wet.” The foal said sagely. “Wawa no gud fo’ fwuffies.”

“Right. Winter.” The forecast had said it would be an especially harsh winter this year. Matt looked down at the already-shivering foal and knew that the winter would most certainly kill it, that is if other aggressive fluffies, nocturnal predators, or humans didn’t first. “Uh, listen... why don’t I take you home with me instead? I have a big house and lots of rooms I’m not using... and it’s a lot warmer than outside.”

Matt almost didn’t believe the words coming out of his own mouth. He could barely keep a plant alive but now he was offering a fluffy a place to stay? He must be losing it.

For the fluffy, the offer was most certainly too good to be true. He had witnessed humans lure other fluffies in with promises of nummies and housies only to watch them rip the screaming animals apart, or disappear with them, only to throw their corpses into the alleyway days or weeks later.

“W...weally mistuh? No wan huwt fwuffy?” The foal eyed Matt cautiously, backing away a little bit.

*Damn, this one is either traumatized or way cleverer than other fluffies. Probably both.* Matt thought.

“No, I don’t want to hurt you. I don’t have much food at home, and I don’t have a room set up, but if you don’t mind sleeping on blankets and eating leftovers until I can get stuff, then you can come with me.”

The foal tilted his head in genuine confusion. When humans promised fluffies new housies they always said they had the best nummies and warmest beddies, this human didn’t do that. To the fluffy, this either meant the human was being truthful, or really *really* good at lying.

“O...otay nice mistuh. Fwuffy wiw come wif yu.” The foal said after a moment of deliberation. After all, it was either agree to this human’s strange request, or starve and probably freeze in the dank alley.

“Great! My car is a little way away, so we’ll have to walk a bit. Think you can make it?”

“Yes!” The foal said, standing up with newfound vigor.

And promptly falling over. In his eagerness to leave the alley, he’d forgotten all about his exhaustion. His leggies, it seemed, did not want to do as they were told.

“Nu! Pwease leggies, wowk for fwuffy...” The foal whimpered, thinking for sure that after being unable to follow the simple request of *walking*, the nice mister would surely abandon him.

“Hey it’s alright. I guess... I’ll just carry you?”

Matt scooped his hands under the fluffy, gently lifting the shaking foal in his arms and carrying from underneath by his back, almost like he would a small dog or cat.

“Ah! Gud upsies!” The foal happily cooed, surprising Matt with a smile.

“And another thing, I guess I need to give you a name now, don’t I?”

“Weawwy!? Nice mistuh giv fwuffy name?”

“Sure... hmm how about ‘Arion’?” Matt said, digging deep into his Greek mythology from his second semester.

“Awion!” The foal cried. “Wuv nyu name! fank yu daddeh!” Immediately the foal shut his mouth, tears welling in his eyes, and his ears fell back against his skull in fear. “Sowwy! Nice mistuh nu mean it, pwease nu huwt!”

“Whoa,” Matt said, hugging the fluffy a little more. “It’s okay, you can call me daddy if you want. I guess after this I am your new daddy.” Matt said, laughing at the fact that he was encouraging a small horse to call him daddy.

“Weawwy!? Nyu daddeh? fank yu fank yu mistuh! Awion pwomise, be bestest fwuffy fo’ nyu daddeh!”

Matt nodded and gave the foal another little scratch on his tummy.

Once they reached the car, Arion’s previous fear of humans returned.

“Vroom-vroom munstah nu gud fow fwuffies...” He said, eyes wide with fear. Arion had seen many fluffies crushed under the rollie-hoofsies of the vroom-vroom monsters, from big strong smarties to mummahs with foals on their backs. The worst part was how fast they were! Arion had never seen anything move as fast as the vroom-vroom monsters.

“Oh, you don’t like cars?”

“Nu! Vroom-vroom munstah giv fwuffies forevah-sleepies an’ wowstest owwies!” Arion replied.

“Well, don’t worry. This is my car and nothing bad will happen to you, okay?” Matt said. He pulled some old towels out of the trunk, something usually reserved for beach days with his sister and her daughters and laid them down on the back seat. Lifting Arion, he gently placed the foal on the towels. The fluffy was visibly uncomfortable and was nervously pawing at the towels before sitting down on them.

Matt expected the fluffy to make so-called “scaredy-poopies” once the car started up, hence the towels. Arion immediately started to cry, apologizing profusely for making “bad-poopies”. Matt was distracted by driving otherwise he’d have tried to calm the foal, and the drive from the office to his house was only 20 minutes. However, Arion immediately started to apologize and cry, despite Matt’s reassurance.

“Arion it’s okay! I’ll clean you up once we’re inside.”

The alicorn, however, was quiet. Matt heard small sobs but, as they were almost home, ignored them in order to drive.

Once he pulled into his driveway, Matt realized both why the foal had cried and why he’d gone silent. Caked around the foal’s mouth was the remnants of the shit it had just eaten.

“A-awion num sowwy-poopies... huu... Awion sowwy for bad-poopies daddeh, pweas nu huwt Awion.” He was trembling again, and tears had stained his dark fluff. There was still a shit-stain on the towel, but after a brief check it hadn’t soaked through to the seats.

“Arion, you don’t have to eat your poop...” Matt said, lifting the shaking fluffy from the car. “Now let’s get you cleaned up.”

The rain had already started to fall, and Matt knew how fluffies hated water.

Arion was still crying when Matt took him into the bathroom. He didn’t have a tub, only a standing shower. Fortunately, he did have a detachable shower head, the kind that had adjustable pressures. Matt placed him on the bathmat and put some of the towels from the car on the floor. The shit-stained one had been tossed in the outside garbage, but the rest were fine to dry the dirty foal off.

Matt started the shower, letting the water get nice and warm before picking Arion up and putting him in. He made sure to already have the shower head laying on the floor facing away from the fluffy, hoping to ease him into the whole water thing since...

“Wawa nu gud fow fwuffies...” Arion said hesitantly, eyeing the shower head spouting water into the corner.

“I know fluffies don’t *like* water, but I promise this water will feel nice. It’ll help you get clean.”

Arion nodded slowly, carefully weighing the options. His new daddy had been so kind to him that it would be foolish to turn down the help he was giving, even if it was something scary like water.

Matt picked up the shower head, testing the heat of the water before wetting a small patch of fur on Arion’s haunches. The fluffy yelped at first, scared of the sensation, but quickly calmed down and began to coo when he realized the water was warm and soothing. Matt slowly began to “brush” the foal down with the water, soaking his dark blue fur through to get all the dirt and grime out of it.

The water first ran off nearly black, taking grease and dirt with it. The poor animal was filthy, not that it was surprising given that he’d been living in an alleyway. Matt grabbed an old comb and began to gently brush the foal, working out knots and lathering in some shampoo and conditioner. He would have to get fluffy-specific and anti-flea brand products later.

Arion, for his part, was greatly enjoying the shower. The cold that had been so prevalent in his joints was soothed by the warmth of the water, and his fur felt so much better now that it wasn’t sticky. He had been very scared when his daddy had told him the water was going over his face, but he’d been a good fluffy and closed his eyes and held his breath until daddy said that it was okay to breathe and open his eyes.

Matt finally got the part he was dreading.

“Hey Arion, I need you to turn around for me okay? I want to clean your... uh... butt.”

“Daddeh need cwean whewe?” Arion asked, tilting his head.

“Your uh... poopie place.” Matt said. He hated using the baby-talk that fluffies universally spoke in, but it seemed to be more of a language than a quirk. They didn’t understand some words unless they were repeated in fluffspeak.

Arion shivered despite the warm water but did as he was told. Matt lifted the fluffy’s tail, revealing his asshole, and quickly turned the nozzle against it. Arion yelped in surprise but didn’t resist too badly as his nether regions were cleaned. Swallowing the personal discomfort, Matt rubbed his hands against the foal’s asshole and testicles, cleaning dried on poop and urine.

Arion whined under his breath, uncomfortable with being touched there, but didn’t resist too much. Finally, when Matt was convinced the foal was clean and the water ran clear, he shut the shower off and grabbed a towel. He wrapped the fluffy in it and began to gently dry him.

Arion *loved* the sensation of being wrapped in a nice warm towel and being lovingly dried off by his new daddy. It was the bestest huggies he’d ever had, though there hadn’t been much to compare to in his life. His fluff felt so much better too, it didn’t pull or itch at all, and even though having his daddy clean his poopie-place and special lumps was weird, they felt a lot better too. Best of all, Arion smelled good. He didn’t remember the last time that he smelled so nice.

Finally dry, Matt again lifted Arion into his arms, still wrapped in the warm towel. He carried him on his back, his little hooves folded over onto his chest and tummy, and his fluffy tail wrapped up under him, also covering his midsection. It was sickeningly cute.

The smallest of the bedrooms in Matt’s house was honestly too small for any adult. Matt had always considered making it a reading room, since he used another as his home office, but now that he’d adopted a fluffy, apparently it was going to become a safe-room.

“Arion, this is your room now.” Matt said, placing Arion in the middle of the floor. The room was small for a person but huge for a fluffy. It had two large windows that let lots of natural light in, and the door opened inward which made sure Arion couldn’t push it open if he somehow got the handle turned. The one outlet in the room still had plastic caps over it, thankfully, as Matt had never bothered to remove them when he got the house.

Pulling out some old blankets and pillows from the linen closet, Matt made a little nest for Arion to curl up in. He laid a thick pad of paper towels on the ground in the corner.

“If you need to poop or pee, do it here, okay?” Matt said, pointing to the makeshift training pad.

Arion wiggled excitedly, prancing around the room and sniffing everything. He was warm, clean, and very happy. “Yesh daddeh, Awion onwy make gud poopies and pee-pees thewe.” He said.

“Good.” Matt said, ruffling Arion’s mane, much to the foal’s delight. “Now, it’s late and I’ve got to get some stuff early tomorrow for your room, so I think it’s bed time.”

“Yesh daddeh.” Arion said, yawning his agreement. “Sweepy-times.”

Arion curled up in his nest of blankets and pillows, enjoying the warmth and softness. He’d never had such a nice place to sleep before. Even when his daddy turned off the lights, the dark didn’t scare him because he knew that he was safe.

For the first time in his short life, Arion slept soundly.

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Matt awoke early the next day. He didn’t have much in the way of fluffy-acceptable food in his fridge but figured some steamed broccoli and carrots would at least tide the foal over until he returned from Fluff-Mart. Quickly cooking the veggies, Matt got ready for the day.

It was the weekend, so Matt didn’t have to work and could spend all day getting everything set up for Arion. He needed a few things to ensure the foal was comfortable in his new home and needed to make sure that Matt was comfortable having a fluffy.

When the vegetables were finished cooking, Matt put them in a plastic Tupperware bowl and filled a second one with water. He carefully carried them into Arion’s room, and opened the door to see the fluffy gently sleeping. He’s wrapped himself in blankets overnight, resulting in an adorable scene.

Matt put the food and water on the floor and checked the litter-pad. Nothing to clean yet, which was nice, but it sure wasn’t going to stay that way.

“Good morning Arion,” Matt said, gently stroking the mane of the fluffy to wake him up.

With a mighty yawn, Arion greeted him. “Mowning daddeh!” His pretty blue eyes looked up with adoration at Matt.

“I left you some food and water over there,” Matt said, pointing at the veggies and water, “and you can still use the litter pad over there if you have to. I’m going to be gone for a little bit so try not to worry, okay?”

“Otay daddeh...” Arion didn’t like the thought of being alone again.

“I know you don’t want to be alone buddy,” Matt said, sitting down next to the foal. “But it’ll only be for a little bit. When I come back, we can play, okay?”

Arion loved when his daddy sat down near him, it was much easier to talk to him that way.

“Otay daddeh,” he said, “Awion pwomise be gud fwuffy. Use wittew pad and eat nummies.”

Matt scratched his ears, earning him a coo of pleasure. “That’s a good fluffy.”

Matt got up to get ready and briefly considered leaving the safe-room door open to let Arion explore, but decided against it. Fluffies were notorious for getting into lethal trouble and he'd rather be there to make exploring the house comfortable and safe for the skittish animal.

Arion, for his part, was getting more comfortable with his new home. The nummies his daddy brought were warm and tasty, especially the orange ones. He had heard tales from fluffies who'd been abandoned or run away from their humans about "sketties" and "kibble" and these nummies didn't smell or look like either of those, but they were good!

Arion hardly realized how hungry he'd been until he scarfed down the whole lot of vegetables, and greedily drank most of the water. His hunger satiated, he curled back up in the warmth of the blanket nest his daddy had made him.

The house was warm, and the windows in his new room were large enough that Arion could see the first bits of snow falling from the sky. He huddled deeper into the warm nest of blankets and pillows, enjoying the heat of the house.

"Nyu howsie su warm..." Arion murmured to himself. He had spent so many nights freezing, huddling under damp cardboard for warmth. Other fluffies cuddled together in fluffpiles near heating vents to stay warm but Arion was a "monster baby." No fluffies wanted to be near him, no other babies wanted to play with him, and even his own parents had rejected him.

His mummah and daddy fluffies had only let him near them to num poopies, Arion reflected bitterly. It had made him so sad especially because it was the only food he'd been able to eat. His mother had allowed him to suckle from her milkie-places when he was a baby, but the minute he was able to chew, he'd been denied sweet milk.

Arion curled into his nestie of blankets, gently crying as he remembered the horrible way he'd been treated. It was so unfair! He tried to be such a good baby for his mummah, but she hated him because he was a monster. Arion had wanted his horn to go away, so he could be a wingie fluffy like his mummah. He had tried to break it off once, hoping that it would make his mummah love him, but it hurt too much.

Lost in his own memories, Arion gently began to cry alone. He hoped his daddy would come back soon, he missed him.

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Fluff-Mart was huge. Matt had been expecting a smaller store, something like an outlet mall, not that massive warehouse he was currently standing in. He'd been around for the fluffy craze, both before and after Hasbio, and was aware of the many stores that had popped up to capitalize on the trend.

When the initial craze died out, so did many of the smaller shops, but obviously larger shops like Fluff-Mart were able to survive by being the only place for fluffy paraphernalia around.

Matt had also underestimated just how many things he would need. There was obviously the litter box, litter, kibble, food bowls, and a bed; but there were also toys, treats, fluffy care kits, vitamins, shoes for outdoor play, and discipline sets.

The discipline sets were unsettling, to say the least. The 'basic' one came with a muzzle, 'sorry stick jr.' and a collapsible plastic sorry box. The most advanced, and therefore expensive, ones were practically an abuser's wet dream. Shoes with plastic spikes in them, a muzzle that could also cover the snout to restrict breathing, bigger and more rigid sorry sticks, and all sorts of other tools for punishing a fluffy could be found.

Eventually, Matt settled on the basic kit. Arion had been so well-behaved that he hadn't even needed to raise his voice, and he figured that light discipline would be enough to curb any behavior he didn't approve of.

Once he'd finished shopping for everything he needed, Matt took the time to wander the aisles, looking for things he might be interested in later. Wandering aimlessly eventually took him to the adoption center, and he took a moment to examine the fluffies they had on sale.

Most were normal earthies, some with fun colors but most standard. There was a section for smarties, for pregnant fluffies and fixed ones. What caught Matt's eye, however, was the "Second Chance" section.

The second chance fluffies were those who'd been abandoned, returned, or previously abused. It was a mini shelter inside Fluff-Mart, though apparently independently owned and operated based on the different advertising and uniforms.

"Hello sir!" A perky young woman behind the counter said, interrupting his train of thought. "Looking for a companion this winter? We're having a special buy-one get-one deal on foals! Nothing better to distract your fluffy than another fluffy!"

"Oh, ah, no thank you." Matt said, "I actually just adopted a feral and I'm just... shopping for him."

"Oh, wow you took in a feral?"

"Yeah, a blue and purple little alicorn. I just... don't quite know what I'm doing."

"Well, it seems like you have the basics, is there anything you want to know? We take in a lot of ferals, so if you need some help getting him acclimated to living inside, I can help."

Matt spent the next several minutes picking the young woman's brain about fluffies and how to keep them from going stir-crazy inside.

"You're lucky you rescued a stallion," the woman, Tiffany, stated. "Mares eventually want to have babies and will either start to get aggressive until you allow them to get knocked up or will try to escape to find a stallion to mate with. Some people are okay with raising foals, but others don't want to."

"Stallions don't have... uh, mating urges?" Matt asked. It was so awkward, almost like discussing a child going through puberty.

"Oh, they do, of course, but that's easier to handle. You can always have them neutered, but if you don't like that there's lots of toys that allow stallions to, uh, relieve themselves."

"Gross. Well, I guess I'll deal with that when it happens. Hey thanks for all the help." Matt said, now laden down with significantly more items meant to make Arion's stay all that more comfortable.

"No problem! And if you ever need help, give me a call." She handed him a business card. "I'm a vet here, so I can always give some advice."

Matt thanked her, paid what was most certainly too much money, and headed home. He'd been gone far longer than he'd wanted to and hoped Arion hadn't been too worried.

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Arion leapt up when he heard the front door open, and immediately began to trot in a circle. Daddy was home! After what seemed like so many forevers, his daddy was finally home!

Arion pranced to the door to his room, sniffing under it before gently pawing at it. He was so excited!

"Arion, I'm coming in so back up, okay?" He heard his daddy through the door.

"Otay daddeh!" Arion said.

Matt was greeted by a prancing stallion, quickly jumping like an excited dog, though not getting much air due to his stubby little legs.

"Okay, okay! Settling down Arion!" Matt said while laughing. He sat on the floor, lifted Arion into his lap, and began rubbing him all over. The foal cooed happily, snuggling into Matt's legs and hands.

The skin under Arion's fur was greatly healed. Matt could feel that there were still some dry and scabby parts, but other than that a lot of the irritation had gone down. His fur was also way softer and far more comfortable.

“Okay Arion, I bought you some things for you new room, want to see them?”

Arion’s eyes lit up like Christmas lights. “Daddeh bwought Awion... toysies?” He hesitated on the last word, as it was too good to be true.

“Not *just* toys! Also, other things!”

Matt spend the better half of three hours setting the whole room up. He’d gotten a huge mat made of interlocking pieces that now covered the whole floor. They were water and stain proof and guaranteed to be far gentler on the soft pads that made up fluffy hooves.

There was also a new bed, bigger than the pile of blankets and much softer; a new litter box, a bunch of random toys: from blocks to a ball to fluffy-safe puzzles, and picture books; and a special plush cove that allowed Arion to hide if he heard something scary – something the vet Tiffany had recommended to make the feral more comfortable indoors.

Matt had also bought a self-replenishing water bowl but had decided that vegetables and oats were far better for the fluffy’s diet than whatever crap they shoved in the dirt-cheap kibble. The vet had agreed.

Matt had also bought a little set of plush stairs so Arion could look out the window if he wanted to.

“Well,” Matt said, fluffing Arion’s mane. “How do you like it?”

“Awion wuv nyu woom! Fank yu su much daddeh!” Arion said, prancing around his new room, still exploring everything.

“Okay, before you go play though I need to give you another bath.” Matt said, already fearing the response.

Arion pouted. “Why Awion need baf... nu wike baf....”

“I know buddy, but I got some special soap for fluffies. It’s gonna make you smell good and get rid of the rest of your fleas.”

“Wat fweas?” Arion asked.

“They’re, uh, little bugs that live on your skin. They bite you and make you itchy.”

Arion’s eyes went wide. “Buggies in fwuffl? Nu wike! Nu wike!” Arion said, bucking a little bit.

“Hey! Hey it’s alright! This special soap will get them all off, okay? Then no more baths for a while.”

“Otay daddeh...” Arion said, calming down.

In the shower, Matt placed a large purple tub that he’d bought. It was a “fluffy bath time tub” meant to make bathing fluffies easier. It had a spot for each of their legs and holes to drain water in the bottom. It also came with a comb and a little enema kit. Matt dreaded using the enema kit but figured that it would be a good idea to clean Arion, especially considering how he’d been living.

The bath basically went the same as last time, with Arion whining about being wet but calming down once the warm water made him cozy. The anti-flea and fluff softening shampoo smelled really nice, like citrus, and Arion cooed about “Awion smeww pwetty” while his eyes gently closed.

“Okay Arion, remember how last time we had to clean your poopie-place?” Matt asked, wondering if he’d ever get used to using the baby talk.

“Yesh daddeh... Daddeh cwean Awion’s poopie-pwace again?” Arion asked sadly.

“Yes, but this time it’s gonna be a little... worse. I know it’s going to be uncomfortable for you, but it’ll be over fast and then you can have a treat, okay?”



Arion perked up at the word 'treat', but Matt knew he was dreading it.

"Otay daddeh, Awion be gud."

Matt gently combed his wet mane, earning a coo from the foal. "Good boy," He said.

The enema kit was weird. It came with a little attachment for the shower hose, which Matt screwed in place, and recommended he turn the pressure down so as not to injure his fluffy. Once the water flowed gently and also not too hot or cold, Matt gently pressed the tip of the enema into Arion's asshole.

"Okay buddy, this is going to hurt a little, but just be calm okay? I'm right here." Matt said, right before inserting the tip into Arion.

"Ah! Poopie-pwace have owwies! Nu wike! Nu wike!" Arion said, thrashing a bit. "Nu am mawe! Nu am mawe!"

"Shh! Shh! It's okay, it's okay!" Matt said, taking the enema tip out and letting the filthy water flow. He repeated the process two more times, earning him gentle sobbing from Arion, until the water ran clean.

"There, there Arion," Matt said, scooping the foal into a towel. "You were very brave. I'm very proud of you."

"Daddeh... huu... pwoud of Awion?" The foal asked, looking up at Matt with tear-filled big blue eyes.

"Very proud. Let's dry you off and get you a treat, okay?"

Arion nodded, his tears giving way to coos of pleasure as Matt dried and combed his fluff. Once he was fully cleaned, Matt took him into the kitchen, and placed him on a rug, so his hooves didn't have to stand on the cold tile.

He cut an apple up into small, bite-sized pieces, and put them in a bowl.

"Here you go buddy! A good treat for a good fluffy."

Arion sniffed the bowl a bit before trying a slice. The way his tail wagged and eyes sparkled it was like it was the most delicious food ever. "Dese nummies su gud! Fank yu daddeh!" Arion said.

"You're welcome Arion." Matt said, still impressed by the fluffy's manners.

"Now," Matt said after Arion had finished his apple. "I think it's time we went over the rules of the house."

"Wuwes?"

"Yep. You're my fluffy now and I'm your daddy, that means you have to follow some rules, okay?"

Arion nodded pensively. Matt picked him up and put him on the couch, letting them face each other while also being comfy.

"First rule; good fluffies make good poopies and pee-pees in the litter box. It's in the same place where I put your litter pad, so you already know the spot.

"Second rule; unless I say so, you are not to leave the safe-room. There are things inside the house that could hurt you, and if I'm not home I won't be able to help you.

"Third rule; you don't go outside without daddy. Even if the door is open and I'm home, I don't want you outside the house without me, just so I can keep an eye on you.

"Fourth rule; Always listen to daddy. If I say come inside, you don't question. If I say bedtime, you go to bed. If I say eat the medicine, you eat the medicine.

"If you break any of these rules, you'll get the sorry box or sorry stick."

Matt paused. He hoped the rules he'd laid down, the ones recommended in the "So, you want to own a Fluffy?" book the vet Tiffany had given him, weren't too much for the foal.

"You got all that bud?" Matt asked the fluffy.

"Gud fwuffies make gud poopies and pee-pees in wittah box... neva weave safe woom wifout daddeh... nu go outside wifout daddeh... always wisten to daddeh!" Arion proudly repeated. Matt was genuinely impressed. Guess what they said about alicorns being smarter than other fluffies was true.

"Very good Arion! I know you'll be the best fluffy." Matt praised him, scratching behind his ears.

"Fank yu daddeh! But... Awion hav qwestion... What sowwy box an' sowwy stick?"

Matt got up and retrieved his basic fluffy discipline box from one of the Fluff-Mart bags. He pulled the thin wooden rod out and unfolded the sorry box.

The sorry stick was just a regular long rod of wood, though sanded and finished and given a nice handle. It was thin and made a whooshing noise through the air when moved quickly. The sorry box was made of a sturdy plastic and had slotted vents to ensure the fluffy could breath, but they were angled in such a way that they didn't allow much light in once the lid was put on top.

"These are the sorry box and sorry stick... Now, Arion, I don't want to have to use these okay? But if you're a bad fluffy and break the rules, these will be your punishments, okay?" Matt said. "If you break the rules you'll get hit with the sorry stick, and if you're extra naughty I'll put you in the sorry box. It's dark and you'll be alone for a while until I feel like you've learned your lesson, okay?"

Arion's eyes were wide. He nodded quickly. "Awion be a gud fwuffy fo' daddeh. Nu make daddeh use sowwy stick or sowwy box."

"I know you won't buddy, you're a good fluffy." Matt said, petting Arion on the back. "Now, how about we watch some TV and then head off to bed?"

\* \* \*

The next few weeks had been wholly uneventful. Matt had been working almost constantly from home, which meant lots of time with Arion. He was fun to play with, often making up silly games that Matt liked to listen to as he worked.

He'd bought Arion a lot more toys, mostly stuffed animals, but also simple puzzles and more intricate stacking blocks. Arion had managed to make a little city once but relished knocking it down almost as much as he'd enjoyed building it.

However, one day, Matt got a call from the office.

"What do you mean the network is down? All the switches are live on my end... No, I don't see any outages from the provider... Uhg this is what we get for switching to Vomcrast... Yeah I'll come down..." Matt hung up and groaned. He'd hired new technicians for this exact reason, but it looks like he was gonna have to pull an all-nighter.

"Arion, come here." Matt called. The foal quickly stopped what it was doing and rushed over, sitting on his haunches in attention. "Listen buddy, I'm going to have to go to the office for a long while okay? I probably won't be back until morning. I need you to be a good fluffy while I'm gone and stay in the safe-room, okay?"

"Daddeh come back soon?" Arion said.

"I'll be back as soon as I can, but it'll be a long forever until I'm home, okay?"

Arion nodded, eyes tearing up. Even though he was a very well behaved fluffy, Matt knew Arion had serious separation anxiety. It made him sad to leave the foal behind, but there were going to be days like this. Arion had to get used to it.

Matt quickly dressed in work-appropriate clothing and put a large helping of cooked veggies in Arion's food bowl. He knew they would get cold before morning, but there was nothing he could do about that now. Matt closed the safe-room door behind him and headed to work.

The moment Arion heard the vroom-vroom monster start, he knew his daddy had left.

Arion knew that daddy always came back, he'd left before and always returned, but daddy had never looked so upset when he left as he did today. Something was really wrong at "work" whatever that was. All Arion knew is that work was important, and a lot of humans relied on his daddy for important human stuff. It made Arion proud that his daddy was so special.

Still, he hated being alone. Even though he was in a nice warm housie and safe it still reminded him of being in the alleyway, shunned from the heard.

As Arion was wallowing in his misery, he heard a loud CRACK, and a huge flash of light lit up the safe-room. He squealed and dove into his plushy hidey place. Daddy had taught him how to make his poopie-place tight when he was scared, so he didn't make scaredy poopies. It worked and Arion didn't make a bad poopie, but he was still shaking with fear.

From his hidey place, he could see lots of sky wa-wa coming down, making the windows all blurry. Another large flash and noise scared Arion, and he burrowed further into the hidey place.

The loud noise and bright thing went on for many forevers, until Arion puffed out his cheeks and finally left his hidey place. He was still scared, but he was safe in daddy's house! Nothing could get him here!

Arion looked around. Daddy had left the room-bright on in the safe-room, just so he'd be more comfortable. He walked over to his food bowl and ate some of the veg-ta-bul that daddy made him, his favorite were the little green nummies that looked like trees.

There was a strange light on his bowl, Arion noticed as he ate, and following it showed the safe-room door was open, just a crack. Arion walked slowly over, using his hoof to nudge the door open more. His safe-room connected to the "living room" as daddy called it, where the teebee was and the couchie. Arion loved the couchie, as it smelled like daddy and was also warm.

But Arion knew the rules. He was never to leave the safe-room without daddy's permission, and daddy had *specifically* said not to leave the room until he got home.

Whenever that was... Arion sighed and went back to his nest. He stared out the open door to his safe-room and closed his eyes. Maybe if he slept the forevers would feel shorter.bor

"What a fucking mess..." Matt said, groggily walking into the house. "First the switch, then the outage... I didn't think it would reach here. Hope Arion's okay..."

The intranet at work had failed spectacularly, and right after he spent six hours fixing the damned thing, a power outage due to the storm knocked the system down again. He was forced to wait at the office for six hours for the system to boot back up so he could test and double test it. Hopefully this would teach his company to invest in a backup generator.

Still, it was good to be home, maybe he'd cuddle with Arion on the...

Couch.

Arion was on the couch.

"Arion?" Matt asked, confused and irritated.

“D-daddeh!?” Arion said, waking up from his slumber. “Yay! Daddeh’s home! Daddeh’s home!”

“Why are you out of the safe-room?” Matt was annoyed. He’d spent close to 14 hours at work, dealing with his incompetent interns, demanding boss, and the stupid ISP. Home was supposed to be a safe haven, and he was going to be so happy when he let Arion out of his room.

Arion realized just then that he was in trouble. His ears flattened against his skull and he looked down. “B-bwight baww in housie went out an’ - an’ doow was open...”

“So, you left the safe room? Arion you *know* you’re not supposed to leave the room.” Matt said, trying very hard to keep his voice even.

“Awion knu daddeh... but Awion su wonwey wifout yu... An’ jus wan to smeww daddeh...”

“Arion, I keep the safe-room locked because there are things out here that could *hurt* you. I made your room very safe so I don’t have to worry. There are all sorts of dangerous things in the house that could kill you!”

“Huu huu... Awion sowwy daddeh...”

Matt sighed. He was furious, mostly at himself. In his rush to work he hadn’t closed the safe-room door all the way, which proved too much temptation for the fluffy.

“Arion, you broke the rules. You know what that means.” Matt said. He went to the closet where he kept the discipline kit and pulled out the sorry stick.

Arion trembled on the couch, but to his credit he didn’t scream or try to run. Matt sat down next to him.

“Come here. Sit in my lap.”

Matt spread the foal over his lap, so his belly was across his knees. He readied the stick and, with a swift arm, slapped it down on Arion’s rear.

The foal let out a quick yelp before choking down his sobs and staying quiet. Matt struck him three more times, each one progressively getting softer. The first strike had been hard enough to make the skin tender and bruised, and the three softer strikes were more to get the message across than to inflict lasting pain or suffering.

After the last strike, Arion was sobbing softly. He was very aware that his daddy had held back, and even more aware that he’d messed up pretty badly.

“Now, Arion. Do you know why I just punished you?” Matt asked, putting the fluffy back on the ground.

“Yews. Awion weft safe-woom wifout daddeh...” Arion was still gently sobbing.

“And do you know *why* you’re not supposed to leave the safe-room?”

“Yews, nu safe housie haf wots of dangews that huwt Awion or make gu fowevah-sweepies...”

“Exactly,” Matt bent down to Arion’s level and lifted his chin. He wiped away the tears that had stained his cheeks and booped him gently on the nose. “And you’re my fluffy and I don’t want anything bad to happen to you. You could have gotten hurt or lost and I wouldn’t have been able to help you. Next time I have to leave for a while I’ll put something that has my scent on it in your safe room.”

Arion nodded sadly. He felt bad, not just from the bruise on his haunches, but also because he made his daddy worry! Only bad fluffies made their daddies and mommies worry about them.

“Now, I think it’s bed time for both of us, okay Arion?” Matt said while gently guiding the fluffy back to his room. He couldn’t help but notice the minor limp as the pain in the foal’s haunches caused him to walk funny.

“Otay daddeh...” Arion whined. “An... an Awion sowwy fo’ make daddeh wowwy. Nu wan make daddeh haf heawt-huwties.”

Matt ruffled Arion’s mane, and gently stroked down his back.

“I know buddy. You’re a good fluffy who made a mistake. We all make mistakes. You’ll remember not to do it next time though.”

Arion perked up a little bit at ‘good fluffy’ but seemed to still very much internalize what had happened.

“Yesh! Awion nu go out safe-woom wifout daddeh. Fowwow wuwes.”

“Good boy. Nighty-night Arion, sleep well.” Matt said, tucking the fluffy in and turning the lights off.

He’d gotten Arion a night-light that made the ceiling of the room into a night sky with constellations and shooting stars. It was an adorable sight to see Arion gently fall asleep under faux starlight, wrapped up in his little blanket nest.

Matt shut the door behind him, double-checking he did so, and headed off to his own bed.

\* \* \*

Matt couldn’t sleep.

He was exhausted. Working such long hours had drained him and he’d been afraid he would have fallen asleep on the commute. But now he couldn’t sleep.

When Matt had purchased his sorry stick, he hadn’t expected to use it. He knew that fluffies responded well to negative reinforcement, but Arion had been so well behaved that he foolishly believed he’d never need to punish the fluffy. Still, seeing Arion on the couch after a long day of work had made him mad; mad enough to use the sorry stick and give the foal a quick lesson in following the rules.

Fortunately, Arion had seemed to understand *why* he was being punished rather than just that he was just being hit, and Matt went hard enough that Arion would be sore tomorrow, but no lasting pain would surface.

No, the disciplining had gone well, and Matt was convinced he’d have no more real issues with Arion. That wasn’t what kept him up.

His heart was beating rapidly. He had a lightness in his head, almost like a high. Something had been awoken deep inside him when he hit Arion. Something... cruel.

Matt knew abusers existed, and while he didn’t support animal abuse, there was always something different about abusing fluffies. Even in the public eye, it was seen as a vice that was fine as long as you didn’t steal another person’s fluffy or leave rotting corpses everywhere.

Matt had never partaken in abuse, not really. In college it had been pretty popular to snatch fluffies up from the woods around campus and fuck with them, usually by making them drink and laughing about how they handled alcohol or racing them against each other. A few kids he knew had shoved firecrackers up their asses and watched as they ran around in pain until they exploded. He’d never really taken part in that though. He’d kicked a few aggressive smarty ferals away, or sprayed water at a small herd as they tried to break into his yard, but nothing one would consider abuse.

Hitting Arion had changed that. Having something so frail, so weak, in his lap. Striking it, making Arion feel pain and knowing there was nothing the fluffy could do, it had whetted Matt’s appetite for more. He wanted to do it again. He wanted to cause that pain, feel that power, again.

But not to Arion. He was good, a sweet fluffy who Matt genuinely liked. No, if Matt was going to taste the forbidden fruit of abuse again, he would need another target.

Groaning at the dark place his thoughts had taken him, Matt rolled over on his side. He would plot tomorrow, but for now he desperately needed sleep.

\* \* \*

Morning rolled around and Matt felt even less refreshed. His dreams had been a blur of nightmare and fantasy; fluffies dying by his hand in horrible ways while Arion cried in the background asking why. Matt groggily rubbed his eyes and got out of bed, hoping the hot water of a morning shower would wash away the guilt.

Arion was still locked in his safe-room when Matt finished showering and dressing. He'd taken a few days off after the calamity at work and even though he was 'on-call' it was really 'don't call unless something really bad happens.' He hoped that he could get some one on one time with Arion.

"Arion? You awake little guy?" Matt said softly as he opened the safe-room door.

Arion was curled up in a little ball, much like a cat would, on his soft nest of blankets and pillows. His back rose and fell as he took slow deep breaths, clearly still sleeping peacefully.

There were some turds in the litter box but, true to the vet's word, they were logs and not the vile liquid shit fluffies were known for. Turns out feeling a high-fiber diet did wonders for them.

Not wanting to disturb Arion's sleep, Matt quietly withdrew from the room and gently closed the door behind him. He would clean the box and feed Arion once the fluffy woke up.

It was fairly early, only 8:30, and Matt settled on some TV and coffee to wait for his fluffy to get up. According to the vet Arion was in early adolescence and Matt remembered wanting to sleep for 11 hours when he was a teenager.

Brewing a strong cup of coffee, Matt looked out his kitchen window into his yard. It was a meager little plot of land with a small patio. He didn't have much of a green thumb and didn't really enjoy spending time outside. With winter approaching his yard would also be filled with snow soon, and while he was sure Arion would love to play in it a bit, it meant going outside would be a no go for some time.

Preoccupied with his coffee, Matt almost missed the slight movement from the corner of his small backyard.

It was a fluffy. Correction, it was *several* fluffies. A small heard from the look of it. A blue and red unicorn led the bunch through a small gap between two boards in his fence. Behind him were two earthies; one orange and yellow, and the other blue and green. His 'toughies' Matt surmised.

Behind the toughies were four more fluffies: an all pink mare who was heavily pregnant; a blue and black pegasus who, judging by his attentions to the pink mare, was the father of her foals; a black and white mare who was also pregnant, though not as far along as pinkie; and a downtrodden looking yellow and green earthie.

The yellow-green earthie was clearly the black-and-white mare's 'special friend' because he was attending her, but by the way she smacked him around with her hooves and the way he bowed his head constantly made it clear they weren't the love birds blue-black and pinkie were.

Matt's heart was racing. Here, served to him practically on a goddamned silver platter, were feral fluffies no one would care about if they went missing. Fluffies he could have his way with, he could do anything to them, and no one could stop him. The thought sent a perverse shiver of anticipation down his spine.

Matt double checked to make sure Arion was still asleep before running down into his basement. The basement was large and totally empty, save for some boxes. He'd never really needed the space but figured he could remodel it into a nice gaming room. Now, however, he'd found something even better to use it for.

Cleaning up some of the boxes, Matt grabbed some old moving blankets and threw them on the floor in a haphazard pile. He had a workbench down against one wall, along with all his tools, and a few large shelving units. Grabbing a wide but short box, Matt filled it with litter from one of the large bags he'd gotten from Fluff-Mart. The makeshift litterbox would have to do for now.

There was only the matter of a pen. Matt figured the back wall would serve well enough as there was no exit or doorway there, just a small window all the way at the top. Fluffies weren't strong enough to move or break anything durable enough, but Matt didn't have a gate or playpen like structure to stretch across the width of the basement. Looking around, he found a few boards left over from the fence construction, replacements and extras. Quickly he was able to secure them with some hinges allow him to make a two-board high wall that could be bent slightly to make a half-octagon shape. The "pen" was complete. He'd stop by Fluff-Mart tomorrow to get some more things.

Creeping back upstairs, Matt snuck to the back door. The fluffies were still there, thankfully, eating his grass and shitting all over his lawn. Matt carefully opened the door and stepped outside. The fluffies hadn't noticed him yet, and he was able to get a better look at them.

The blue-red unicorn was clearly the smarty of the herd. He was talking to the toughies about how he was the "bestest smawty fo find bestest nummies." The toughies were just nodding and eating, allowing the little idiot to prattle on. Each of the toughies had a few battle-wounds, the orange-yellow one was missing half an ear, and the blue-green one had scars on his back where no fluff grew.

The mares were in much better shape. Pinkie was happily munching on grass while singing her momma song, while the blue-black pegasus praised her and nuzzled her neck. The blue-black mare was eating and not singing at all but was instead praising the smarty for the yard he'd found them, all while shooting her special-friend dirty looks. The yellow-green stallion that tended to her ate slowly and sadly.

"Hello Fluffies," Matt said, finally making his presence known.

There was a short gasp from the fluffies, then a moment of silence before one of the toughies shouted; "Hooman munstah!" Panic ensued.

The smarty and his toughies began to charge at Matt with all the speed of a two-legged dog while the mares panicked. Pinkie was too far along to move without her special friend's help, but the poor moron was hiding under his hooves. Black-and-white was yelling at her special friend to move her to safety even though she could walk just fine.

"Guys! Guys!" Matt shouted, addressing the herd, "I'm not going to hurt you."

The smarty stopped in his tracks, causing the earthies behind him to stumble and fall. The mares both calmed down too, but the blue-green pegasus was still hiding under his hooves huing softly.

"Hooman munstah nu huwt hewd?" The smarty asked, tilting his head inquisitively.

"That's right, I'm not gonna hurt you guys." Matt said, smiling. His heart was racing in his chest.

"Hmph! Gud! Hooman munstah gib smawty and hewd bestest nummies!" The smarty demanded, puffing his cheeks and stomping his little hooves. Matt understood why so many people beat the ever-loving shit out of smarties.

"Sure thing little buddy! If you come with me, I'll give you guys some delicious nummies and a warm nestie!" Matt said, the smile on his face sickeningly wide at this point.

The smarty was reassured almost immediately and began to walk confidently towards the house. Pinky and her special friend, blue-black, follow him, along with one toughie and the black-and-white mare. The orange-yellow tougie and the yellow-green stallion stayed still, however.

"What's wrong guys?" Matt asked.

"F-fwuffies nu twust. Hooman munsta am dangewus..." The toughie said, his eyes darting back to his scars. "Gib fwuffies wowstet huwties..."

"Did your old daddy do that to you?"

"Yus... owd daddeh gib fwuffy sowwy stick an wowstet huwties... take fwuffy pwetty fwuff..."

"Hmm well that sounds like a bad daddy! Everyone knows fluffies are for love and hugs!" Matt said. The stupid tagline that fluffies always said about themselves worked like a charm. The orange-yellow toughie's eyes lit up and his ears perked.

"W..weawwy? Nice mistuh be nyu daddeh?" He asked, hope clear in his little baby-voice.

"Sure thing buddy. But we need to give you a name first!" Matt said, hoping naming the ferals would help keep track. "How about... Tangerine?"

"Tangewine wuv nyu name! Fank 'ou daddeh!" Tangerine said, happily prancing around.

"Daddeh?" The yellow-green stallion asked, pawing gently at Matt's leg. "Can fwuffy hab nyu name tu?" His pretty green eyes lit up, just as hopeful as Tangerine had been.

"Of course buddy," Matt said as he ruffled the stallion's mane. His fur was matted and greasy. "Your name will be... Leaf!"

The fluffy let out a gasp. "Fw- Weaf wuv nyu name! Fank 'ou daddeh!" Leaf said, proudly stamping his little hooves.

"Alright guys, let's name the rest of you!" Matt said, which got the attention of all the other fluffies. The black-and-white one became Charcoal, the all-pink mare became Pinkie, the blue-black pegasus became Navy, and the blue-green toughie became Aquamarine.

"Okay, you're the last to get a new name." Matt said to the smarty. His bright blue and deep red coat inspired Fourth of July themed names like Rocket or Sparky.

"Dummeh hooman, smawty aweady hab name." The precocious fluffy said.

"Oh? What is it?"

"Name am Fiuh-wowk." The smarty said proudly.

"Firework, huh?" *Definitely a Fourth of July fluffy, probably sold on clearance.* "So, you had an owner before?"

"Das wight!" Firework said, stomping. "Bu' dummeh hooman daddeh an' mummah neba gib sketties ow bestest toysies ow anyfing! Su Fiuh-wowk wun 'way."

"Wow! You sure showed those dummy humans who was the smartest." Matt said, sarcasm dripping from his voice.

"Das wight!" The sarcasm was totally lost on the little idiot. "Nao yu dummeh hooman daddeh an' gib swamty an hewd bestest nummies and housie and toysies!"

"Sure, sure... Right this way, then! Let's get you into your new home!"

Matt led the fluffies to the small window that looked into his basement. It was in the backyard, right off to the side. He had already propped it open in anticipation of getting the ferals into the house without waking Arion.

"Wa' dis?" Asked the smarty, sniffing at the hole.

"That's the entrance to your new home silly!"

The other fluffies crowded around the window, trying to see inside their new home. Matt quickly gave them a slight bump with his foot, sending all but the two mares and Navy tumbling into the basement.

Fortunately for the fluffies, he'd placed the pile of moving blankets right under the window, breaking their fall. Matt scooped up Pinkie and Charcoal in either arm and gently carried them toward the house.



“Huu huu! Meanie hooman gib speshuw-fwiend fowevah-sleepies! Huu!” Pinkie cried, flailing her legs. Charcoal hung limp in his arm.

“No no, don’t worry Pinkie! Your special-friend is still okay! They’re waiting for you in the house!”

“Huu... w-weawwy?” Pinkie said, her tears drying.

“Really. I’m going to take you to them now.” Matt said.

“Wiaw...” Charcoal said quietly.

Matt stopped, gently placed Pinkie down, and held Charcoal up to his eye level. She looked away, not wanting to meet his gaze.

“What did you say, Charcoal?” Matt asked calmly.

“Chawcoaw caww yu WIAW!” the mare screamed, now wiggling. “Yu gib dummeh speshuw-fwiend and bestest daddeh smawty fowevah-sleepies! Nao yu twy to gib soon-mummah fowebah-sleepies!”

“Charcoal! I’m hurt!” Matt said, feigning an injured tone.

“Nu cawe! Wet fwuffy go!” Charcoal said, flailing her legs again.

“Here! I’ll show you!” Matt said, bringing the struggling mare to the window.

“SCREEEEEEEEEE!” Charcoal screamed, thrashing harder. She obviously thought he would drop her in the window too, killing her.

“Charcoal! I’m not going to drop you!” The mare didn’t stop, clearly not listening to anything Matt said. “All that thrashing can’t be good for your babies...”

Charcoal froze. Her eyes were wide in panic as she felt her tummy.

“Gud babbehs, mummah wuv yu...” She muttered, obviously making sure her babies were okay. From the expression of relief, they were. Still, she didn’t thrash again, settling on giving Matt the dirtiest look a miniature cartoon-esque horse could.

“Now, I’m going to put your head through the window just so you can see your herd, okay?”

“O-otay...” Charcoal said hesitantly.

Matt did as promised, and poked her head through the window. The other fluffies were gladly chowing down on the raw oatmeal that Matt had used instead of kibble, drinking from the shallow dish of water, and playing with the meager toys he’d thrown in the pen – remnants of when his sister’s kids had been much younger.

“Hewwo Chawcoaw!” The smarty said, waiving a little hoof at the mare. “Bestest smawty find gud nummies fow hewd! Dis woom nu pwetty, but hab soft nestie!”

“Smawty!” Charcoal cried out. “Yu nu go fowevah-sweepies!”

“Siwwy mawe! Smawty tu smawt to go fowevah-sweepies!” Firework huffed and went back to his oats.

“See? Your friends are all okay. Will you come down now?” Matt asked. He didn’t really care if she said no, he’d take her down anyway, but stress was bad for the foals he was sure and he needed those alive.

“Chawcoaw wiww go.” The mare said after a while. “Chawcoaw sowwy fo’ caww daddeh wiaw.”

Matt was almost moved by the apology. “That’s okay hon,” he said, scratching her behind the ears. “all is forgiven.”

Matt picked Pinkie back up and brought the two mares to the basement. He hurried, hoping the noise hadn’t woken Arion up. The basement was still fairly drab, but the lights were on and the fluffies had food and some toys. They seemed content, especially since no harm had befallen any of them. Yet.

“Okay fluffies! Time to listen up!” Matt said, addressing the herd. “There are a few rules if you’re going to be staying in my house, okay?”

The mares and most of the stallions nodded, which pleased Matt. The smarty, however, had other ideas.

“Nu!” Firework shouted. “Smawty Fiuh-wowk nu wisten tu wuwes! Dis am smawty hewd an’ smawty make wuwes!”

“If you don’t listen to my rules, then you can’t stay here, and you won’t have any nummies or warm blankies or toysies. Is that what you want for your soon-mommas?”

The question caught Firework off guard; he hadn’t connected that Matt could take things away once they were given.

“If you’re all good fluffies and you listen to my rules, we’ll all have a great time and all your babies will get to play and grow up big and strong! But if you break the rules, you get punished.”

The fluffies recoiled at that, especially Tangerine who’d experienced punishment at the hands of his old daddy. Matt fully intended to capitalize on that.

“Wat am wuwles daddeh?” Tangerine said, pushing past Firework. This clearly annoyed the smarty, but it seemed like the toughies were starting to imprint on him as their new provider.

“First; all poopies and pee-pees go in the litter box. Tangerine, have you had a litter box before?”

“Yus, daddeh.”

“Good, then I’m going to need you to help everyone use it, okay?”

“Yus, daddeh.”

Matt smiled. Tangerine was well-behaved and polite. Maybe he’d keep him.

“Next, *all* babies are good babies. When the soon-mommas have their babies, if there are any poopie-babies, or monster-babies, you do NOT hurt them, okay?”

“Bu—buh poopie-babbeh and munstah-babbeh am nu gud babbeh! Nu fo’ huggies an wuv!” Pinkie protested.

“Firework, I’m going to need you to protect all the babies, okay? They’re also part of your herd and deserve love and milk.”

Firework puffed his chest at being given an important task.

“Yus, nyu daddeh! Fiuh-wowk do bestest job of keep sabe all babbehs!” He looked pointedly at Pinkie “Eben poopie an’ munstah babbehs.”

“Pinkie,” Matt said gently, “I won’t let anything bad happen to any of your babies, okay? That’s why I want to save them all, even the ones you don’t like, okay? Even if a baby ‘nu smeww pwetty’ I want you to take care of it until I come to see it. If it’s really a bad baby, I’ll take it away. Does that sound fair?”

Pinkie nodded. “Nu wan bad babbeh... wan gud babbeh fo’ gud mummah...”

Matt gently patted her head. "You will be a good mommy, and you're gonna have great babies. You're the best keeper of babies, okay Firework, it's your job to protect all babies and make sure they're all taken care of; we don't have any 'bestest' babies here, all babies are equal."

The smarty nodded slowly. He seemed to understand, at least Matt hoped he did. These parents would survive for a while, he wanted their foals more than them anyway. It was important to Matt that he got as many foals as he could from these ferals. He didn't want to hurt or maim them until their babies were born.

Matt waited a bit for the fluffies to get settled, which they did surprisingly fast, before leaving the basement and heading back upstairs. He was extra sure to close and lock the basement door behind him. There were two; one at the bottom and one at the top of the stairs. He hoped it would help mask the fluffy smell from Arion.

Back in the house, Arion had already woken up. He had heard some scary screaming, a sound he was quite familiar with from his time in the alley. He buried himself into his nestie, hoping to drown out the scary noises. Then, a very familiar smell hit his nosie; fluffies!

He sniffed again, making sure his nose wasn't playing tricks on him. Arion was sure of it: he smelled fluffies. Not clean fluffies like the kinds that lived with humans, but the dirty smell of feral fluffies.

Arion thrashed a bit in his bed, toppling out of it and running into his little cove. Feral fluffies were always the biggest meanies, and give Arion the worstest hurties. He'd been kicked and rammed, and forced to num poopies. He trembled in his cove and began to cry to himself, hoping the meanie fluffies couldn't find him.

"Arion?" Matt called, entering the safe-room with a bowl of steamed veggies. "Arion are you okay!?"

Arion looked out from the plush cove and ran out, still crying, to hug Matt's legs.

"Daddeh! Daddeh! Awion smeww owtside fwuffies! Nu wet meanie owtside fwuffies huwt Awion!" The little fluffy trembled and shook like a leaf, peeping a bit in fear.

"Oh Arion..." Matt put the food bowl down and lifted Arion up, cuddling him gently and stroking his ears. "Arion I won't let any fluffies from outside get to you, you don't need to worry about that okay? As long as you're here, no one will hurt you and if anyone tries I'll make sure they can never hurt anyone again."

Arion curled up in Matt's arms, his peeps and sobs quieting in the warmth of Matt's embrace. "Fank 'ou daddeh... Awion wuv yu..."

Matt smiled at the alicorn. The damn thing had really grown on him. "I love you do, Arion."

Matt grabbed the bowl of vegetables off the floor and carried the alicorn and the bowl to the couch. "How about we both watch some TV together, okay?"

"Otay daddeh," Arion said, smiling. He was still shaken but the thought of cuddling with his daddy seemed to have cheered him up.

Matt put on some cartoons, the old Loony Tunes ones that he genuinely enjoyed. They were good for Arion too, since a lot of them had minimal conversation, especially Coyote and Roadrunner. Arion greatly enjoyed the slapstick comedy, which relieved Matt as he'd worried the cartoon violence would have scared the fluffy. Arion seemed to understand that it wasn't real, and knew they always survived their injuries.

The intelligence of the foal, especially when compared to the other fluffies that Matt knew, continually surprised Matt. It was actually really cool to be able to communicate with his pet, even if it was in baby talk. And Matt had to admit, running his hands through that incredibly soft fluff was very soothing.

It actually made Matt very angry when he thought about those two stallions that had hurt Arion. He had briefly seen them when he chased them off; a purple and yellow earthie stallion and a red and green pegasus stallion. Horrible little monsters. Thinking about them again made his blood boil, and Arion must have noticed.

“Daddeh feww awight?” Arion lifted his head, sleepily gazing at you. His tummy was warm and full of the vegetables that had made up his dinner.

“Yeah, sorry buddy. You tired?” Matt asked, smiling at the fluffy who could barely keep his eyes open.

Arion yawned and nodded. “Yesh daddeh, Awion take nappy.”

“Okay buddy. I’m going to carry you to bed alright, I’ve gotta run some errands outside okay? I’ll be back when you wake up.”

“Otay daddeh. Awion be gud fwuffy an nu weave safe-woom.” Arion said in a yawn as Matt carried him to the plush fluffy bed and tucked him in.

“Good boy, I’ll be back soon.” Matt said, closing the safe door behind him.

It was cold outside, and the first flurries of snow were already beginning to fall. Matt tugged his scarf tighter around his neck to keep the chill away. He could already see his breath.

The alley was exactly as Matt remembered, including the filthy box he’d found Arion in. It was still filled with shit-stained newspaper and a small pile of dead grass – what Matt assumed was the food Arion had tried to find himself.

The box was so sad compared to the lovely room that Arion had now, Matt was sad seeing where his fluffy use to live, languishing in the cold and filth. He was lucky that Arion had survived long enough to be rescued, and he was especially happy that he’d come along before the first snow. If Arion had been outside now, Matt would have only found a corpse.

Heading down the alley as quietly as he could, Matt finally heard what he’d been looking for;

“Dummeh mummah gib fwuffy poopie babbeh!”

Matt leaned his head around the corner discreetly and saw the source of the commotion. As luck would have it, it was one of the stallions that Matt remembered from tormenting Arion; the purple and yellow stallion. He’d cornered a skinny and shivering mare who was desperately hiding a small peeping baby whose eyes were still shut behind her.

“PWEASE! Pwease smawt stawwion nu take wastest babbeh... jus a widdwe chiwpy babbeh... pwease nu take...” The mother begged. She was sobbing.

“Stoopi mawe!” The stallion snorted. “Babbeh am dummeh babbeh, an yu am dummeh mawe! Poopie fwuffies am aw bad fwuffies. Yu gib babbeh fow be enfie babbeh ow fwuffy gib yu sowwy hoofsies!”

The mare and her foal were both brown. The mother was a really dark chocolate brown with a caramel colored mane. The baby had brown coloring but was too young to have its mane.

“NU! Nu pwease... mummah gib anyfing fo’ keep babbeh safe... mummah gib stawwion enfies? Be enfie poopie mawe for stawwion?”

The mother, trembling, lifted her ragged tail and turned so her rump was facing the stallion. He grinned horribly.

“Poopie mawe gib stwwion gud enfies... den stawwion mabeh wet mummah and poopie dummeh babbeh go...”

He mounted her. Matt turned away, not really wanting to watch the rape. He wanted to intervene, to stop this awful treatment, but a sick part of him wanted to watch; to see where this was going.

The stallion made his gently “enf, enf, enf” noise as he fucked the mare, all while Matt could hear her gently sobs. She whispered to her baby “Nu cwyy babbeh... mummah sabe yu soon an’ gib wots of miwkies...”

Matt peered around the corner again. The foal was curled up in a ball and shivering, peeping gently for its mother. The stallion finished with a grotesque “Gud feews!” scream and harshly pushed the mare away.

“Huff- huff- poopie mawe gib stawwion gud feews!” The stallion proclaimed.

“M- mawe is su happy to gib stwwion gud feews! Nao... nao stawwion wet mummah an’ babbeh gu?”

The stallion smiled. Matt didn’t like that smile at all. “No. Stawwion nu wet mummah ow babbeh gu. Stawwion stiw w n ee’ enfie babbeh. Mummah can go fowevah-sweepies!”

“NU! NU! Mummah nu wan fowevah-sweepies! Babbeh wiw gu fowevah-sweepies wifou’ mumma!”

“Stawwion nu cawe! Babbeh be enfie babbeh nao!” He was creeping towards the mother and her foal. The mother was backing away, cuddling her baby to her chest and sobbing. She was not strong enough to stop the stallion, and she knew it.

“Hey!” Matt said, rounding the corner.

“Dummeh hooman!” The stallion said, immediately forgetting the mare and her foal and turning on Matt. “Weve stawwion awone! Nee’ gib mummah fowevah-sweepies!”

Matt had enough of this little asshole. He was practically seeing red. Without much of a thought, he lifted the stallion off the ground.

“Eeep! Bad upsies!” The stallion moaned.

“You little asshole! What makes you think you can just go around tormenting this poor mare?”

“Nu gud mawe! Dummeh poopie mawe and poopie babeh! Nu gud fo’ nuthin but enfies and sowwy-hoofsies!”

“What? Why?” Matt asked.

“Dummeh mummah am poopie cowow! Nu gud fwuffy!”

Matt was dumbstruck. He knew that fluffies had some weird racial prejudiced against brown or other less-brightly colored fluffies, but he never thought that it would lead a fluffy to rape and murder another fluffy.

Matt smiled. He couldn’t help it, the situation was ridiculous. He broke out in laughter.

The stallion didn’t like the human laughing. He’d been living in the wild for long enough to know that humans were dangerous. Some did actually help fluffies, giving them nummies or taking them home. But the stallion had also seen humans give some of his friends worstest hurties and forever-sleepies for fun. This human had the same smile and laugh that those humans had. It made him piss himself in fear.

“D-dummah hooman wet fwuffy gu!” The stallion demanded, sounding significantly less brave than he had previously.

“Oh, sure thing. I’ll let you go.” Matt said coldly. “But first, let’s have some fun...”

He gripped the stallion’s back legs and held him upside down by them. The fluffy flailed desperately trying to break free from Matt’s grip. Matt pulled hard, tugging the legs in opposite directions until he heard a very satisfying ‘pop.’ The fluffies’ legs were dislocated.

Matt dropped the stallion onto the ground, belly down. His back legs were perfectly out, his inner thighs pressed to the cold ground. His front legs dragged desperately at the ground.

“SCREEEE wowstest huwties! Weggies nu wowk! Weggies nu wowk!” The stallion sobbed, his back legs twitched trying to get some purchase. It wasn’t long before Matt could see that his front hooves were raw and bloodied from digging at the ground of the alley.

“That’s right you little fuck, your legs don’t work. And now I’m going to take your front legs too.” Matt said. His voice was cold and even. His heart was racing in his chest. The fluffly lay totally prone on the ground, sobbing. Matt reached down and lifted the fluffly by the front left leg, hoisting him up.

“Huu huu... why huwt gud fwuffy?” The stallion cried.

“Good fluffy!?” Matt was incredulous. “You’re not a good fluffy! You’re a horrible fluffy! You raped a mother and tried to kill a baby! What’s WRONG with you!?” Matt asked, screaming into the face of the upside down fluffy.

He twisted the stallion’s front leg as hard as he could, not stopping until he felt and heard a horrible crack, signaling that the bones in the upper leg had been broken.

The stallion screamed in agony as Matt kept twisting. The skin wasn’t breaking at all, fluffies were apparently more durable than abusers led on, but the leg was now twisting unnaturally around the break. Matt felt a shiver a pure satisfaction roll up his spine. It was primal, cruel, and delicious.

The stallion’s eyes were darting around wildly as he foamed at the mouth from the pain. Matt grabbed his chest, and firmly gripped the leg, wrenching it as hard as he could.

The skin tore and the leg came away. The fresh white snow was stained red from the fluffies blood. Matt threw the fluffy back on the ground and stomped hard on its back legs. The crack that he felt under his heel sent a shiver up his spine.

Quickly, Matt stomped on the other leg, ensuring that the stallion only had three working legs. The two dislocated legs were practically jelly. Matt roughly prodded and the splintered bones in each, eliciting pained screams and peeps from the stallion.

“Oh no, does that hurt? Is the little stallion going to cry?” Matt teased. He kept poking and prodding the broken legs. “If you want me to stop hurting you, just say so.” Matt said.

The stallion took a breath, hoping to beg for the owwies to stop when the worstet owwies crashed through his body. His leggings were on fire and he looked at his two dummy back legs and saw that the meanie human was stepping on them again! His leggings hurt so much and he was breathing raggedly now. Black spots danced in his vision and he could barely think straight.

Matt laughed, the stallion was thrashing now, in pure agony. “Well I guess you don’t want the hurties to stop! Let’s make them worse, shall we?”

Reaching behind the stallion, Matt grabbed his testicles firmly in one had.

“NU!” The stallion shouted firmly, having found his voice. “Nu tuch speciaw wumps! Nu wan!”

“Well seeing as how you’re a mare now, I guess you don’t need... THESE” Matt said, and on his final word crushed the right testicle firmly between his thump and pointer finger. The small organ popped like a grape and, had Matt not been wrapped up in blood-lust endued euphoria, he may have felt some empathy.

The stallion, however, did feel. And then he screamed. The high pitched scream rocketed off the alley walls and the brown fluffy covered her ears from the sheer noise of it. The stallion made a strange noise and then immediately vomited all over his chest and the ground in front of him, huuing at the feel and the taste.

Matt kept mashing the jelly that had once been a testicle in the ballsack of the fluffy, laughing maniacally as he hear gurgling sobs from the stallion.

“Don’t worry buddy, there’s only one more lump to go!” Matt said, grabbing the other ball.

The stallion tensed, knowing that the pain had come from one of his special lumps, and now the human was holding the other one! He still felt a lot of owwies in his special lumps, and it made his tummy have the worstest owwies even after he made sickie-wawas all over himself. The taste was really bad! And so was the smell! But the human’s not-hoofies on his specials lumps was way worse.

“Pwease hooman nu gib anymoa speciaw-wump owwies!” The stallion begged.

Matt didn’t care, and decided to slowly squeeze the remaining ball. The pressure was increasing, and the stallion screamed and flailed his remaining good leg as the pain increased as well. His stomach rolled as his testicle was assaulted. The ball slowly deformed, its firmness slowly giving away as the organ squished around Matt’s fingers until it gave way, popping just like the last one.

The stallion vomited again, though it was mostly water and bile this time, and sobbed again. “Nu wan nu wan nu wan...” He repeated over and over again.

Matt was greatly enjoying this though, he had witnessed the vile behavior of the fluffy and had gotten to not only finally explore his desire to hurt the little animals, but also to save a mare and her foal. Matt was euphoric, and he tried to convince himself that most of it came from saving an innocent.

“Okay fluffy, time to make you a mare.” Matt said, wickedly grinning.

“NU! Nu am mawe! Am stawwion! Pwease!”

Matt rummaged in the dumpster near him until he finally found what he was looking for – a beer bottle. He lifted the green glass bottle from the bin and pressed it firmly against the stallion’s asshole.

“NU! Nu poopie-pwace owwies! Pwease nice hooman! Nu gib fwuffy any mowe owwies!”

“It’s a little late for repentance, bud.” Matt said grimly, and shoved the lid end of the bottle deep inside the fluffy. The stallion screamed, almost louder than he had when his balls were trashed, but Matt kept pushing the bottle in until he couldn’t anymore.

It was too far, evidently, as the bottle immediately started filling with a steady stream of blood. The stallion would bleed out in a few hours, Matt knew, but he was fine with that. He lifted the broken, sobbing stallion up and dropped him unceremoniously into the dumpster.

“Wan die... wan die... wan die...” The stallion murmured. He shivered in the cold and tears flowed from his eyes. His voice was hoarse from all the screaming.

“Fuck...” Matt said, finally coming down from his blood-lust high. “That was... good. Jesus that’s fucking bad...”

Before Matt even had time to contemplate the strange moral turn his life had taken, he heard the mare.

“Huu huu pwease nice hooman... pwease nu huwt gud babbeh... is jus a widdwe babbeh...” The mare was holding her crying chirpie baby in her hooves, trying to keep the crying thing warm. “Huwwt mummah... huwt mummah nu huwt gud babbeh...”

“Woah woah girl, I’m not going to hurt you or your baby.” Matt said, crouching down to her level.

The mare was filthy, way worse than Arion had been. Her fur was badly matted and disgustingly greasy. There was shit and piss caked onto her rear as well as the top of her fluff, probably where her baby slept. There was grime and discharge in her eyes and nose, and the pads of her hooves was raw and cracked.

The wind picked up and the snow fell harder. If they were left out here, neither the mother or the baby would survive past the night. Matt sighed heavily, he didn’t really have the means to take care of a mother and a foal, especially because he wasn’t really sure how they would react to Arion, him being an alicorn and all.

“Nu... nu huwt babbeh an’ mummah?” The fluffy asked.

“No. What’s your name girl?” Matt asked gently, trying to calm the fluffy after it had just watch him horribly maim another of its kind.

“Fwuffy nu habe name. Fwuffy am jus fwuffy.” She responded.

It was weird; fluffies often named their own children but seemed unable to name themselves. Perhaps it was a way to make them friendlier for children, to ensure the child could always name their pet, or maybe it was just that names weren't as important to fluffies.

"Does your baby have a name?" Matt asked.

"N-nu... babbeh awso jus babbeh. Mummah gib name when babbeh am big." She explained, afraid that the human was so interested in her child. She'd seen humans take foals from mothers before, either offered up by mothers who couldn't provide for their young anymore or stolen from their parent's hooves by either abusers or people who wanted to raise a foal but not pay adoption fees. She was terrified of losing her only baby – her last baby.

"Okay... uh, listen. Why don't you come home with me? I... I have a fluffy at home and he's really friendly and would love you and your baby."

The brown mare's eyes sparkled. "Mistuh wan gib fwuffy an' babbeh housie?"

"Uh yeah, a new housie. Does that sound good? Would you like that?" Matt asked.

The mother surprised him by crying. She just sat on her haunches, careful not to knock her baby off, and started to sob hysterically.

"Woah! Are you okay?" Matt asked.

The mare lifted her head and smiled. "Yus. Sowwy... fwuffy am jus happeh. Mistuh be nice to fwuffy."

"You haven't experienced much kindness, huh?" Matt asked.

"Nu." The mare said sadly, "fwuffies am be mean tu mummah an' babbeh. Onwy fo' be bwown fwuffy. Wat am wong wif bwown? Pewtty cowow of twees an' gwownd. Bu' othah fwuffies caww mummah an' babbeh poopie fwuffy. Am nu faiw."

Matt sighed. All the fluffies he actually cared about turned out to be horribly traumatized. "You're right girl, it's not fair. Listen, before I take you home, I just need to ask you something; the fluffy I own – Arion – he's an alicorn. Do you know what that means?"

"Fwuffy nu know. Wat mean?"

"It means he has a horn and wings. He's what other fluffies call a 'monster.' If you come live with me, you have to be nice to him too, okay?"

"Munstah fwuffies am nu munstah. Onwy widdwe babbeh dat meanie mummah and daddeh fwuffies gib fowe vah-sweepies tu. Fwuffy knu wat awicown am. If fwuffy am nice, fwuffy am nu munstah."

It was sound logic, Matt thought, and he was convinced that the mare would do Arion no harm. And besides, if she did, he could always kill her.

"Alright then! There's just one last thing to do! Fluffies who live with me need names!"

The mare's eyes lit up. "Nice mistuh gib fwuffy... name?"

"Yes! And if you want, I can name your baby too? Or you can do that later." Matt said.

The mare thought for a moment. "Fwuffy wan gib name to babbeh when babbeh weady fo' name. Dat... otay mistuh?"

"That's fine." Matt said, smiling. The mare really did care for her kid. "Okay, time for your name!" Matt looked at the hopeful mare. He wanted to name her something pretty, so she'd be happy with it. A name that signified she was proud of her coloring and not ashamed like other fluffies wanted her to be.



“How about... Chestnut?”

“C...ches’nut? Ches’nut wuv name! Su pwetty! Fank yu nice mistuh! Fank yu...” Chestnut started crying again, but Matt could tell these were tears of joy. She hugged her baby closely, careful not to wake his gently breathing form. “Babbeh,” she said softly, “mummah hab pwetty name, and babbeh hab nyu housie... babbeh nu wowwy nu maow, gun hab gud bwight-tiems nao... babbeh gun be happeh...”

The sight was adorable. The mare loved her child so much, enough that she took physical and sexual abuse to try to protect it. She was a good mom, and Matt was happy to be able to help her.

He lifted the mare up so her back was in his arms and her tummy was upright, her foal sleeping peacefully on her stomach. As they left the alleyway Matt could still hear the sobs of the broken stallion.

It filled him with glee.

\* \* \*

The ride to his house was mostly uneventful; Chestnut shat in fear on the towels he laid down and profusely apologized for “bad poopies” despite Matt’s reassuring.

He made a brief stop at Fluff-Mart, stocking up on cheap bulk kibble for his ‘guests’ in the basement, extra nutrient rich ‘for mummah’ enriched oats, and a new bed and litterbox jr. for the baby, as well as some baby-safe toys. Matt knew the foal would be pretty useless until it opened its eyes, but he wanted to make that as comfortable for him and his mother as possible.

When they got home, Matt loaded everything he bought into the garage so he could deal with it later. Carefully lifting Chestnut from the car so her baby could rest on her belly, he brought her inside.

“Now Chestnut, I’m going to have to give you a bath before we go see Arion, okay? I know water is bad for fluffies, but I promise I’ll be extra gentle.”

Chestnut nodded, “Otay daddeh. Ches’nut be bwave fo’ daddeh an’ babbeh.”

“Good girl,” Matt said.

First Matt bathed Chestnut. He figured it would be better to let her be warm and clean so she could carefully watch him bathe her baby. At first, she was very afraid of the water, but Matt had learned quite a few things from bathing Arion.

He didn’t restrain her legs in the fluffy bath time basin, as Arion had previously mentioned he didn’t like when the ‘baff fwien nummed his legs,’ so Chestnut was able to freely move around the shower. He also let her get a little wet in an area visible to her immediately; he chose her front legs. She could feel the warm water wash all the filthy mud and shit that had stuck to her away and was easier able to understand what was happening. Eventually Chestnut was cooing and had her eyes closed in pleasure as Matt lathered in shampoo and conditioner.

Matt briefly considered giving Chestnut an enema, as the vet had recommended it for dealing with parasites and worms but figured after her recent sexual abuse it would be better not to.

After Chestnut was all clean, Matt picked her up and dried her off. He was unable to stop himself from smiling as Chestnut giggled and cooed in joy at being clean and smelling good again.

“Ches’nut smeww su pwetty! Ches’nut nebah smeww pwetty befo!” She exclaimed, sniffing her hooves and legs.

“You were a very good girl Chestnut! After we get out of the bathroom, I’m going to give you a treat!”

“Yay! Tweak fwom nice mistuh!” Chestnut said.

“That’s right, but first we have to bathe your baby, okay?”

Chestnut's mood soured. "Wawa nu gud fo' babbeh... Ches'nut big fwuffy, babbeh su widdew..."

"I know girl," Matt said, putting Chestnut on the counter, still wrapped in her blanket. Her foal had also been wrapped in a blanket and was still gently snoozing. "I'm going to be really gentle and you're going to sit here and watch me, okay? If you don't like something, you can just tell me to stop."

Chestnut nervously wiggled. "Otay. Cwean babbeh. Ches'nut watch."

Matt turned on a very small dribble of warm water, and gently lifted the foal into it making sure to avoid its eyes and nose. The foal began to squirm and peep in fear when it got wet, prompting Chestnut to stand up and approach the sink. She was worried but watched intensely.

"Shuush shuuh babbeh... dis wawa nu so bad. Warmies and make yu smeww pwetty... nu wowwies..." Chestnut cooed, getting close to her baby.

"Mummah wuv babbeh, babbeh wuv mummah,

Babbeh get wawm baff, smeww nice an' pwetty,

Mummah wuv babbeh, babbeh wuv mummah,

Babbeh num miwkies, gwow up big an' stwong..."

Chestnut gently cooed the song to her baby. It would have been a crappy off key lullaby if it hadn't been so sweet. And so effective. The foal immediately calmed down at the sound of its mother's voice and stopped squirming, instead letting out peeps that sounded far more pleasurable.

Matt was now able to clean the foal well. With a very tiny dollop of shampoo, he scrubbed the foal – now determined to be a filly – and cleaned off all the disgusting fluids that had resided on her skin for probably the entirety of her short life. The water was warm, and Matt's hands were gentle. When he got to her belly, he stroked downward gently, earning him a squirt of shit from the foal.

"Babbeh nu mean make bad poopies!" Chestnut cried out, fearing retribution.

"It's okay Chestnut I know. I wanted her to poop." Matt said, reassuring the mare.

When the two were clean, Matt gently reunited them, allowing the foal to latch onto her mother's teat and drink the warm milk. Chestnut cooed to her baby and to herself.

"Okay, I'm going to introduce you both to Arion. He's young, but not as young as your foal, so he may be a little energetic."

"Otay mistuh! Ches'nut essited to make nyu fweind!" She said happily.

"Chestnut, if you want to, you can call me daddy. You're going to be living here from now on, this is your home." Matt said gently. He wasn't sure if Chestnut was being polite and trying not to assume anything, or if mistuh was her way of distancing herself from him in case of disappointment.

"...W-weawwy?" Chestnut said. Her eyes were welling with tears again.

"Really. I'm Arion's daddy and I'll be yours too."

Chestnut didn't say anything, just began freely crying. Her sobs came in short bursts as she choked in air. Her baby, disturbed by her mother's outburst, began to peep and cry too, unsure of what was wrong.

"Ches'nut su sowwy fo' sad-wawa... but Ches'nut suuuu happeh. Nebah habe daddeh but... awawys hope. Bettuh fo' babbeh to wive wif hooman and warm housie... su happeh daddeh... fank yu... fank yu..."

Matt hugged Chestnut and her foal for a few minutes, letting them calm down enough to meet Arion. Finally, he opened the door to the safe room and let them in.

Arion was playing with his blocks, enjoying stacking them as high as he could and then knocking them down with a backwards kick, giggling at the destruction. When he heard the safe-room door open, he was even happier.

“Daddeh home! Daddeh home!” Arion said, prancing around in a circle.

“Woah there buddy!” Matt said, still cuddling Chestnut and her foal in his arms. “I have a surprise for you.” Matt said when Arion was finally sitting as still as he could.

“Awion get su-pwise? Awion wuv su-pwise!” Arion said, his fluffy purple tail wagging like a dog’s.

“Okay Arion, I’m going to show you but you have to be really careful, okay?” Matt said.

“Awion pwomise. Be cawe-fuw.” The fluffy said firmly.

Matt gently knelt down, lowering Chestnut onto the floor. He laid her on her side as the foal was still feeding and he didn’t want to disturb it.

“Hewwo Awion.” Chestnut said softly. “Am Ches’nut. Dis am mah babbeh. Be nyu fwiend?”

Arion was sitting very still. He stood up carefully and gently sniffed the baby suckling at Chestnut’s teat. He then looked at Chestnut.

“Yu babbeh am pwetty babbeh. Am gud mummah,” Arion said politely. “Awion wud wike tu be fwiends vewwy much.”

“Fank yu! Ches’nut be fweinds wif Awion! Babbeh be fweinds tu, wen bigguh.”

Matt smiled. The fluffies were getting along really well. He was worried that Arion might not like a foal in his space, and had worried how Chestnut would react to an alicorn, but they were both so... nice. Both fluffies had been handed a shitty hand given to them by fate and they had survived thanks to astronomical odds. And also thanks to Matt.

“Okay guys, why don’t you get to know each other? I’ll have dinner ready in a bit but for now just hang out. Arion, remember that Chestnut has a baby she has to take care of, and the foal is really delicate; you can’t play rough with her or it okay?”

“Awion undastawnd.” The alicorn said, sitting down and watching Chestnut feed her foal. “Awion wuv babbeh. Keep safe.”

“Good boy,” Matt said, stroking his mane. “I’ll be back soon.”

\* \* \*

The basement was colder than the rest of the house, so the ferals that Matt had captured were in a fluff pile to keep warm. It was cute.

Matt really, really enjoyed the abuse. He knew he shouldn’t, he knew it was wrong. He loved Arion and Chestnut and her foal. He knew he couldn’t keep hundreds of fluffies in his home, and he had no desire to become a shelter or a fluffy heaven, but keeping a few good fluffies? There was no harm in that. Besides, the little horses had grown on him.

The ferals, however, Matt didn’t really care about. They were fine so far, not really demanding, not really rude. The smarty was a little pain in the ass, but it seemed like Matt having given him an important task of being Baby Keeper seemed to let him keep his importance and inflated ego.

Tangerine was the only one of the ferals that Matt cared about really. He was clearly broken and hurt, and very distrustful of Matt. Firework had seemingly demoted him from toughie to Poopie Keeper, as he said, because it was

Tangerine's job to make sure everyone used the litter box correctly. The other toughie, Aquamarine, and Firework were in cahoots with something, they stayed together watching the mares and parading around the pen with their heads held high.

Matt watched them from the cameras he'd installed in his basement. The little idiots had no idea that he could see and hear everything they did. Most of it was innocuous; the mothers babbling to their unborn foals that they would be the 'bestest babbehs' and how they would be the 'bestest mummah.' The two fathers were busy helping their mates eat and clean themselves, as Pinkie was ready to burst and Charcoal wasn't too far off either.

Tangerine was the only one that Matt was actually concerned about. Obviously, he wanted to keep the foals alive long enough to play with, but Tangerine seemed to be taking the brunt of the herd's abuse. He was given 'sorry hoofsies,' essentially small beatings, whenever he spoke against the smarty.

Today was no different.

"Smawty Fiew-wowk," Tangerine said hesitantly. "Poppies gu in da wittabox. Nu wan make nyu daddeh mad."

"Smawty am bestest fwuffy. Make poopies whewebah am want."

"Das am wight!" Aquamarine said, headbutting Tangerine away.

"B-buh smawty! If Daddeh come back an' see bad poopies fwuffies get owwies!"

"Nu. Onwy bad fwuffy get owwies. Smawty Fiew-wowk teww daddeh dat Tangewine make bad poopies and gib Tangewine owwies."

Matt gripped his chair hard. It was one thing to be a bad fluffy; shitting on the floor, demanding things, being just an all-around brat. It was another thing entirely to try to blame another fluffy and lie to Matt about it. He was devising a plan on how to deal with this little smarty asshole.

"Nao, Tangewine wiww num poopies, ow Fiew-wowk teww daddeh yu am bad poopic dummeh fwuffy." Firework said, smiling.

That was the last goddamned straw. How dare that fucking prick force another fluffy to literally eat shit. Matt knew Arion had been forced to when he was a baby, but had assumed it was a one-time thing, not something fluffies routinely subjected each other to.

"Nu! Tangewine nu am poopic fwuffy!" Tangerine said, impotently stomping his front hooves.

Matt didn't want to watch the rest of the altercation, he quickly headed down to the basement, briefly checking on the status of the vegetables he was steaming for the fluffies in the safe room.

As he headed down the stairs, he realized he'd waited too long. He heard the sobs of Tangerine from across the room. Rushing over, Matt saw the poor fluffy face down in a pile of shit, sobbing while he scarfed down the foul excrement.

"What is going on here!?" Matt asked, letting a little bit of real rage slip into his mock confusion. He'd already decided his course of action.

"Daddeh! Daddeh!" Firework ran up to the pen's wall. "Tangewine make bad poopies! Fiew-wowk twy teww fwuffy nu hwewe poopies gu, but nu wisten!"

"Dat nu twue! Daddeh!" Tangerine cried, looking back and forth between his old smarty and his new daddy.

"Tangerine," Matt said, affecting a disappointed tone. "I am surprised at you! You were supposed to be in charge of the litter box! Well, I guess I'll just have to give your job to Aquamarine. And you know what bad poopies means!"

"NUUU! Daddeh pwease nu huwties... wook! Tangewine num da poopies! Cwean aww bad poopies! PWEASE nu huwties!" The pathetic groveling of the fluffy almost broke Matt enough to give up his little ruse, but if he was going to destroy the smarty, he needed to keep it up.

"I'm sorry Tangerine, those are the rules. Thank you for letting me know, Firework." Matt said, lifting Tangerine out of the pen and carrying him upstairs, leaving the fluffies to their own devices.

Tangerine, who had been begging and struggling in the pen, had practically gone limp the minute that Matt had lifted him up. It was heartbreaking hearing the small 'huu huu' and 'Tangewine am sowwy' that came from the fluffy as he accepted whatever punishment that Matt decided.

When he was sure that the other fluffies were out of earshot, Matt brought Tangerine to the bathroom.

"Huu... daddeh gib fwuffy wawa huwties..." Tangerine said, eyeing the shower knowingly.

"Shh shh Tangerine I'm sorry I scared you, you're not in trouble." Matt said.

"W...wha? Daddeh... nu mad at Tangewine?"

"No. I saw what Firework did and how you tried to stop him. I saw how he made you eat your poopies and I saw you trying to be a very good fluffy. I'm not mad."

"Daddeh nu mad!? Daddeh nu gib huwties!?" Tangerine asked, his yellow eyes were practically begging.

"No hurties." Matt said, stroking the mane of the stallion. "But you are getting a bath."

"A baff!?" Tangerine said. Matt feared the worst, that the stallion would flip out and think he was being punished. "Tangewine wuv baff!"

"You... like baths?" Matt asked. It was the first time he'd heard a fluffy say anything positive about water.

"Yesh. Baffs am warmsies and make fwuff smeww pwetty and feww gud."

Matt turned the shower on, nice and warm but not too hot. He gently placed Tangerine into the shower's basin, and was genuinely surprised when he cooed as his dirty fur was soaked through. Using the detachable shower head, Matt brushed through the fur with a comb and lathered Tangerine up with the anti-flea and skin-soothing shampoo. The only time Tangerine flinched is when Matt went over the scars on his back.

Finally, Tangerine was clean and smelled great. Matt lifted him up and wrapped him in blankets, drying him off.

"Now that you're all clean, I need you to help me with something Tangerine."

"Wha daddeh need Tangewine's hewp wiff. Tangewine wan' help!"

"I want to punish the bad fluffies downstairs. I need your help." Matt smiled.

"...Gib fwuffies owwies? Tangewine nu wan huwt soon-mummahs ow daddeh fwuffies... dey jus' scawed of smawty."

"No, I don't want to hurt them, I know the mares and stallions are okay. I just want to teach the smarty a lesson."

"Teach wesson... make smawty nice? Make gud?" Tangerine asked, his head adorably tilted to one side.

"We're gonna try." Matt said.

\* \* \*

"Daddeh gib Tangewine wowstest wawa huwties." Tangerine said, flopping pathetically on the floor. "Make fwuffy aww wet an' cowl!"

Tangerine was quite the little actor, Matt thought smiling. Matt needed the smarty to think he was winning; he needed the other fluffies to believe that their smarty could protect them from Matt. That way, when he destroyed the smarty, they would all fall in line easily.

It was also making Tangerine trust Matt much more. Maybe when this was over Matt would help the little guy find a new home.

Back in the safe-room, Matt had given Chestnut and Arion their steamed veggies. Chestnut had never had them, and Matt was a little worried she'd be asking for kibble or spaghetti instead, but she really seemed to enjoy the nutritious mix.

"Daddeh dis am bestest gwassie nummies Ches'nut eba hab!" She said, munching on her veggies. "Fank yu fo' bestest nummies fo' gub miwkies."

"You're welcome Chestnut. How's your food Arion?"

"Awion wuv ve-ta-buls daddeh! Ches'nut am wight, bestest nummies." Matt scratched Arion behind the ears, earning coos.

"I'm glad to hear that bud. You guys have been so great, I'm gonna get you a treat. I'll be right back."

Matt cut up some apples in the kitchen, one for Chestnut and one for Arion. It was good that he didn't feed them that shit kibble, it wasn't really good for fluffies and the high fiber diet seemed to have pretty much quelled the constant diarrhea that fluffies were infamous for.

Finished with their dinners, Arion and Chestnut happily ate the apples, exclaiming that they were the best treats ever. Matt was concerned, however, with Chestnut's foal.

"Okay guys, I think tomorrow I'm going to take you to the vet."

"Wat am vet, daddeh?" Arion asked, still munching on the sliced apple.

"She's a doctor. She's going to check you guys out and make sure that you're healthy. It's gonna be a little scary, but I'll be with you. She's also going to make sure your baby is growing big and strong, Chestnut."

"Otay daddeh," Arion said, flapping his wings. "Be gud fwuffies fo' daddy an be gud at vet."

"Yesh. Ches'nut awso be gud. Babbeh be gud tu!"

"I know you two will be," Matt said, ruffling their manes.

Chestnut's baby was currently curled up in its mother's fluff. The foal was so small, and its eyes were still tightly shut. The vet would be able to figure out how old she was and let him know if any of his feral rescues needed medical aid.

Looking out the window, Matt saw the sun setting over the now snow-covered backyard. His fluffies too were noticing the sunset and obediently went to bed.

"Gu-nite daddeh." Arion said, curling up next to Chestnut. "Awion wuv yu."

"Ches'nut an' babbeh wuv daddeh tu."

"Love you guys. Sleep well, we have a big day tomorrow."

And with that, the lights were turned off and Matt headed back downstairs. In the night, it was time to put the second part of his plan together.

\* \* \*

Matt wasn't a vet and didn't know a huge amount about fluffy physiology. The online guides and books he'd read gave him one important insight though; Pinkie was about to pop.

She had been getting rounder and rounder over the course of the week, and by now she couldn't move at all. Matt had been watching videos on fluffy birth to prepare him on what to do. He had also gotten a special cage for Pinkie, with its own food dish, water dispenser, and litter box, so she and her foals were isolated from the herd. This ensured they couldn't be hurt, and also helped him separate the foals from their father, for some good old fashion psychological abuse for the stallion.

Matt's hunch had been correct and as he approached the pen, he saw Pinkie squirming in discomfort.

"Pinkie, you alright?" He asked.

"Yus daddeh. Pinkie tummeh babbehs just am pwayin." She said happily.

It was evident, however, that soon she would give birth. Matt really wanted to be there for it, to ensure nothing bad happened, but also wanted to see a newborn. Matt was sure she was going to give birth tonight, and so he lingered. Cleaning up spilled litter, refilling food and water dishes, even playing a bit with the fluffies. His patience paid off.

"SCREE!!! Biggest poopies!" The pink mare screamed, her stubby legs flailing as she gasped in pain from the contractions.

Matt reacted quickly. He grabbed the mare and lifted her onto his workbench. There was a shop sink next to the counter, and he'd laid out a towel he didn't care about.

Pinkie squirmed as her babies started to come.

"It's okay Pinkie! You're having babies! You're going to be a mommy!"

She gasped. "Babbehs am cumin'!? Pinkie su happeh!" Another contraction hit her. "Huu babbeh gib huwties..."

"Birth hurts, sweetie. Now daddy is here to help."

Pinkie nodded and breathed, tears flowing from her eyes. Matt slipped on some latex gloves as Pinkie instinctively pushed her rear up, exposing her vagina for birth.

"D-daddeh! Biggest poopies!" As Pinkie pushed, she pissed and shit a bit, making a mess on the towel. "Nu! Daddeh! Pinkie am sowwy fo' bad poopies and pee-pees!"

"It's okay Pinkie, this happens during birth," Matt said as he used a warm wet washcloth to clean up the mess. Beside him was a bowl lined with a soft towel to put the foals in.

Eventually, the first foal crowned. It was pink, like its mother, and had the little nubs that would eventually grow into wings. Matt lifted it up gently, and it made tiny little peeps and wiggled in his hand, enjoying the warmth. It reached out, nuzzling for his fingers and latched on, sucking for milk that wasn't there.

Matt had been distracted watching the little thing that he almost missed the next one. Placing Pinkie jr. in the bowl, Matt grabbed the second baby, a green unicorn. This one was more spirited than its sibling and wiggled around wildly looking for milk.

There were four more babies; an all-black earthie, a dark blue pegasus, an earthie that was also pink, and another earthie – this one brown. Matt grimaced, knowing the green and brown foals may have a hard time. He really hoped not.

Once all the foals were in their little bowl, Matt presented them to their exhausted but elated mother.

"M-mummah hab... babbies! S-su happeh..." She panted, picking the first foal up and licking it clean. It was the pink pegasus, and it wiggled and peeped in joy at its mother's touch. "Pwetty pink wingie-babbeh am bestest babbeh, mummah cwean fiwst."

It was as Matt feared. Pinkie had the same vile racism that he'd experienced so many times. Hopefully it was milder with Pinkie, or she'd accept her foals after seeing them all. After the pink pegasus was cleaned of fluids, she put her gently on her left teat. The baby immediately found the nipple and started to suckle the life-giving milk. Pinkie, meanwhile, looked at the bowl.

Matt could hardly believe it; she was literally judging the starving babies. She had the look of someone trying to pick the best skittle from a bowl. Predictably, she grabbed the navy unicorn next, cleaning it and placing it next to its sister on the right teat.

Next was the pink earthy, or as Pinkie called it "Pwetty nu-wingie babbeh." After that was the black earthie her "Bwack nu-vewy speciaw babbeh." And then, apparently, she was finished.

"Uh, Pinkie?" Matt asked. "You still have two babies to clean and feed."

The green and brown foal peeped desperately, wiggling in their bowl and looking for their mother.

"Siwwy daddeh. Dey am nu-pwetty poopie babbeh and nu-pwetty pointie babbeh. Mummah nu wan."

"But they're *your* babies, Pinkie." Matt said, trying to keep the anger from his voice. "You have to take care of them all."

"Nu!" Pinkie said, angrily puffing her cheeks. "Pinkie nu wan ugwe babbeks. Onwy wan pwetty babbeks."

Matt was furious. "Pinkie, either you feed your other foals, or I take away all your babies."

Pinkie puffed her cheeks up. "Meanie daddeh! Nu take babbeks ow mummah gib yu wowstest huwties!"

The noise of their mother getting riled up caused her babies to unlatch from her teats and start to squirm and peep.

"Fine Pinkie, we'll play it your way." Quickly, Matt scooped up all of Pinkie's 'good babies' and began to walk towards the sink.

"Wha-wha daddeh do!? Wawa nu gud fo' fwuffies!?" She demanded; half angry half scared.

"Those babies," Matt said pointing at the green and brown foal, "deserve love and milkies too. Feed them, or I'll feed your babies to the sink monster."

Pinkie's eyes went wide with fear. She had just had the best babies ever and now her new daddy wanted her to feed her not-pretty babies too! Didn't he know ugly babies were poopies and didn't deserve love? He didn't, and now he was threatening to kill your good babies and your bestest baby.

"Nu! Nu gib babbeks fowevah-sweepies!" Pinkie begged.

"Then feed your other foals." Matt said.

Pinkie hesitated. She looked over Matt's shoulder, staring at Firework.

"Bu... smawty say dat..." She said slowly, clearly working something out.

"Smarty said *what*?" Matt asked, turning to see where Firework was in the pen. He was watching them with an intense stare. "What did you say to Pinkie, Firework?"

"Fi-fiew-wowk nu say nufin..." The smarty said, fearfully backing away.

"Oh really? Pinkie, what did Firework tell you?"

"Nu! Fiew-wowk say nufing! Nufing!" Pinkie said, screaming. "Mummah feed foaws! Mummah be gud fwuffy!"



With hesitation and visible disgust, the mare pulled her green unicorn foal towards her and began to clean it roughly. The newborn peeped and squirmed in discomfort at the harsh treatment but was quickly quieted when Pinkie placed it on her teat. She did the same with the brown foal, making a face of utter disgust as she did so.

“Dewe... Pinkie nu-pwetty babbehs hab wickie-cweanies. Nao pwease daddeh gib Pinkie back gud babbehs! Nu gib tu sink-munstah!”

“Okay Pinkie. You can have the rest of your babies back. But if I see you treating these two any differently, I’ll take all your babies away.” Matt said, earning himself a petrified squeak from Pinkie. “As for you, Firework, it seems we need to have a chat...”

Matt turned on the smarty, who was backing up slowly. He remembered exactly how horribly scared Tangerine had been upon returning from the “sorry water” and had no desire to experience it himself.

“Fiew-wowk du nufin’ wong...” He murmured.

“Oh really? And what exactly did you tell Pinkie that made her want to reject her good foals? Hm?” Matt’s patience for this was wearing thin. While it was true he had captured the ferals to have easy access to victims, it still made him upset to see the innocent babies rejected by their mothers. It was made even worse knowing why he owned the three fluffies upstairs.

“Fwuffy... teww soon-mummah dat... dat aww babbehs be gud... an’ dat aw babbehs am fo’ huggies an wuv!” Firework said. If his lie wasn’t unbelievable enough, that he took time to make it up on the spot made it less so.

“Oh? And then why did she try to abandon her foals?” Matt smirked. He was going to win one way or another, which in retrospect wasn’t a particular feat of intelligence; it was about as satisfying at beating a toddler at chess.

“Weww... fwuffy kno dat...” Firework said, thinking hard. “Dat Tangewine teww soon-mummahs dat poo-bwownie an’ gweenie babbehs am bad babbehs! Tangewine wan soon-mummahs to gib babbehs to Tangewine fo’ num!”

“So, Tangerine told the moms that their ‘bad colored’ foals were bad so he could... eat them?”

“Yesh! Tangewine am meanine dummeh fwuffie! Gib sowwy wawa!” Firework demanded. He looked back at the petrified herd with a confident and triumphant smile.

It was clear that he thought throwing Tangerine under the bus again would work, and if it did it would prove to the herd that Matt would believe his word over theirs, giving him that much more control over the actions of the herd. It was a risky move, Matt thought.

Shame that it would work so well.

“Tangerine!” Matt called for the orange fluffy, who slunk forward shaking like a leaf. “Is this true!?”

“N—nu! Nu am twue! Tangewine nu wan’ num babbehs! Aww babbesh am fo’ wuv an’ huggies an’ pway! Nu wan num babbehs Tangewine wuv all cowow babbeh!”

“I’m sorry Tangerine but you know the rules. Bad and naughty fluffies go to the sorry water box!”

“NUUU! TANGEWINE AM SU SOWWY! NU GIB BAD WAWA!!!” Tangerine screeched.

Matt was concerned. He thought Tangerine might have understood his plan, but he would have to spell it out for him apparently. Chess with a toddler.

“Sorry Tangerine, those are the rules. Thank you, Firework, for letting me know.” Matt picked Tangerine up, the fluffy going limp again, and carried him upstairs to the bathroom. Behind him, Matt heard the conspiratorial whispers of Firework and Aquamarine. They were trouble, and Matt would have to keep a better eye on them.

Upstairs, Tangerine was gently crying again.

“Tangerine, you can stop now?”

“Huu... da-daddeh?”

“Tangerine, I know you didn’t do anything bad.” Matt explained. “It’s just like last time – I know when Firework is lying.”

“Daddeh nu fink Tangewine am meanie munstah?”

“Of course not. I know Firework told the mares about their babies. Now, what did he say?”

“Huu... Meanie Fiew-wowk caww babbehs ugwe cowow am bad babbeh! Say dat nu wan bad ugwe babbeh in hewd, an’ dat mummah shud nu gib babbeh miwkies o’ huggies o’ wuv... Fiew-wowk say dat wan poopie and ugwe babbesh gu foevah-sweepies!”

“I see... so he still thinks it’s his herd, huh?”

“Daddeh... pwease nu wet Fiew-wowk make babbehs gu fovevah-sweepies... dey jus’ wittew babbehs...”

“I won’t. I’m going to make sure they’re all good to their babies.”

In the house, Matt had to be careful that Arion and Chestnut didn’t see or hear Tangerine. He didn’t want to try to keep them out of the basement and from making “nyu fweinds.”

Tangerine liked baths, evident by his gentle cooing as warm water coursed over his fur. Sometimes he even splashed around, giggling at the waves he made. Matt took extra care around his scars, as even the lightest touch to them made Tangerine tense up.

“Tangerine?” Matt asked when the fluffy was comfortably wrapped in a soft towel. He had snuggled into Matt’s hold and was clearly on the verge of sleep.

“Yesh daddeh?”

“How did your old daddy treat you?”

Tangerine shuddered, and closed his eyes. It was clearly a topic he didn’t like to revisit.

“Tangewine was wittew babbeh at big housie stowe. Wots of babbehs, aww dancie fo’ nyu daddeh o’ mummah. Tangewine take fwom mummah when jus’ wittew chiwpy babbeh, so nu ‘membew mummah.

“Daddeh pick Tangewine at stowe. Was su happy! Daddeh gib nyu housie and toysies an’ bestest nummies! Tangewine fink dat be foevah-daddeh and wive in housie foevah...”

“But daddeh was munstah. One bwight-time... Daddeh come fo’ Tangewine, and gib wowstest huwties... Tangewine get sowwy stick fo’ many fovevahs... fwuff was nu pwetty, wots of boo-boo juice.

“Tangewine nu ‘membew fo’ how wong, bu’ daddeh gib Tangewine wowstest huwties fo’ many bwight-times, an’ sometime gib sowwy box fo’ many fovevahs, untiw Tangewine had wowstest tummy huwties an’ wan gu fovevah-sweepies. Tangewine wan die.”

Tangerine was quiet for a while. Matt didn’t want to rush him, or force him to say more than he was willing to.

“Tangewine get wucky.” He continued, “One day, daddeh vewy mad. Nu kno why, bu’ daddeh make wots of screamies an’ scawwy noisies. Take Tangewine owtside and put fwuffy in shiny metaw sowwy box wif’ twashy nummies.

“Smawty heaw Tangewine in twashy box and gib box sowwy-hoofsies, and Tangewine faww but get out! Den Tagewine join hewd.”

“So your owner just... threw you away? That’s awful.” Matt hugged Tangerine a little more. “I’m sorry Tangerine.”

“Fank yu daddeh. Tangewine nu wike ‘membew bad times. Gib Tangewine wowstest heawt-huwties. Bu’ Tangewine am su happeh nao! Hab gud daddeh an’ nice housie. Tangewine happeh nao.”

Eventually, it was time for Matt to return Tangerine to the pen in the basement. It was sad for both of them, and Matt decided that once the other ferals were out of the way and the foals were his, Tangerine would be coming upstairs. Matt was sure Arion would adore him.

As Matt got downstairs, he knew something was wrong. Tangerine tensed up and started to smell the air, and then began wiggling.

“Nu! Nu! Wet Tangewine gu! Nu faiw!” He said panciking.

“Calm down Tangerine!”

Matt reached the pen and heard a heart-wrenching noise – the weak peeps of a dying foal. Firework’s hooves were clearly stained in blood, and the two ‘ugly babies,’ the green and brown foals, had been horribly trampled.

The brown foal had actually been the lucky one it seemed. Its head had been flattened fully, its tiny unopened eyes had been smeared into paste. Its soft skull had been crushed like an eggshell and its brains were spilled all over. Each of its legs had been broken as well, and now they all bent in awful directions.

The green baby, a colt, wasn’t so lucky. It wheezed and gasped with a wide open mouth. His chest had been badly flattened and his lungs were clearly unable supply him with enough air. His horn had been ripped clean off, and judging by the way his legs stuck out at strange angles, those had been stomped on too.

Matt was sure the poor creature would have been screaming at the top of its lungs if it were able to. Matt scooped the small foal up, trying to ignore its wiggling in pain as he did. He briefly considered trying to take the baby to the vet at Fluff-Mart, but abandoned the thought as the colt coughed blood and shuddered. Sighing, Matt snapped its neck, and the foal fell still.

Tangerine was staring at the dead brown foal from through the fence. “Huu huu... wittew babbeh take fowevah-sweepies... tu wittew fo’ nu-wakey...”

“Tangerine, I’m sorry.” Matt said, placing the dead green foal on the workbench. He scooped the wreckage of the brown foal out of the pen and put Tangerine back inside. He sadly looked at the bloodstain and wept.

“I will be right back, and then I’ll deal with you.” Matt said to Firework. The smarty bowed his head and backed up. “And you.” Matt said, sneering at Pinkie. The mare hugged her ‘good babies’ to her chest and avoided his gaze.

Taking the bodies of the foals upstairs, Matt quickly decided to throw them away in the outside bins. The last thing he needed was for his fluffies to see him with the crushed bodies of some babies. That wouldn’t go over well.

Matt dropped the bodies in the bin. It was actually kind of sad. He knew that he had brought the ferals in specifically to torture most of them, but there was still something sad about the way these mothers had abandoned their own children, and even how they had let another fluffy harm them. It filled Matt with a new kind of anger.

Heading back inside, he peeked his head into the safe-room. Arion was playing with Chestnut and her baby. The small foal was still young and hadn’t opened its eyes, but Chestnut enjoyed playing ball with Arion while curled around her baby. She gently batted it back to Arion and whispered sweet nothings to her baby, who gently cooed and nuzzled his mother. Tomorrow they would go to the vet, and Matt hoped they were all okay.

As soon as he got downstairs, Matt knew something was wrong. It was deathly quiet. Way too quiet for fluffies, that was sure. When he opened the second door to the basement, the smell hit him – fresh blood.

Matt rushed to the pen, and his heart sank. Tangerine was in the middle of the pen, and Firework was smashing his hooves against his head, trying to kill the fluffy.

The rest of the herd stood against the pen walls, silently watching as Firework only grunted slightly, rearing up and down and trying to kill Tangerine.

“Stop! Stop you fucking monster!” Matt said, rushing at the smarty. He lunged over the pen’s enclosure and kicked Firework as hard as he could, sending the fluffy side-first into the concrete wall.

There was a sick crack as something inside Firework audibly broke, earning Matt a squeal of pain. Matt didn’t care right now; Tangerine was his first priority.

“Haa.. haa...” Tangerine wheezed gently. His ribs were all broken and his thighs had been snapped. “Daddeh... Tangewine... am... su... sowwy...” Talking was obviously difficult for him, and blood leaked steadily from his mouth. “Twy... pwotect... babbehs... nu... can... Tangewine... am... bad...”

“No, no you’re a really really good fluffy Tangerine. Hang on, I’m going to get you help.” Matt said, scooping Tangerine up as quickly and gently as he could. Tangerine wheezed in protest, but didn’t wiggle. Either because he couldn’t or knew Matt was helping.

Matt wrapped him in a towel and put the fluffy in one of the cat carriers he had lying around. Quickly, he rushed into the garage and put the fluffy inside. He ran back into the safe room.

“Arion, Chestnut? Daddy has to go out really fast. Be good fluffies and I’ll be right back okay?”

Arion immediately knew something was wrong.

“Daddeh? Am otay?” He said, standing up nervously.

“Daddy is fine. I’ll be back as soon as I can, okay?” Matt said, gently stroking Arion’s fluff.

“O-otay daddeh...” Arion said, returning to Chestnut.

Matt smiled at them, and gave Chestnut a little pat too before returning to the garage. He double checked all the doors to the basement and safe-room before he left.

He hoped he wasn’t too late.

\* \* \*

Matt was driving fast, a little faster than he was comfortable with, trying to get to Fluff-Mart in record time. He could still hear the wheezing and gently coughs of Tangerine in the back, and told himself that was good because it meant the fluffy was still alive.

Screeching into Fluff-Mart, Matt grabbed the carrier and ran into the store, straight for the in-house vet.

“I need to see Dr. Tiffany, it’s an emergency.” Matt said to the receptionist.

“Sure, give me a second.” the man said.

Moments later, Tiffany came out. “Matt? What’s wrong?”

“I have a fluffy who was really badly hurt by his herd. Can you save him?” Matt asked desperately, putting the carrier on the counter.

“Gimme a look.” Tiffany said, opening it. Immediately, she knew the fluffy had slim chances of survival. “I need another set of hands, stat.” She said to the receptionist before picking up the fluffy and turning to go into the back room.

“Matt, stay here. I’ll call you when your fluffy -uh...”

“Tangerine.”

“When Tangerine is ready to see you.”

And then she left, Tangerine in her arms.

Matt was sitting in the waiting area, fidgeting horribly. Fluff-Mart was filled with small kids and their parents, some looking for new fluffies, some getting toys for old fluffies. He saw a little girl cuddling with a cute little pink and purple fluffy looking for a plastic fluffy doll house, and a boy with a small red and black fluffy looking for a fluffy-friendly RC car.

It warmed his heart, but also made him increasingly worried about Tangerine. He was conflicted – on one hand he wanted to take Tangerine home and introduce him to Chestnut and Arion, let him play and be loved; on the other he wanted to take the fluffies that had harmed him and slowly strip their skin off before rolling them in a bowl of salt.

“Matt?”

Matt stood up. Tiffany stood by the counter, ushering him towards her.

“Tangerine is he-”

“Come with me, Matt.” Her tone was grave. It didn’t ease any of Matt’s worry.

She led him behind the counter and inside the operating area. Matt passed rows of fluffies in roomy cages, each with a small clipboard detailing important information and the upcoming procedure. Most were here for simple things, neutering or minor surgeries, but a couple had more severe procedures on their charts, things like “pillowing” or “gastric bypass” were scribbled on a few of them.

Matt followed Tiffany until she stopped at a door.

“Okay. Tangerine is in there but... well he’s not going to make it.”

“No... T-there must be something you can do!” Matt demanded.

“Matt.” Her voice was gentle, but absolute. “He’s really beat up. Fluffies aren’t the most durable of creatures and he’s in really rough shape. There’s tons of internal bleeding, lots of organ damage. We sedated him and did what we could but... he’s fading fast. I wanted to give you the chance to say goodbye.”

“He’s- There’s no chance?”

“No. He’s going to die. You can either say goodbye and see him off, or let him die alone. I think you’d prefer the former.”

“Y... yeah.”

“Okay. C’mon in. It’s time to say goodbye.”

Tiffany opened the door, and led Matt into the operating room.

Tangerine lay on his side, under a blanket, on a stainless steel table. There was an IV in his side, and his eyes were slightly unfocused due to painkillers.

“D... daddeh? Daddeh am back fo’ Tangewine... nu am bad fwuffy?”

“Oh Tangerine... no, you’re a great fluffy. You were so good.” Matt said. He tried very hard to keep his voice even.

“Bu’... Tangewine nu can sabe wittle babbehs... smawty gib fowevah-sweepies.”

“It’s not your fault, Tangerine. It’s mine. I should have been watching them. I- I should have been watching you. It’s my fault this happened.”

“Nu!” Tangerine said, wiggling slightly. “Nu am bad daddeh. Am bestest daddeh. Gib Tangewine pwetty name an’ best nummies an’ wuv. Bestest daddeh... make Tangewine su happeh.”

“That makes me happy. I really love you Tangerine.”

“Daddeh wuv Tangewine? Dat am make su happeh...” Tangerine was fading. Matt knew it. “Daddeh? Tangewine am sweepy... am scawed. Nu wan go fowevah-sweepies! Daddeh pwease hewp fwuffy... nu wan die...” He started to cry.

“You’re not gonna die buddy,” Matt lied. “You’re just taking a nap okay? When we get home I’m going to make you a big bowl of sketti, just for you. Okay?”

“Sketti? Daddeh am... bestest daddeh... su happeh... Tangewine wuv daddeh...”

“I love you too Tangerine...”

A soft shudder escaped the fluffy and Matt knew he was gone. His eyes glassed over and he stopped even his slight movement.

“Matt... I’m sorry. I know it’s hard to lose a fluffy...” Tiffany said. She gently stroked his back. It made him feel a bit better. “Do... you want us to cremate him?”

“Uh. Yes. That would be... uh, yeah.” Matt said. He was still looking at Tangerine’s body. It was awful, seeing the scarred fluffy dead on the table. If he’d been smarter, realized that the ferals couldn’t be trusted, realized they’d turn on Tangerine. If only.

“I’ll call you when the ashes are ready, Matt. Go home. Get some rest, okay?” Tiffany slipped her card into the breast pocket of his shirt. “Call me if you need anything, okay?”

“Okay. Thank you, Tiff.”

“Of course.”

The drive home was quiet. Matt didn’t want to listen to the radio, and he drove slowly. He was still numb when he walked through the door and into the safe-room.

Arion and Chestnut were sleeping in a small fluff pile with Chestnut’s baby between them. At the sound of the safe-room door opening, Arion woke up.

“Daddeh?” He said, quietly. He stood up carefully so as not to wake Chestnut or her baby.

“Arion. It’s good to see you.” Matt said. The fluffy was an immense comfort right now. “I missed you.”

“Awion miss daddeh tu. Am... am daddeh otay?”

“No.” Matt said, being honest. “Daddy’s had a bad day.”

Arion rubbed against Matt’s leg. “Dat am otay. Aw bwight-time can nu be gud.”

“You’re right buddy.” Matt said, smiling at the fluffy’s sage words. “Hey, wanna watch some TV?”

“Yesh. Awion wuv teebee. Daddeh wach wif Awion?”

“Yeah buddy. C’mom.”

Matt lifted Arion up, and brought him to the couch. Matt laid down, putting on some Loony Tunes, and plopped Arion on his chest. The fluffy was warm, and Matt found comfort in stroking the mane of Arion. It was comforting, and helped to fill the numb pit the death of Tangerine had created.

Matt still felt the pang of guilt and sorrow, but stroking Arion's mane helped to ease the pain. In its absence, Matt only felt rage. Rage to the fluffies that had killed their innocent young, who had killed Tangerine. He calmed himself, knowing those fluffies would get what was coming to them.

Matt would be the vengeance they so painfully deserved.

\* \* \*

They had fallen asleep on the couch, Matt and Arion, and Matt woke up early in the morning to the TV playing some QVC nonsense. He stretched a bit, trying hard not to disturb Arion. The fluffy shifted a bit, still sleeping, but roused slightly.

Matt slowly lifted Arion in his arms, swaddling him like a baby. The fluffy stirred as he was picked up.

"Daddeh...? Why wakies?" Arion said groggily.

"Shh, I'm just going to put you in your bed, okay?" Matt said, gently stroking between Arion's wings.

"Otay..." Arion yawned. "Stiww am sweepy. Beddie sound gud. Fank yu daddeh."

"Of course buddy." Matt said.

Chestnut and her baby were curled up together in the bed, and Matt put Arion down in such a way that he cuddled them both, helping to keep the baby warm. It had been about a week since Matt had taken the feral mother in and he expected her baby to open her eyes soon.

He wanted to be there when that happened, and as such had put a baby gate in the doorway of the safe-room and had started to leave the door open. Chestnut and Arion knew better than to try to get over the gate, and it gave them a good view of Matt while he worked.

When Matt was sure that Arion had fallen back asleep, he quietly stepped over the baby gate and closed the door. He wanted to be sure that his fluffies couldn't hear anything he was about to do.

Matt headed downstairs, making sure the doors were closed behind him. The ferals were all asleep in their makeshift pen. They were all in a small fluff-pile, Pinkie was curled up with her babies by her teats.

Matt immediately noticed that Charcoal had already given birth. He'd missed it in the excitement. All her babies looked to be 'good babies'. There was a black pegasus, a white unicorn, a blue earthie, a red pegasus, and... a blue and red unicorn.

Oh man, Firework is the father of her foals... the other fluffy is just her caretaker. He probably knows but can't say anything without incurring Firework's wrath... Matt smiled. He had the perfect way to hurt Firework.

"Wake up you worthless fucks!" Matt shouted. The fluffies immediately woke up, their little heads shooting from the pile as their eyes shot open.

"Fwuffy am sweepin!" Firework said irritated. "Why dummeh daddeh wake fwuffies?"

"I don't give a shit that you're sleeping." Matt said.

His hands were shaking, and he could feel the pressure build in his jaw from where he was grinding his teeth. It was too much, he was too angry. He needed to calm down or he'd be left with a bloody smear on the floor.

And these fluffies deserved much worse than a quick death.

“Firework, why did you kill Tangerine?” Matt asked.

“Tangewine am bad fwuffy! Gib babbehs fowevah-sweepies!” Firework said, still believing his lie had held.

“Oh Firework you little idiot.” Matt said. It was almost comical how stupid they were. “I know it was you who killed the babies. I know it was you who told Pinkie and Charcoal that their badly colored babies were bad babies. I know.”

Firework backed up slowly, his eyes wide with fear.

“N-nu! Nu teww mawes poopeh babehs am bad!” He insisted.

“Firework, if you don’t tell me the truth right now, I swear to god I will tear your eyes out with my bare hands.”

“Nu am wyin’!” Firework said.

“Okay fine.” Matt said, reaching into the pen.

Firework backed up, trying to escape Matt’s reach, but hadn’t realized that Matt wasn’t aiming for him.

With the red and blue unicorn in his grasp, Matt smiled at Firework. He squeezed the newborn gently, earning himself some panicked peeps and squirms.

“Tell me the truth, or I’ll kill your son.” Matt said.

Firework’s eyes were wide. He looked from Matt, to the baby in his grasp, to the now crying Charcoal.

“Otay! Otay!” Firework said, his voice desperate. “Pwease nu huwt bestest babbeh.”

“Start talking.” Matt demanded.

“Dis.. dis am Fiew-wowk’s hewd! Fiew-wowk deciwd wat babbeh am gud an’ wat babbeh am bad. Poopeh cowow babbeh nu gud fo’ hewd. Nu need ugwe cowow babbehs, su Fiew-wowk teww mummahs dat bah ugwe babbehs need gu fowevah-sweepies. Dummeh Tangewine nu wan babbehs gu fowevah-sweepies, say aw babbeh am gud babbeh.”

Matt was quiet for a long time, staring at Firework. The little bastard was capable of so much cruelty for an animal with the IQ of a toaster.

“So why did you kill Tangerine?” Matt asked.

“Dummeh Tangewine wan teww daddeh ‘bout bad babbehs! Wan get hewd in twobew! Nu wet dummeh fwuffy make daddeh get hewd in twobew!”

“So you killed him. I took you into my home, gave you food and toys and warmth. All I asked is that you take care of your babies, all of them. And you couldn’t even do that?”

“Nu cawe! Nu cawe! Fiew-wowk make wuwes! Not daddeh!”

“Not daddy? Listen here you little shit, this is my house, my rules. You could have all led happy, healthy lives. Instead, now I have to hurt all of you.” Matt was done. These fluffies were corrupt, bad, evil. There was no way he would ever get them to love or accept Arion and Chestnut. There was no way he would let these fucks live with him.

And there was no way he’d let them live.

Matt looked at the baby in his hand, eyes shut tight and peeping desperately for its mother’s milk.

“P- pwease daddeh... gib Chawcoaw back bestest babbeh? Need miwkies an wuv.”



“This is your bestest baby? Okay, you can have him back.” He gently dropped the baby back into the pen in front of its mother. Charcoal immediately grabbed the panicked baby and put it to one of her swollen teats, letting it drink fully.

“Pinkie, Charcoal, listen up.” Matt said. “I want one of your babies each. You can stay with the others ones, but I want one of them. You may choose.”

Pinkie and Charcoal both looked panicked.

“Pwease daddeh, nu take gu babbehs, babbesh nee’ mummah fo’ miwkies an wuv!” Pinkie said, holding her babies close to her.

“I don’t care. You can either give me one of your babies willingly or I’ll take them all by force.” Matt said. The two mothers looked at each other, clearly fearing both options.

Matt smiled to himself. He knew that Pinkie was now regretting letting Firework kill her other babies, as they would have been great options to give up at this moment.

She was the first to give up a baby; her little black earthie.

“Daddeh can hab bwack babbeh... nu as pwetty as othew babbehs...” She said sadly, pushing the little filly away from her. The black baby peeped in distress as it was given up.

Navy, however, wasn’t too please. “Nu!” He said, finally breaking his silence. “Daddeh nu take babbehs! Nu take any babbehs! All am gud!”

“Oh really? All your babies are good? What about the brown and green baby, you didn’t try to protect those, now did you?” Matt said, scooping the black filly up from the pen. He put it in a small carrier, one he’d set up with a heating pad for when he’d planned to take all the foals. Well, plans change.

“Charcoal, your turn.” Matt said, turning to her. Navy had retreated to Pinkie, and both were now crying over the loss of their ‘worst baby.’ Fucking assholes.

For Charcoal, black and white were her favorite colors as they were her colors. But she also loved the blue and red babies as they were the color of Firework. She especially wasn’t going to give up her pretty blue-red baby, the bestest baby ever, with his blue body and red legs.

“Daddeh can hab... wed wingie babbeh...” She said hesitatingly. She nudged the baby out of the pile and towards Matt.

“Okay.” Matt said. He took the other peeping baby and put it with the black one in the carrier. The warmth immediately calmed the baby down and they both nuzzled next to each other in the warmth. “You’ve chosen your babies. There are no take-backs now. I’ll be back later today.”

And with that, Matt left the basement, leaving the crying mothers and the very confused Firework to themselves as he closed all the basement doors.

Next, Matt took the carrier into the safe-room, and was happily greeted by Chestnut and Arion.

“Yay! Daddeh’s back!” Arion said, grinning from ear to ear.

“Daddeh! Wook! Babbeh am see-babbeh now!” Chestnut said with joy.

Damnit I missed the opening... Matt was a little disappointed but the baby was a seeing baby now! Its eyes were fully opened and it was excitedly stumbling and trying to stand. It still peeped and chirped instead of speaking, and it hadn’t quite gotten the whole ‘walking’ thing down, but over the next week that should occur.

“Wow Chestnut! That’s wonderful!” Matt said. He placed the carrier of foals just outside the safe room and gently leaned down to see the baby. “Hey little girl, my name is Matt, I’m your daddy.” He said softly.

The baby looked at him, sniffed his fingers a few times, and then let out a loud and happy chirp, cooing as he rubbed her head.

"I think she likes me," Matt said happily.

"Yesh! Babbeh am gub babbeh an wuv daddeh!" Chestnut said really happily.

"Okay, it's vet time everyone, we're gonna go today so we can make sure you're all healthy, alright?"

Arion pranced a bit and nuzzled Chestnut. "Otay daddeh." He said, "We gu in metaw munstah?"

"Yeah we're going to take the car, okay? You can both be good fluffies and ride in the car, right?"

"Yesh daddeh." Chestnut said. "Awion teww Ches'nut dat metaw munstah am nu bad. Nu gunna num Ches'nut o' babbeh."

"That's right." Matt said, picking Chestnut up. He was sure Arion could walk next to him, but wanted to ensure that the baby was calm and with its mother.

Arion followed dutifully, muttering how he was going to be good at the vet for daddy. It was only when they passed the basement door that Matt lost sight of the little alicorn. He looked around briefly and saw Arion sniffing curiously at the door's threshold.

"Arion! Come here!" Matt said, a little too firmly.

Arion jumped, clearly scared from his daddy's tone.

"Sowwy daddeh... Awion smeww fwuffies!" Arion said, explaining why he lagged behind.

Matt paled. "You're the only fluffies here, it's probably just a stray smell. Now c'mon, we've got to go."

"Otay daddeh!" Arion said, obeying his daddy. He was sure he smelled fluffies. He didn't know why his daddy couldn't smell it, but it was fine.

In the car, Matt got Chestnut and Arion comfortable in the back seat with fluffy towels and some pillows. Chestnut was cooing to her now-sleeping baby and her and Arion were happily chatting about the vet. Matt ran inside really fast to grab the carrier of foals. He placed it in the front seat next to him and made sure that they were still sleeping. He wasn't quite sure how he was going to sell it to Chestnut, but he knew he needed his two foals to have access to milk, or they'd die.

The car ride was mostly uneventful. The engine starting scared Chestnut and Arion, and woke all the foals up. Arion had been briefly aware of the foals in the carrier, and was staring at them with some confusion until Chestnut's baby shit on her mother in fear. Chestnut complained about not smelling pretty and Arion helped to calm the fussy baby while Chestnut cleaned her off.

They arrived at Fluff-Mart soon, however, and Matt had to put Chestnut and her baby in a carrier of their own. Arion, however, didn't have a carrier. Matt slipped little shoes on his hooves, they had been on sale the last time he was out and they had strong rubber soles and soft cushions inside.

"Arion, can you be a good fluffy and walk next to daddy so I can carry these?" Matt asked.

"Yesh daddeh! Awion wiww wawk wif daddeh!"

"Okay. You have to stay right by my side, okay? No running off and if you need a little break let me know.

"Otay daddeh. Wiww be gud."

Arion flicked his legs out a bit when he was placed on the ground, the shoes obviously a little uncomfortable on his hooves, but quickly fell right next to Matt as he carried the other fluffies inside. Matt kept a close eye on Arion, but the fluffy was trotting along right next to him like a good boy.

Chestnut sang gently to her baby in the carrier, but the red and black foal in the other carrier had begun to peep nervously with the jostling of the carriers.

“Daddeh?” Chestnut asked from the carrier.

“What’s up Chestnut?”

“Daddeh hab... mowe babbehs?” Chestnut could obviously hear the peeping and chirps of the distressed babies.

“Yeah. I have a few foals who’s parents abandoned them. I’m taking them to the vet to make sure they’re healthy.

“Dat am su sad...” Chestnut said quietly.

Inside Fluff-Mart, the vet station was thankfully empty. The receptionist gave Matt a small check in sheet for each fluffy and went to go grab Tiffany.

The forms were simple; what’s your fluffy’s name? Where did you get your fluffy: fluff mart, breeder, feral rescue. Any previous medical knowledge. Is this your fluffy’s first visit? Does your fluffy have any special needs? Etc.

Matt filled one out for each fluffy, and was a little embarrassed when he had to check “feral rescue” for each fluffy. He really hoped that Tiffany didn’t judge him, or worse; assume he was an abuser.

Chestnut, for her part, kept looking over at the carrier with the other babies in it. She kept going back her her baby, talking to her and singing a calming song.

“Daddeh?” Arion asked.

“What’s up bud?”

“Wat am ‘vet’?”

“Oh, well... a vet is a doctor for fluffies. They make sure that you’re healthy and let me know if you’re not.”

Arion nodded. “Awion knu dat. But wat am vet?”

“I... I don’t know what you’re asking.” Matt said, confused. “Do you mean...”

Arion sucked his hoof, confused. It was clear he was trying to come up with the words to phrase his question when Tiffany came in.

“Hey Matt! These must be your fluffies, and this handsome guy must be Arion!” She knelt down to say hello. “Hey Arion, how are you?”

“Hewwo pwetty wady. Awion am gud! Fank yu fo’ ask.” Arion said, leading into her hand as she petted his mane.

“Wow this guy was a feral? He’s so well behaved!” Tiffany said to Matt.

“Yeah, he’s a little charmer.” Matt said smiling. “Arion, this is Tiffany, she’s the vet.”

“OH!” Arion said, his tail wagging now. “Vet am pwetty hooman mawe?”

Tiffany laughed as Matt’s face turned red. Arion hadn’t been asking what a vet did, he’d been asking what a vet was. He was a feral, and didn’t really know anything about the human world, Matt guessed.

“That’s right Arion! I’m the vet. But vets can be human stallions too!” She said, smiling at him. “And this pretty mommy must be... Chestnut!” She said, briefly looking at the chart. “What a pretty baby you have, you must be very proud.”

“Fank yu pwetty vet. Babbeh am best babbeh. Be vewwy gud.” Chestnut replied.

The term ‘best baby’ had Tiffany frown for a moment before she realized there were no other foals in Chestnut’s carrier.

“And Matt, whose babies are those?” Tiffany said, gesturing to the black filly and red pegasus.

“They’re some babies some ferals abandoned. I figured they would do better with me than outside.”

Tiffany frowned. Red and black were usually popular colors, and it was surprising that they would be abandoned alone.

“So they’re not Chestnuts?” She asked.

“No. When I found Chestnut, she only had her current baby.” Matt said. “She... uh, was raped by a stallion right before I took her in.”

“Oh wow, okay. Is that on the sheet?”

“Yeah.”

“Alright! Why don’t we take these guys to the check-up room? Matt, you can come if you’d like, it’ll be nice to have a second set of familiar hands.”

“Oh, okay.” Matt said.

Tiffany picked up Chestnut’s box and the babies, while Matt carried Arion in his arms, having taken the booties off. Arion giggled like he always did when carried, and it helped put Chestnut at ease too. It was clear she was being really good not complaining, but the carrier made her uncomfortable.

In the check-up room, Tiffany was quick to let Chestnut out of the carrier, way more in touch with how fluffies felt than Matt.

“You were such a good girl for staying in the carrier for so long! Would you like a treat?”

“Fank yu nice wady. Ches’nut wike tweek.” Chestnut said softly as she stretched on the steel table. Tiffany had laid down a towel so it wasn’t cold on fluffy sensitive hooves. Chestnut still had her baby close.

Tiffany gave her a small treat, which Chestnut quickly gobbled down. She smiled at the taste and cooed to her baby.

“Okay, so we’re going to go through some routine tests; check for worms, check bloodwork, teeth, and other physical quality.”

“Okay. Chestnut is sensitive so be careful okay?” Matt said, looking over at the brown fluffy.

To his surprise, Chestnut had sat down and her head was gently swaying back and forth.

“Chestnut?” Matt asked, concerned.

“It’s okay. The treat I gave her is drugged. She’ll be asleep soon.” Tiffany said, gently laying Chestnut on her side. Matt watched, concerned, as her eyes closed and she fell asleep.

“Okay, now let’s take a look at the little... girl!” Tiffany said, lifting Chestnut’s baby up.

She examined the little baby, checking her mouth, her eyes, the fluff that was coming in. She stroked and held her sweetly and even though the baby kept looking over at its mother, it was still clearly comfortable.

“Well the little girl is in great shape! Not too fat, which means Chestnut knows it shouldn’t be eating constantly, opened her eyes at the right time, and I can feel her teeth coming in nicely. Let’s take a look at mom, would you mind holding the baby?”

“Uh sure.” Matt said, taking the small baby in his hands. The filly knew Matt’s scent and immediately began to coo as it wrapped in a ball in his hands and nuzzled up.

Tiffany changed her gloves and examined Chestnut. Her teats were swollen, and it was obvious that it had been uncomfortable for her to move too much, since only one baby was drinking milk and not the usual five to eight that should be. Tiffany lifted the teats gently and grabbed a bottle from the shelf, and began to gently milk the mare, filling the bottle to the absolute brim with milk. She slapped a rubber nipple on the top and handed it to Matt.

“If the baby gets hungry, feed her from this.”

Tiffany turned back to Chestnut, continuing the examination. Her eyes were both good, and her teeth were in good condition. Good oral health. Her vagina was also in good condition, despite the rape that Matt had mentioned happened a few weeks ago. Tiffany felt her stomach gently and immediately pulled back.

“Okay, so the good news is that Chestnut is in really good shape; she’s healthy and judging by her attitude, happy too.”

“That’s great!” Matt said.

“The bad news – she’s pregnant.”

“She’s... what?” Matt was dumbstruck.

“She wouldn’t be showing yet, but she would have known. I’m guessing she’s been focused on her current baby to care notice her ‘tummy babies’ yet. Do you know what happened to her previous foals?”

“No. I never asked because it seemed to make her really sad.”

“Okay.” Tiffany smiled. “I’ll have to ask her so I know what we’re dealing with. If she miscarried before we’d need to make sure she doesn’t again. If her previous foals were killed she’ll have some attachment issues.”

Tiffany finished her examination of Chestnut and put her back in the carrier, this time with the top half taken off, with her baby next to her.

“Okay Arion!” Tiffany said. “Your turn!”

Arion pranced a little and let Tiffany pick him up. He stood calmly on the table, smiling proudly at Matt as if to say ‘see what a good fluffy I am?’ It was adorable.

First, Tiffany checked Arion’s eyes and mouth. He flinched when she used the dilation light in his eyes, but was quite calm when she opened his mouth and felt his teeth. Both were good, healthy. Next, she checked his stomach, feeling for hernias or organ issues. Again, Arion was remarkably healthy for a feral fluffy.

She went down his body, checking his vertebrae and legs, as well as each of his hooves. Finally, she got to his testicles.

“Arion, I’m going to have to touch your special lumps, okay? I promise I won’t hurt you.”

“O-otay nice wady.” Arion said. He was nervous, but tried to stay calm for daddy.

Tiffany gently felt the stallion's balls, rolling them around and making sure there was no damage, torsion, or wounds. Fortunately for Arion, his testicles and his anus looked to be perfectly fine.

"Arion is also in great shape Matt! You're taking great care of these fluffies." She gave Arion a treat, this one not drugged, for being such a good patient. "If you want, I can always neuter Arion. He's a little old for it, so he'd probably be a little depressed for a while, but he should recover with lots of love."

"Oh uh, I don't know. I was thinking maybe I'd breed him at some point?" Matt said. He wasn't actually sure about that, but he didn't really want to cut Arion's balls off.

"Okay. Just letting you know, eventually he'll start to complain that his balls hurt and ask for 'special hugs' or a 'special friend' to get rid of the pain."

"Now," Tiffany said, "Let me see those foals."

The red pegasus and black earthie were, again, in surprising condition. The black earthie was a filly and she was developing nicely. Both of the foal's eyes were still closed, but Tiffany could tell they would open soon. They were active, too. Both foals wiggled and peeped constantly, obviously well-fed.

"Matt, how did you find these foals?"

"Oh uh, their parents abandoned them."

Tiffany looked up at him. "Look I'm not an idiot. These foals are well-fed, have lots of energy, and are developing correctly. Abandoned foals are usually half malnourished. If they were abandoned willingly, they would be ugly colors and the 'bad babies' that would have been underfed. I can only guess they weren't abandoned willingly, and if that's the case... well I won't judge you but I need to know."

"I- uh... I took them from their parents." Matt admitted.

"Okay. Why?" Tiffany said. She had wrapped the babies in a warm towel and was feeding them a mix of fluffy milk and vitamin supplements.

"Well... they were the fluffies that... y'know... Tangerine." Matt said. He tried to avoid the whole 'dead fluffy' thing in front of Arion, who was sitting contently on his lap as he stroked between the fluffy's wings.

"I see. So this is, what? Revenge?" Tiffany said. Matt really didn't seem like an abuser, and she'd met many of them. He was nice, took good care of his fluffies, and seemed genuinely upset when Tangerine passed.

"I... guess so? I'm not going to hurt them! I'm gonna raise them." Matt said. He wasn't lying. Just omitting some truths.

"I believe that, Matt. I do. But, I don't know, taking foals from their parents? And you told me they gave them up willingly!"

"I- well they did! I just... uhg how do I explain..." Matt was sweating. Tiffany was nice and currently breaking down all his lies. "Okay... I'll... I'll tell you the truth."

And he did. From the hitting of Arion awakening something in him to the capture of the ferals to the death of the poopie babies to the theft of the foals. All of it, in detail. By the time he'd finished, the medication that had knocked Chestnut out had worn off and she was awake, talking to her baby.

"Jesus Matt. That's... that's pretty fucked up." Tiffany said after a long silence.

"Y-yeah. I know." Matt swallowed hard. "Now what?"

“Now what? Nothing. Fluffies aren’t considered animals really, they’re considered property. Killing and capturing ferals holds the same issues with the law as collecting glass bottles out of trashcans and shattering them in your basement. As long as you don’t leave their corpses in the street, the police won’t do anything.”

“But?”

“Well... I really love fluffies. I’m a vet, Matt. I heal them, I fix them, I help them. Hearing that you keep a bunch in your basement for... violent... purposes isn’t... well it’s not the best thing I’ve heard all day.”

“I know... I didn’t mean to start... abusing. It’s just... well they make me so mad. I was going to... I don’t know Tiffany. I just wanted to... vent?”

Tiffany sighed. She took another long pause and stroked the foals in the blanket. “I get it.”

“You... you do?”

“Yeah. In vet school... you’ve gotta have that streak. We did vivisection, we did operations without anesthesia, we did all sorts of bad things. And there were days when you couldn’t hear that baby talk one more time. You ask any fluffy vet and they’ve enjoyed themselves at least once. There’s a reason I offer pillowing, and it’s not company policy.”

“R... really?” Matt was surprised, to say the least. This sweet, kind vet liked to abuse? “But...”

“I don’t abuse client’s fluffies, Matt. I like my job and I like healing them. I get the weird divide; you love Arion and Chestnut. And you hate the others. It’s fine. I get it. Just promise me one thing.”

“What?”

“Don’t let Arion or Chestnut find out. It’ll psychologically break them.”

“I promise.”

The drive home had been calm. Arion and Chestnut had been given some extra treats from Tiffany and they were both happily munching away on them. Chestnut had giggled as her baby had tried to eat one, salivating all over the treat as it gummed it. The two foals in their carrier had been quiet and content, and even Chestnut seemed more comfortable.

“Chestnut?” Matt asked once they were all back in the safe-room. Even the black and red foals, though he’d left them in their carrier. “Why didn’t you tell me your t- uh... milkie places hurt you?”

“Ches’nut am sowwy daddeh...” She said, looking away. “Nu wan’ botha daddeh.”

“Oh Chestnut, it’s not a bother. If you’re ever in pain you need to let me know so I can help you.” Matt said, stroking her mane. “Are you feeling better now?”

“Yesh daddeh! Nice wady Tif’nee make miwkie-pwaces feww su bettah!”

“I’m glad. Now... Chestnut I want to ask you something, you don’t have to tell me if you don’t want to, but it’ll help me understand how I can help you, okay?”

“Yesh daddeh.”

“What happened to your other babies?”

Chestnut’s eyes immediately began to water. She looked away from Matt and down her her baby, who was gently sleeping by her belly.

“Dis am Ches’nut wastest babbeh...” She said softly. “Ches’nut hab two an two babbehs. Aww pwetty gud babbehs. Speshuw-fweind am pwetty bwown stawwion. He am gud daddeh... bu’ one bwight-time he gu tu get nummies an’ neba cum back...”

“Oh Chestnut...”

“Am hawd tu find nummies an’ watch babbehs... tu widdew tu stay at nestie but nee’ weave babbehs awone to find nummies fo make miwkies... One bwight-time Ches’nut gu to get nummies fo’ babbehs. When cum back...” She took a deep breath, and wrapped around her baby. “Wastest babbeh am onwy babbeh.”

“Where did your other babies go?”

“Nu kno. Ches’nut wook ebewywere! Undah nestie, near twash-nummie boxies. Bu’ Ches’nut neba find otha babbesh. Dey gone.”

She sobbed now, in full. Her baby woke up seeing its mother’s distress and nuzzled closer to Chestnut’s stomach.

“I’m so sorry Chestnut.” Matt said. He gently stroked Chestnut’s baby and the mare.

“It am otay. Ches’nut saddie fo many bwight-time. Bu’ stiww hab wastest babbeh. Nee’ be gud mummah fo’ wastest babbeh.”

“You are a good mother. I’m so sorry Chestnut. You’ve been such a great mother to your baby. I... I want to ask you something.” Matt said, getting the carrier with the other foals.

“Wat daddeh ask Ches’nut?”

Matt pulled the black filly and red colt from the carrier, and held them in front of Chestnut. They were full of milk and sleeping peacefully. Chestnut sniffed them with interest.

“I was hoping you’d help me raise these babies. I know they’re not yours but they need mother’s milk. And since the reason your milkie places hurt you is because you’re making too much milk for one baby. These will drink the rest of your milk and make you feel better. And don’t worry, your own baby obviously comes first.”

Chestnut stared at Matt for a while, clearly processing his request.

“Daddeh... gib Ches’nut babbehs?” She asked.

“Yes, if you want. You don’t have to take care of them if you don’t want to, but I figured it would be better to have you raise them than me.” Matt said.

“Daddeh am nu mummah su dat make sense.” She said smiling. “Ches’nut wuv babbehs... aww babbehs. Can... can Ches’nut howd babbehs?”

“Of course!” Matt said.

He gently put the babies by Chesnut’s front hooves. She wrapped them up in her arms, and brought her own baby up to her chest too. The babies peeped and rolled in comfort. Chestnut’s filly sniffed them with interest but began to happily peep and nuzzle them after a moment. Chestnut smiled at her and brought all of the babies together in a hug.

“Wook babbeh. Am big-sissie now. Hab widdew bwotha an’ sissie.” Chestnut said, smiling.

“So... you want to raise them?” Matt said.

“Yesh daddeh. Wan be gud mummah fo’ babbehs.” She said. She was crying again.

“Okay. Then they’re yours. You’re their new mommy.”

“Fank yu su much daddeh!” Chestnut said, nuzzling all three of her babies. “Ches’nut be bestest mummah fo’ aww babbehs! Bu... daddeh?”

“Yes Chestnut?” Matt said. He was stroking her back.



“Can... can Ches’nut bwown babbeh hab name?”

“Oh! Of course! Why don’t we name them all, so we can tell them apart easily?”

Chestnut nodded.

“Hey Arion, c’mere!” Matt said. The alicorn had been playing by himself and watching the exchange between Matt and Chestnut.

“Yesh daddeh!” Arion said, bounding over. He sat happily next to Matt and wagged his fluffy tail.

“Say hi to Chestnut’s new babies okay? They’re going to be part of our family.”

“Hewwo babbehs!” Arion said. He leaned down low to the babies in Chestnut’s hug and sniffed them. “Dese am gud babbehs! Ches’nut am bestest mummah!” Arion said happily. He licked each of the babies, earning a small coo from the red and black baby, and a happy giggle and a return lick from the brown filly.

“Okay, ready for your babies’ names?” Matt asked. He already had ideas.

“Yesh daddeh!” Chestnut said.

“Hmm... for your brown baby why don’t we call her... Almond?” Matt said. The fur that had come in was a pretty brown, like her mother’s, but lighter in color.

“Awmon’ am pwetty name! Fank yu daddeh!”

“Okay! You’re Almond little girl.” Matt said. He rubbed her head with his finger and was delighted by the happy coo. “Now for these two... hmm...”

The black filly and red colt were both soundly asleep, enjoying the comfort and warmth of a mother’s fluff.

“How about we call the black filly... Licorice?” Matt asked. If she was anything like her mother, she should develop some white at some point.

“Oooo Wicowish su pwetty! Babbeh am gunna wuv name!”

“I hope so! And for this little guy... how about Brick?” Matt said. His red fur wasn’t nearly as bright as Firework’s, it was a much more subdued tone.

“Bwick! Am gud name!” Chestnut smiled and nuzzled the three foals. “Awmon’, Wicowish, an’ Bwick! Aww gud babbehs. Ches’nut pwomise be gud mummah fo’ aww babbehs!”

“An Awion be gud bwotha!” Arion added. Chestnut smiled at him.

“You’re gonna be the best mom and the best brother for these little guys!” Matt affirmed. He stroked Arion’s fluff and rolled him on his tummy, tickling the alicorn.

“Ahaha! Daddeh! Tu much tickies!” Arion flailed his little legs in between his laughing.

They all played like this for a while, Matt tickling Arion and gently playing with Almond. The two babies woke up every now and again to feed, which Matt could tell was an immense relief for Chestnut. They played blocks and ball, and before he knew it, an hour had passed.

“Okay, Daddy has to do some work now alright guys?”

“Otay daddeh! Fank yu fo’ pway-tiem!” Arion said. He yawned and laid down near Chestnut. The play time had clearly worn all of them out and Almond was peacefully sleeping in a fluff-pile with her adoptive siblings.

“Hab gud wowk daddeh!” Chestnut said, curling around her babies and cuddling close to Arion so they could all sleep peacefully.

Matt smiled as he left the safe-room, closing the door behind him.

It was time for a different kind of play.

Firework and the other ferals in the basement all huddled around the remaining babies. They had recovered from the fighting and screaming, and quickly after all of them had bowed back down to Firework as the smarty of the heard who had killed the evil Tangerine that made daddy so angry at them.

Firework, however, wasn’t doing so great. Breathing was hard and where daddy had kicked him was sore. He limped when he walked and drinking and eating caused him pain. He didn’t know it but three ribs had been broken from the combined impact of Matt’s foot and the wall.

The ferals all jumped as they heard the basement door slam shut. Slowly walking up to the workbench was Matt. He was carrying a bag with... something in it, though they couldn’t tell what.

“Hewwo daddeh!” Firework said, coughing a bit. “Am time fo’ nummies?”

Matt stopped what he was doing and went over to Firework. He lifted the fluffy by the neck scruff and threw him roughly into the sink by the workbench. The basin was stainless steel and the walls were high so there was no way Firework was getting out.

“Owies! Why daddeh huwt gud fwuffy!?” Firework demanded.

“Good? You’re not a good fluffy. You’re a very bad fluffy. And now I’m going to make you watch.”

Matt grabbed some of the discarded wood and a length of twine. With some nails he was able to fashion two of the planks into a make-shift cross; big enough for his purposes.

Lifting Firework from the basin, he placed the fluffy back-first against the crucifix and tied his two front legs down to either side, and tied both his back legs together and to the supporting post, crucifying the fluffy. He stuffed the base of the cross into a grommet on the workbench, so that Firework had a full view of the table.

“Wet Fiew-wowk gu! Nu wike dis game!” Firework demanded, struggling against the ropes.

“This isn’t a game, Firework. This is a reckoning.”

“W... what am we-... wekon’in?”

“Consider it the payment of a debt.” Matt said. He didn’t care that he wasn’t making any sense to the dumb animal. The cryptic conversation was making Firework nervous, and that was what mattered.

“Now... who first?” Matt said, looking at the pen. Most of the fluffies were cowering away now. They looked from Matt to their babies to Firework.

“W-wet fuffies gu nice daddeh?” Aquamarine asked, his eyes wide and pleading.

“Ah, a volunteer!” Matt said. The grin on his face was malicious, to say the least.

Matt quickly pulled Aquamarine from the pen and placed him on the workbench. He reached into the bag, which was filled with goodies from both the abuse section of Fluff-Mart and the local hardware store, and grabbed four large zip-ties, attaching them to nails that were strategically placed in the surface of the bench.

Zippering Aquamarine’s legs to the table so he was splayed, Matt could now focus that he had both hands free.

“Remember Firework, this is all your fault.” Matt said.

Aquamarine's face was turned towards Firework, and he was openly crying and struggling now, his little heart beating rapidly. He didn't know what was going on, but something in him told him it was bad.

Matt grabbed a pair of pliers from the tool rack and opened Aquamarine's mouth. Fluffy teeth were strong enough, but their jaws were pretty weak. Even the hardest fluffy bite would only bruise. Sometimes they were strong enough to draw blood, but not usually.

Working with a deliberate slowness, Matt let Aquamarine see the pliers before he reached them in his opened mouth and ripped his back left molar out.

Aquamarine's eyes went wide the second before the pain hit him. And then he screamed.

"SCREEEEEEEE MOUF HURTIES MOUF HURTIES!" He screamed as soon as Matt's hand was out of his mouth, blood pouring from the now open cavity.

Matt very calmly put the tooth on the table in front of Firework, who was also now crying.

"Meanie dummeh hooman gib tuffie wowstest huwties!" Firework said, struggling harder against his bindings.

"Oh no, this is a performance. Please, no comments from the audience." Matt said, grabbing a roll of duct tape from the bag and ripping off a hefty piece. He wrapped it around Firework's muzzle, shutting the fluffy up.

Matt turned back to the sobbing Aquamarine, prying his mouth open again. It was harder this time, as he was trying his hardest to keep it shut.

"Don't worry, only a couple dozen left." Matt said, going for the second tooth.

He clamped down on each tooth, making sure to work as slowly as possibly. He would grab the top and twist back and forth, making sure to press down so the tooth ground against Aquamarine's jawbone as much as possible. He then pulled, slowly, until he could hear the gargled sobs of the fluffy, and then pulled the tooth free.

With each tooth, Aquamarine drooled more and more and bloody spit was all over Matt's hands and workstation. Aquamarine was struggling against the zip-ties but seemed to have realized there was nothing he could do.

When Matt got to the last pair of teeth – the front teeth – Aquamarine was sobbing but not even struggling. He'd either accepted his fate or exhausted himself. Matt smiled as he pulled these teeth quickly, one after the other as fast as he could. The sudden change of pace and new pain shot through Aquamarine and he began struggling and sobbing anew.

"There, all done. That wasn't so bad, was it?" Matt said. Before him sat a pile of teeth, bloody and wet, as well as the newly toothless Aquamarine.

"Wahh papfffy tak fweef..." Aquamarine gurgled. Matt laughed at the sloppy speech. With every word, bloody spit flowed from Aquamarine's mouth.

"Here, you know what. I feel bad. Let me give back your teeth!" Matt said. He picked up one of Aquamarine's front teeth in his pliers, and forced his mouth open again.

And then he shoved it where Aquamarine's molars had been. The fluffy screamed as the tooth was forced in the wrong spot, and as Matt twisted and ground it in. Matt did so with most of the other teeth, haphazardly ramming them back into Aquamarine's mouth; molars in the front, canines in the back, front teeth off to the side. When he was finished, the teeth had been impacted hard enough into the jawbone that they weren't going to be easily taken out.

Aquamarine was sobbing anew and peeping ridiculously. Matt couldn't help but laugh at the agonized fluffy.

"Wow, you sound even more retarded than a normal fluffy." Matt said, untying him and practically tossing him back in the pen. "I'm done with you now."

“Well, Firework, how’d you like the show? Don’t worry, there’s plenty more of your heard to have fun with! Who’s next...?”

The ferals were all terrified, sobbing and shitting themselves as they huddled as far away from Matt and Aquamarine as possible.

“How about a baby!” Matt said, grabbing the pink earthie from Pinkie.

“Nu! Nu huwt gud babbeh!” Pinkie screamed, trying to grab her from Matt’s grasp. It was a futile effort, of course, her being slow and small.

Matt brought the little filly over to the workbench. She didn’t need to be strapped down, as she was still just a chirpy baby and couldn’t fight back.

Matt flipped her on her back and pulled out a few wooden dowels from his bag. One went in the filly’s asshole, and the other went right into her cunt. He grabbed a little pegboard stand and put both pegs into the holes of the board, making her a little trophy.

“Well look at that, the baby is standing up!” Matt said, laughing at the peeps of pain and fear from the little filly. The pegs had been forced down and vertical, parallel to each other, which of course pulled both the poor filly’s vagina and asshole apart. Matt could see the grotesque bulge in the filly’s stomach where the rough unfinished wood of the peg was rubbing against her insides.

Matt pressed down on her head, forcing the pegs deeper inside her and causing her to peep and chirp in agony as the splintery wood tore her sensitive insides apart. Matt could see the wood becoming damp with blood.

“Aw I don’t think the poor girl is gonna last much longer.” Matt said to Firework. The smarty was crying now, trying to reach towards the filly, obviously to hug her, but the ropes and the gag prevented any soothing kindness from reaching the filly.

She struggled more, exhausting herself before eventually just hanging on the pens peeping and panting. Matt knew she’d expire fairly soon.

Next he grabbed the blue pegasus colt. This one wiggled and resisted his grasp. Pinkie was crying in the corner, wrapped protectively around her best baby – the pink pegasus. Matt had special plans for that one.

Matt forced the foal on its stomach, pressing down hard enough to earn peeps of discomfort and a squirt of shit and piss from the scared foal. The wings of both this pegasus and the best baby had begun fully developing. They had the start of feathers on them and had the full joints. Matt pulled a small pair of tweezers from his tools and grabbed the new feathers.

He pulled. They came away easily enough, but the rest of the wing was so weak Matt was afraid that he would rip the whole wing off.

The baby screamed as its wings were torn apart, feather by feather. Matt remembered spending some time with his uncle in upstate New York, tending chickens. He’d plucked one once. This was like that.

The wings were bloody and raw when Matt had finished, and he had accumulated a nice pile of navy blue feathers. They were small and as the wings weren’t fully grown the feathers weren’t as numerous as they would be on a fully grown pegasus. Arion had far more feathers.

The little stallion flapped its featherless wings in pain, which only caused the creature more pain as the raw and bloody skin was stretched and moved. The foal didn’t seem to realize this, however, and only peeped more as it flapped harder.

“God you’re annoying. Maybe if you could see what’s wrong you’d get it?” Matt said. He gripped the foal’s head and kept it forward. Carefully he forced the lids of the baby’s left eye opened. The eye was mostly pupil, with a small ring of blue iris. The baby screeched in pain and tried to close its eye, clearly too young to have them open. Matt picked up a pen light and shone it directly into the eye.

The foal screeched louder as its eye was tormented and blinded. Matt knew the foal would be blind in that eye for the rest of its life. Its short, short life.

Matt opened the other eye the same way, and blinded it as well. The eyes were rolling and the foal peeped and screeched as it tried to close its eyes. Matt grabbed the tweezers and a small scalpel. The blade was recently sharpened, and Matt knew it would cut through flesh like butter.

Lifting the foal's eyelids with the tweezers, and sliced right along the socket. He removed both lids and left the foal like that, blind but acutely aware that he could not blink. Already, Matt could see the white of the underdeveloped eyes turning red from irritation.

Matt sighed in relief. His hands were trembling and it had kept all his willpower to keep the knife steady. The baby was in agony, and Matt wasn't even done with him yet. He turned to Firework, who had turned his head away and closed his eyes.

"Oh no, you don't get to look away," Matt said. "That's rude." Matt grabbed Firework's jaw and pulled his face forward. "If you look away again, maybe I'll take your eyelids. Or maybe I'll hurt your pretty red and blue baby."

Firework couldn't speak, the gag fixed that, but his eyes went wide and angry and snot flew out of his nose when Matt threatened his baby.

"Then don't fucking look away again," Matt said, holding the scalpel. "Or I'll make sure you can't."

Firework understood the threat, and sadly looked at the featherless, blinded baby. Fresh tears welled to his eyes and all his impotent rage had been replaced with sadness.

The baby was squeaking and chirping on the table when suddenly,

"M... mummah!" The colt squealed. "Owwies! Nee' mummah!"

"Oh! Pinkie! Your wingie baby is a talkie baby now!" Matt said in mock-joy. "All it took was trauma."

Pinkie looked up in apparent joy, looking at her bestest baby and back at Matt.

"Bestest babbeh! Bruddah am tawkie-babbeh nao! Mummah am su happy!" Pinkie cooed.

Well it was to be short lived. Matt picked up the broken weakly crying foal and showed him to his mother. Her screams were delicious. She started, slack jawed, at the blind baby with its red-raw eyes stick staring into darkness and its plucked little wings weakly flapping and tossing drops of blood everywhere.

"NUU! Munstah daddeh am gib wowstest huwties to babbeh! Nuuu!" She cried, backing away from her foal and clutching her bestest baby to her chest, trying to impotently save it.

"That's right, Pinkie. And now I'm going to hurt your bestest baby!" Matt said, reaching dramatically slowly towards the pink pegasus.

"NUUU! NU HUWT BESTEST BABBEH!" Pinkie said, gripping her baby harder.

"Hmm, fine. I'll let you choose; either I hurt you or hurt your baby," Matt said. "You can save your baby by sacrificing yourself, or you can save yourself by sacrificing her."

"Bu... buh babbeh nee' mummah miwkies o' gu fowevah-sweepies..."

"I can give your baby milk, and warmth, and food," Matt said.

Pinkie was stuck, she was looking back and forth between her pink pegasus and the blue colt Matt had destroyed, clearly understanding that would be what happened to her last baby, or worse.

Matt had heard of abusers using this kinda catch-22 to torment fluffies. Most of them hid behind some nonsense moral bullshit, stating that a good mother would save her baby and using it to further their hatred of fluffies. Matt didn't care about that pseudo-philosophy shit, he just wanted to torment the mother.

"P- pinkie take... take huwties fo' babbeh. Nu huwt babbeh." Pinkie said. She shakily stood, placing the pegasus with Charcoal. "Pwease be gud babbeh wifout mummah babbeh." She started to cry.

Matt lifted Pinkie from the pen. She had gone totally limp, accepting her fate. Matt threw the blue colt roughly on the workbench, it's opened eyes scraping against the rough wood. Its peeps were getting weaker. Matt wasn't sure if it was dying or if it was just exhausted. He hoped it wasn't dying yet.

Pinkie looked mournfully at her blue baby. "Sowwy fo' huwties babbeh. Mummah am bad mummah."

The blue foal chirped weakly, "Mummah? Miwkies... hungee..."

"Daddeh! Pwease wet mummah gib babbeh miwkies! Nee' miwkies!" Pinkie begged.

"Hmm... okay. I'll let you feed your baby." Matt said. "First, though, you need to be prepared."

Matt grabbed the second largest bag from Fluff-Mart, and pulled out the milkbag rack. It was a steel and rubber cage that kept a dam in an upright position, legs and arms apart, teats forced forward. Matt quickly strapped Pinkie in it despite her impotent struggling, and attached her legs to the spreader bars on the back, designed to prevent mothers from kicking or pushing the foals they were meant to feed off.

Matt lifted the blue colt and placed him on one of Pinkie's teats. He greedily began to suckle and cry, the tears helping to moisten his ruined eyes.

"Okay Pinkie, now if you're loud, you'll scare your baby and that will make you a bad mother." Matt said.

He picked up a box of tacks, the kind with rounded metal heads, and placed them next to Pinkie. He felt her hooves. She tried to pull away, instinctively, but the spreader bars held her legs firmly in place. They were leathery, sort of like the pads of a dog's foot. The skin on them was rough, most likely from her feral life, and they were slightly squishy to the touch.

The softness of the skin made it easy to put the first tack in. Pinkie screeched loudly, and it had the exact desired effect.

"Mumm... mummah?" The blue colt squealed, backing away. "Scawy!"

"Pinkie! You scared your baby, that makes you a bad mommy! I guess I'll just have to take him away..."

"NU! Nu take babbeh! Mummah be qwiet! Jus'... hoofsies huwties..."

"A good mother would be able to endure anything for their baby." Matt said firmly. He placed the baby back on his mother's teat.

And then he put the second tack in her hoof. He was going for a sort of horseshoe pattern at first, starting at the top of the hoof and then alternating the sides. Pinkie, to her credit, was staying remarkably still and quiet. She sniffled and tears leaked from her eyes as Matt dug more and more tacks into her hoof. By the time he was finished with the first hoof, the baby had finished drinking, and had curled up crying into it's mother's fluff.

Matt smiled. It was so frail and weak. Matt looked over at the filly. It was twitching weakly and mewling in pain. Its vagina was raw and bloody, as was its asshole. The pegs it had been impaled on were soaked through with blood, piss, and shit.

He roughly pulled her off the pegs, earning another weak cry.

"Okay, time for baby number two! Remember, good mothers don't scare their babies."

Pinkie nodded as Matt placed her pink earthie on her teat. The filly, wiggled towards the smell of its mother's teat and started to suckle. Her legs were weak and bent oddly, probably from the too-large peg he'd crammed inside her holes.

Matt started on the second hoof. This time, he'd set up a small butane torch and heated the tacks. They made a satisfying sizzle as they entered Pinkie's hooves. The heated tacks blistered and burned the skin. One hoof bled while the other cooked. Pinkie squealed a bit and wiggled, but was concerned enough about her baby that she didn't try to move her off.

Matt kept on sticking in tacks, getting them as hot as he could before he could barely hold them. Matt scowled at the box of tacks. He was running out. He'd gotten a little overzealous with the first hoof, and had covered the whole thing in tacks.

He only had about ten left, and hadn't even covered half of her right front hoof in the heated tacks. Stabbing the rest of the tacks in, Matt started to heat the tacks in both hooves now, watching with glee as the silver metal heads of the tacks turned different colors from heating. Pinkie shifted uncomfortably as she tried her hardest to keep quiet. Tears welled in her eyes and she twisted her mouth trying to silence herself.

Matt could tell she wasn't going to last much longer. The tacks were getting red now, and the leather that he could see was starting to blister and crack. There was no more blood – it had all been cooked and cauterized.

Fortunately for Pinkie, her pink baby had finished sucking and curled up next to her brother. Matt took the heat off, letting pinkie believe that she had done well and saved her babies.

"Huu, huu... mummah hab wowestet hoofsie huwties... But babbeks am fuww of miwkies su am gud mummah?"

"Sure, Pinkie." Matt said, disinterested. He was rummaging through his bag of tools and finally found what he was looking for; pliers.

He held down Pinkie's left hind leg with one hand and gripped the hoof firmly in the teeth of the pliers.

"D-daddeh... w-wat am daddeh do?"

Matt pulled.

Pinkie screamed.

He looked at the hoof in the teeth of his pliers. It had come away – well not cleanly, it had torn around where the flesh of the foot had met the pad of the hoof. There was a jagged line of flesh and some pink fluff still left on the hoof. The hoof sat on top of a layer of collagen and fat, much like a dog or cat's paw. Matt could see the bottom layer of fat that sat above the foot bone that was still attached to Pinkie, while the upper layers of fat were still visible inside the hoof.

He callously threw the hoof on the table, hitting the blue colt with it.

"Daddeh! Munstah daddeh! Wowstet hoofsies huwties! Huu huu gib back hoofise!"

"It's right there you dumb bitch. See?" Matt picked the hoof up and slapped Pinkie across the face with it. It was hard enough to bruise her snout but not enough to do anything else.

Pinkie cried and tried to reach for it, but flexing her front hooves made her whimper as the tacks dug into the flexing pad, making her cry anew.

Matt gripped the other back hoof, but relinquished the pliers' grip after a new thought hit him. Taking the scalpel, he cut the hoof firmly in half, revealing all the interior layers and exposing the sensitive nerves inside the hooves.

He grabbed a chisel from the tool rack and began to slowly scrape out the inside of the hoof. Pinkie was screaming her head off now; the chisel was curved so it acted like a spoon and allowed him to hollow out the hoof fairly well.

She shook her head and body violently, shuddering and shivering as her sensitive feet were wrecked. Matt imagined the pain was probably akin to having someone shove a spoon under your fingernails. He smiled.

Once he had bloodied his hands enough, Matt figured his fun with Pinkie was over.

“Alright Pinkie! You’ve been such a good mom I’m going to give your babies back to their mom!”

“W-weawwy daddeh? Pinkie been gud... gib babbehs back?”

“That’s right!” Matt said, tipping her on her back. In this position, he had a good view and easy access to the mare’s vagina and anus.

Pinkie squealed as she was tipped over, trying to flail her legs to right herself but was still strapped down. Matt picked up the pink earthie and held her in front of Pinkie.

“Here’s your first baby!” Matt said. He shoved the foal, head first, back into it’s mother’s cunt.

“Nu! Nu wan! Nu wan! Babbeh tu big be tummeh-babbehs! Nu gu in speshuw-pwace!” Pinkie said, she tried to force the foal out but all she was able to do was flex her asshole. There was no way to force the baby out.

When the pink foal was fully inside, Matt grabbed a wooden dowel and pushed her deeper, ensuring he had room for the blue colt.

“Here’s your next baby!” Matt said, holding the colt up to Pinkie’s face.

“Nu! Pwease daddeh nu put babbeh in speshuw-pwace!” Pinkie begged. “Am gud mummah!”

Matt smiled, leaning in close, and whispered; “You’re a bad mommah.”

And then he shoved the colt inside her.

Pinkie was sobbing horribly, twitching as her babies were shoved deep inside her. Matt used the dowel again, making sure to push the babies as far as he could without outright killing them, hoping Pinkie could feel their desperate wiggles as they suffocated.

Grabbing a larger dowel, one that would stopper Pinkie, Matt quickly sawed it in half and then put one half of the dowel inside Pinkie’s vagina, and the other half in her asshole. The wood was almost immediately stained red from blood from each hole, and Matt only pushed them deeper. He wasn’t sure if the blood was from the foals or Pinkie’s, and he didn’t really care.

Matt looked over at Firework, who was still watching – eyes wide and tears stained on his face.

“Everything that happened to Pinkie is your fault, Firework. And you get to stay here and watch her die. I’ll be back tomorrow to take care of another one of your herd members. Until I run out. And then I’ll kill you.” Matt said, smiling at the horrified smarty.

“Now, I’ll leave the lights on for you, wouldn’t want you to miss the show in the dark.”

Matt walked away, leaving the broken mare shaking and repeating ‘wan die’ over and over again.

He needed a shower; all this blood would take ages to clean off and the last thing he wanted to do was scare Chestnut and Arion with the scent of fluffy blood.

\* \* \*

Matt flopped down on his bed. He was highly conflicted. He thought the abuse would have felt good – avenging Tangerine, punishing bad fluffies. Instead, it had felt amazing. His hands were shaking, his heart racing. He had adrenaline and euphoria coursing through his body.



It was disconcerting, to say the least. He never considered himself an abuser but now he knew – he needed to do it more. It was a scary revelation. Matt had always been the kind of person who enjoyed fixing things. It had been what led him into IT, and it's what had probably led him to adopt such down-and-out fluffies. To revel in the destruction of something was... new.

Matt sighed, rubbing his face. The maelstrom of emotions inside him would have to wait. He needed to see his fluffies.

Arion was happily playing with Almond, rolling a ball to her gently as she pushed against it with her hooves with all her might. She had finally been able to walk steadily, and was developing nicely. Her coat was very pretty, and the extra vitamins Matt had been giving Chestnut had clearly made its way to her milk.

Brick and Licorice were nuzzled against Chestnut, who was watching Almond and Arion interact with joy. She was such a good mother, and Matt was concerned about the news he was about to break.

“Chestnut? Can I talk to you?” Matt asked, kneeling down to her level.

“Of cowse daddeh!” Chestnut said, her tail wagging. Brick and Licorice wiggled a bit, but happily cooed when they found each other. They were adorable together.

“Chestnut, what I’m going to tell you... It’s not going to be easy, okay?”

“Otay daddeh...” Chestnut said. He could see the worry on her face.

“But don’t worry. I’ll be here for you, okay?” Matt took a breath and began to rub Chestnut’s head. “You remember that mean stallion from the alleyway?”

“Yesh... meanie stawwion daddeh sabe Ches’nut fwom.” Chestnut nodded. “Stawwion am dumme meanie!”

“Yes he was... and you were very brave to protect Almond from him. But... unfortunately he gave you- uh... ‘special huggies’ and put babies in you.”

Chestnut’s ears flattened and she looked away. She didn’t respond for a bit, watching Almond play with Arion.

“Ches’nut kno, daddeh.” She said. “Can feww tummeh babbehs.”

“You... knew? Why didn’t you say anything?”

“Ches’nut nu wan keep secwet fwom daddeh... but hab thwee gud babbehs, nut wan daddeh wowwy abowt moar.”

“Oh Chestnut... it’s okay. I can certainly take care of a few more foals. But the reason I brought this up is... I want to ask you if you want to keep them.”

“Wat daddeh mean?” Chestnut asked.

“Well, they’d be the children of the stallion who ra- uh, gave you bad special huggies. If you don’t want to have them, you don’t have to.”

“Daddeh... daddeh gib tummeh babbehs fowevah-sweepies?” She was concerned.

“Well... we could get you an abortion, which gives your tummy babies forever sleepies, or you could give birth to them and I could have the vet take them away. She’d take care of them and they’d grow up, but you wouldn’t have to see them.”

Chestnut was quiet, and looked at her tummy.

“Tummeh babbehs am fwom bad meanie stawwion... but babbehs nu do anyfing... dey am... stiww jus’ wittew babbehs...” Chestnut turned to look at Almond again, and then to Brick and Licorice. “Bu’ aweady hab su many babbehs...”

Ches'nut nu kno! Nu wan babbehs to go fowevah-sweepies, but nu suwe if can gib su many babbehs aw wuv an' miwkies dey need!"

"Hey, hey" Matt said, stroking her mane. She was getting all worked up and tears were forming in the corners of her eyes. "If you decide to have the babies, I'll make sure that they're taken care of okay? I'll help you raise them. If you don't want to have them, you don't have to. I'm just trying to give you the options."

"Can... can Ches'nut hab tiem tu think?" Chestnut asked.

"Yeah of course. You can let me know when you're ready, alright?"

"Tank yu daddeh. Ches'nut wiww make de... deci-sun."

"You're a good girl, Chestnut. Take your time." He stroked her mane. She cooed and enjoyed the stroking, stretching her hooves and closing her eyes.

It was hard for Chestnut, Matt knew, being so confined to a bed. She obviously wanted to run and play, but cared a lot about the babies that Matt had given her. He wanted to make sure she was happy, but he also wanted to make sure that she was healthy. He was also worried about the stress of feeding two babies while her new foals developed. Matt would have to get her some more supplements from the vet.

She looked good though. Her coat was shiny and thick, her eyes were bright and clear, her teeth all white, and she happily ate the vegetables Matt cooked. He had checked her teats and vagina like the vet had asked him, making sure she wasn't developing discolored swelling in the teats or leaking colored discharge from her rear.

Arion was also looking great. His navy coat was shimmery and his lavender mane was luscious and long. Almond was developing well, and Brick's wings were coming in great. Licorice was already way more active than she had been, and wiggled and wormed around so much that Matt could almost tell she was impatient for her legs to work.

Arion ran over to Matt, and nuzzled his head into Matt's waiting hand.

"Daddeh! Awion happeh to see yu!"

Matt smiled. "Hey I'm happy to see you too buddy!" Matt ruffled his mane.

Arion looked totally different from when he'd found him. The fluffy had grown quite a big, now as large as a medium sized dog, like a terrier. His bright eyes were a deep blue and all the flea bumps and irritation under his fluff was totally gone. It made Matt happy to see that he'd made such a positive impact on the fluffy.

"Daddeh! Wook!" Arion said, trotting away from Matt. He kept twirling around, obviously telling Matt 'follow me!' with body language.

Matt dutifully followed Arion the few feet he was trying to lead him, to where Almond was playing happily with some blocks.

"Otay Awmon'!" Arion said, "show daddeh!"

The little brown fluffy stood up and turned to Matt.

"Hewwo daddeh! Awmon' am vewwy happeh wif pwetty name! Fank yu fo' gib mummah and Awmon' bestest nestie an' wuv!" Almond said.

"Wow! Almond! You can talk!" Matt said. It was quite surprising because he hadn't even heard her say the normal first words of a fluffy.

"Awion teach Awmon' how say nice wowds!" Almond said happily. "Wike 'fank yu' an' 'pwease'!"

“Arion taught you all that?” Matt said, looking proudly at the beaming fluffy. “He’s a good teacher, and it seems like you’re a good student!”

“Awmon’ awso knu to make gud poopies in da wittah box!”

“What a good girl! You have all been doing so well, I think you all deserve a treat!”

“Yay! Tweats! Tweats!” Arion and Almond both pranced in a circle, happily giggling as they did.

“You too, Chestnut.” Matt said, smiling at Chestnut.

She weakly smiled back, still clearly thinking about the fate of her unborn children. Matt was worried he’d put too much on Chestnut’s mind. He didn’t want to overload her psyche, and was very aware that fluffies were pretty easy to mentally break. He’d been reading some abuse forums and the things some people had done...

Heading into the kitchen, Matt steamed up some veggies and began to make a quick Alfredo sauce. Fluffies loved spaghetti instinctively, but the components also seemed to satisfy their palette. Some salty cheesy goodness added to their usual veggies made them very happy. Before bed, he’d probably give them some apples too. Arion especially liked the granny smith ones.

While cooking, Matt thought about Pinkie and Firework downstairs. He was sure Pinkie wouldn’t last the night. She already had entered the wan die loop, and Matt was sure she’d be catatonic by morning. Aquamarine was also still alive, though his inability to eat anything would lead to his pretty quick starvation.

Charcoal, Leaf, and Navy were next, and Matt wasn’t quite sure what to do to them yet. All he knew was that there would be no survivors when he was done. It made him happy that he’d saved two of them though, Brick and Licorice.

Matt had been worried about the babies, including Chestnut’s, because he knew they could always become brats, but Arion had proven to be such a good teacher.

The food finished, Matt brought it back into the safe-room. Chestnut hungrily scarfed down her veggies, which was a much larger serving than the other’s and had a special blend of vitamins added to it for expecting fluffies. The veggies were soft enough for Almond to chew, even though her baby teeth had just come in.

The fluffies were delighted by the Alfredo sauce, and all three of them licked the bowls clean. Almond lazily flopped onto her back, stomach slightly bulging, and let out a content sigh.

“Daddeh am gib bestest bestest nummies!” She happily proclaimed.

“Daddeh am bestest daddeh.” Arion confirmed, also laying down with a nice fully belly.

“Babbehs, am tiem fo’ miwkies.” Chestnut cooed to her two babies. She seemed much happier now that two very hungry babies were constantly drinking from her teats. They were significantly less swollen, and even though Chestnut wasn’t moving as much as she’d like, she did play with the babies and that seemed to make her happy. Matt almost hoped she let him give her an abortion, just so she could move again.

The two foals wiggled towards Chestnut’s teats. Brick found his first, but Licorice struggled a bit until Chestnut nudged her.

They squirmed and peeped as they drank, until they were full and round.

“How you doing, Chestnut?” Matt asked, checking on the babies and her. Arion and Almond had curled up near her, Almond by her mother’s chest and Arion curled up so they were butt to butt. The bed he’d gotten was very large and big enough for this whole fluffy family.

“Ches’nut am awight daddeh.” She said, pulling Almond close to her. “Ches’nut am su pwoud of Awmon’! Bein’ such a gud babbeh fo’ daddeh an su nice.”

“Fank yu’ mummah! Wan be gud babbeh fo’ mummah, an daddeh, an Awion! Wuv famiwy!”

Chestnut smiled, with tears in her eyes. It was clear to Matt that she hadn’t ever hoped for anything as good as what she had.

“Mummah! Why make sad-wawa! Nu be sad!” Almond said, hugging her mother. Arion, noticing the disturbance, woke up from his pre-sleep and also wrapped himself around Chestnut.

“Nu am sad babbeh. Dese am happeh wawas.”

“Happeh wawa?” Almond said, cocking her head. “Weww... oday. Awmon’ wuv mummah.”

“An mummah wuv Awmon’.” Chestnut said, hugging her daughter tightly.

Matt smiled at the cute scene. Any more love and huggies and he was sure he’d have type two diabetes from all the sweet.

He closed the lights as he left the sleepy fluffies, letting the stars of the night-light projection keep them calm in the dark.

Matt was exhausted and he fell asleep almost immediately.

His dreams were twisted visions of Firework being ripped to shreds while Arion watched in horror, Chestnut giving birth to just bloody baby parts, Almond smiling only to reveal a mouth full of razor sharp teeth, and his own human hands warping themselves into fluffy hooves, which then immediately were torn to bits and bled.

Despite the nightmares and visions of suffering, when Matt awoke in the morning, he was surprisingly well-rested. He looked at the clock, groaning at the ‘5:34 am’ it flashed.

It was too early for him, but he got up anyway. His fluffies would still be sleeping, usually would sleep until noon, the lucky bastards. He peeked into their room after his shower, and sure enough they were asleep in a cute little fluff-pile.

Matt threw on some sweats and headed downstairs into the basement. He went down as quietly as he could, and peeked around the final door to see what his captives were up to.

Pinkie was breathing really slowly, but breathing none the less. Matt was genuinely surprised she was still alive. Firework was also alive, but that was to be expected since nothing had happened to him, yet.

The fluffies in the pen were curled up in a fluff-pile, except for Aquamarine, who was off to the side alone for some reason. His mouth was still bloody and there were teeth around him.

Charcoal had seemingly adopted the little pink pegasus that Pinkie had tried to save. Matt hadn’t decided what to do with her yet, but he wanted to keep his promise to Pinkie – he wouldn’t hurt the baby.

As soon as Matt walked into the room, Firework woke up. He started to flail and scream through his gag, snot blowing from his nostrils and saliva dripping from his mouth.

“Shut up you worthless bastard.” Matt said. He flicked Firework in his nuts, smiling as the fluffy’s eyes rolled wildly and he groaned in pain through the duct tape.

The commotion woke the other fluffies up. Some began to hide while others cried.

“Hewwo daddeh.” Pinkie said. Her voice was strangely calm. He looked in her eyes, they were unfocused and distant.

“Hello Pinkie. How are you doing?”

“Pinkie am gud. Am soon-mummah.” She said. “Babbehs cumin’ soon.”

Matt was very confused. He had certainly shoved her babies back into her vagina, but there was no way they were still alive.

“Pinkie? What do you mean?” Matt asked.

“Babbehs in speshuw-pwace. Means babbehs am tummeh babbehs ‘agin. Pinkie am soon mummah.”

Matt looked behind her. The two dowels that had been crammed in her holes were brown with dried blood. He slowly pulled them both out. Pinkie flinched, but said nothing.

Her babies slid out of her vagina, both dead. They’d clearly struggled before suffocating, because Pinkie’s vagina was raw and bloody. The babies had soft hooves, but they were hard enough to damage the sensitive lining of her insides.

“Babbehs am hewe.” Pinkie said, her voice even and apathetic.

Matt gave her the babies, and surprisingly she began to lick them clean.

“Nu tawste pwetty.” She said, licking the dead foals. “Daddeh, can pwease untie Pinkie su can gib babbehs miwkies?”

“Sure.” Matt said. He untied Pinkie and placed the babies at her teats. Pinkie laid on her side, but didn’t even seem to care or notice that the babies weren’t feeding. “Mummah wuv babbehs. Babbehs wuv mummah. Dwink wots of miwkies. Gwow up big an’ stwong.”

The mummah song was totally flat, no tune. Not even the normal off-key singing of a fluffy. Pinkie was broken, completely.

“Pinkie,” Matt said, lifting the pegasus from the pen. She struggled and peeped in distress. Charcoal hadn’t even tried to stop Matt, shying away from his hand and protecting her own babies. “What about this baby?”

Pinkie looked up, but there was no recognition on her face. “Siwwy daddeh, dat nu am Pinkie babbeh. Nu cum fwom tummeh.”

“Okay. So you don’t care if I take it?” Matt asked.

“Nu am Pinkie babbeh. Nu cawe.” She said.

She was crying, though. Tears flowing from her eyes as she stared at the baby. There was no recognition in her eyes, but she was openly crying.

“Why are you crying, Pinkie?”

“Nu kno why maek sad-wawa. Nu am sad.” She said.

Matt looked at Firework. He was clearly devastated. He knew something was horribly wrong with Pinkie, but he wasn’t sure what. Matt knew there was nothing more he could do to the shattered mare. He grabbed her head and very quickly snapped her neck. She twitched, gurgled, and then fell still.

Matt scooped her and her babies up and tossed them in a trashcan. There was nothing for it. He picked Aquamarine up too, from the pen.

“Daaagaa... waa pwack ouu Agoooa?” He gurgled, his mouth sore and swollen.

Matt tossed him in the trash too, but didn’t bother snapping his neck. Matt looked over at the pen, seeing his remaining fluffies.

Charcoal and her babies were all huddled together. Leaf apparently had finally been accepted by Charcoal and had wrapped around her protectively. Navy was crying softly, having just watched Pinkie die. The loss of his children had been

painful, but watching his special friend kick the bucket was too much. Matt would let him wallow a bit before he killed him too.

Leaf, Matt decided, was next. He snatched the fluffy from the pile and brought him to the workbench.

“Pwease smawty! Hewp gud fuwuffy! Pwease!” Leaf squealed, trying to escape Matt’s grasp.

Firework looked sadly at Leaf, but didn’t even bother struggling. There was nothing he could do now.

“Leaf!” Matt said, stroking the fluffie’s coat. “You have such a pretty green coat.”

“F... fank yu daddeh. Weaf wuv pwetty gween fwuff... pwease nu huwt Weaf?” The fluffy asked.

Matt didn’t answer. He picked up his trusty scalpel, which he’d washed and sharpened, and flipped Leaf over on his back. The fluffy began to cry, knowing something bad was about to happen to him.

Once Matt had finished tying the fluffy down, he grabbed a bag of salt and poured it into a bowl. This was going to be so painful for the poor fluffy, but he didn’t care. Now on his back, Leaf began to cry harder.

“P- pwease daddeh... nu huwt fwuffy... nu wan wowstest owies!” He cried.

“I’d say sorry, but I’m not.” Matt said, putting on some white disposable gloves.

He slid the scalpel down the center of Leaf’s chest, making a long even cut from his neck to the top of his dick. Leaf screamed as the knife dug into his skin. Matt was very careful not to go too deep. He’d spent enough winters with his uncle hunting to know how to skin something.

After the chest incision, Matt made a v shaped incision by Leaf’s neck, and down the inside of each leg. He ringed just under each hoof, separating the skin from the foot. Carefully lifting the first flap, Matt pulled the skin away from Leaf’s chest, sliding his scalpel underneath to cut through the connective tissue.

Leaf was screaming. He felt the knife sliding along his insides, he felt the horrible pulling as his skin was torn away. Tears flowed freely and he struggled to breathe. Every breath was torment as his chest, now exposed to the air, was moved.

Finally, Matt got to the legs, and pulled the skin away easily from those. Leaf’s left side was totally skinless, his legs red and bloody, and his chest and stomach revealed. Matt had left skin on his junk and anus, but had cut around the end so he could keep the full tail. Moving on to the right side, he repeated the process. Finally the only place left to remove the skin was across Leaf’s back.

Matt had tied the restrains carefully around the very end of each of Leaf’s feet, so he could remove the skin easily. Undoing the ties, Matt quickly rolled Leaf to one side, freeing the skin from his back. Leaf had been totally skinned now, and was trembling in agony. He still had skin on his face and groin, but the rest of the pelt had come away easily.

“Wow! I did a pretty good job, don’t you think Leaf?” Matt asked, picking the fluffy up. He turned him around so he could see his pelt.

“D-daddeh... p-wease gib fwuffy back fwuff...” The miserable creature begged. His voice was hoarse from screaming.

“Sorry Leaf, once you’re skinned you can’t undo it.” Matt said. “Do you know what this is?”

Matt pointed Leaf to the bowl of salt.

“Nu daddeh...” Leaf said.

“It’s salt. It’s going to give you the worst hurties ever. You ready?”

“PWEASE PWEASE NU MOAW HUWTIES!” Leaf said, struggling. Matt could tell even trying to move was painful, and his gloves were getting even bloodier.

Matt smiled as he put the fluffy back-first into the salt bowl.

“SCREE” Leaf screamed, his eyes wide in agony and blood coming from his raw throat.

Matt rolled the fluffy over, making sure to coat each part of his exposed skin in coarse salt. Surely the fluffy would die soon of shock, so Matt wanted to ensure he felt as much pain before then. Matt scooped some salt up and rubbed it into Leaf’s anus and slipped some down his sheath.

The fluffy continued to scream until his voice gave out. Horse and muted, he made wheezing coughs and gagging noises. Saliva flowed from his mouth as he tried to breathe.

“Told you.” Matt said. He took the pelt over to the sink and washed it, removing all the blood and shit he could until it was nice and clean. Matt took a blow dryer and comb and began to dry the skin, making it a nice little fluffy-skin rug.

He went back over to the pen and placed it down in front of Charcoal.

“Here’s your special friend back.” He said, smiling at her.

Charcoal looked at Matt with horror in her eyes, clutching her babies to her.

“Munstah daddeh! Yu am meanie poopie dummeh munstah!” She said.

“Oh you haven’t seen the half of it.” Matt said.

He grabbed Charcoal by the scruff of her neck, knocking her babies off her. They all peeped and chirped in distress. Matt picked them up with his free hand and placed them on the rug that had been their step-father’s skin. They recognized the smell and cooed, curling up in a fluff-pile on the macabre carpet.

“Now say good-bye to your babies, Charcoal. This is the last time you’ll ever see them.”

“NU! NU HUWT GUD BABBEHS! SCR-” Charcoal was cut off by Matt’s hand on her snout.

“You scream too much.” He said, tossing her into a cage he’d placed on one of the shelving units. She cried softly, looking over at the panting Leaf.

The salt was red with blood, as was the workstation. Matt couldn’t have her getting all gross with blood, so he picked up Leaf and dropped him into the sink. He washed his hands quickly, using warm water that splashed all over Leaf’s exposed muscles. The fluffy sobbed, apparently all out of screams, as the warm water brought new pain and panic; water, after all, was bad for fluffies.

Matt grabbed the bowl of salt, and poured it all over Leaf. The sink, the water, and the salt were all agonizing and horrible for the fluffy. Matt finished the torture of the green stallion by covering the sink with a towel, submerging the fluffy in darkness.

Matt cleaned the worktable next, spraying it down with a 91% alcohol mix and cleaning it off with some towels. Next, he pulled his prize from the bag.

It was a “make your own milkbag” kit. It had cost a lot, but it would be worth it. Matt smiled, looking at Charcoal. He wanted these foals to grow up, and he wanted to torture them. But for that, he needed a way to feed them. Making Charcoal a milkbag was the perfect solution.

He set up the rig to one side, and prepared his station to the other.

“Firework, watch closely. I’m going to destroy your special friend. I’m going to turn her into a milkbag. Do you know what a milkbag is?”

The stallion shook his head no.

“It’s a kind of feeding station for babies.” Matt said, smiling. He grabbed the waste and food inserts, and laid all the tools he’d need out. “You see, I don’t need Charcoal to talk, walk, or see. So I’m going to take her legs, her eyes, and her mouth. Do you understand?”

Firework’s eyes were wide, tears rolling down his face. He knew what Matt was going to do. Charcoal, however, couldn’t hear them.

“I’m going to turn her into a no-leggie, no-seeing, no-speaky, dummy fluffy. And you’re going to watch.” Matt said.

As if in response, Firework closed his eyes and turned his head away. He was still defiant.

“Firework, if you don’t watch, I’m going to take your bestest red and blue baby and make you give it special huggies. I’ll turn your best baby into an enfie toy.”

Firework’s head whipped around, his eyes locked onto Matt. There was hatred, pure and powerful hate in those eyes. Burning rage and fury. Matt could feel it.

“Hate me all you want, Firework. You can’t stop me. You can’t do anything. You’re weak.” Matt said. “And when I’m done with Charcoal, then I’m going to destroy you.”

Firework just stared at Matt. His eyes were still full of rage, but Matt could tell he was breaking inside.

Matt grabbed Charcoal roughly from the pen. He had the instructions open for his milkbag setup.

“First, lock the mare in the rack.” He read.

Matt placed Charcoal in the rack. It was a strong metal setup with a harness and base. It forced a mare upright and held them facing forward. Simpler set-ups held the mother up by a strap that went across their chest, but this one was more advanced. A metal X was placed firmly against Charcoal’s back, forcing her to sit upright.

A strong strap came from each of the tips of the X, and clipped together at the center of her chest. Matt tightened them until Charcoal couldn’t move, but could still breathe. Another strap went across her stomach, just above her teats.

Charcoal struggled, whining and screaming at Matt.

“Dummeh! Wet Chawcoaw gu!” She demanded.

“Charcoal? Oh right, you have a new name now.” Matt said, getting the feeding tube ready.

“Wat am nyu name?” Charcoal asked hesitantly.

“Milkbag.” Matt said.

“NU! Nu wike nyu name!” She said. “Miwkbag nu wi-”

Matt cut her off, shoving the feeding tube down her throat. It had a long tube that Matt fed carefully down her throat, until it reached her stomach. He pressed the gag inside her muzzle and wrapped the strap around her snout. It held her mouth shut, and he inflated the ball-gag that made sure she couldn’t bite down on the tube or make too much noise.

Her eyes wide, she started to struggle, trying to talk or move. Her eyes were wide in panic as she breathed hastily.

“Milkbag, if you panic this will only be worse.” Matt said.



Matt was no surgeon, that was true, but he'd watched videos and practiced his sewing skills. The removal of legs for fluffies was apparently very easy. He plugged in an electric razor, and shaved all four of her legs. The shoulders and haunches were all naked now. Milkbag began to cry, undoubtedly sad about the loss of her 'pretty fluff'.

He quickly cut around her shoulder joint, revealing the muscles and the joint. He looked over at the manual, which had a detailed image of fluffy anatomy, and cut the muscles it described. Finally, the whole leg came away from the ball joint of the shoulder. He threw the leg in the trash, and took the two flaps of skin that he'd left attached, and sewed them together with the included quik-dissolve stitches. It wasn't the prettiest job, but with liberal application of some insta-heal gel fluffy wound sealant, he knew she'd be fine.

Matt did the same to the other limbs, struggling a bit with the hind legs due to the difference in anatomy and Milkbag trying to kick him, but eventually those came away too.

Milkbag was bloody, but that clotted quickly. Matt cleaned each wound before re-applying some of the insta-heal gel and made sure she hadn't gone into shock. Her heart was beating quickly and she was crying hysterically, but she was alright.

"Aw, Milkbag. You're a perfect no-leggy dummy fluffy now!" Matt said, smiling at her.

He looked at Firework. His eyes were raw now, and there was blood coming from his mouth. He had tried to break the duct tape around his mouth. Matt smiled and ripped it off, taking a good bit of fluff with it.

"SCREE!" Firework screamed, panting as his mouth was finally able to open. His tongue was bloody, and some of his teeth had actually cracked from clenching his jaw.

"There we go. Any comments?" Matt asked.

"Meanie... dumme... daddeh! Munstah! Gib bestest mummah back weggies!" He shouted.

"You're an idiot. You can't put legs back on." Matt said. He grabbed the three legs he hadn't tossed and threw them away. He laughed as he heard an 'owies!' from Aquamarine who was still in the trash.

Matt turned his attention back to Milkbag. She was struggling in the harness, but all she was able to do was wiggle her stumps and shake her head. The harness worked well.

Next, he prepared the waste tubes. They were attached to a single metal bracket, which had an anal insert and a urethra insert. Matt had to clean her out first, and grabbed the faucet. He unscrewed it from the tubing and put it up her asshole.

She struggled and whimpered as Matt filled her with warm water, and flushed her out, pouring the filthy shit water all over Leaf. The formerly green fluffy was, surprisingly, still alive, though not for long.

He flushed her out a few more times, until the water ran clear. She had been crying the whole time, but stopped struggling.

She resumed struggling when he put the plugs in her. These too had inflating stoppers, keeping her from forcing them out. Matt laughed as she sobbed, flexing her rear in a vain attempt to remove the uncomfortable plug.

"Sorry Milkbag, but that's not coming out. You're stuck with poopie-place hurties for the rest of your life."

She looked up at him with sad eyes. There was none of the fight left in her. There was only one thing left to do to.

Matt pulled out the last tool in the box, something that looked like a melon-baller. According to the manual, it was called an Eucleator. Matt grabbed Milkbag's face, and held her left eye open.

"Say goodbye to your see-places." Matt said.

Milkbag understood that, and began to struggle again. Matt's hand was like a vice, though, and he held her face forward.

The Enucleator had a wide spoon-like shape on the back, with a small slot for the optic nerve. Matt dug it under her eye, which caused the organ to bulge forward, dislocating it from the orbital bone. It came forward as Matt pressed the trigger, releasing a crimping blade that severed the nerve and released the eyeball.

It was held in the Enucleator and Matt released it into the sink. The orb fell in front of Leaf and he tried to back away, wheezing and crying in fear.

Milkbag was crying, the vision gone from her left eye. She had seen it before Matt threw it out, and knew the other eye was next.

"Get ready for forever darkness, Milkbag." Matt said, lifting the tool again. He dug it into her other eye, lifting it out in the same way. She tried to close her eyes this time, but Matt's fingers held her lids apart with ease. The tears flowing from her eye made his grip a little slippery, but he still got the Enucleator under the eyeball and crimped the nerve. He knew that as soon as he heard the 'click' of the crimping he knew she couldn't see anymore. The muffled 'huu huu' that Milkbag made confirmed it.

Next, he installed the silicone balls in her sockets and sewed her eyelids shut. The balls were coated in the insta-heal gel and ensured that her now-empty cavities wouldn't get infected.

The last step was to install the milking system. It sat away from Milkbag and allowed up to four foals to feed, instead of her natural limit of two. He attached the milking system to her teats, and locked it onto the racks on the stand. Milkbag was finished.

He lifted the whole assembly up, and placed her in the pen near the foals. He sprayed the additional nipples with a "genuine mummah smell" pheromone to entice the foals to eat. They caught the scent easily and a few made their first words of 'miwkies!' and 'mummah?'

They wiggled over and all of Charcoal's babies happily sucked away at the fake nipples. Milkbag squirmed as the mechanical milker roughly sucked at her teats. Matt installed the autofeeder behind Milkbag and added kibble to the top of the machine and installed the water hose to the sink tap. It mixed the two together into a slurry to feed Milkbag.

The waste removal tubes were put into a spare sewage tube in the wall. Milkbag was finished. Now there was just one last thing to do.

Matt pulled the very last thing from the bag.

"Firework, are you ready for your punishment? You get to join Milkbag in taking care of your babies."

"Nu! Nu munstah!" Firework said, struggling.

"Oh yes." Matt turned the box to face Firework. "You're a litterpal now."

Matt untied Firework from the crucifix. His limbs were weak and numb from being tied up for a few days. He didn't have the energy to struggle as Matt prepared to remove his legs in the same way as Milkbag's.

"Nu! Nu take weggies!" Firework said, watching in horror as Matt shaved his shoulders and haunches. Firework knew what was coming.

The litterpal making set had some additional features. There were artificial plastic legs that slid into the sides of the box, and were inserted into the shoulder joint. He removed each leg, and put the plastic ball-join in place before sewing the skin up. Matt smiled. It reminded him of bionicles.

Next, Matt made a careful incision into Firework's side, and inserted a tube assembly into his stomach. There was a silicone attachment, much like for a colostomy bag, and applied a healthy coating of insta-heal gel.

Normal litterpals exclusively ate shit, which meant they didn't live particularly long. Matt had asked around Fluff-Mart for a solution to this issue, as he wanted Firework to stay alive for a long time.

Inserting a catheter and waste pipe into Firework's anus and penis, Matt finalized his touches. First, he made an incision into Firework's scrotum.

"NU! NU TOWCH WUMPS!" Firework screamed.

"Shut up." Matt said, pulling both of the testicles out of the sack. He gave them a quick painful squeeze before crimped them with the Eucleator. Turns out, the eyeball removing tool was good for removing other kinds of balls.

Firework screamed bloody murder as he felt his balls come out. Matt sewed up the sack and applied more insta-heal. He threw the balls away, and grabbed the last thing he needed.

"Firework, I'm giving you a new name." Matt said.

"NU! Fiew-wowk wike name! Nu wan nyu name!"

"Too bad. Your name is now Asscleaner." Matt said, smiling at the fluffy as his eyes went wide in absolute horror.

"Nu! Ass-cweanuh nu wike nyu name!" The newly-named fluffy said, crying. It was part of their programming that they had to accept any name given to them by a human. It was hysterical as the fluffy began to sob, trying to call himself his old name.

"Name nu Ass-cweanuh! Name am As- as-... Fi-... ASS-CWEANUH NU WAN BE ASS-CWEANUH!" The fluffy wailed, sobbing freely.

Matt prepared the dental inserts, and placed a generous helping of tooth binding. He took advantage of the wailing and put the inserts in. They slid in over the fluffy's teeth easily, and he held Asscleaner's mouth shut as he waiting for the bonding agent to work.

After two minutes, Matt pulled the dental inserts out. All of Asscleaner's teeth came out with them. The fluffy babbled and gurgled as he tried to speak without any teeth. Normally, Matt would remove his tongue as well, but he needed that.

There was just two last things to do. Matt put the electric 'obedience tool' inside Asscleaner's sheath, making sure it was in contact with the fluffy's dick. It hooked up to the feeding pump and the waste removal pump. Next, he grabbed his branch cutters and broke off Asscleaner's horn, putting some gauze with insta-heal on it over the now-bloody stump.

"Okay Asscleaner, you have a new lot in life. Your job is to give lickies-cleanies to any of the babies that ask you to. Understand?"

"Nuuu... awwcweanu nu waaaa" Asscleaner said, his speech garbled.

"I don't care if you don't want to. If you don't, this is what will happen." Matt plugged the feeding pump and the 'obedience tool' in, and pressed a button on the box.

Asscleaner yelped in agony as his dick was electrocuted. He cried and wailed as his cock was shocked. The electricity wasn't enough to burn or cause permanent damage to the sensitive nerves, but it was strong enough to cause agony.

"Now, are you going to give lickies-cleanies, or do I have to punish you again?" Matt asked, already knowing the answer.

Asscleaner was quiet, sobbing at the floor and not looking at Matt. Matt didn't care, he would enjoy punishing Firework for as long as the fluffy lived.

He lifted the fluffy up and placed him in the box, closing the top. Matt put him next to the litter box, and plugged all his tubes in, hooking the waste removal into the same pipe as Milkbag's. Matt also put a secondary shock button next to Asscleaner.

"If you don't give the babies lickie-cleanies, they can press this," Matt said, pointing to the button, "and give your no-no stick hurties too. I don't even have to be here to hurt you."

Asscleaner cried, looking totally defeated.

"This is what you get for killing Tangerine. This is your punishment. You're going to lick poopie-places for the rest of your fucking life you sack of shit. And when you die, I'm going to throw you away like trash. And look!" Mat lifted his head, pointing him to Milkbag. "You can see your special friend from here! You should thank me for letting you see her. I'm not going to take your see-places. I'm going to let you watch as your children grow up, never treating you like a father, only using you to lick them clean."

Asscleaner looked at the cute little pile of fluffy babies, sleeping happily on the pelt of their surrogate father. Matt gently stroked them, one at a time, and lifted them into their mother's artificial teats. They hungrily fed, and then burped cutely. Matt lifted them over the litter box and stroked their tummies, earning a little squirt of shit.

Then, he held them up to their father's mouth.

"Now lick them clean." Matt demanded.

Asscleaner turned his head away. He was still defiant. Matt pressed the shocker.

Asscleaner screamed, sobbing as his cock was electrocuted. He was still refusing to lick the baby Matt held up, so he just kept pressing the button. On, and off. Alternating the time he shocked him. Matt was awarded after a while of a stream of piss running down the catheter. Asscleaner had pissed himself in pain.

"Asscleaner, I can do this all day. You can't. Eventually you'll break. It's up to you to choose to end the pain or let it keep going."

He looked up at Matt, his eyes sad and empty. He stuck his tongue out, and licked the ass of the baby held before him. Matt smiled as the baby giggled and cooed and the pleasing sensation of being cleaned. Once all the babies, Pinkie's best baby included, were cleaned, Matt left them back in a fluff-pile. He placed a small electric heating pad under Leaf's pelt, keeping the babies warm. He'd be back in a few hours to make sure they were all okay.

"Good bye Milkbag, Asscleaner," Matt said. "These are your new lives. I hope you hate them. Because no one is ever going to save you." And with that he left the basement, laughing to himself.

\* \* \*

Arion stretched his legs as he woke from his nap. Chestnut was still sleeping, but Almond had gotten up already to use the litter box.

"Awmon'," Arion said, talking quietly so he didn't wake up Chestnut or her other babies. "Wan pway?"

"Yesh!" She said, a little too loudly. Almond covered her mouth with her hooves as she saw her mother stir a bit in her sleep.

Arion and her giggled a bit before tip-hoofing away from the bed to go to the play area. It was far enough away from Chestnut that they could play all sorts of games without bothering Chestnut.

Huggie-tag was one of Almond's favorite games. Almond especially loved when she was able to tackle Arion in a really tight hug. Sometimes she would tackle him hard enough that they'd go rolling across the floor, laughing and giggling all the while.

Almond wasn't as fast as Arion, mostly because she was younger, but she was an earthie so she was a little harder and stockier than Arion.

She was just under two months old now, and was already the same size as Arion. She was a little closer to the ground, having stubbier legs, but other than that she matched him quite easily.

"Gochu!" Arion said, tackling Almond from the back and rolling across the floor with her. Almond ended up on her back, giggling wildly as she flailed her stumpy legs.

Arion laughed, laying on his side, as she wobbled back and forth, purposefully not rolling over.

"Wook bwuddah! Am upsie-fwuffy!" She laughed. Almond puffed her cheeks and made her voice silly and deeper. "Am gun' num yu!"

"Nuuu!" Arion said, in mock fear. "Nu num fwuffy! Munstah upsie-fwuffy!" Arion laughed.

"Yesh! Num fwuffy!" Almond said, leaping up and hugging Arion.

Arion laughed as she playfully bit him. He turned quickly to her and puffed his cheeks too.

"Nao fwuffy num yu!" Arion said, playfully biting Almond on her neck.

"Ahh!" Almond said, dramatically flopping to one side. "Fwuffy am fowevah-sweeping nao! Yu win munstah-numming fuwffy!" And she flopped down, tongue lolling out of her muzzle.

The two broke into hysterical giggles, laughing at their silly game.

Arion was so happy. First, he had been rescued by the bestest daddy from outside and had been given the bestest nestie and safe-room. Then his daddy had found a bestest mummah and her pretty baby. Now Arion had a family again, and they were nothing like his old mummah. She never gave him huggies or love, but Chestnut told him she loved him all the time! And so did Almond!

Arion smiled as Almond rolled their ball to him, grabbing his interest in playing ball. They had invented some kind of soccer game, defending imaginary goals and making up numbers.

"Awion?" Almond asked. She was sucking her hoof, something she did whenever she was thinking or nervous.

"Wat am wong, Awmon'?"

"Nufing wong. Awmon' have kwes'ton." She said. She wasn't looking at him.

Arion walked over to her, and cocked his head. She nuzzled her nosie under his mouthie. It felt nice.

"Awion, mummah hab nyu babbehs." She said. "Awmon'... Awmon' wan be mummah. Wan babbehs. Awoin... do yu fink Awmon' be gud mummah?"

"Yesh! Awmon' gun be bestest mummah! Gib babbehs wots of wuv, an' huggies, an' miwkies! Gwow up big an' stwong!" Arion said. Almond was being silly; she was going to be a great mummah!

"Fank yu." She said quietly, scooting closer to Arion.

She smelled pretty, and her fluff was so soft. Arion felt weird. He squirmed uncomfortably. His heart was being silly! It was thump-thumping really fast!

"Awion?" Almond asked, looking in his eyes. She had pretty brown eyes, the prettiest, brown-iest eyes Arion had ever seen.

"Y-yush...?"

“Wiww... wiww Awion be daddeh tu Awmon’ babbehs?” She asked.

“Wat? Buh... buh Awmon’ am sissie! Nu can be speshuw-fweinds!”

“Nu hab same-mummah. Onwy hafsy-bwuddah.” She said.

Arion thought about that. She was right, technically they weren’t real brother and sister. But... for some reason the thought of giving Almond special-huggies didn’t seem right!

“Awmon’ am tu wittew tu hab babbehs nao!” Arion said. He scooted away from her, and stood up.

“Awmon’ nu am babbeh anymao! Soon be big enuf to hab babbehs! Den... den wen am big fwuffy wiww Awion be... be speshuw-fweind?”

“Weww... dat am otay. Wen Awmon’ am bigguh... Awion wiww be speshuw-fweind.”

“Weawwy!? Dat make Awmon’ su happeh!” Almond got up and began prancing. It was adorable and Arion smiled a bit.

He still felt weird though. He hadn’t thought about having babies of his own and being a daddy, and he especially hadn’t thought about special-huggies. But now the idea was firmly in his head and he almost couldn’t think about anything else. Almond smelled so good, and she was sure a pretty mare. Her brown fluff was so pretty, and soft, and...

Arion’s eyes went wide as he felt his no-no stick get big. Why was it getting big! It was being such a bad no-no stick and now he really really needed special-huggies! His special-lumps hurt really bad now.

Arion was very embarrassed, and crossed his back legs over his no-no stick so Almond couldn’t see it.

“Awion am otay? Bein’ funneh...” Almond said, looking at him confused.

“Am-am otay! Jus’ am sweepy! Wots of pwaying make Awion sweepy!” He laughed. “Gon’ sweepie now.”

Arion practically ran into his hidey-nest, and closed his eyes, trying to make it very convincing that he was sleepy and needed to nap.

Almond looked at him strangely, but eventually seemed to believe him and went over to play blockie tower.

“Pwease no-no stick... be gud...” Arion whispered. He didn’t want to think about giving special-huggies to Almond! She was too little and basically almost like his sister! Besides, what would daddy say? Arion knew that he had to ask daddy before he did anything like that.

Lucky for Arion, Matt came in at that moment.

“Daddeh!” Almond shouted, waking Chestnut and her surrogate babies.

The two babies woke up and began to peep, squirming as they looked for Chestnut’s teats. A few days ago they had opened their eyes, but they hadn’t spoken yet and were still not great at walking. Almond laughed at their wobbly legs, but happily helped them get to Chestnut’s teats. Sometimes, she even helped Chestnut clean them when they soiled themselves.

“Hey Almond, morning Chestnut.” Matt said. He put their food bowls down, full of delicious tiny tree-nummies, round orange nummies, and white tree-nummies. There were also tasty ‘oats’ at the bottom. Arion didn’t know what they were, but they were so good!

“Where’s Arion?” Matt asked.

“Awion am sweepy fwom pway. Awion in hidey-nestie.” Almond said, pointing a hoof at Arion before she dug into her breakfast.

Matt got Chestnut's bowl ready, helping the now-swollen mare get close enough to the bowl of food so she could comfortably eat and feed her babies at the same time.

It had been two weeks since Matt had milk-bagged and litter-pal'ed his ferals in the basement, and Chestnut was certainly showing. She was visibly uncomfortable and tired. According to the vet, she had about another three weeks in her pregnancy before she gave birth. By then, Brick and Licorice should be weaned and able to eat the veggie and oat blend he fed his fluffies.

"Arion, breakfast time!" Matt said, trying to lure the fluffy out of his hidey-hole.

Arion's tummy rumbled, but his no-no stick was still big! If he went out to eat, everyone would see!

"Daddeh... Awion... Awion nee' hewp." Arion said. Almond and Chestnut looked over at him, concerned.

"Bwuddah am otay?" Almond asked, walking towards him.

"Yesh! Yesh! Awion am otay! Jus'... nee' daddeh." He said. He didn't want Almond to see him! The thought made him very nervous and embarrassed... but also made his no-no stick even harder! It wasn't fair!

"What's up buddy?" Matt said, crouching down to see the fluffy.

Arion was all curled up, pushed all the way to the back of the felt cove.

"Daddeh... Awion hab pwo'bwem." Arion whispered. "Pwease take fwom safe-woom su can tawk?" Arion asked. He knew better than to ask to leave the safe-room, but this was a special problem!

"Are you feeling okay?" Matt asked. He was actually concerned now.

"Yesh daddeh... pwease take." Arion said.

Arion lifted his front hooves up in the trademark 'fluffy want upsies' position. But his back hooves were firmly crossed over his tummy. Something was clearly wrong.

Matt picked Arion up, cradling him and taking his food bowl with him.

"Hey guys, I'll be right back, okay?" Matt said. He stepped over the baby-gate and went into the kitchen.

He placed Arion on the kitchen floor, and put his food bowl in front of him. The fluffy was still curled up weirdly.

"Okay buddy, what's wrong? You're not hurt, are you?"

"Nu daddeh. Awion am otay. Bu'... Awion an' Awmon' am was pwaying huggie-tag and was weawwy fun! Bu' den Awmon aks if be gud mummah wen bigguh an Awion say 'Yesh! Be bestest mummah wen bigguh!' an' DEN Awmon ask if Awion wan' be daddeh tu Awmon' babbehs an' be speshuw-fwiend an' gib speshuw-huggies! An' Awion sai 'wait untiw bigguh fwuffy, am tu wittew nao!' an' Awmon' say otay! Bu nao no-no stick am be bad! An' big! An' make Awion feww stwange!"

Arion flopped onto his side, huu huuing in frustration. Matt took a few moments to process all the information; first – Almond wanted to have babies. Not great. Second – Arion wanted to have sex with Almond to give her babies. Worse. Third – his fluffy had a massive erection right now. Gross.

"So... you want to have se- uh... 'special-hugs' to Almond?" Matt asked cautiously.

"Nu! Nu nao! Awmon' tu wittew! Stiww am babbeh tu Awion." He explained. "Bu am nu babbeh? Smeww wike mawe an' su pweety! Awion am... cown-fu-shun..." he said.

"Okay, so you want to have babies with her when she's older?" Matt asked. That wasn't as bad as him trying to knock her up now.

“Yesh... Awmon’ am su nice... an pwetty...” Arion was slowly eating from the bowl in front of him, but still hadn’t gotten off his side. “Bu’ nao no-no stick am be bad an’ speshuw-wups gib wowsest huwties.”

“Aw poor guy.” Matt said. He knelt down and began to stroke Arion’s back. It seemed to help calm the fluffy down, and also seemed to help his erection deflate. “Got a bad case of blue-balls... Well, you were a really good fluffy for letting me know that Almond wanted babies, and that she asked you.”

“Daddeh... nu am maddies?” Arion asked.

“No, I’m not mad. You were very good to tell me. But, now I have to talk to Almond okay? Are you okay with that?”

“Yesh daddeh, Awmon’ nu am bad tho! Pwease nu be maddies at Awmon’.” Arion said.

“I’m not mad at Almond either. It’s okay that she asked you. Now why don’t you stay here and eat, I’m going to go back in the safe-room. Be good out here, okay?”

“Yesh daddeh, Awion be gud.”

Matt walked back into the safe room, sighing heavily. First Chestnut was pregnant, now Almond wanted babies, he still didn’t know what to do with Brick and Licorice.

“Almond?” Matt said, sitting down next to her in the play area. She had finished her food and was happily playing with blocks.

“Yesh daddeh?” She asked, turning away from the blocks and happily sitting down next to Matt. He began to gently scratch her neck.

“Arion told me you asked him if he wanted to be your special-friend.” Matt said. He kept gently stroking her mane, hoping to keep her calm.

“Y-yesh daddeh...” She said nervously. Her ears had gone flat in fear, and she was kneading the floor in front of her.

“It’s okay, Chestnut. You’re not in trouble. I just want to talk to you, okay?” Matt said. He picked her up gently and placed her in his lap.

“Daddeh... nu am maddies?”

“No, I’m not mad. I wish you had asked me first, but it’s okay.” He said. He was stroking her sides now, which was certainly helping to calm her down. “So, you want babies huh?”

“Y-yesh daddeh. Awmon’ wan be mummah. Wan hab babbehs. Awion be bestset daddeh tu.” She wasn’t prattling on like fluffies who wanted to be moms usually did.

“Babies are a lot of work, Almond.”

“Awmon knu... hewp mummah wif Bwick an’ Wicowice. Hewp put tu beddies, hewp gib wickie-cweanies wen make poopies. Mummah am teww Awmon’ dat babbies am nu aways pwetty. Wan gib babbehs wots of wuv an’ huggies, bu’ awso gib wickie-cweanies, an’ cwean poopies and pee-pees.”

Matt kept stroking Almond’s fluff while he thought. It seemed that having to help her own mother raise babies had given her some perspective on how difficult they were, and that motherhood wasn’t like getting toys to play with.

“Well, Almond. Your mom is pregnant right now, and Brick and Licorice still have to be weaned and taken care of, so there are a lot of babies that are going to be here soon.” Matt noticed the disappointment on her face. “But, after all that, and when you’re a little older, you can have babies.”



“D-daddeh am gunna wet Awmon’ hab babbehs!?” She asked, brown eyes wide with joy.

“Yes. Now, not for a while, you still have to get bigger first!” He said, laughing.

“Awmon’ knu. Awmon’ am stiww wittew. Awion teww Awmon’ hab tu wait tu be bigguh.”

“Arion’s right, you’re still pretty young. But because you’re so interested in babies, how about you help me and your mom with her babies when they come? That way you know what to expect.”

“Otay daddeh! Wiww hewp daddeh an mummah wif soon-babbehs.”

“Alright then, you’ll just have to be patient for babies of your own, okay?” Matt was concerned that she’d get ‘soon-mummah fever’ and go nuts over waiting.

“Yesh! Awmon’ am be pa- pash-... wiww wait fo’ babbehs an’ be gud fo’ daddeh an mummah!”

“Great! You’re a good fluffy, Almond.” Matt said, picking her up and giving her a nice big hug. She cooed and happily wiggled as she hugged him back. “Now, can you watch Brick and Licorice for me today? I’m going to take Chestnut to the vet and pick up some supplies.”

“Otay daddeh. Wiww wach babbehs.” She said happily.

They walked back to Chestnut and the foals. They peeped happily when they saw Matt and Almond, Brick’s little wings flapping in joy. They were, Matt had to admit, adorable. Brick’s coat had become darker as he grew, turning the nice rusty-red that his namesake matched. Licorice was significantly fluffier than him, however, and her coat was growing twice as fast. Matt had just taken them to the vet and they were developing nicely.

Matt rolled Brick onto his back and tickled Brick, laughing along as the foal peeped and wiggled. Licorice wiggled towards Matt’s hand and sucked happily on his thumb, cooing as she gently nibbled it.

“Hey Chestnut, how are you doing?” Matt asked.

The poor mare looked exhausted. Her eyes were half-open and she lazily turned towards him.

“Hewwo daddeh. Ches’nut am otay. Sweepy.” She said, yawning.

“I know sweetie. We’re going to take you to the vet today, okay? Going to have a check-up on you and the babies.”

“Wat about Bwick an’ Wicowice?” She asked, looking at her adopted foals lovingly.

“Almond is going to watch them while we’re gone. She’s going to babysit for you.”

Chestnut smiled. “Awmon’ am su gud babbeh.”

Almond looked up happily at Matt, prancing a bit before settling down to cuddle around the foals.

Matt grabbed a small autofeeder from the closet in the safe-room, filling it with some fortified milk before plugging it in. He hadn’t use it at all, but had considered installing it downstairs before he decided to milkbag Charcaol.

“Okay Almond, whenever the babies are hungry you can take them over to this, okay?” He turned the machine on and it whirred to life, heating the milk up. The rubber teats, designed to look and feel like real fluffy teats, filled with milk. “Just place them on the teats and they’ll feed until they’re full.”

“Otay daddeh! Be bestest babbeh-sittuh fo’ mummah an’ daddeh.” She said.

Almond cooed to the babies, gently licking their fur and hugging them to keep them warm.

“Alright Chestnut, let’s go get you ready.” He said. Carefully, he picked Chestnut up. She was certainly much heavier than she’d been, and Matt could feel the babies kick and wiggle in her tummy. Her teats were extra swollen, and even though Brick and Licorice had been hungrily sucking, she was clearly facing the same issue as before.

“Otay Daddeh. Can Ches’nut sweep in metaw-munstah?” She said, yawning.

“Of course you can, Chestnut. I’m gonna put you in your carrier and make it extra comfy for you.” Matt said. The carrier he’d prepared had a few old towels on top of a pillow. Chestnut gently kneaded the pillow and curled up before laying down. Matt put another towel on top of her, and smiled as she closed her eyes and nearly immediately went to sleep.

“Arion? C’mere.” Matt called out, throwing a few things he’d need into a bag.

“Yesh Daddeh.” Arion said, trotting over. He had been chilling in the kitchen while Matt got things ready for Chestnut.

“Time to go back into the safe-room, okay?”

“Bu- Buh daddeh! Nu wan’ see Awmon’! Spechuw-wumps stiw wuw an’... nu wan no-no stik hwties!” He hued gently.

“I know buddy, and I’m going to get something for you at Fluff-Mart to help, but you know the rules. You have to stay in the safe-room when I’m not home.”

“Awion knu daddeh... bu’... maybeh jus’ fo’ dis bwight-tiem?” Arion said, eyes wide and pleading.

The poor guy was clearly really embarrassed about how he felt about Almond, and judging from the way he kept shifting from one leg to another, his balls did ache. Tiffany had told him that, because fluffies had been designed to breed fast for good profits, their natural urge to reproduce had been programmed to be extra strong.

“Arion... Okay. You can stay in the living room for today, okay? I’ll put on some cartoons and you can watch them while I’m gone. But this is the last time, alright? No exploring, no leaving the living room.”

Matt put some old litter-pads on the floor in the kitchen, and filled his bowl back up with oats.

“This is where you’ll make good poopies and pee-pees, and here’s some food. Now, be a good fluffy and I’ll be back soon.”

“Fank yu daddeh. Awion am sowwy fo’ ask bu’ tummy hab weiwd-feews wen fink abou’ Awmon.” He hung his head, clearly knowing he’d asked a lot.

“It’s okay buddy, I know you’re feeling weird right now. We’ll have a talk about it when I get back, okay?”

“Otay daddeh. Awion wuv yu.” Arion nuzzled Matt’s leg.

“I love you too, buddy.” Matt gave Arion a nice pat on the head and scratched around his ears and horn.

The fluffy cooed happily, and plopped down in front of the TV.

Matt lifted Chestnut and the extras bag, and headed out the door. He wasn’t worried, Arion was well-behaved, and Almond was distracted by the babies.

Chestnut had slept peacefully the whole way to Fluff-Mart, which surprised Matt as usually she hated the car. He didn’t wake her when they arrived at the vet, hoping to let her get as much rest as possible.

“Matt?” Tiffany said, coming out of the back room. “I’m ready for Chestnut now.”

Matt’s heart was beating fast. Tiffany’s dark hair had been cut recently, and it looked good. She was really pretty. Matt sighed. Turns out Arion and him were having the same issues.

He carried Chestnut into the back room, following Tiffany and trying very hard not to look at her butt.

“Alright, so just a regular soon-mummah check-up?” Tiffany asked, gently lifting Chestnut from the carrier and placing her on the examination table. She’d laid a soft towel out, and placed the fluffy gently on her side.

“Mmm... hewwo nice wady.” Chestnut said sleepily, she yawned.

“Hello Chestnut, it’s nice to see you again.” Tiffany said, smiling. “Matt, she’s really tired, is she getting enough sleep?”

“Uh, well Brick and Licorice have been pretty needy.” Matt said.

“She should be getting way more sleep. Is there a way for you to take care of the babies for a few weeks? Just so she can recoup her strength.”

“Almond has been asking me about having babies and I told her if she helped take care of the foals, I’d let her have some when she was older.”

Tiffany laughed, massaging Chestnut’s legs and feeling her stomach. “You may regret that. She’ll probably have baby fever soon.”

“Well she actually asked Arion to be her special friend...” Matt said, sheepishly.

“Really? She’s still pretty young.” Tiffany said. “And how did you find out?”

“Arion told me. He’s been having... I guess puberty pains?” Matt sighed. “Poor guy has a serious case of blue balls. I had to let him leave the safe room so he didn’t have to be around Almond.”

“Sounds about right. There are some enfie-toys on aisle 7, which will help him.”

“Are those like... fluffy sex toys?” Matt said. The thought of buying his pet a fucktoy didn’t appeal.

“Pretty much. If you don’t want to neuter Arion, that’s what you’ll have to do. At least until he mates with Almond, if you decide to allow that.”

“Well, yeah I told them when she’s older that she could have babies with Arion.” Matt said.

“You did? That was... brave. Most owners firmly tell their fluffies no babies. You sure you want two litters of foals?”

“I mean... I told Almond she has to help Chestnut with her litter first. She seemed really excited to help her mom. Even said she’d help give them ‘licky-cleanies’ and clean their poop.”

Tiffany looked up at Matt. “Wow that’s surprising. Most fluffies want babies because they think they’re like toys. If Almond is committed to helping raise Chestnut’s next litter, that’s promising.”

“Really?”

“Oh yeah, breeders would kill for a mare who actually gave a shit about raising their kids, rather than just feeding and playing with them. Most mares don’t realize that babies have to be taught to be good, they think they come out already being ‘bestest good babies’ and let them do whatever they want. Humans have to be involved to raise them correctly.”

“Well, Almond certainly wanted to prove she would be a good mom. Maybe... maybe I’ll let her finish raising Brick and Licorice? She can do their litter training, and even though she doesn’t have any milk, I got one of those auto-feeders, she can take them to that I guess?”

“Sounds like a good idea, honestly. It will teach her responsibility when it comes to raising her own foals, and will show her that they’re not just fun, they’re also a lot of work. She should also spend time with Chestnut’s new babies; she’ll realize that for the first few weeks of their lives, babies are boring.”

“I’m more concerned about Arion, actually.” Matt admitted.

“Because of his urges? It’s nothing to be concerned about. The fact that he asked you permission to have babies, was concerned with the way Almond made him feel, and was honest with you about both his and Almond’s desires was a really good sign.

“Normally, fluffies ask their owners incessantly about babies or special friends until either they get the answer they want or are told no so firmly that they either run away to get knocked up or find a special friend. Usually this ends up in a fluffy that runs away and joins a herd, or has sex and comes back.”

“What happens with fluffies that comes back?”

“Well, with stallions, they usually get incredibly depressed. Most of them realize that sex means babies, and once they get out their owners usually make sure they can’t leave again. Mares who come back pregnant are the number one victims of abuse.”

“Yikes. Well, I’m glad Almond didn’t run away.” Matt laughed.

Chestnut was cooing as Tiffany gently massaged her pregnant belly. Her teats were heavily swollen again, and the way she kept her hind legs apart made it pretty clear to Tiffany that they were sore and tender.

“Chestnut, do your milky-places hurt?” Tiffany asked.

“Yesh... miwkie-pwaces am su fuww o’ miwkies. Bwick an’ Wicowice am dwink wots o’ miwkies, bu’ stiw w hab wots weft!”

“I see. Chestnut, you’re making a lot of milk because you have babies coming. If you want, I can milk you. I promise I’ll give your daddy all your milk so he can make sure it goes to your babies. You’ll still make more.”

“Nice wady take miwkies...?” Chestnut asked hesitantly. “Bu... miwkies am fo’ babbehs...”

“I know sweetie.” Tiffany said, stroking her back. “But you have so much, that’s what is making you feel not pretty.”

Matt smiled. It was funny watching a medical professional talk in fluffyspeak, but it was also pretty impressive that she had mastered communicating with them in the way they understood.

“Chestnut, why do you want to keep so much milk?” Tiffany asked. “You only have two babies right now, and they’re almost ready for solid food. If you wait for your babies to be born, you’re going to be in a lot of pain.”

“Mumma nebah haf enuf miwkies fo’ babbeh... wan make suwe babbeh hab wots o’ miwkies!”

“Ahh I see. You’re afraid you won’t have enough milk for your babies.” Tiffany smiled. “Chestnut you’re a very good mommy. I wonder, can I ask you a favor?”

“Wat am favuw nice wady?” Chestnut asked. She was trying to lean to look at Tiffany, but the combination of her pained teats and pregnant stomach made it hard.

“I have a lot of babies here who don’t have mummahs, they need lots of milkies to grow up big and strong, but they don’t have anyone to give them milk. Would you be willing to give them some of your milk?”

“Babbehs nee’ miwkies! Dat am su sad!” Chestnut looked down at her swollen teats, and groaned a bit as she tried to sit up. “Ches’nut an babbehs hab pweny miwkies... Daddeh am gud daddeh an’ gib bestest nummies tu mumma fo’ bestest miwkies. Ches’nut wiww hewp hungie babbehs.”

“Thank you Chestnut! Let me get the babies, I’ll be right back.” Tiffany scratched her behind the ears and left the room.

“Chestnut,” Matt said, standing up and gently stroking her mane. “you have to tell me when your milkie-places hurt. I can milk you and give your babies that milk so you feel better.”

“Ches’nut knu daddeh... bu’ am wowwied... nu hab su many nummies befo’. Nebah hab enuf miwkies. Nao hab tu much miwkies.”

“Chestnut, you’ll always have enough food with me. I’ll make sure you always have enough milk for your babies, and that you always have enough nummies, okay? You’re never going to feel hungry again.” Matt said, smiling.

“Fank yu daddeh... Ches’nut am sowwy fo’ make daddeh wowwy.”

“You don’t have to apologize, Chestnut. I just want to make sure you’re comfortable and happy. If you’re worried about something like food, or milk, just tell me. I would rather you bother me than you be hurt or uncomfortable.”

Chestnut smiled and nuzzled her head against Matt.

“Fank yu daddeh. Am bestest daddeh.”

“And you’re a great fluffy.” Matt said, smiling.

Tiffany returned soon, and in her hands were seven little foals. They were all still chirpie babies, with their eyes closed and their fluff thin.

“Aww! Su many babbeh! Su gud babbeh!” Chestnut was immediately enamored with the foals.

Tiffany gently placed the foals in front of Chestnut, who moved her hind leg out of the way so the first two babies could feed. The little foals were hungry, it seemed, and each one took their turns stuffing themselves with as much milk as they could. Fortunately, Chestnut was bloated with milk and had enough for each baby.

Matt could see the relief on her face as her teats were drained. She was gently cooing to the babies, and it made them calm down, soothing their incessant peeping.

“Ches’nut hewp babbehs, babbehs hewp Ches’nut, dwink wots o’ miwkies, gwow-up big an stwong.” She sung, softly. Each baby, after they ate their fill, curled up by her stomach, making an adorable fluff pile next to Chestnut.

“Why so many babies?” Matt asked, watching the last baby – a small orange and red filly – curl up right near Chestnut’s front hooves and falling asleep.

“It’s foal season.” Tiffany said, sadly. “Winter is over so all the ferals that had been hibernating and huddling to stay warm are now active and having babies. We get a lot off the street, and even worse we get a lot of people who kill feral adults but don’t want to kill the foals, so they bring them here.”

“That’s sad.” Matt said. Chestnut was happily looking at the pile of babies, and stroked her own tummy.

“Daddeh, Ches’nut am su happeh! Gun’ gib babbehs su much wuv! Fank yu nice wady, miwkie-pwaces feew su pwetty nao.”

“I’m glad, Chestnut! Now I have to take the babies back to their nesties, is that okay?”

Chestnut looked a little upset, and squirmed. “Can Ches’nut staw wif babbehs wittew wongew?” She asked, looking back and forth between Matt and Tiffany. “Pweeeeeeease?”

“Matt?” Tiffany asked, looking to him.

“Well, if it’s okay with you I could finish my shopping while she stays with them?”

“Sure! It will be good for the babies to feel like they’re near their mother, make them a little happier.”

“Okay Chestnut,” Matt said, “You can stay here with the babies a little while longer while I shop. But when I come back, it’s time to go, okay?”

“Yay! Fank yu daddeh, fank yu nice wady!” Chestnut said, happily wrapping herself around the babies. She was far more active now that her teats felt good.

Matt dipped out to shop some, picking up some more of the generic ‘mill approved’ grade C kibble for his basement dwelling fluffies, and some more ‘soon mummah’ vitamix for Chestnut, and a special device for his basement fluffies. He also browsed the ‘enfie toys’ for, as the sign said, ‘Mature Stallions.’

There were a few that were more towards the abuse side of care; toys that had little metal bumps to impale their dicks, ones with spring loaded bear-trap style devices that were designed to ‘neuter’ fluffies. Matt didn’t want any of those, but he at least considered they might be useful in the future.

Matt finally found one that he was comfortable purchasing; a fluffy toy in the shape of a mare with a slit in the back. It advertised itself as ‘smells just like a mare!’ and ‘feels just like the real thing!’ and ‘machine washable.’ Matt didn’t care about any of the other adverts, but ‘machine washable’ was the best news he heard all day.

His purchases gathered, paid for, and bagged, Matt headed back to the vet station. Tiffany was already waiting for him with a very happy looking Chestnut on the counter.

“Daddeh! Daddeh! Nice wady say Ches’nut hab gud babbehs! Hab fow an’ two babbehs!”

“Wow Chestnut! That’s great! Are you ready to say bye to Tiffany and go home?”

“Yesh daddeh. Fank yu nice wady Tiff’nee.” Chestnut said.

“You’re very welcome Chestnut,” Tiffany said, smiling.

“So, six babies?” Matt asked, looking at Tiffany.

“Yup, six healthy babies. You’re going to have your hands full, that’s for damn sure.” Tiffany laughed. “But hey, you have my card, if you need any help with them just give me a call.”

“I will most certainly take you up on that offer.” Matt said, smiling.

“Oh! And here.” Tiffany pulled a small box from under the desk. “This is an auto-milker. Chestnut seems to produce way more milk than a normal mare, and she’ll likely experience some discomfort before she gives birth. Use this to milk her if she starts getting more lethargic.”

“Wow, thanks! How much do I owe you?” Matt asked.

“It’s on the house. I know we talked about your… extracurricular activities, and while I don’t entirely approve… it’s obvious you care deeply about these fluffies. It’s rare to find an owner who tries this hard to make their fluffies happy. Consider this my… thanks, for being a good owner.” She smiled at him, and gave Chestnut a scratch behind the ears.

“Bai-bai nice wady Tiff’nee!” She said. “Fank yu fo’ babbeh-time!”

“You are very welcome. I’ll see you again when you have your babies, okay?” Tiffany said. Matt smiled, still reeling from the thought of having eleven babies running around.

He’d have to think of something.

Arion was bored. He had jumped onto the couch and snuggled up, watching the silly magic box. But now he was bored. Normally, Arion would be playing with Almond, but now just the thought of her made his special lumps hurt.

Arion groaned as he flopped over, a dull throbbing aching from his special lumps had kept him acutely aware of his strange feelings. He'd considered trying to get back into the safe-room to play with Almond, but the meanie not-wall was in his way, and he also wasn't sure that he was ready to play with Almond yet.

Bored, Arion hopped down from the couch. He knew he wasn't supposed to explore, and he didn't want to make daddy angry or get the sorry stick again, so he kept his roaming to the kitchen and the living room.

He had been all over the living room, but hadn't explored the kitchen! It was the room where all the nummies lived! Arion could smell them, and even though he wasn't hungry, it still smelled so good. The shiny cold metal box held lots of nummies, and Arion had seen daddy put human nummies in there.

Arion walked around slowly, sniffing all he could. It was nice to know the smells of his housie, especially in the places he didn't get to go much. It made him happy to smell all the new wonderful smells of daddy's-

Boo-boo juice.

A shiver went through Arion's body, his ears flattening instinctively. He smelled the very familiar scent of boo-boo juice, something he knew too well from the alley.

Arion sniffed. It was faint, but he could smell where it was coming from – the door he'd never been behind. Arion didn't know what was behind the door, but he'd seen daddy go down there a few times. Arion hesitated. The door was outside the kitchen, in a little room that led outside where daddy got rid of poopies from the litter box.

Arion knew he wasn't supposed to leave the kitchen, but there was something else he could smell behind the scary door, something he really didn't want to smell.

Outside fluffies.

Arion crept towards the door slowly, making as little noise as he could, and sniffed. The smell of fluffies and boo-boo juice grew stronger the closer he got to the door.

Finally, Arion was next to the door. He sniffed under the tiny gap under the door, and the smell of boo-boo juice and fluffies was strongest. Arion's stomach rolled; he could smell all sorts of awful things: boo-boo juice, the smell of fluffies and babies, mikies, and poopies. Worst of all, however, Arion could smell death.

Arion backed up quickly, recoiling from the monster door. Whatever was down there was hurting fluffies. Arion felt something strange on his hoofsie, and when he looked down, there was boo-boo juice on it! But it wasn't his boo-boo juice... it was somefluffy else's!

Arion screamed, and ran from the door. He didn't want to be anywhere near the meanie monster door. It ate fluffies! Arion jumped onto the couch, and hid under some of the blankets. Maybe if he hid well enough, the monster couldn't find him. And then when daddy was home, he'd be able to save Arion!

Except... Arion wasn't supposed to explore. Daddy would be so mad to find out that Arion left the kitchen! Arion was very worried; daddy wouldn't be happy that he left the kitchen, but surely he'd want to know about the monsters!

Arion was conflicted. On one hand, he didn't want to get in trouble, but on the other hand, it was far more important that daddy knew that there were possibly monsters in the house! Arion steeled himself and accepted whatever punishment that would come; he was going to tell daddy about the monster in the scary door!

Asscleaner was crying in the basement. It had been many bright-times since the monster daddy had given him the worstest hurties! He took his weggies, his special lumps, and his teefies! And even worse, he gave him the worst name!

Asscleaner tried to call himself his old name, but something stopped him every time. He couldn't say, or even THINK his old name! All he could call himself was Asscleaner. It made him so sad and have the worst heart-hurties and maddies!

But even worse than all of that were the babies. Asscleaner had been so excited to raise his bestest babies with Charcoal, the prettiest mare in his whole herd. She had been Leaf's special friend, but he was a dummy sicky-wawa colored fluffy, and she didn't want special huggies with him. Once dark-time, she came up to Asscleaner and presented him her special-place, and he gave her the bestest best special-huggies that he'd ever given anyone!

He'd been so happy when she told him she had babies! He knew they were his babies and one would be the future smarty of his herd! Leaf thought they were his babies, but he was a dummy. He was useful, though, and went to go get nummies for Charcoal while Asscleaner was busy being the smarty. Asscleaner had fully intended to give him forever-sleepies when Charcoal had her babies, but then the meanie monster daddy had captured them all!

Asscleaner sobbed, watching his babies drink milkies from their mummah. Charcoal wasn't pretty anymore, and it gave Asscleaner the biggest heart-hurties. She had no leegies, and no see-places anymore. There were meanie thingies in her mouth, and poopie-place, and special-place! She couldn't talk, or move, or anything! All she could do was feed their babies.

But their babies didn't call her mummah, and they didn't call him daddeh. They called Charcoal 'nice miwkbag' and they called Asscleaner 'wickie-cweanie fwuffy.'

It was the worst when his bestest baby, his pretty blue and red pointy baby, came over to him and shoved his poopie-place in his face.

At first, Asscleaner didn't want to give lickie-cleanies to any of the babies! Especially not the dummy pink wingie baby! That baby wasn't even his!

But monster daddy had taught the babies that if Asscleaner didn't give them lickie-cleanies, they could push the no-no button. The no-no button was the worstest WORST thing. It made his no-no stick have the worstest hurties and always made him cry and beg. Or he would beg, if he had his teethies and could talk!

At first, Asscleaner hadn't licked the babies clean, but the pink wingie baby, who was bigger than his babies, had been taught about the no-no button first, and she did not hesitate to use it.

The pink baby walked over to the litter box and made good poopies. They were still babies who drank milkies, so it was wet poopies. She pushed some of the litter over the poopies, and presented her poopie-place to Asscleaner.

"Pwese gib wickie-cweanies, Asscweanuh." She said sweetly. Asscleaner hesitated, not wanting to lick her poopie place clean at all! He was a smarty and she was just a dummy, pink, fwuffy!

And then he screamed. His no-no stick was on fire, and his whole body began to convulse in agony. Asscleaner began to cry as then pink baby stood on the no-no button. She stood on it for a long time, like she always did.

She was a big meanie! Pink baby stood on the no-no button until Asscleaner began to lick her clean, and didn't get off it until he was done.

"Fank yu fo' wickie-cweanies, Asscweaner." She said, smiling at him. "Be fastuh next poopie-time pwease. Daddeh say tu pwess nu-nu buttown fow aww of wickie-cweanies, be'cus yu am be bad fo' make babbeks wait."

Asscleaner nodded sadly, though she couldn't see him. She was smiling! She was a meanie monster baby, but she was very nice to the other babies. They all played and slept in a nice big fluff-pile. It gave Asscleaner the biggest heart hurties to see them all happy and playing together. He wanted so much to play with his babies and hug them, and sleep in a big pile with them.

But Asscleaner didn't have leggies anymore; he would never run, or play, or hug ever again. All he would do forever would be licking poopie-places until meanie monster daddy gave him more hurties or forever-sleepies.

Asscleaner couldn't wait for forever-sleepies. At least he wouldn't have owies anymore.

"Waa-daah..." He moaned.



Then he saw his bestest baby, his little red and blue baby, coming over. It was the only time he ever got to talk to his best baby.

“Baaast baaahah” He groaned.

“wickie-cweany fwiend make funny noises!” He said, giggling as he squatted over the litter box.

“Baabaha maak goo poopeh...” He said, trying to praise his baby. The foal didn’t understand him, however, no matter how hard Asscleanr tried to speak. “Asscwaana am yuu daadaa...” He mustered.

“wickie-cweany fwiend am su funny!” The red-blue baby said. “Daddeh am hooman daddeh! Yu am wickie-cweany fwiend! Nu can hab babbehs!”

“Daah nu twuuuu...” Asscleaner said. “Daahaa am munsah...”

“Dat am wong!” The red blue baby said, clearly offended. “Hooman daddeh am bestest daddeh! Gib miwky-pwace fwiend and wickie-cweany fwiend!”

“Babbeh? Why am tawk tu wickie-cweany fwiend?” The pink baby asked, trotting over.

“wickie-cweany fwiend am caww hooman daddeh munstah!” The red blue baby was huu huuing now.

“Dat am nu twue! Daddeh am nu munstah, a, gud daddeh.”

“Babbeh am knu... wickie-cweany fwiend gib babbeh heawt huwties!”

“Gu pway,” The pink baby said. “Pink babbeh am make wickie-cweany fwiend be gud ‘gain.”

“Otay.” The red blue baby walked off. “Fank yu smawtest sissie.”

“Nuu am smaaww! Awsweannuh am smaww!” Asscleaner insisted, trying to tell the dummy pink fluffy that he was the smarty, not her!

“Daddeh am teww fwuffy dat yu am bad munstah. Ebul meany smawty dat am kiww gud babbehs. Su daddeh make yu wickie-cweanie fwiend.” She said. She walked over to the blockies and grabbed one. “Yu am fo’ wickie-cweanies nao.”

Asscleaner looked in horror as she picked the blockie up in her mouth, and hovered it above the no-no button.

“Nuuu pweeshh... nuuu gib huwteshhh” He begged.

And then she placed the block on the button. Immediately, Asscleaner’s no-no stick was on fire again! The sharp pain made him gasp and whine, his eyes wide in agony. He was used to the short bursts of pain, and had become fairly obedient with them, but the pink baby had noticed that.

Daddy had told her “Now if Asscleaner doesn’t give you lickie-cleanies, or if he tries to talk to any of the babies, you press that button, okay?”

She had been a good baby, and always pressed the button whenever Asscleaner tried to talk or didn’t give lickie-cleanies. She had to admit, it was very funny watching him make all those faces and noises when she pressed the button. She especially liked it when he cried.

“Nao, babbeh am gunna pway wif otha’ babbehs. Cum back fo’ poopie-tiems an’ wickie-cweanies. When cum back, if wicky-cweany fwiend am gud when cum back, maybeh babbeh take bwokie off no-no buttown.”

Asscleaner’s eyes went wide. She was going to leave him like this! He strained, trying so hard to move his face to the button to push the block off, but it was way too far away. The pain was so great that he started to make pee-pees, and sobbed harder.

The pink baby walked away, happily trotting to play with the other babies while Asscleaner thrashed in his box. There was nothing he could do as his sensitive no-no stick was tortured.

Matt had taken Chestnut out of the carrier and was swaddling her as he opened the front door. She had been happily cooing 'soon-mummah, soon-mummah' as they had driven home. She'd slept with the babies around her, according to Tiffany, and that plus being milked had put her in a significantly better mood.

Matt had explained that if her teats were hurting her, he would milk her so she'd feel better. She was hesitant at first, saying 'hooman daddeh nu nee' miwkies, babbeh nee' miwkies,' but when he told her he'd make sure she would have enough nummies to make more milk, and he'd only take milk if she was hurting, she warmed up to the idea.

He came in to find Arion conked out on the couch, one hoof in his mouth, and under a bunch of blankets. It was adorable.

Matt went over the safe-room before waking Arion, especially because he wanted to introduce him to his enfie-toy in private.

He was greeted by the sight of Almond asleep, wrapped around Brick and Licorice. They were pooped, and the blocks and puzzle pieces, and toys all over the place had revealed that they'd had a busy day of playing. Even better than that, however, were the good poopies in the litter box, and a half-empty auto-feeder.

The babies also had freshly licked rears, indicating that Almond had done as she promised, and given lickycleanies to the babies.

"Look Chestnut," Matt said quietly, "Almond was such a good baby today! She took care of Brick and Licorice all day."

"Yesh daddeh," Chestnut said, smiling at Almond. "Awmon' am su gud babbeh. Gon' be bestest big sissie fo' nyu babbehs. Ches'nut am su pwoud. Gib biggest heawt-happies."

"It's thanks to you, Chestnut. You raise a very good baby." Matt said, stroking her as he gently placed her down on the large bed.

She wiggled her way over to Almond and wrapped herself around her child.

"Daddeh?" Chestnut asked. "Ches'nut wan sai... fank yu."

Matt smiled. He knew that fluffies had a hard time with words, and knew she was trying to thank him for more than she could articulate.

"You're welcome Chestnut. Now you've had a big day, get some rest okay?" Matt said, stroking her ears.

"Otay daddeh." Chestnut said, laying down. "Ches'nut wuv yu. Gud dawk-tiem."

"Love you too Chestnut. Good dark-time." He said. Fluffyspeak was contagious.

Matt left the safe-room and gently closed the door. He was sure that Arion would prefer some privacy to try his enfie-toy, and Matt intended to give it to him. The last thing he wanted to see was his pet fuck a stuffed toy.

"Arion? You awake bud?" Arion said, gently shaking the fluffy.

"D-daddeh? Daddeh home!" Arion said, immediately getting up and shaking the sleep from his fluff.

The first thing Matt noticed was the dried blood on Arion's front hoof.

"Whoa, Arion are you bleeding?" Matt said, lifting the fluffy up. He saw a small bloody hoof-print on the hardwood leading to the kitchen, and a small trail leading through the kitchen all the way to the-

Fuck.

To the basement door. The blood wasn't Arion's, it was one of the feral's. When Matt threw the trash containing Pinkie, Leaf, and Aquamarine away, he'd spilled blood and hadn't noticed.

"A-awion nu am huwt daddeh... boo-boo juice nu am Awion's."

Shit shit shit shit. Matt didn't want to punish Arion, he was sure the smell of blood and fluffies had proven too much of a temptation. This wasn't Arion's fault, but it was dangerous. He remembered what Tiffany had said, that if Arion found out he killed fluffies for fun, it would break him.

"A-wion am su sowwy daddeh. Knu dat am nu suppos' gu expwowin' buh... buh Awion smeww boo-boo juice, an' fwuffies, an'... bad smewws! Daddeh, dere am munstah in bad doow!"

Matt sighed in relief. Arion thought there was a monster in the basement. It was perfect, Matt could easily quell his fluffy's fears and check up on his little bastards himself.

"A monster you say? Well, that's not good. Don't worry Arion, I'll take care of it. But, in the meantime I have a surprise for you."

Matt pulled the enfie-toy from the box and picked Arion up. He'd planned to have Arion fuck his toy in the kitchen, since it was easier to clean the tile, but since he now planned to head down to the basement and enjoy himself, he brought Arion to the bathroom.

Arion shrunk a little bit, sucking his not-bloody hoof nervously.

"Awion hab baff?" He asked.

"No, no. Well I'm going to wash the blood off your hoof, but I have a new toy for you."

Matt wet some paper towels and wiped the blood off Arion's hoof, and placed the enfie-toy on the floor. The bathroom was roomy enough that Arion had plenty of room for... well, fucking.

"Wat am nyu toysie? Am..." Arion's eyes went wide, and Matt saw his penis growing. "Am smeww wike mawe... pwetty mawe?" Arion asked, nudging the toy.

"No it's not a real mare, it's a toy. It's for you to... give special-huggies to. I know your bal- uh, lumps have been hurting you, and this is for you to feel better. You can tell me whenever you need to give special-huggies okay?"

Arion sniffed the toy, his eyes dilated and his tail puffed up.

"Stuffy-toy am enfie-toy?" Arion asked, he poked the toy gently with his hoof, and nudged its plush vagina with his nose.

"Uh, yeah." Matt said, he didn't really want to be there when Arion decided to mount the stuffed animal.

"Fank yu daddeh!" Arion said, smiling. "Wumps hab' gib wowstest huwties! Dis am hewp?"

"Yeah, this will help your special-lump owies. Now, just like how Chestnut's tea- er, milkie-places have been hurting her, you need to tell me when your lumps hurt. I know it's embarrassing to talk about it, but I'm your daddy and I only want to help."

"Otay daddeh, Awion wiww teww daddeh if wumps huwt." He said. His eyes kept darting back to the stuffed animal, and he was nervously kneading the floor. He obviously needed to have release.

"Good boy. Now I'm going to take care of the monster in the basement. Don't worry about me, daddy will be okay."

“Daddeh am bestest daddeh, gib munstah fowevah-sweepies!” Arion said.

“I will buddy, now have fun.” Matt said, still very uncomfortable with the fact that he had basically told his pet to enjoy masturbating.

He left the bathroom, and smiled a little bit when he over heard Arion talking to the toy.

“Fank yu nice towsie fo’ gib speshuw-huggies fo’ make wumps feww pwetty. Awion be vewwy gentuw.”

If that was fluffy dirty talk, Arion sucked at it.

Matt walked over to the basement door. It was connected to the house through the mudroom, which had both the back door and the door to the basement in it. The living room connected to the backyard via a sliding door, so this one didn’t get used as much, which left it pretty clean.

Matt saw the small blood stains now, though. It had been pure and total bad luck that Arion had managed to step in one or smell them. He’d have to invest in an air freshener.

Before heading down, he wiped the blood up and made sure there weren’t any more spills in the mudroom. Satisfied that the room was clean, Matt opened the door and descended into the basement.

He’d been very careful while raising the foals. Every time he saw them, his heart raced a little. The thought of what he could do to them, how they couldn’t resist if he decided to twist their legs until they broke, or skinned them while the others watched, it made him shiver.

But in the interest of making sure he could enjoy himself for as long as possible, it was imperative that he took his time.

He was immediately greeted by the sound of heavy sobbing. It was Asscleaner – formerly Firework – and had was sobbing loudly. The source was a single block that had been placed on the button linked to the electric shock pad attached to Asscleaner’s dick.

Matt bent down and took the block off the button. Asslceaner looked up at Matt, his eyes red raw from crying and saliva dripping from his mouth.

“Well well, Asscleaner. Looks like you’ve been a naughty fluffy.” Matt said, smiling.

“Nauuuu... Awscwannah nuu ahb baaa” He whined. Matt frowned. He took all of Asscleaner’s teeth, but the idiot could still talk. For now.

“Hewwo daddeh!” The pink pegasus said, happily flapping her little wings. The other babies heard the word ‘daddeh’ and immediately ran over to him.

“Hello babies. How was your day?” Matt asked. He lifted her up into loving hug, squeezing her and feeling her wing flap in joy.

Matt had told the babies that their parents had gone ‘forever-sleepies’ and he had saved them from evil monsters that wanted to eat them. It had been such a wonderful tear-ridden story and the foals had eaten it all up. Pinkie took it especially to heart, as she had been just old enough to remember her mother’s voice. And her mother’s screams.

“Babbeh am gud daddeh.” the pink pegasus said, “wicky-cweany fwiend am made bwue-wed babbeh hab saddies, su gib huwties!” She was proud of herself, clearly.

“That’s a good baby!” Matt said. He pulled a little baby-safe sketti-treat from his pocket and gave one to each of the babies.

It was time to check on his ‘friends.’

The babies knew Matt would be preoccupied with the ‘milkies-friend’ and ‘licky-cleany friend’ for a bit, and they went off to play with each other. Matt crept down to Milkbag, gently touching her stumps to make sure there was no infection.

She immediately recoiled, knowing the human touching her was the monster that had taken her limbs and eyes.

“Good news Milkbag, your wounds have healed perfectly.” Matt said, smiling.

Milkbag thrashed as much as the harness would allow and made muffled yells. They weren’t loud enough to upset the babies, but they still irritated Matt.

He roughly felt the urethral implant. Milkbag struggled at the painful feeling of the large object in her urethra being jostled around.

“Your babies don’t know you’re their mother. They think you’re just a dummy no-leggy fluffy who is only good for milk.”

Matt smiled as he could hear very muffled ‘huu huu’s emanating from Milkbag.

“Still though, the babies aren’t going to need milk forever. Eventually I’ll have to get rid of you.” Matt said. Milkbag slumped, defeated. She had been a bit of a firecracker before, but now even when her defiant streak appeared, it was easily squashed.

Matt, however, had no desire to get rid of her. Not quite yet. He wanted to prolong her suffering for as long as possible.

Chestnut’s pain had given him quite the idea. It upset him to see Chestnut suffering with her over-full teats, especially since it came from a desire to have enough food for her children. Chestnut accepted and bravely took on pain so her children could eat.

Matt poured an entire bag of ‘soon-mummah extra milkies’ mix into Milkbag’s feed. The super-nutritious mix had special hormones in it to promote extra milk production. Under normal circumstances, you mixed some kibble with a tablespoon of the stuff for the two weeks before the birth. This helped mothers create nutritious and satisfying milk for their foals, but also helped when pregnant fluffies were having a hard time making enough milk, an uncommon but not unheard of issue.

In Milkbag’s case, she produced an ample amount of milk, quite enough for all her hungry babies. The additional nutrients would cause a jump in her milk production, and Matt hoped it caused the same issues for Milkbag as it had for Chestnut.

The auto-feeder did its job and began to grind the kibble up, mixing it with water, and making a disgusting if not nutritious slurry. Not that it mattered, the food was pumped directly into her stomach so she didn’t have to taste the mix. A small blessing.

Soon, even doing nothing would be painful, and she would be in agony from sore and swollen teats. Matt wanted to see just how swollen they could get. Fluffies produced a large amount of milk, as their litters ranged anywhere from two to eight foals, and all that milk had to go somewhere.

Content to enjoy Milkbag’s slow torture, he turned his attention to Asscleaner.

“So, you’ve been scaring the foals talking to them, huh?”

“Smaawt giii huutuuh tuu munshtha.” He weakly croaked. Matt laughed.

“Oh Asscleaner, you’re too funny. You want to give me hurties?” Matt pulled the tool he’d been hiding in his back pocket out. “I’m going to give you hurties.”

Asscleaner immediately started to squirm. He couldn't go anywhere, of course, but every fiber of his being told him to run away from the monster in front of him.

The tool he was holding looked like a large vegetable peeler. It had a switch on the side, which Matt turned on, and the machine began to quickly get hot.

"Do you want to know what this is?" Matt asked Asscleaner, holding the device up. "It's a do-it-yourself-ventriculocordecotomy."

Asscleaner didn't even try to say the long and difficult word.

"I know, it's a doozy. But in layman's terms it's a debarker." Matt smiled. "Of course, Fluffies don't bark, they talk. So I guess you could say this is a de-talker."

From the vacant look on Asscleaner's face, he still didn't get it. The de-talker was still heating up, so Matt had some time to fuck with him.

Leaning down so he was closer to the fluffy's face, Matt smiled wide.

"I'm going to take away your talkies."

"NUUUU!" Asscleaner wailed. It was loud enough to distract the babies, who looked over in fear.

"Scawy..." A few of them murmured, while Matt watched with some satisfaction as one of the foals ran over to the litter box to relieve their 'scardie-poopies' instead of shitting on the floor.

"Shut up!" Matt hissed, flicking Asscleaner in his nose. "This is why I'm taking your voice you asshole. You keep scaring my foals. These babies are good fluffies, unlike you. I heard you were talking to your son today, and you scared him you monster."

"Nuu aaa munsahhh..." Asscleaner said quietly, crying. "Nu waaa wose wooice...."

"I don't care. Now, open wide." Matt said, lifting the now-primed de-talker.

Asscleaner obviously resisted, clamping his mouth shut as hard as he could and turning his head away from Matt as far as the box he was crammed into would allow. Unfortunately for him, Matt still had the no-no button.

He pressed it, and held it down. Asscleaner began to cry and twitch, fighting every impulse to cry or scream as his no-no stick had the worst shocky-hurties. He'd lost everything else: his leggings, his special lumps, his teefies, his babies and his special friend! The last thing he had was his talkies! He didn't want to be a dummy no-talkie fluffy!

Eventually the hurties to his no-no stick was too much. He had to scream. And the minute he opened his mouth to make the smallest whimper, Matt grabbed his mouth and forced his jaw open.

Asscleaner tried to twist away, but Matt's grip was too firm. He used his thumb and forefinger to keep Asscleaner's jaw wide and opened, and his tongue out of the way. The kit specifically had said to make sure the fluffy was unconscious before performing the procedure, but Matt didn't care about that.

Sticking the de-talker down the fluffy's throat, he pushed it until he felt the slight resistance of the epiglottis. Pushing down, he was able to get over the 'bump' and carefully work his way down into the larynx. The tool was simple to use once the device was fully in the larynx; simple rotate it a full 350 degrees twice, then remove carefully. The only part that was actually hot was the cutting and cauterizing blade that was protected by two pieces of curved plastic. It got hot enough to cauterize the vocal cords and force permanent muteness.

Asscleaner struggled against Matt's grip, and made pathetic and airy wheezes while he felt the inside of his throat burn. Finally, after he'd rolled the tool around twice, he pulled it out, careful not to burn the fluffy's soft palate or tongue.

“There! Now, try not to talk for a few days, it’ll hurt if you do.” Matt said. “And I’ll tell the foals no licky-cleanies right now so you can heal. And because I’m such a nice daddy...”

Matt pulled the plug out of the no-no button, disabling it for now.

“Babies! C’mere!” Matt said, kindly but with authority. The babies all ran over, falling into a line and sitting on their haunches. They were so well behaved for the man who saved them from the horrible monster who gave all their parents the worst hurties and forever-sleepies.

“Now, Licky-Cleany Friend was hurt and I needed to use some human magic to fix him. While he’s getting better, no licky-cleanies for a while okay?”

“Otay daddeh...” The babies all said sadly. Matt had been surprised at how much the babies enjoyed getting rimmed, but apparently the feel of a clean asshole was one that a fluffy wasn’t accustomed to.

“Now I know you love your Licky-Cleany friend, but we want him to get all better, don’t we.”

“Yesh daddeh!” The babies said.

Matt saw the little white unicorn hesitate, but she too eventually nodded. How odd... maybe Matt would get lucky and she’d be a smarty. Firework’s son – the red and blue one – had been very polite and well behaved, apparently following Pinkie’s bestest baby around like a lost puppy.

“But! I think you’ve all been such good babies that you all get an extra special treat!”

A chorus of ‘sketties!’ erupted from the babies. They weren’t weaned yet, so solid food was out of the question, but that wasn’t what Matt had in mind anyway.

“No sillies! You get names!”

An audible gasp of pure joy came from the foals, as they all started to prance and wiggle. The black colt stood on his hind legs and danced for Matt.

“Okay, calm down, calm down.” Matt said, lowering himself to the foal’s level. “Now... since you’re the oldest, you’ll get your name first.” Matt said to the pink baby. She squealed in joy.

“Babbeh am hab name!” She said, kneading the floor happily.

“How about... Rosie?”

“Woasy! Su pwetty name daddeh! Fank yu!” She said, giggling in joy. Matt smiled; she trusted him immensely. Breaking her would be the most fun.

“Okay, how about you?” Matt said, lifting the red-blue unicorn. “Your name will be... July!”

“Juwy!” The foal pranced happily. “Wuv nyu name! Bestest daddeh fank yu!”

“You’re welcome July. Now, for you...” Matt said, lifting the white unicorn up. “How about Diamond.”

“Diamown’? Su pwetty! Fank yu’ daddeh!” Diamond said, smiling.

“And you,” Matt said, scratching the black colt behind his ears. “Will be Slate.”

“Swate wuv nyu name! Fank yu fank yu!” He said, smiling.

“And for you... hmm...” Matt said, holding up the blue colt. “How about Cobalt?”

“Oooo Cowbawt am pwetty! Fank yu nice daddeh. Cowbawt am wuv yu.” He said, gently hugging Matt’s hand.

Matt smiled, placing all the foals down as they learned each of their sibling's new names. He had worried about getting attached to the foals, especially since they were so kind and well-behaved, but when Matt looked down at them all he felt was a desire to skin the lot of them and make their parents wear them as a coat.

Matt saw them and wanted to tear them apart, slowly. And then he wanted to go upstairs and cuddle with Arion and Chestnut and Almond. When he looked at Arion, and Chestnut, and Almond, he had no desire to hurt them. He saw them almost as a different being. He couldn't tell if there was something different about them specifically, or if he'd just placed them on a pedestal in his heart. Either way, it seemed he didn't have to worry about becoming attached to the basement foals.

"Great! Now that you're all named it'll be way easier for me to keep track of you all! Now I'll be back later, play nice and remember; good fluffies use the litter box." Matt said, smiling.

Upstairs, Matt peaked into the bathroom where he'd left Arion and his 'enfie-toy.' Arion was smiling, and panting gently as he laid on his belly.

"Fank yu bestest enfie-toy. Speshuw-wumps feww suuu pwetty nao. Fank yu fo' bestest speshuw-huggies." He said, a dumb grin on his little fluffy face.

"Hey Arion, how are you?" Matt said, walking fully into the bathroom.

"Daddeh! Fank yu fo' nice stuffy toysie! Speshuw-wumps feww suuuu pwetty nao!" Arion said, getting to his feet. He shook like a wet dog, and smiled. "Owwies am gone nao. Fank yu fo' hewp."

"Of course Arion. This will be here whenever you need it, okay? Just let me know whenever you're having, ah, special-lump owwies."

"I wiww daddeh! Fank yu fo' hewp..." He pawed the ground a bit, looking for a word. "Daddeh... fank yu fo cawe."

"For caring? What do you mean?" Matt said. He lifted Arion up in a cradle hug, and the fluffy cooed and turned into his daddy, loving the warmth.

"Daddeh am cawe abowt Awion. Gib Awion wots of wuv, nummies, warmies, an' fwiends. Awion hab bestest happies nao. Mummah an' daddeh fwuffy nu cawe bout Awion wen babbeh. Jus' wan teww daddeh fank yu fo'... cawe."

Arion was sucking his hoof now. It was clear the complicated series of emotions had left him confused and uncomfortable.

"Oh Arion... I know you have had a really hard life... Just know that I really do care about you. I'll always be here for you, okay? You can tell me anything."

"Awion knu. Jus' wan' teww daddeh su daddeh knu. Wan daddeh knu dat Awion wuv wots." Arion said, nuzzling his head into Matt's chest.

"I know buddy. I love you lots too, and I hope you know that as well." Matt said.

"Awion knu. Daddeh am bestest daddeh. Am Awion's bestest... fwiend." The fluffy said. It was ridiculously sweet and touching.

"Arion, you're amazing. I couldn't have hoped for a better fluffy." Matt said, hugging him. "Are you ready to see Almond and Chestnut now?"

"Yesh Daddeh! Awion feww much bettuh nao! Wan see sissie an' Ches'nut!" Arion said, wiggling.

They went to the safe-room, Matt stepping over the baby gate and placing Arion hoof-first on the floor.



“Bwuddah Awion!” Almond said, happily leaping up from where she was playing with blocks and running over to him. She glomped him in a hug and nuzzled her face into his neck.

Arion stiffened a bit, but returned the hug. It was clear he still had some confusing feelings regarding his relationship with Almond, and Matt hoped he’d be able to conquer those over time.

Chestnut couldn’t get up, as she was feeding Brick and Licorice. The two babies cheeped in joy as Matt stroked them, and Chestnut happily greeted him as he stroked her.

Chestnut’s teats weren’t too large or swollen yet, though Matt was certainly going to keep an eye on her to make sure that if she looked uncomfortable he would milk her. It was his responsibility to make sure she was comfortable, especially since she had such emotional baggage regarding not being able to feed her children.

Matt laid on the floor, playing with the blocks and fluffies. He especially liked their apparent awe at his ability to stack blocks higher than 4 tall. He made sure to play close enough that Chestnut could also enjoy, so that she didn’t feel isolated or left out.

They played like that for a while, and Matt felt so at ease. It was such a strange disconnect; that the fluffies here made him happy, nurturing, and protective, while the fluffies below filled him with a murderous instinct.

When he looked in Arion’s bright and intelligent eyes, it made him understand the true appeal of a fluffy; a smart pet that could communicate with you. Not talk like a battery powered toy, but communicate. Express love and gratitude, convey worries and pains. They talked in baby-talk, sure, but it made the connection between Matt and Arion, Chestnut, and Almond special. There was just something about it.

“Daddeh?” Arion said, pausing his play and looking at Matt with those bright and clever eyes.

“Yes, Arion?” It was moments like this, when Arion asked simple things, that really made Matt love him more. That he had questions and craved answers.

“Wat am happen’ tu munstah in down-staiw?”

Shit.

\* \* \*

It had been two weeks since Matt had given Arion the enfie-toy, taken Asscleaner’s vocal cords, and learned that Almond and Arion both wanted to have foals together.

Chestnut was about to pop. She barely moved from her side, and Matt had placed a litter box under her rear so she wouldn’t get stressed about ‘bad poopies.’ Chestnut and Arion were especially gentle with her and played as close as they could. Almond was especially concerned, as every now and again Chestnut hued in a little bit of pain from the foals wiggling inside her.

Matt had been quite attentive, making sure Chestnut was calm and knew she just needed to call for him in case she started to give birth.

“How are you, Chestnut?” Matt said, wiping shit and piss from her rear. It was vile and he’d really considered bringing Asscleaner upstairs to help him. Still, he didn’t want Chestnut to worry and he wanted to make sure the foals were clean.

“Ches’nut am otay. Tummeh babbehs am pwaying wuff.” She giggled before wincing a bit.

“They’re just ready to come out soon!” Matt said, stroking her fluff.

The foals were certainly active. When Matt stroked her tummy, he could feel the little wiggles and kicks from them. If Matt was honest with himself, he was really excited. Chestnut was such a kind mother to Almond, and a great surrogate mother to Brick and Licorice. She was going to be an awesome mom to her foals.

Matt watched as another tremor rolled through Chestnut, and she splayed her legs a bit, exposing her vagina. Matt could tell she would foal soon.

“D-daddeh... tummeh babbehs am pway wuff!” Chestnut whined. They were coming.

“Chestnut, I’ll be right back, okay? Don’t worry. I’m just going to get some things to help with the birth, alright?”

“Otay daddeh. Pwease nu take wong tiem.” Chestnut said, groaning as another contraction rolled through her.

Matt quickly went to the kitchen and wracked his brain for all the advice Tiff had given him; towel, small bowl of warm water, a damp wash cloth, and a bottle, filled with milk and in a different bowl of hot water. Chestnut might over-produce milk, but she still only had two teats, and a newborn fluffy needed milk pretty much right after they were born. He wasn’t worried that they’d die, but he wanted to help calm Chestnut down.

Hurrying back into the room, he saw Chestnut with a pained look on her face, her stomach and vagina pulsing slightly.

“D-daddeh!” She said, panting. “Biggest poopies! Babbehs am cumin’!” She whined.

“I know sweetie, I know.” Matt said. He took her away from the litter box and positioned her over one of the towels. He’d throw this away after the birth.

He carefully positioned her on her side, placing her on the soft towel. He put the wash cloths and bowl near him, and the milk bottle by Chestnut’s teats.

“Okay Chestnut, I’m here when you’re ready. Just let me know.”

“Huu huu...” Chestnut whined, clearly distressed. “Fank yu dadeh... dis am huwties, bu’ daddeh am make Ches’nut feww bettuh.”

“Soon you’ll have your babies, and then you can rest and relax.”

“Otay daddeh...” She said. Chestnut squealed as a contraction pushed through her, forcing her legs apart and sending gush of amniotic fluid onto the towel. It’s what it was there for, so it was fine.

The rush of fluid meant the babies were on their way, and Matt saw the first one crowing from Chestnut’s dilated vagina. He gently placed the warm washcloth under her and waited for the foal to plop out.

It was a purple foal, no mane obviously, and with a quick inspection looked to be a colt! Matt gently dipped the baby in the bowl of warm water and wiped him clean with the washcloth.

“Daddeh! Daddeh! Babbeh am cum? Wet Ches’nut see babbeh!” She begged. It was clear she was a little distressed having lost her previous litter, save Almond.

The purple colt, fortunately, was peeping and cooing. Matt gently placed him down in front of Chestnut. She instinctively licked him, even though Matt had taken most of the fluids off, and then gently placed him at her teat. The baby, hungry already, latched on quickly and began to suckle.

“Moaw babbehs cumin daddeh!” Chestnut said, shuddering with a contraction but doing her best to keep the first baby from being affected.

Next popped out a pure sunshine yellow foal, a filly this time, and immediately started to wiggle and peep in Matt’s hand. She too struggled in the warm water, probably the fluffy instinctual fear of water, and peeped as Matt wiped her clean. He quickly gave her to Chestnut who cooed as she licked the fluffy.

“Babbeh am pwetty yewwo cowow...” She said. “Babbehs am su pwetty.” She placed the yellow filly down at her other teat, and the purple colt had detached, having drank his fill.

Chestnut groaned as two more babies fell out of her, one right after the other. She sobbed a bit as the second one came out, as it was bigger than the others.

The first was another filly, all purple, which Matt immediately gave to Chestnut to clean so he could tend to the other foal. She cooed over all her babies as she licked the purple filly.

The largest baby so far was a solid gray colt. Matt lifted him into the bowl and cleaned him off. It was weird to see, since so far the babies had been either Chestnut's colors or her rapist's. Grey was a change, but the colt was pretty.

Looking over at Chestnut, she was cooing as her babies fed. Unfortunately, the two newest babies were occupying her teats.

"Chestnut, are those babies done or do they need to be fed more?" Matt asked gently.

"Babbehs am stiww hungee... bu' moaw babbehs nee' miwkies! Huu huu Ches'nut am bad mummah! Nu can gib aww babbehs miwkies!" Tears welled in her eyes as she looked at her foals.

"No, no you're a great mommy! Here." Matt gently placed the milk bottle near her and placed the gray foal on it. He kneaded the rubber teat and suckled immediately. "You can feed another baby like this, okay?"

"Moaw miwkies? Magic hooman miwkie-pwace?" She asked, nuzzling the gray foal. "Pwetty shiny babbeh am hab gud mikwies." She wiped her tears away on her fluff. "Fank yu dadd-EH!" She squeaked the last bit as another contraction ripped through her, another baby beginning to crown.

"Shh shh, just focus on getting the babies out, Chestnut, I'm here. Daddy's here."

The next baby slid out into the waiting washcloth with a plop, peeping as soon as she took her first breath. Matt cleaned the filly, all brown like her mother. Matt looked over and saw that Chestnut had a free teat, and gently placed the brown filly at the teat.

The last foal, also brown, was a colt. Matt placed him at the second free teat, and began to wipe Chestnut's vagina down. She was panting and stretched her legs a bit, careful not to disturb her babies.

The two brown foals were drinking her milk hungrily, but the rest had tuckered themselves out, forming a cute little fluff pile by her chest. Chestnut was looking at them with loving, if tired, eyes.

Matt carefully wiped her down, cleaning the afterbirth and wrapping the placenta up in the dirty towel. Some mares would eat it, but Matt was feeding Chestnut a healthy mix of vitamins in her veggies, so there was no need.

"Chestnut, I'm going to lift you onto the bed, okay? I'll give you the babies right after." Matt said once the brown foals had stopped feeding.

"Otay daddeh." She was tired, and yawned.

He lifted her as gently as he could. She squirmed and made soft groans of pain when he adjusted her hips, but sighed in relief once she was on the soft bed. He had put a towel under her as well, just in case of nighttime accidents.

The foals, now taken away from their source of warmth and food, were peeping up a storm. Matt gently lifted them one by one and placed them back in Chestnut's waiting embrace. She was watching Matt lift them anxiously.

"Pwease be cawefuw daddeh... am wittew babbehs."

"Don't worry Chestnut, I'll be very gentle. I won't hurt them." Matt said, reassuringly.

Finally, when Chestnut had all her babies back, Matt was able to take a good look at them. They were all roughly the same size, except for the gray one who was surprisingly large, and their eyes were shut tight. They were adorable.

Chestnut cooed and gently stroked them as they settled into a fluff pile, getting comfortable. She looked so happy.

“Arion, Almond, come here and meet your siblings.” Matt said gently. The two fluffies walked over slowly. The noises of pain that Chestnut had been making had scared them off.

“Hewwo babbehs.” Almond said gently, sniffing the pile.

“Babbehs am su smaww.” Arion said, holding his breath.

Brick and Licorice had fallen asleep together by the autofeeder, which was a relief.

“Okay guys, we need to talk about the babies.” Matt said. “Chestnut is going to be taking care of her babies, all six of them, so she’s going to need lots of help. Can you guys help?”

“Yesh, Awion wan’ hewp mummah-Ches’nut!” Arion said, determination on his cute little face.

“Wan hewp mummah tu!” Almond said, smiling.

“Good fluffies. Okay Almond, because you want babies of your own soon, I want you to take care of Brick and Licorice. They still need milk, so you can take them to the auto-feeder when they’re hungry.”

“Otay. Wat am awtu-feed’uh?” She asked, cocking her head.

“Oh the uh... that.” Matt said, pointing to the machine.

“Otay! Take babbehs tu miwkie-pwace-fingy wen hungee’!”

“And it’s your job to teach the babies to use nice words, teach them to use the litter box, and to be nice. Okay?”

“Yesh daddeh, babbehs wiww tawk pwetty, be nice, an make gud poopies an’ gud pee-pees in da wittah box.”

“Wat Awion du fo’ Ches’nut?” Arion asked.

“You’ll help Chestnut with what she needs? And I want you to come get me if there are any problems with the babies or if Chestnut needs serious help. I also want you to help her getting to the litter box if she needs it, okay?”

“Otay daddeh! Wiww hewp Ches’nut!” Arion said.

“I know you will.” Matt said, smiling at his fluffy. “How are you doing girl?” Matt asked Chestnut.

“Daddeh... Ches’nut am gud. Am vewy happeh. Babbehs am su gud babbehs. Aww su pwetty.” She squirmed a bit, wrapping herself around her babies. “Fank yu daddeh fo’ babbehs. Ches’nut... Ches’nut wan’ keep aww babbehs. If dat am otay?”

“Of course it’s okay Chestnut! I kinda figured you’d want to keep them all.” He scratched her under her chin, smiling as she cooed.

“Fank yu daddeh. Ches’nut pwomise dat babbehs am be gud babbehs.”

“I know. You’re a great mommy and you’ll raise them right.”

Chestnut was far too tired to do anything, and quickly fell asleep next to her new babies. Matt would have to wait until their manes came in to give them names, which would also help him keep track of them. For now, however, Matt was content to play with Arion and Almond, near Brick and Licorice.

Almond kept running over to check on them, and eventually picked them up by their scruff and dropped them in a small pile on the bed, curling around them.

“Everything okay Almond?” Matt asked.

“Yesh. Awmon’ wuv pway! Bu’ babbehs am sweepy an’ nee’ warmies.” She said.

It seemed to be true. The foals had been tightly wrapped around each other, but were now nuzzling into Almond’s fluff, cooing at the influx of warm.

“Awmon’ am gud mummah.” Arion said quietly, watching her tend to the babies.

“She will be, when she has foals of her own. She’s too young now, but when she grows up you and her are going to have great babies. I want you to help Almond with Brick and Licorice. She’s practicing being a mommy, but you should practice being a daddeh too, okay?”

“Yesh daddeh. Wiww hewp Ches’nut wif babbehs and hewp Awmon’ tu.” He said.

“I know it’s a lot of work, but I believe in you. You’re intelligent.” Matt said, stroking Arion’s mane.

“Wat am int- intewwi’nt?” Arion asked.

“Well... you know how Smarties always talk about how they’re smarter than every fluffy?”

“Yesh.”

“Well, smarties usually aren’t any smarter than any other fluffy. They’re just loud and mean.”

“Dat am twue... Awion ‘membuh smawties am big meanies.”

“Exactly. So, intelligent means actually smart, without being mean or loud.”

“Su... Awion am... intewwig’nt?” Arion asked, cocking his head.

“Yes. You’re very intelligent. It’s much better than being a smarty, because you respect your daddy and care about your family.”

“Awion nu wan’ be smawty. Nu am haf hewd, haf famiwy. Daddeh am pawt of famiwy.” Arion said, smiling.

“And that’s what makes you intelligent buddy,” Matt stroked Arion, earning happy little coos. “I’m going to head off, okay? Sleep well buddy.”

“Otay daddeh! Awion wuv yu, haf gu sweepies.” Arion said before trotting over to sleep between Chestnut and Almond.

“Gud-dawk tiems daddeh.” Almond said, gently licking her adopted babies as they nested into her.

Matt smiled as he turned off the lights and closed the door. It was time to visit his captives.

Fortunately, Arion had bought his lie that he’d taken care of the ‘scawy basement munstah’. Arion had also promised not to tell Almond or Chestnut, as Matt didn’t want to scare them either. He would have to be a lot more careful with his abuse.

Heading downstairs, he already heard what he’d been hoping for;

“Diamown’ am bestest, smawty fwuffy.” He heard the little white filly say. “Otha fwuffies wisten tu Diamown’ smawty.”

“Daddeh say aww fwuffies am bestest fwuffies.” He heard July say quietly.

“Dat am wight! Diamonw’ am nu bestest fwuffy!” Rosie said.

Matt gently peeked his head around the threshold of the basement. July and Rosie were all off to one side, while Diamond and Slate stood off to another. Cobalt sat between them, crying gently.

It was clear there was a turf war going on, and Matt couldn't have hoped for a better sight. He wanted to torment the foals slowly, but he didn't want the 'good' ones to lose trust in him. It would be easier to keep their trust if they thought he would only punish a bad foal, since they all thought of themselves as good foals.

"Diamown' am bestest snawtiest fwuffy. Pinkie am dummeh nu-hown fwuffy. Juwy, join Diamown' hewd."

"Nu!" July said, stomping his hoof. "Nu wan weave Wosie! Aww babbehs am gud, Diamown' pwease nu caww Wosie meanie wowds!"

"Yu am dummeh fwuffy tu. Swate am gud fwuffy. Cowbowt join Diamown' hewd."

Cobalt kept crying, and didn't respond.

"Cowbowt, nu make sad-wawa..." July said, sitting next to his brother and giving him a hug.

"Nu wan meanie wowds! Bwuddah an sissie nu fight!" Cobalt said through tears.

"Stupi dummeh fwuffies! Diamown' gib aww yu sowwy hoofises! Swate am bestest toughie an' gib aww yu fowevah-sweepies!"

Slate took a step forward, clearly with murderous intent. It was time for Matt to act.

"What's going on here?" Matt said, walking fully into the basement.

Cobalt began to cry harder while Slate backed off, his ears flattening against his skull. Rosie ran over to Matt while Diamond looked, strangely, unfazed.

"Daddeh! Diamown' am be meanie! Teww Diamown' dat meanie wowds am nu gud!" Rosie said.

"July, is that true?" Matt asked. Forcing the fluffy to choose between his sister and his friend put a lot of stress on the foal, which Matt could immediately tell.

"Weww... am... am..." July said, looking between Rosie and Diamond. "Diamown' say meanie wowds... but nu mean dem! Diamown' jus' wan be bestest."

"She wants to be the best fluffy? Diamond is this true?" Matt asked.

"Diamon am bestest fwuffy. Dat am jus' twue." She said, looking at July.

"Diamond, there are no best fluffies. All fluffies are good fluffies."

"Dat am nu twue daddeh!" Diamond said, smiling. "Wots o' fwuffies am bad fwuffies! Wike wickie-cweany fwiend, an' miwkie-pwace fwiend. Dey am bad fwuffies."

"Why are they bad fluffies, Diamond?" Matt asked. He was going to punish her, regardless of her answer, but he was genuinely curious.

"Fwuffies am nu-weggie, nu-tawkie dummeh fwuffies. Onwy bad fwuffies am wike dat." She said.

To be fair, she was right. Matt had taken their legs and muted them. From the corner of his vision, Matt could see Milkbag crying softly. Apparently her own daughter calling her a dummy fluffy had been heartbreaking. Good.

"Now Diamond, those fluffies wanted to have their legs taken, and they like being quiet. All so they could provide for you babies."

“Dat mean dey am stoopi fwuffies!” She said, stomping.

“Language, Diamond! Don’t be a bad fluffy.” Matt said. He hoped she took the bait.

“Dummeh daddeh! Diamown’ am bestest fwuffy! Nu am bad fwuffy!” She said.

She took the bait. The other foals all gasped in horror. It was like she’d said some kind of horrible slur.

“Now Diamond, you have one chance to apologize. If you don’t, I’ll be forced to punish you.” Matt said. It took every fiber of his being not to smile.

“Nu wan ap- apow- nu sowwy!” She said, stomping her hooves like a brat. “Diamown’ am bestest fwuffy, am smawty!”

“Tsk ts. Well I guess I have to punish you.” He lunged forward, snatching Diamond up by her scruff and carrying her out of the pen.

Behind him, a chorus of ‘scawy!’ and ‘nu wan!’ erupted from the foals. He grinned.

Diamond was brought over to the work bench, where her mother had been turned into a milkbag and her father into her litter-pal. Matt grinned at her, no longer trying to hide the malicious feelings bubbling to the surface.

“D-daddeh make scawy-teefies... nu wike...” Diamond said softly. “Aw sowwy fo’ make meanie wowds.”

“Oh no, it’s far too late for an apology now, little girl. What to do with you...?”

Diamond backed away from Matt, as if she could feel the evil coming off him. Maybe she could.

“Ah! Why don’t I punish you the same way I punished your daddy?” Matt asked aloud.

He grabbed the crucifix that he’d strapped Firework to, but realized quickly it was too large for the foal. Grabbing some wooden dowels, Matt quickly cobbled together a new crucifix, this one foal-sized.

“W-wat am dat... daddeh?” Diamond asked, fear and curiosity in her little voice.

“This is a crucifix.” Matt said. “It’s a way to punish people who think they should lead everyone.”

He grabbed the foal, and placed her back against the wood. Stretching her little legs out, he quickly zip-tied them to the dowels, making sure to stretch her legs a little further than was comfortable.

The sudden discomfort and awkward position made Diamond begin to cry.

“Huu huu Diamown’ am sowwy daddeh! Pwease nu gib sowwy cwu-s’fix!” She begged.

“Oh honey, this isn’t even the best part!”

Diamond had been strapped to the crucifix while it was laying flat, and when Matt lifted it, the full weight of her body was brought down on her joints. The pressure made her wail louder, and when it became clear this wasn’t going to end quickly, she began to peep and chirp like a baby.

Matt carried the crucifix over to the litter box, and zip-tied the post to the fence, making sure she hovered just over all the shit.

“Foals, listen up!” Matt said, addressing his captives. “This is what happens to bad babies. If you’re a bad baby, you’ll get the sorry cross.”

Matt smiled while he watched the foals all stare in horror at Diamond. The little smarty was sobbing and huffing as she tried desperately to find a purchase so her body weight wasn’t put on her shoulders. Every time she supported herself on

her hind legs, the zip-tie dug into her ankles, which meant she was only able to do that for so long. Eventually, she slumped in either pain or exhaustion, putting her full body weight on both her shoulders and wrists.

“Now, I want you all to promise to be good fluffies and always listen to your daddy, or else you’ll get the sorry cross!”

“Pwomise!” All the foals said, still glancing with fear and pity at Diamond.

“D-daddeh?” July said. The rest of the foals had gone back to playing or sleeping.

“Yes, July?”

“W-wen Diamown’ be wet down?”

“Well she’s been a very naughty foal. We don’t like smarties here, do we? I’ll let her down when she’s thought about what she’s done.” Matt said, trying to sound as concerned as possible.

“Otay daddeh... Juwy am jus’ wowwied. Nu wan’ huwties fo’ anyfwuffy...” He said.

Ironical, considering he’d been eating his tormented mother’s milk and having his pained father lick his asshole.

“Don’t worry July, I’m sure Diamond will learn and be a better fluffy.”

“Otay.” July ran off to play with the other foals, but Matt wasn’t quite done tormenting Diamond.

“Hey Diamond. Want to know a secret?” He whispered to her.

“Huu huu...” Diamond simply sobbed, not able to talk much through her pain.

“The milkie-place friend? That was your mommy. You’re her baby. I took you from her and turned her into a milkie-place friend.”

Diamond stopped crying, her eyes wide. She looked frantically back and forth, between Matt and Milkbag.

“D-dat am... mummah?” She whispered, pain forgotten for a moment.

“That’s right. You’re her baby; you, Slate, Cobalt, and July. That’s why you’re white and Slate is gray.”

“Nu... nu twue! Am wie!” She shouted, as loud as she could through her labored breathing.

“It’s the truth. And you know it. Her name was Charcoal, but now she’s Milkbag. And all your siblings, and you, will end up worse than her.”

Diamond’s eyes were filled with tears, and fear. She trembled. Matt quickly grabbed a small ball-gag, similar to the one he’d put in Milkbag’s mouth, and stuck it into Diamond’s mouth. He inflated it fully, after inserting the feeding tube, and took pleasure in inflating it too much for her little foal mouth to handle, over-stretching her maw.

She peeped in discomfort as her jaw was stretched too far. Matt plugged the tube from the auto-feeder that kept Milkbag alive into the foal’s feeding tube. She would now be fed the same over-nutritious hormone blend her mother had been fed. Matt wondered what would happen to the foal.

It was time to check on the adults.

Milkbag was squirming in discomfort. The vitamix that Matt had generously added to her feed had caused a very rapid over-production of milk. Her teats were tender and red, and the gentle auto-suck of the feeding machine had turned into torment. She moaned in pain through the feeding tube.



“Hello Milkbag.” Matt said. He almost wished he hadn’t taken her eyes, just so she could look up at her tormentor. “How are we today?”

She made a gargled moan and grunt in response, but Matt saw her wiggling had stopped. He looked at the over-filled teats, and gently touched them.

Milkbag wiggled and gagged in response, her stumps flailing helplessly as pain wracked her sensitive teats. Matt could see how swollen they were, far more than Chestnut’s had ever been.

Slate trotted over just then, and began to suckle at one of the rubber teats. Matt grinned as Milkbag made muffled groans and squirmed, the gentle sucking from the milker now becoming a much harder pull as a foal fed.

“Miwky-pwace fwiend make funny noise.” Slate giggled, suckling until he had his full, then trotting off.

“That was Slate. Your little gray baby.” Matt said.

Milkbag’s ears perked up, and Matt saw her front stumps wiggle forward, obviously in the ‘huggie’ pose.

“Oh no, you can’t hug him. He doesn’t even know that you’re his mother. He just thinks your a dummy no-leggie fluffy that gives him milk. But the babies are almost weaned soon... soon they won’t need any milk.”

Matt wasn’t lying. The babies’ teeth were coming in now, and he’d soon move them to kibble softened with milk. Of course, he intended to add a special something to each of their bowls, just to make things more interesting.

Milkbag was actually thrashing now, shouting as loud as her little gag would let her.

Matt squeezed a teat, earning a pained squeak and some trembling.

“Shut up. You’ll feed your babies until I’m done with you. After that, who knows?” Matt teased. “Maybe I’ll let you die.”

Her voice was muffled, but Matt could still hear the her gentle ‘huh-huh’ as she cried to herself.

Leaving Milkbag and her foal, Matt walked over to Asscleaner.

The previous-smarty looked fucking miserable. There was shit caked on his muzzle, and his eyes were red from crying. Matt forced his jaw open to look at his throat and was pleased to see the irritation was gone and there was no sign of infection; a miracle, considering the unsanitary conditions.

“Rosie, come here.” Matt said.

The pink foal stiffened in fear, but obeyed, shakily walking over to her daddy.

“Y-yesh, daddeh?”

“Don’t worry Rosie, you’re not in trouble. I just need your help with something.”

Rosie immediately relaxed, her pretty pink tail swooshing in joy.

“Yay! Wosie wuv hewp daddeh!” She exclaimed.

Matt smiled at her. It was very strange. When Arion or Almond exclaimed their love for him and their desire to help him, it filled him with pride and joy. Having his fluffies prance around at his feet, asking to help, was both adorable and endearing.

With these foals, however, he felt nothing. Rosie so clearly loved and trusted him, wanted to make him happy, and would do anything he asked. Even after he literally crucified her surrogate sibling, she still loved him. He should be proud, he should care, but he just... didn’t.

“Licky-cleany friend here is all healed up, and he wants to give you the first lickie-cleany!” Matt said, still with his faux smile.

“Yay! Wosie am miss wickie-cweany fwiend!” She backed up to Asscleaner, and lifted her tail.

There was very brief pause, when Asscleaner looked up at Matt, clearly begging for mercy, for pity, perhaps even for death. Matt just smiled.

Rosie giggled as Asscleaner rimmed her, cleaning her filthy asshole and licking her fluff clean. Once she was clean, Rosie turned to Matt happily.

“Fank yu daddeh fo’ fix wickie-cweany fwiend!” She turned to Asscleaner. “Fank yu fo’ wickie-cweanies!”

“Good girl, Rosie. You can go back to playing.”

She trotted off and resumed playing with her ball and siblings. Matt smiled, looking at them play. So innocent, so fragile.

Matt went over to his workbench and grabbed some discount kibble, as well as a mix of water and powdered fluffy milk. It was about the least nutritious thing a fluffy could eat, but that was okay. The foals weren’t going to live long enough for that anyway.

Matt had bought a few cheap colored plastic bowls, one for each foal. As he weaned them slowly, they would need to each eat their own food. Matt had even bought a white bowl but it seemed like Diamond wouldn’t be needing that from now on.

He had bought a few hormonal mixtures, specifically designed for breeders, but had been commercially available at Fluff-Mart. Matt had been observing the foals, and their distinct personalities had become apparent. Rosie was more dominant than the others, even though Diamond was a smarty. Slate was apparently Diamond’s toughie. July was a wuss, and had a very passive attitude. Cobalt was a crybaby, and was clearly very immature even for his age.

Matt mixed the bowls fully and added a specific cocktail of hormones to the bowls. Slate would be getting a large dose of testosterone, while July would be getting a large dose of estrogen. Even though July was male, it would be interesting to see what a large dose of estrogen would do to him. Rosie’s bowl had been laced with growth hormone.

“Okay babies, come here. I have some good news!” Matt said, carrying the bowls over.

“Wat am dese daddeh!” Rosie said, trotting in a circle.

“These are your new bowls! You’re all such big fluffies now, that you get to try some kibble!” Matt said, trying to make the dry, hard, food sound as amazing as possible.

The foals, stupid as they were, immediately cheered. He placed the bowls down and they immediately started to chow.

“Dese nummies am gud daddeh! Fank yu!” Rosie said, happily eating.

“I’m glad you like them Rosie! These are special nummies for good, big fluffies!” He said, grinning.

An audible crack and the sound of Cobalt crying meant the second part of his plan was working.

“Owwies! Wowstest teefie huwties!” Cobalt said, sobbing and holding his hooves up to his mouth.

“Oh Cobalt! Are you okay?” Matt said, swooping down to the fluffy and opening his mouth. One of his back molars, far too underdeveloped for hard food, had cracked. Matt scooped the foal and his bowl up.

“Wai meanie nummies gib Cowbowt wowstest huwties!” He said, crying into Matt’s shirt.

"I'm sorry Cobalt, it looks like you're still too young for kibble. You'll have to stay on milk for now." Matt said, placing the blue bowl on the workbench. "Let me get rid of your broken tooth, okay?"

Matt gently laid the foal down and pulled out his needle nose pliers. It sent a rush of adrenaline through him to be holding them, especially with a foal beneath him. It was so tempting to just take all his teeth right now. That wouldn't be as satisfying, though.

Gently, he gripped the cracked tooth with the pliers, extracting a whimper from Cobalt, and pulled quickly, ripping the tooth out.

Cobalt screamed, and immediately began to sob and chirp. His mouth filled with blood and Matt put a few layers of gauze inside and pressed it firmly against the hole. Cobalt squirmed, but Matt's grip was strong and unrelenting.

"Shh, I'm helping you Cobalt. Only bad babies don't let their daddies help them." Matt said, his voice cold and even.

Cobalt immediately stopped struggling. He had just seen what had happened to bad babies, and didn't want that either. He still cried, but let Matt do what he had to. After the blood stopped, thanks to that famous fluffy clotting, Matt put a generous dollop of the healing gel on the wound. It did its magic and in a few minutes, the gel had solidified and would heal the wound faster.

Matt placed Cobalt back in the pen, and gently petted him.

"Cobalt, you'll have to wait a little longer to eat kibble okay? For now, you'll just have to drink milk." Matt went over to Milkbag and took the extra feeding array off her. She groaned in clear relief as the constant gentle sucking was removed from her teat.

Cobalt went over, still hungry, and immediately started to suckle. Milkbag began to thrash as he kneaded her teat, and bit down. He had teeth now, and was practically chewing on the soft and sensitive nipple, and was kneading a sore and bloated teat.

Matt subtly grabbed the scruff of Milkbag and leaned down to her ear, whispering.

"That's your little blue baby, Milkbag. If you don't feed him, he'll starve. Just wiggle again and I'll take him off your milkie-place, and he'll never get to eat again."

Milkbag went stiff, and started to sob again. But, to her credit, she didn't move an inch. Matt could tell from the wincing on her face that it was still agonizing, but she wanted to make sure her babies ate.

The discomfort would only grow for Milkbag, as there was now only one baby drinking her milk, but Matt wouldn't be reducing the amount of food or hormones she got. Eventually the pain would be too much and she'd react violently. Matt couldn't wait.

The other babies had all downed their respective bowls, and were all smiling and talking about how much they loved their kibble. Matt knew it would eventually come to a head and cause them to hate or make fun of Cobalt, which would also be great. He set up individual auto-feeders that mixed the milk, hormones, and kibble together and deposited it in each bowl at a specific time. They hadn't been as cheap as he would have liked, but he was sure he'd be using them long after these foals were gone.

Matt examined his little pen. Rosie and July played with their blocks, happily laughing and cooing as they stacked and knocked them down. Cobalt was still drinking his milk and peeping.

Slate, strangely enough, was just sitting by the litter box, staring up at Diamond.

"What's wrong Slate?"

"Swate am wan' Diamown' babbeh back." He said sadly. "Wen am Diamown' be down?"

“Diamond will come down when she decided to be a good baby.” Matt said. “Good fluffies are nice and friendly, and don’t call themselves Smarty.”

“Bu’... Diamown’ am smawty.” Slate said, tilting his head in confusion.

“Why do you say that, Slate?”

“Dat am wa’ Diamown’ said. Diamown’ am smawty. Smawtie fwuffy hab pointie an be smawt.” He said, as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“Slate, just because she’s a unicorn and says she’s a smarty doesn’t mean she is. Would a smarty let herself be tied up like that?”

Slate pondered this for a while, staring at Diamond.

“Nu. Dat am nu smawty.” He said, finally deciding that daddy’s logic made more sense than hers.

“Good boy. Now go play with the others.” Matt said smiling.

As Slate trotted off, Matt leaned down to whisper to Diamond, who was now openly crying at the fact that Slate had rejected her smartiness.

“Now, only baby babies are smarties. I think this will help.” Matt said, and lifted a very small set of headphones up, slipping them into Diamond’s ears.

He plugged them into a small CD player and put it behind Diamond and outside the pen. It was an audio track take from a fluffy abuse site. Fluffies, it turned out, were highly suggestible. Foals even more so. The track was something the abuser had called a “Smarty Destroyer” and claimed that it would cure any fluffy of smarty syndrome, though not in the most mentally healthy way. Matt hadn’t bothered to listen to the full track, mostly because it was recorded in that horrible fluff-speak by a clearly artificial mare, but hope it worked.

“Okay fluffies,” Matt said, standing up after starting the track. “Daddy will see you later.” He said. They made a chorus of ‘nu wan daddeh to weave!’ and ‘otay daddeh, bai bai.’

As he left the basement, Matt smiled to himself. The foals were so gullible, so malleable. He couldn’t wait to ruin them more.

The headphones were very uncomfortable for Diamond, as they were designed for foals and sat firmly inside her ears. If her arms had been free, she probably could have knocked them off, but as she was currently crucified, that wasn’t about to happen.

The track was loud. Not loud enough to harm her eardrums, but loud enough that Diamond couldn’t hear anything happening outside.

“Babbeh am nu smawty. Babbeh am dummeh fwuffy! Babbeh am stoopi fwuffy an nu’desewe huggies o’ wuv. Babbeh am sai meanine wovds! Bad babbeh! Bad babbeh!”

The track kept up like this for some time, a cacophonous roar of different mares and even some foals all calling Diamond a stupid, dummy, poopie fluffy.

“Babbehs, du aww fwuffies desewe huggies an’ wuv?” The mare on the track asked.

“Yesh! Aww fwuffies desewe huggies an’ wuv!” The various foal voices responded.

“Wat abowt DIS babbeh? Dis am smawty babbeh!” The mare said.

“Smawty babbeh am stoopi dummeh babbeh!”

“Dummeh smawty babbeh am poopie, nu wan!”

“Dummeh poopie smawty nu fo’ huggies an wuv! Owny fo’ hutwies an sowwy-poopies!”

The track droned on and on, and at first Diamond had resisted, crying into her gag and trying to scream that she was the bestest best fluffy ever and deserved ALL the huggies and love!

After four hours of the track, her fragile little fluffy mind was wearing thin.

“Am yu gud babbeh? Nu! Yu am bad babbeh. Yu am poopie dummeh babbeh and nu fo’ huggies o’ wuv. Daddeh nu wuv yu, mummah nu wuv yu, and otah fwuffies nu wuv yu! Aww smawties am bad babbehs. Smawties am nu smawt! Am dummeh.”

Eventually, Diamond began to nod, internalizing this mantra.

‘Smartie babies am dummy babies.’ She thought.

“Aw smawties am bad babbeh!” The track said.

‘All smarties am bad babies.’ Diamond thought.

“Yu nu fo’ wuv an huggies!” The track said.

‘Diamond no deserve huggies and love.’ She thought.

“Dummeh babbeh am wowstest!” The track said.

‘Diamond is the worst baby.’ She thought.

“Dis am aww yu fawt!”

‘This... this is all Diamond’s fault? This is. This is all diamond’s fault. Diamond is the worst baby. The worstest worst baby. Diamond is a dummy fluffy.’

“Babbeh am wan’ wuv bu’ desewe hwties!”

‘Deserves hurties. Want love but deserve hurties’

“Aww hwties am’ desewe hwties.”

‘Wan wuv bu’ desewe hwties.’

“Wan hwties, desewe hwties.”

‘Want hurties? No! Diamond no want hurties!’

“Wan hwties, desewe hwties.”

‘No! Diamond no want hurties!’

“If nu wan hwties den why du bad fing dat gib hwties!?” The track demanded.

‘W... why? Why Diamond do bad things if no want hurties? No know... maybe...’

“Wan hwties, desewe hwties.”

‘Diamond... Diamond want hurties?’

“Wan hurties, desewe hurties.”

‘Diamond deserve hurties... but now want hurties? No! No want hurties!’

“Wan hurties, desewe hurties.”

‘Please... no Diamond no want hurties... deserve hurties though’

“Wan hurties, desewe hurties.”

‘Want hurties? Want hurties.... Please... Diamond deserve hurties.... Please give hurties...’

“Wan hurties, desewe hurties.”

‘Want hurties, deserve hurties.’

“Wan hurties, desewe hurties.”

‘Want hurties, deserve hurties.’

Tears rolled down Diamond’s eyes as she stared forward, almost unblinking. The mantra that she both wanted and deserved pain repeated for ages, pounding in her eardrums.

Only the former toughie, Slate, seemed to notice her unending tears. He looked forlornly at the ex-Smartie, watching with confusion and fear as her eyes went from defiant, to scared, to sad, to glazed over staring at the wall. In her gag, though he couldn’t see, she tried to speak against the mean words in her ears.

“Yu bad bebbeh nu knu mummah becuz mummah kno yu am bad babbeh an’ nu wan’ yu!” The track said.

Diamond hadn’t known her mother. Daddy had said he killed the monster that took her mother away, but then said that he had made her a dummy milkie-friend no-leggy fluffy. Diamond didn’t understand. If her daddy saved the babies from the monster, how could he be the monster?

Maybe he punished bad mothers and bad babies. That would explain why he gave mikie-mommy the worstest hurties, she was a bad mother. And Diamond was a bad baby, which is why she was being punished.

Suddenly, she understood; it all became clear. She was a bad baby. The WORSTEST baby. There was no other reason that a daddy who was sooooo nice would give her and her mommy hurties. She deserved it.

‘Diamond deserve hurties.’ She thought. ‘Deserve all the hurties for be bad baby.’

Slate wanted to do something, but what could he? Diamond was being punished for being a bad baby, and he didn’t want to be bad for Daddy. Diamond had called herself the smarty, but Daddy didn’t like that. Smarties were bad, apparently.

He was so confused! Daddy was the bestest Daddy and gave them lots of toys and nummies and huggies! Diamond had said that they should be in charge, instead of Rosie, and be Daddy’s new favorite fluffies! Rosie got all the best huggies and love.

It had been many forevers since Daddy had put Diamond on the sorry-cross and put the thingies in her earsies. Slate had awful heart-hurties, and each bright-time Diamond looked less and less like her old self and more... different? Something was wrong, but Slate didn’t have the words for it. Stupid thinkie-place.

The other foals didn’t pay much mind to Diamond – she was a bad baby and was being punished – but Slate didn’t want to play.

Every few bright-times, Daddy would come down and check on Diamond. He never said anything to her, but he looked in her see-places and felt her hoofsies. The first few times she cried harder and shook, pleading with her sad watery eyes for mercy, or forgiveness.

Today, however, when Matt checked on her, she didn't resist at all. She flinched a bit, but didn't cry or scream or wiggle. She was ready.

It had been a week since Matt had tied Diamond up for being bad. He hadn't meant to leave her up for so long, the track only recommended three or four days at most, but Chestnut and the babies had needed quite a bit of attention. Brick and Licorice were walking and talking fully, and Chestnut's babies would be opening their eyes soon. He was very excited.

All the cute and tenderness had certainly made him happy, but there was a dark piece of him that craved this suffering.

"Now Diamond, are you ready to be a good fluffy?" Matt asked.

She didn't respond. July seemed to notice that his sister had been released from her punishment, and bounded over. Slate and Rosie followed.

"Diamown'!" July said, happily embracing his sister. "Juwu am su happed yu am back!"

Still, Diamond said nothing.

Well that wouldn't do. If Diamond had already gone catatonic that would be boring. He gently lifted her from the pen and placed her in on the workbench.

He lifted a carrier that he'd brought with him, and placed a stallion feral he'd captured in a large crate on the wall. Matt had slowly been repairing and upgrading the basement. He planned to keep fluffies around full-time and capturing ferals, while easy, was annoying. It was far easier to breed his own playthings and keep them contained in the basement.

Matt picked up each of the foals and placed them inside their own cages on the wall.

"Wai daddeh put babbeh in sowwy box! Du nuthin' wong!"

"Huu huu nu wike nu homie..."

"Daddeh! Scawy! Hewp!"

The chorus of cries was irritating.

"Now babies, I'm going to fix the pen up, make you guys a proper place to live, and then I'll put you back. You all have to be patient until then, okay?"

"Otay daddeh." Unsurprising, Rosie answered first. "Wiwu be gud babbehs! Aw wight, bwudduhs?"

Interesting, she already seemed to ignore Diamond.

"Yesh Wosie..." The babies said, rather dejectedly. Matt would have placed them all together, but the bowls of kibble he'd given them were again laced with their specific hormones.

Matt had found a special hormone suppressant for Cobalt. Matt had very special plans for that foal.

Diamond, however, he wasn't finished with. Matt went to the garage and dragged all the things he'd bought at Fluff-Mart downstairs. He tore down the haphazard wooded boards he'd been using, and set up a 'fluffy-safe' fencing. It was sturdy metal, with bars that were coated in a soft foam-like substance, and had a small plastic barricade at the bottom to prevent foals from escaping.

He placed interlocking tiles along the floor. They were bright colors and soft on the sensitive hooves of fluffies. Nightlights, new toys, and a much bigger "self-cleaning" litterbox was placed, as well as auto-fill kibble dispensers and a water trough that filled itself from the tap, and was shallow enough that a stupid fluffy didn't drown.

He'd also bought a variety of new abuse tools; from a sorry box that filled with water, to a special kibble that cause painful poopies.

Once the playpen had been mostly set up, Matt needed to refurb a few areas of the basement that he'd let get dilapidated.

Before he worked, Matt picked the feral stallion up and shoved him into Diamond's cage.

"Pwease nice hooman! Nu huwt fwuffy... pwease wet fwuffy gu!" The feral begged. Matt had snatched him from an alleyway quickly, and while the stallion had struggled and begged for freedom, Matt had bathed him with a bucket and hose.

"Shut up. You see that mare there?" Matt asked. Diamond wasn't old enough to be considered a mare, but was technically old enough to have babies.

The stallion suddenly noticed the pure-white unicorn near him. He sniffed gently at her, and Matt grinned when he saw Diamond wince.

"Dat... dat nu am mawe... am fiwwy. Smeww pwetty." The stallion murmured.

"Give her special huggies." Matt said.

"Buh... buh... pwetty babbeh am babbeh! Nu big enuf fow speshuw-huggies!"

"If you don't, I'll take your special lumps and give you forever sleepies." Matt said. He was close to the cage now, talking softly so only Diamond and the feral could hear him.

"Huu huu... nu wan!" The stallion begged. He looked at Diamond. "Sowwy pwetty mawe... nu wan gib bad speshuw-huggies... buh nu wan gu fowevah-sweepies... Su sowwy...."

He gently mounted Diamond, who didn't fight back. Tears rolled down Diamond's face as the feral entered her, and she gently sobbed aloud as the stallion thrust, his fully-grown length far too large for her.

"Bad babbeh am desewe huwties... bad babbeh am desewe huwties..." She muttered between choked sobs.

Matt couldn't help but grin. It looked like the 'training' track had left its mark. Matt left the stallion to do his thing, and went over to the litterpal and milkbag.

Asscleaner was not doing well. Matt had been feeding him a slurry of kibble and nutritional powder mixed with water directly to his stomach through a tube.

However, even with actual nutrients, it seemed the consistent emotional abuse was starting to take its toll on the battered fluffy.

"Hey there Asscleaner, how are we doing today?" Matt asked, smiling at the fluffy.

Having had his vocal cords seared away, Asscleaner couldn't make any words; just a weak whining of air.

"Not great, huh? Well, that's okay. I think it's almost time I threw you away anyway." Matt said.

Immediately, Asscleaner started to shake and cry, he looked up at Matt with his sad eyes and made wordless begging as he drooled.

"Don't you think that's better? I'll get rid of you and you won't have to lick the poopie-places of your babies anymore. You won't see them ever again, but you win some you lose some."

Asscleaner struggled in the box, but there was little he could do. He wanted so much to not be a lickie-cleanie fluffy anymore, but at the same time he didn't want to be thrown away like trashies! He wasn't trashie! He was alive!



He tried to tell monster-daddy this, but his meanie voice was gone. Daddy stole that, just like he stole his leggies, and his hornie, and his babies.

Maybe it was better to go forever-sleepies? If he was sleeping forever, he wouldn't have heart-hurties, or have to see what the monster-daddy did to his good babies. He only wished he could tell his special friend goodbye, and give her huggies one last time.

But he couldn't, because Daddy was a monster.

Chestnut's babies were almost talkie-babies, and Arion was so excited to meet them! Almond was excited too, and had been doing such a good job at being not-mommah to Brick and Licorice.

Daddy was excited for the babies to open their see-places too. He came into the safe-room almost every bright-time and played with them all. Arion loved his Daddy and was so happy that he had a family again. His own mommah had been a meanie to him, and called him a monster. Daddy didn't call him a monster, he called him special.

Arion loved Almond and Chestnut too, and was so happy to be surrounded by so many friends! He missed Daddy a lot, but he wasn't lonely anymore.

Licorice and Brick were now talkie-babies and could play and have lots of fun with Almond and Arion. It made Arion excited to have babies of his own, babies to help raise and love and help grow big and strong.

There was only one problem.

"Babbeh wan miwkies!" Brick said, stomping his little hooves.

"Otay babbeh!" Almond said, happily trotting over to the auto-feeder. It made her a little sad that she didn't have milkies of her own, but it was okay. When she had her own babies, she'd be able to give them all the milkies they'd ever need!

"Nu! Wan mummah miwkies!" Brick said, stomping again. "Nu wan dummeh nu-fwuffy miwkies!"

"Buh... buh dese miwkies am gud! Gud fo' wittew babbeh!" Almond said, confused.

"Wan mummah miwkies! Dummeh nyu babbehs steaw aww miwkies!" Brick said. He was clearly throwing a tantrum.

Chestnut had looked over, distressed, as Brick cried and demanded his milkies.

"Shuhies babbeh. Yu wake chiwpy-babbehs. Pwease nu showt." Chestnut said softly.

"Nu cawe! Bad babbehs am take aww miwkies an Bwick wan miwkies!" He said, stomping over to Chestnut.

She frowned.

"Bwick nu caww babbehs bad. Am bein' vewwy bad babbeh, Bwick." Chestnut said. She was tired from feeding the babies, so she looked over at Almond.

Almond walked over to Brick and picked him up by his scruff.

"Nu! Nu! Nu wan! Nu wan! Gib Bwick miwkies!" He said, thrashing.

Almond's jaw wasn't strong enough to hold up Brick and he pulled himself from her grip, rushing back over to Chestnut and her milkies.

"Bad babbehs gib Bwick miwkies NAO!" He shouted. The babies peeped and cried out in response to the scary loud noise.

One baby, however, was a little more adventurous it seemed, the little purple filly, and wiggled her way to Brick. Chestnut was busy trying to calm the now panicked foals to notice, and Almond and Arion rushed over to help Chestnut and put Brick in his place.

However, Brick noticed the baby first, and recoiled as it sniffed his hoof in curiosity.

“Babbeh gib Bwick miwkies ow get sowwy hoofsies!” He said, waiting for the baby to command the other babies to give their milkies to Brick. When he got no response after about half a second of waiting, Brick made the first, and last mistake he ever would.

He stomped on the little purple filly.

“BABBEH! NUUUUUUUU!”

Matt checked up on Milkbag next. Having only been feeding one foal, her teats had become red and swollen. They were horribly overfilled, and the nipple dripped milk every now and again. Only Cobalt had been feeding, and since he’d grown teeth he’d been clamping down on the nipples.

Matt could see the little teeth marks where he bit while sucking, and was sure Milkbag was in agony from the feedings. She wouldn’t be lasting much longer either, it seemed. That was okay, as all the babies were almost weaned, except Cobalt, and he could use an autofeeder for that.

That gave Matt an idea. He grabbed an autofeeder, and strapped the tank to the milking machine under her milkbag rack. He turned the milker on high, and watched with glee as she squirmed in newfound agony, her little stumps wiggling in pain.

“Sorry Milkbag, but I need to take all your milkies. I want to get rid of you soon, and I need your milkies for Cobalt.”

She muffled some scream in response, and newfound tears flowed from her stitched together eyes. He laughed a bit as she sobbed and begged.

An alarm went off on his phone. It was time to check on the babies and Chestnut.

“Okay babies, time to come out of the cages!” Matt said, happily lifting the foals from their prisons.

They cheered in joy as he lifted each one of them into the pen, immediately looking around their new surroundings.

“Wosie am su happeh! Fank yu fo’ nyu nestie daddeh!” Rosie said, beaming up at him.

Matt smiled back. She was the best of the ferals, almost made him sad that he hadn’t taken her upstairs. Still, what’s done is done.

Diamond was last, and she was crying anew, her tail wrapped around her groin as she sobbed from the rough fucking the feral had given her. Matt placed her gently down on a soft pillow, enjoying her self-hatred.

“Bad babbeh desewe huwties... su bad huwties... su huwt...” She sobbed, hugging herself.

Matt headed upstairs, a bounce in his step and a smile on his face. All that came crashing down when he heard the noise.

“Bah babbeh! Bad babbeh! Yu am wowstest babbeh evuh!” He heard Almond shouting, almost as loud as Chestnut’s crying.

“Pwease move babbeh! Pwease move weggies!” He heard her cry.

Running to the safe-room, Matt opened the door to absolute chaos.

Chestnut was hugging one of the little purple fillies, she was quietly peeping in distress and pain, her back legs twisted at weird angles. Almond was stomping her hooves, trying to lunge at Brick who was shouting “nu huwt gud babbeh!” while Arion tried to defend him, pushing Almond away from the red baby.

“What is going on here!?” Matt asked, his voice booming over the fluffy voices.

“Daddeh! Hewp!” Arion said, nudging his head at Brick.

Matt scooped Brick up in his hands, making sure to keep Almond from stomping on him as she so clearly wanted to.

“What happened here? Arion?”

“Daddeh!” Chestnut said, standing up on shaky legs as she carried her hurt filly in her mouth. “Pwese hewp babbeh! Nu wan babbeh gu fowevah-sweepies!”

“Okay Chestnut, give me your filly and take care of the others, I’ll make sure she’s okay.” Matt said, offering a smile.

Chestnut sobbed heavily and nodded, dropping the filly into Matt’s waiting hand, and returned to her still-distressed foals, gently calming them as she cried.

The filly was in bad shape, her back legs weren’t just bent – they were both at horrible angles and it seemed like her pelvis was ruined.

“Arion, come with me.” Matt said, gravely. “Almond, help Chestnut with the babies and Licorice.”

“But daddeh!” Almond said, fury still in her eyes as she stared down Brick.

“Do NOT argue with me. Go help your mother. I will deal with whatever happened, okay?”

“Yesh daddeh...” Almond said. The sudden raised voice scared her, and she pressed her ears flat to her head as she slowly trotted back to her mother.

Matt scooped Brick and the baby up and stepped over the baby gate, placing the filly on the kitchen table on a towel and Brick in the sink before grabbing Arion and bringing him in as well.

“Arion, tell me what happened.” Matt said gently, searching in his phone for Tiffany’s number. There was no way he’d be able to help the filly on his own, he needed a vet.

“Bwick wan miwkies, buh wen Awmon’ gib him not-fwuffy-miwkie-pwace miwkies, he nu wan! Teww Ches’nut dat babbehs am bad fow take Bwick’s miwkies, wots of showties, an’ wen Ches’nut babbeh am sniffies Bwick, he gib hew wowstest stompies!”

Arion started to cry a little, and looked at the hurt little filly.

“Am... am babbeh gunna be otay?” He asked.

“I hope so...” Matt said, calling Tiff’s number.

The phone rang a bit before she answered.

“Hello, you’ve reached Tiffany Baudman, Fluffy Vet. How can I help you?”

“It’s Matt. I have an emergency with one of Chestnut’s foals. Can you make a house call?”

“Matt? Yeah is everything okay?” She said. He could hear concern in her voice.

“Not really. Can you get here ASAP?”

“Send me the address, I’ll be there as soon as I can.”

Matt hung up after giving her his address, and turned his attention back to the filly. She was peeping and chirping in distress and fear, she tried desperately to drag herself forward, but her front legs were too weak, and the effort hurt her.

“Shhh shhh, it’s okay little girl.” Matt said, gently stroking her back, sure to stay away from the lower half of her back, to avoid her crushed pelvis. This seemed to help, and the peeping and wiggling stopped, the baby was still crying though.

Then, her little eyes opened. Matt’s heart fell; he wanted to be there with Chestnut when her babies opened their eyes, he didn’t want this to be the way that the filly saw the world.

“M...mummah... wan... mummah!” The baby squeaked out, looking around wildly.

“Hey little girl... I’m your daddy.” Matt said, gently bringing himself to her eye level.

“D... daddeh? Daddeh! Wuv!” She squeaked, exploring her limited vocabulary. “Daddeh... huu huu... huuwties!”

“I know little girl, I know.” He stroked her gently and tried to quell her sobbing. “Don’t worry, you’re going to be okay.”

“Daddy... babbeh am wookie-babbeh nao?” Arion whispered, quietly.

“Yeah...” He said, stroking the crying foal’s head. She wiggled her front hooves gently, but Matt could see that her back legs weren’t moving at all. He couldn’t tell if she was restraining movement from pain, or really couldn’t move her hind legs anymore. He really hoped it was the former.

“Arion, I need you to watch the baby and keep her calm, okay? I need to check up on Chestnut.”

“Otay daddeh.” Arion said as Matt lifted him on the table next to the baby. “Wiww hewp babbeh.”

“Be really gentle, she’s very hurt.”

Matt quickly went over to Chestnut, and was greeted by a sobbing, panicked mare.

“Mummah am wowstest! Wet babbeh get huuwtiest! Nu wan babbeh gu fowevah-sweepies! Nu wan babbeh huuwties!” She sobbed, clutching her other babies close to her, nuzzling them and sobbing. They were clearly distressed as their mother sobbed and hugged.

“Chestnut?” Matt said, kneeling down to her.

She didn’t stop crying, but she did look up at him, her big brown eyes sad and scared.

“Babbeh am gu fowevah-sweepies! Nu! Nu wan!” She sobbed, snot and tears smearing her face.

“Shh, shh, your baby isn’t dead.” Matt said, gently wiping her face with a paper towel and stroking her. He also gently stroked the babies, their peeping still frantic and frightened.

“Babbeh am otay!?” Chestnut said.

“She’s... she’s not okay, but she’s alive. You remember Tiffany, the vet? I’m having her come and take a look at your baby.”

“Buh babbeh nu gu fowevah-sweepies!?”

“No, she’s not forever sleeping. She’s awake, Arion is taking care of her now and Tiffany is coming over soon to check up on her.”

“Daddeh... fank yu, fank yu... babbeh am awive... pweaes nu gu fowevah-sweepies...” She sobbed, still distracted.

“It’s going to be okay; daddy is going to do everything he can.” Matt said, trying to reassure the panicked mare. She’d lost her babies before, so Matt was concerned with her mental state. “But you still have five foals here, Chestnut, they’re also scared and need their mommah.”

Chestnut looked down at her frightened foals, and new tears flowed.

“Mummah am su sowwy babbehs...” She said softly, nuzzling the pile of scared foals. “Mummah am wowwy... nu cw y babbeh, nu cw y... mummah am hewe...”

Her foals calmed almost immediately. They nuzzled their little faces into her fluff.

“M-mummah?” One foal said, looking up from the pile. It was the little purple colt, and his eyes were finally opened. “Mummah! Wuv!” He said, blinking up at Chestnut.

“Daddeh! Babbeh am wooky-babbeh! See-pwaces open!” She said.

“Look at that Chestnut! Your babies are opening their eyes!” Matt said.

Chestnut smiled, but her face fell.

“Daddeh, am... am huwt babbeh see-pwaces open?” She asked.

“Yes. Your filly opened her eyes first.” He said. “But don’t worry, she saw her daddy and Arion, and I told her about you. She wasn’t alone when she opened them.”

“Huu... Mummah wan be dewe fo’ babbeh wen see-pwaces open... buh am happeh daddeh dewe.” She said. “Fank yu fo’ be dewe daddeh.”

“Of course. Now, I’m sure the rest of your foals will open their eyes. The first thing they should see is their mommah.”

“Yesh daddeh.” Chestnut said, hugging her foals.

Matt stood up, and walked over to Almond. The brown fluffy was curled up in her blanket, wrapped around Licorice, crying.

“Almond?” Matt asked, kneeling down to her level.

“Daddeh! Awmon’ am su sowwy! Nu wan wittew babbeh tu get owwies! Nu mean wet Bwick huwt babbeh! Sowwy! Sowwy!” She sobbed, clutching Licorice close.

The little black foal, to her credit, wasn’t crying, but was trying to calm Almond down with hugs.

“Almond, shh it’s okay, it’s not your fault. Brick was a very bad baby and hurt one of Chestnut’s foals, but it’s not your fault.”

“It... nu Awmon’ fauwt?”

“No baby, it’s not. I know I told you to oversee Brick and Almond, but what Brick did was his fault, not yours. Arion told me that you tried to stop him, and he got away from you.”

“Awmon’ stiww am sowwy... nu wan wittew babbeh tu get owwies... Wittew babbeh am nu fow owwies...”

"I know Almond. I know. I'm going to do everything I can to help her, and hopefully she's okay."

"Fank yu daddeh..." Almond said, sadly.

"Now, why don't you go over to Chestnut? I'm sure she'd appreciate having all her babies near her."

"Otay daddeh. Wicowice cum tu?" She asked.

"Yeah, bring her with you." Matt said, stroking Licorice's fluff. The little black foal cooed, but strangely enough said nothing.

"Almond, has Licorice said anything?" Matt asked.

"Nu... babbeh nu am tawky-babbeh yet." Almond said, nuzzling Licorice.

"Huh... but Brick is... weird." Matt said. "Okay, go to your mom."

Matt watched Almond curl up around Chestnut, the fluffy family holding each other close as they cried over the fate of their baby.

In the kitchen, Arion was curled around the injured filly, gently licking her head and whispering calming words to her.

"How is she, Arion?" Matt asked, grabbing a bottle of milk from the fridge and placing a pot of water on the stove.

"Babbeh am nu gud... Am wots of owwies..." He said.

"I know, the vet is coming soon and will be able to help." Matt said.

They were quiet, Arion taking care of the still crying baby while Matt warmed a bottle of fluffy milk. When it was nice and warm, Matt placed the bottle near the foal's mouth, watching as she sucked her fill down greedily.

Matt went over to the sink, where he'd thrown Brick.

"Brick." Matt said, quietly staring at the red foal. He'd been very quiet ever since Matt had tossed him into the sink.

"Y-yesh daddeh..." The foal clearly knew he was in trouble.

"You just made a huge mistake." Matt said, grabbing the foal by the scruff and holding his mouth shut as well. The last thing he wanted was for the foal to make noise and scare the hurt baby.

He headed down to the basement, and threw Brick into one of the cages on the wall; there would be plenty of time to deal with him once the baby was taken care of.

Once Matt came back up, Arion was staring at him with a strange expression.

"D-daddeh... weve am put Bwick..." He asked.

"Uh, he's in time out in a sorry box."

"Buh dat am weve mustah am!" Arion said, clearly distressed.

"Daddy got rid of the monster, remember?" Matt said. "Now be careful, you're scaring the baby."

"Sowwy babbeh!" Arion said, turning his attention back to the scared foal.

A knock on the door signaled the arrival of Tiffany. Matt practically ran to the front door, and ushered Tiffany inside.

“Where’s the foal?” She asked, clearly all business.

“Kitchen, on the table.”

Arion lifted his head when they came in, smiling at Tiffany.

“Hewwo nice wady Tiff’nee.” Arion said, smiling.

“Hi Arion. I need to take a look at the baby, okay?” Tiffany said. “I’m going to need you to wait in the safe-room while me and your daddy talk.”

“Otay Tiff’nee. Pwease be cawfuw of wittew babbeh.”

“I will buddy. Matt? Please put Arion in the safe-room while I set up.” She said, beginning to unload her bag of supplies.

Matt carried Arion back to the safe-room, gently stroking his mane as he did.

“Daddeh... am babbeh gonna be otay?” Arion asked as he was placed back into the room.

“I... I don’t know, Arion.” Matt said. “She might make it, she might not. But Tiffany and I are going to do our best. I need you to be a brave fluffy for Chestnut and Almond now though. They’re very scared and need to be comforted.”

“Awion undastand.” Arion said. “Gib Ches’nut an’ Awmon’ huggies an’ wuv.”

“Good boy. I’ll be back when it’s time to see the baby.”

In the kitchen, Tiffany had already gotten to work.

The baby had been knocked out with a very small amount of gas, and Tiffany had shaved the small bit of fluffy she had off her back.

“What happened?” Tiffany asked as she prepared a scalpel.

“Brick happened. He wanted to drink milk from Chestnut, not the autofeeder, and blamed Chestnut’s foals for ‘stealing his milkies’ and stomped on her when she got close.”

“Makes sense... Foals usually get aggressive if they feel like new babies are muscling in on what they view as ‘their’ territory.”

“But Chestnut isn’t his mom.” Matt said.

“Doesn’t matter. If he saw her as his mummah, surrogate or otherwise, then the babies were essentially stealing from him.”

“So... It’s my fault she got hurt...” Matt said, looking at the filly.

Tiffany tsked as she made the first incision. The pelvis was totally crushed. That could normally be reset easily, a cast could hold it all together, but the joints were damaged, and the top of the femur had been crushed. Tiffany used a pair of tweezers to pull the shattered remains of the top of the femur out.

“It’s not your fault, Matt.” Tiffany said gently, cleaning up the wound and double checking for bone shards. “You tried to take care of these fluffies and give them good homes. You can’t be expected to watch their every movement and police them. That’s why you taught Almond and Arion how to help. Sometimes bad things happen and it’s no one’s fault.”

“Well it is Brick’s fault...” Matt said darkly.

Tiffany knew that stomping on the foal had basically been a death sentence for Brick. She wouldn’t try to stop Matt from exacting revenge.

“Yes. But Chestnut might see it differently. You should ask her if she wants Brick back before you... discipline him...”

The bottom vertebrae were also damaged, and while Tiffany couldn’t remove them, she needed to support them. Wire or bars were out of the question, as the bones were still cartilage and needed to grow. They’d be stunted if she wired them. For now, a cast would have to do.

She prepared some cast in a small container to the side while she cleaned the wound, and set the vertebrae correctly. The foal stirred a bit, and even though Tiffany was hesitant to give her more gas, she gave a tiny amount to ease the foal’s sleeping.

She quickly stitched the incision back up, and applied the cast. It was a difficult area because the foal was so small, and its anus and vagina were right there, which had to be open so the foal could relieve herself.

Cast applied, Tiffany used her UV penlight to quickly harden it, and the foal’s impromptu surgery was finished.

“How is she?” Matt asked. There was worry in his tone.

“Well, the good news is she’ll live. The wounds will heal well, and she shouldn’t experience too much discomfort after a bit.”

“And the bad news?”

Tiffany sighed. “She won’t be able to use her hind legs. Ever. There was damage to her vertebrae and to her hip joints. She’ll be able to wiggle them a bit, but she won’t be able to stand or walk or run.”

“So... she’s paralyzed from the waist down?” Matt asked.

“No. It was more than just the joints that were damaged. She’ll still have control over her bowels, and be able to wiggle her lower half. It’s just her legs that aren’t going to work.”

“How will that affect her psyche?”

“Well... almost all fluffies have a severe negative reaction to the loss of their legs, either from amputation or paralysis. It’s pretty much guaranteed that she’ll experience depression as she grows up. There’s really no way around this except to provide her with lots of love and support, and make sure her siblings don’t bully her.

“You might look into getting some wheels for her hind legs at some point, but fluffies aren’t particularly dexterous so she’ll probably tip over and get stuck a lot. I would encourage you to let her figure out how to move on her own before giving her a prosthetic.”

Matt nodded, looking down at the foal. Tiffany wrapped the filly in a small towel and lifted her.

“Where are we going?” Matt asked.

“She should be with her mom. Chestnut is probably anxious and seeing her baby alive will help calm her.”

Tiffany carried the swaddled foal as Matt led the way to the safe-room. Chestnut’s head shot up as soon as she smelled her baby, and looked anxiously at the blanket.

“Nice wady Tiff’nee! Dat am babbeh? Babbeh am otay?”

“Woah, calm down girl.” Tiffany said, kneeling down to the fluffy’s level. “Now, your baby is alive.”



“Babbeh am otay!” Chestnut said, struggling to her feet. She stood up, pulling away from her foals who all peeped a bit, before curling into a small fluff-pile and going back to bed.

Chestnut stood up on Tiffany’s knees, looking into the swaddled baby.

“Your foal is hurt,” Tiffany said. “She isn’t okay, but she’s alive. She’s going to need lots of rest and love.”

“Babbeh am awive...” Chestnut said, with what could only be described as a sigh of relief.

“There’s something else, Chestnut.” Tiffany said, pulling the blanket down to show Chestnut the cast on her foal’s lower half.

“W-wat am white fingy on babbeh weggies?” Chestnut asked.

“When Brick gave your baby sorry-hoofsies, he broke her leggies.” Tiffany said, using fluffspeak to help explain the concept. “Her back leggies will never work.”

“B... babbeh back wggies am nu wowk?” Chestnut asked, tears forming in her eyes. “Buh huggies am make babbeh otay!”

“No, Chestnut.” Tiffany said sadly. “I’m sorry but her back leggies will never work again. She won’t be able to run or walk, but she can still play. Her siblings will have to be patient with her, but she should live a normal life if she gets lots of love.”

Chestnut stared at her baby, eyes welling up with tears before leaning into the blanket and wrapping her front hooves gently around the blanket-swaddled foal.

“Mummah am su sowwy babbeh... dis am aww mummah fawt...” She cried, shaking gently as she sobbed into the blanket. Tiffany gently stroked Chestnut’s back as she cried. “Pwomise wook aftuh babbeh... nu wan babbeh tu hab heavt-huwties... su sowwy fow weggies babbeh... nu desewe dis... am gud babbeh... nu desewe owwies...”

Matt stood back and watched. Chestnut was distraught, Almond was blaming herself, and Arion didn’t know what to do. All his fluffies were crying in some way, the only ones who seemed unaware of the agony in the room were Chestnut’s foals, all curled up in a fluff-pile keeping each other warm.

“Wat am white fingy, nice-wady Tiff’nee?” Chestnut asked again after a while.

“This is a cast. It holds her leggies so they get better faster. In a few bright-times, I’ll come back to take it off, but she has to wear it for now. It’ll help her feel better.”

“Otay nice-wady Tiff’nee.” Chestnut said, sniffing. She started at her baby, sleeping peacefully under the influence of drugs.

“You’re not a bad mummah, Chestnut.” Tiffany said gently. “Lots of mummahs wouldn’t care when their babies got hurt, they would abandon them. You’re a very good mummah, you have lots of love for all your babies.”

Chestnut cried. “Nu feww wike gud mummah...” She said, quietly.

“I know girl. When these sorts of things happen, we blame ourselves. You feel like this is your fault, don’t you?”

“Yesh... Ches’nut shud been wachin’ babbehs bettuh... Ches’nut wet babbeh get huwt.”

“It’s not your fault. You can’t always protect your babies, no matter how hard you try. Sometimes bad things just happen.”

Chestnut looked up at Tiffany, tears all dried up but eyes sad, nonetheless. “Why.” She asked.

“I don’t know. No one does. But I promise you that your daddy and I are going to take care of your baby, okay?”

“Otay... fank yu nice-wady Tiff’nee. C-can Ches’nut hab babbeh back?” She asked.

“Of course.” Tiffany placed the foal gently on the bed, next to the fluff-pile of her siblings.

Chestnut curled around the blanket containing her daughter, and snuggled it. Her other foals were right next to the blanket, so they were all together. One big, sad, family.

Matt looked at them as Chestnut cooed and nuzzled her baby. It was his fault, he knew, that they were suffering like this now. If he’d kept a closer eye on the foals... if he’d never brought up the foals from the basement... who knew.

“Now,” Tiffany said, standing up. “Show me the others.”

The basement was, to Tiffany’s surprise, not a den of suffering. The lights were bright, the pen was a nice playpen and even the cages on the shelves were clean.

The only real sign of an abuser was the workbench, covered in bloodstains and bits of green and blue fluff. Tiffany looked at the tools hanging on the wall, each meticulously cleaned.

In the pen, she could see a litterpal and a milkbag, and from the look of the red skin where the milkbag had been pillowed, it had been an in-house job.

“Okay, let’s look at the litterpal and milkbag first.” She said, putting her bag on the workbench.

“What?”

“Well, I wanna see how competent of an abuser you are.” Tiffany smiled at him, a cold smile. “Maybe teach you a few things.”

Asscleaner was first. Tiffany lifted him from the box, examining the plastic struts that had replaced his legs first. They were a mess. The joins inflamed and red, the skin raw and cracked. She looked in his mouth, and found inflammation and infection was evident in his throat where Matt had clearly done an amateur job of a vocal cord removal.

She inspected Milkbag after that. The pillowed fluffy flailed and wiggled as she lifted her from the milkbag rack and pulled the feeding and waste removal tubs from her.

Milkbag coughed and gagged as the feeding tube came out of her throat.

“Mun... munstah! Pwese nu mowe huwties! Pweeese...” She sobbed quietly.

Tiffany ignored her, examining her. The stumps where her legs had been stitched poorly and the skin had healed wrong, scars and scabs all through the stumps. Her teats were huge; red and round, clearly swollen with milk.

“Did you do these surgeries yourself?” Tiffany asked, poking and prodding the two fluffies, much to their dismay.

“Yeah. Honestly, I’m surprised they’re still alive... beginner’s luck?” Matt said.

“They’re only still alive probably due to copious amounts of insta-heal and dumb luck. All the wounds you made are scarred, inflamed, and on the verge of infection. The litterpal is worse than the milkbag, but that’s because he has a massive sinus infection, probably from licking shit.

“Milkbag over here is also doing poorly, though her teats are probably going to pop any day now, in which case she’ll bleed to death fairly quickly.”

“I was hoping... to keep them alive a bit longer...” Matt said sheepishly.

“Okay, first thing’s first; I am clearly not disgusted, so stop being coy. I have been known to enjoy my own bit of abuse, and also have a fluffy I love very much at home.”

“You have a fluffy!?” Matt asked. The question seemed stupid, since obviously a fluffy vet might want a fluffy.

“Yes, raised her from a feral mare that I killed. Her name is Marshmallow.” Tiffany said, blushing a bit. “So get over yourself, you’re the least experienced abuser in the room.”

Matt grinned. “Right. Sorry.”

“Also, what’s up with the feral in the cage?” She asked, pointing to the scraggly black and white feral in a cage.

“Oh, I uh... bred him with one of my foals.”

“You had him rape a foal?” She asked. “Can I see the foal?”

Matt led her to Diamond, who was still curled in a little ball. She chirped like a newborn when she was picked up.

“Damn, what did you do to her?” Tiffany said, lifting her tail out of the way and examining her vagina.

The foal was in rough shape; she’d been bred way too young. She would get pregnant, of course, but it would stunt her growth and the babies would probably wreck her cervix.

Tiffany felt her groin and could already tell her teats were coming in – far too early of course.

“You’re feeding them hormone supplements, yeah?” She said.

“Yes. How could you tell?”

“This one is developing too quickly, even for a pregnant foal.”

“She’s already pregnant?” Matt asked.

“Yeah. Her growth will be stunted, this will be a painful birth, and her cervix won’t recover from the birth.”

“That’s what I wanted anyway.” Matt said, shrugging.

“Fair. What did you wanna do with those two?” Tiffany asked, gently placing the pregnant foal in the pen.

“Well... how long do you think they’ll last?”

Tiffany looked at them, pursing her lips in thought.

“Two more weeks, tops. Even if you milk the fuck out of her now, she’s still experiencing internal inflammation.”

“Well... I don’t need a milkbag anymore I guess... but I do still want a litter pal. Can we save him?” Matt asked, looking over at Asscleaner.

“Nah. Same issue. The inflammation is really bad, even with antibiotics he’d still probably die.”

“Shame. Oh well, guess I should throw them out now then, huh?” Matt asked.

“I would. They’re going to have messy deaths, and it’ll really stink up the basement and scar the foals.” Tiffany said, looking over at the foals, playing and enjoying each other. “If you want to horrify them, it’s one way to go.”

“No, no.” Matt said, smiling vaguely at them. “I have... uh, plans. I don’t want them to feel like I hate them yet.”

Tiffany smiled. “Fair enough. Want me to put these two down?”

“No. I’ll just toss them.” Matt said. “It’s what I promised them.”

“Fair enough.” Tiffany said, shrugging. “Can I examine the foals?”

She did, with Matt’s permission. She didn’t know what sort of shitty off-brand hormones he was giving them, but it was going to kill them.

Rosie, who had given fluffy growth hormone (FGH), was twice the size a foal her age should be. She was strong, and seemed a bit more durable than her siblings, but she was also clumsy and gangly, as if she wasn’t used to the size of her limbs.

July was weird. His testes had shrunk quite a bit and his hips had widened, mimicking those of a mare. There was no mammary development, since male fluffies lacked nipples, but he certainly looked more... female.

Slate, on the other hand, was all male. His testes had grown huge and were obvious, like those of a male rat, and he was aggressive. He was the same size as Rosie but was more muscular.

Cobalt was nowhere near as developed as he should be. His genitals had regressed to the size of a newborn foals, and his teeth were weak. His fluff was also starting to fall out, leaving only fuzz behind. He complained that the lights hurt his eyes, and cried out for milkies, despite being of age for solid food.

“Okay, so... what are you doing?” Tiffany said after examining the foals. “It’s clear you’re fucking with their hormones but... to what end?”

“I... don’t know.” Matt admitted. “I found the hormones super cheap at Fluff-Mart, and I figured it would be... fun?”

“Okay so you’re an abuser with no goal. Got it. Do you just intend to give them hormones until they die? Because that’ll be soon.”

“Wait what?”

“You’ve been mouth-feeding them random doses of hormones. You’re essentially experimenting on them, which is fine I don’t care, but you’re going to give them tumors or a heart attack. Rosie is already having issues because muscles are too big for her small frame. Slate is going to develop tumors in his balls, and Cobalt’s sudden drop in hormones has put a huge stress on his system.

“You’re killing these foals slowly. And if your intent was to have fun doing it, this isn’t fun.”

“Can... you help?” Matt said, sheepishly. “I would really prefer not to have to get a bunch of new foals.”

“Tell me what you want, and I’ll write up a correct dosage schedule.” Tiffany said, smiling.

“Okay. Thanks.”

Matt looked over at Brick, who was now gently crying in the cage he’d been thrown into.

“What do you want to do to him?” Tiffany asked. “Teach him a lesson, or end him?”

“There’s no fucking way I’m letting that asshole go back upstairs.” Matt said. He was staring at Brick with pure hatred.

“Alright. What’s in store for the little guy?”

“What’s the worst thing you can do?” Matt asked.

The grin that split across Tiffany’s face was downright scary. It sent a shiver down Matt’s spine, but also made his heart beat a little faster.

“It depends; how long do you want him to live, how much suffering do you want him to be in, physical or emotional pain?”

“Well I thought about ripping the fucker’s skin off and rolling him in salt... but I’ve already done that.”

“Metal.” Tiffany said, grinning. “But there are worse things you can do to a fluffy. Watch this.”

She lifted Brick from the cage, and gently placed him down on the workstation.

“Brick, you’ve been a very naughty fluffy!” She said, dripping with mock disappointment.

“Meanie daddeh! Babbeh steaw aww mummah miwkies! Nu wan dummeh nu-fwuffy miwkies!” He said, crying.

“You hurt one of your mummah’s babies, and that makes you a bad fluffy.” Tiffany said, pulling a small bottle and a needle from her bag. She drew a very small amount of liquid into the needle and tapped it.

“Nu am bad fwuffy! Am gud fwuffy! Jus’ wan mummah miwkies!” Brick said, flapping his little wings.

Tiffany pressed down on his back until Brick flopped down, legs spread eagle. He struggled a bit but Tiffany’s hold was too strong.

“Matt, hold him down like this, okay?” She said, guiding him gently.

He pressed down on the foal, not hard enough to hurt him, but hard enough to keep his chest down.

“Daddeh! Daddeh babbeh am sowwy! Pwease nu gib huwties!” Brick said, wiggling as he eyed the needle.

Tiffany grabbed the foal’s scruff, eliciting a small squeak from the fluffy, and jabbed the needle into the tender skin there, injecting the liquid.

The foal’s eyes immediately became unfocused and he weakly flapped his wings. Tiffany lifted Matt’s hands off the foal, and they watched as Brick struggled to stand.

“D-daddeh... pwease... sweepy... nu wan gu fowebah-sweepies...” Brick murmured as he tumbled over to one side.

“Did you euthanize him?” Matt said.

“Nah, just a mild anesthesia. Fluffies are really sensitive to the stuff so a really small amount goes a long way.”

She watched as Brick finally passed out, his little chest rising and falling as he breathed easy.

“So... now what?”

Tiffany pulled on some gloves and took out her surgery kit. Very carefully, she made an incision on each of his shoulders. She exposed the joint and muscles, and cut around them, slicing through both tendon and sinew as she separated the leg from the body.

Placing the leg to the side, she carefully folded the two flaps of skin she’d left attached over the wound and expertly sewed it shut. It looked like there hadn’t even been a leg there to begin with.

She did the same to the other three legs, perfectly pillowing the fluffy. He looked like a fuzzy little worm.

“Do you want me to take his wings too?” She asked.

“No. Let him keep them for now.” Matt’s heart was racing as he stared at the bloody, legless fluffy.

“Okay. Now, lemme clean him up and we can begin the fun.”

She gently washed Brick and placed him back in his cage on a small towel that she wrapped around his stumps. She threw his legs away and cleaned all the blood up, and they patiently waited.

Arion didn't know what to do. Chestnut was very upset, even though she was keeping calm for her babies. She kept crying about her “wittew huwtie babbeh”

Almond wasn't much better. She had wrapped herself up in a blanket and was crying softly to Licorice, who sat there quietly as always. It was clear the injury to the little foal had deeply shaken the fluffy family, and everyone was feeling it.

Arion was sitting on his haunches between the two, gently rolling a ball between his front hooves. He wanted to help Chestnut, but every time he tried to give her huggies she told him she wanted to be alone with her babies. It made him sad, but he understood.

Almond also didn't want to play or get huggies. Licorice was quiet, and Arion was concerned with the fact that she never spoke.

Brick had been such a bad baby. He gave the worstest hurties to a baby and made her leggings no-work leggings! Arion had the worst heart-hurties when Daddy said she would never walk or play with her back leggings.

It wasn't fair! She was only a little baby and hadn't even done anything wrong! Arion knew that things like that happened, though, and that lots of unfairness happened. When he lived in the alley, he'd seen lots of good babies die at the hands of their mummahs – poopie, pee-pee, or green colored babies had been killed by either their mummahs for being ugly colors, or by other fluffies for the same reasons.

Humans also sometimes gave the worstest hurties or forever-sleepies to fluffies they found. Sometimes they hurt fluffies just for asking for nummies or warmies, sometimes they searched for them and hurt them when they found them.

Arion had eventually realized the first truth of his small life – there wasn't any justice. As he hunkered down in a soggy box, eating whatever nummies he could scrape together in the alleyway, he had watched with envy and hatred as other babies drank their mummah's milkies, played huggie-tag with their siblings, and slept together in a nice warm fluff-pile.

Arion never had enough milkies and had been abandoned by his mummah once she was certain that she had enough nummies that she didn't have to num her “munstah babbeh.”

Now he had enough nummies, lots of love, and a great family. It made him happy, but when he looked at the little baby with her broken leggings and the weird hard white not-fluff that covered them, it reminded him of all the heart-hurties and meanie things he'd learned in the alley.

When Daddy had taken Brick to the basement, Arion knew he wouldn't see the baby again. There was something in the way Daddy had looked at the red foal. Arion knew that look – it was the same look other humans had when they gave the outside-fluffies the worstest hurties.

It made him scared to think about and made his thinkie-place hurt. Arion wasn't sure what was going on with Daddy, but he'd never seen him that mad. He even yelled at Almond! Arion knew that what had happened to the baby had been really awful, and it gave him terrible heart-hurties to look at the little foal, but it still made him sad that Brick was going to be punished.

There was a small nagging at the back of his mind that he tried hard to ignore. Arion knew that he wouldn't see Brick again. There was something... mean... in the basement. Arion smelled something not-pretty when Daddy opened the door. Arion knew that Daddy said he got rid of the monster, and Daddy was always right and the smartest Daddy ever!

Still. Arion didn't know. There was just something that made him uneasy. It made him want to hide in his stuffy-nestie and cover his see-places. It was scary.

Arion gently rolled the ball away. He huffed and flopped onto his side, watching as Chestnut gently sung to her foals. Whenever he heard her singing her pretty mummah song, it made him sad. His own mummah had never sung him pretty mummah songs, or given him huggies, or even said pretty words to him. Even though his fluff was a pretty shade of blue like his brother, had wingies like his sister, and a horn like his mummah, none of them ever gave him love.

They called him names like “tricky monster baby” and “meanie milkie stealer.” All he’d wanted was the love and hugs that Chestnut was giving her foals now.

And Brick had hurt one of those innocent, sweet little babies. Just like his mummah had hurt him. Arion snorted, and felt a strange feeling in his chest and face. A feeling he’d never really felt before. Maddies! Maddies like Daddy had been at Brick for giving the baby worstest hurites! Maddies that the baby would never walk again! Maddies that the meanie world was just so unfair!

Arion felt the burning white heat in his chest of maddies, of rage, and finally of hate.

Arion knew that Brick would get the worstest hurties in the basement, and he knew that the little red foal might even take forever sleepies – but he no longer cared.

Brick’s eyes gently began to flutter open as the anesthesia wore off. His big brown eyes were unfocused and hazy as he came to.

“Brick!” Tiffany said, her voice sick with artificial worry. “We were so worried!”

“That’s right little guy!” Matt said, gently scratching Brick’s chin. “I’m so happy you’re okay!”

Brick cooed as Matt scratched his chin. His body was all tingly, and he couldn’t really feel anything... but something felt wrong.

“Wah... wat happen daddeh?” Brick asked, trying to shake the pins and needles and the weird feeling.

“Well, Brick,” Matt said, making himself look and sound disappointed. “You hurt one of Chestnut’s foals really badly.”

“That’s right,” Tiffany said. “You were a very bad fluffy. Only bad fluffies hurt others!”

“Huu huu... Bwick am sowwy! Jus’ wan mummah miwkies!” Brick said, wiggling a bit.

“Brick, you know you’re a lot bigger than the foals. You were supposed to be a responsible older brother and make sure they grew up big and strong, like you.” Matt said, firmly. “They needed milk more than you, so you were bad.”

“Huu... Bwick knu. Nu wan huwt wittew babbeh... am... am babbeh otay?”

“No, Brick.” Tiffany said. “The baby probably won’t ever walk again. You hurt her very badly.”

“Huu huu! Nu wan gib babbeh wowstest huwtiest! Nu wan make babbeh weggies dummeh weggies!”

“Well you did!” Tiffany said, “and because you were so bad and gave a baby worstest hurties, your own leggies left you!”

“W...wah?” Brick said, looking both horrified and confused.

Tiffany pulled the towel away from Brick’s chest, revealing to him that all four of his legs were gone.

“WEGGIES!!! NUUUUU!!!” Brick wailed, wiggling his worm-like body as he tried to move.

“That’s right,” Matt said, gripping Brick’s head in his hand and forcing the crying fluffy to look him in the eyes. “You were so bad that your leggies went back inside your body because they didn’t want to be on such a meanie fluffy.”

“Bwick nu am meanie! Nu be bad fwuffy! Bwick be nicey fwuffy evah! Pwease daddeh! Pwease hewp weggies back!” He cried, his tears staining his fluff as snot ran from his muzzle.

“I’m sorry Brick, but me and Tiffany tried everything to give you your leggings back. There’s only one way for them to come back.”

“Wat! Bwick du an’fing fow weggies! Teww! Teww!”

“Only by being the bestest, nicest, sweetest fluffy will your legs grow back.”

“W-weawwy!?” Brick said, his eyes wide and tail wagging. “Bwick am be bestest gudest fwuffy an weggies gwow back!” He was already smiling, thinking the road to leggings was some nice words and playing.

“But, if you’re mean again at all, your leggings will never grow back and you’ll be a dummy no-leggie fluffy forever!” Tiffany said.

“Nu! Bwick pwomis! Be bestest fwuffy fow daddehs an’ weggies!” He beamed up at Matt, “Nao Bwick gu back tu mummah an’ Awmon?”

“Oh Brick,” Matt said, feigning sorrow. “I’m sorry, but no-leggie fluffies can’t live upstairs. You’ll have to stay here for now. But don’t worry! There are new friends to meet here!”

Matt smiled as he picked Brick up. The foal was hysterical now that he was pillowed. His little body was more like a fuzzy sausage than a horse, and because Tiffany had removed every trace of his legs, he didn’t even have stumps to wiggle.

Matt placed Brick down on a special “pillow foal” stand Tiffany had in her car. It was essentially just a shallow half-pipe that was lightly rubberized so the pillow fluff in question didn’t fall over. It also had a spot in the back where Matt could place a litter box, so the foal could shit without needing to move.

Brick huu’d as he was placed in the pillow fluff stand, muttering something about “bad huggies” from it. Matt put a food and water dish in neck-reach for him and then gestured for the curious feral foals to come over.

“Okay everyone, this is Brick!” Matt said.

“Hewwo Bwick!” The feral foals said, not once seeming to remember their lost brother.

Only Diamond didn’t come near, lying on her side on a soft blanket and crying that she deserved hurties while also singing gently to her unborn babies. She knew she was pregnant, it seemed. Good.

“Brick is going to be staying here for a while so he can learn how to be a good fluffy, right Brick?”

“Uh... yesh daddeh...” Brick said, clearly not wishing to confess his crime to new friends.

“Brick here gave a baby sorry hoofsies and made her leggings dummy forever!” Matt said. He would not be sparing Brick the guilty verdict.

“Dat am wowstest fing!” Rosie said in her noticeably deeper voice. As deep as a fluffy’s voice could get, anyway.

“Bad meanie Bwick!” July said.

“GIB STOMPIES!” Slate said, practically charging the defenseless red foal. The testosterone certainly pumped his aggression.

“Now, now!” Matt said, stopping the judgement before he’d had his fun. “Because you’re all such great fluffies, I thought you could teach him how to be a good fluffy again! See, Brick’s leggings went away because of how bad he was! If you can help him be good again, his leggings will come back!”



“Bwick pwomise be vewy gud!” Brick said, forcing a smile.

“So, if Brick is mad, or mean, or cries, or is anything but happy, you all have my permission to give his owwies.” Matt said.

Brick whipped his head around to look at Matt, his eyes full of tears. “D-daddeh?”

“Otay Daddeh!” Rosie said, smiling. “Bwick am be happeh babbeh ow get bigges’ owwies!”

“HUWTIES!” Slate said, eyes wide and grinning stupidly at Brick.

“Daddeh! Pwease nu huwties!” Brick said, looking back and forth between Matt and his newfound tormentors.

“I’m sorry Brick, but good fluffies are happy fluffies. You have to be happy all the time otherwise you’ll never get your leggies back. It’s for your own good.”

“Huu huu...” Brick sobbed a little, bowing his head. “Bwick be happeh an’ gud fow daddeh an’ weggies...”

“Uh oh! Was that crying?” Matt tsked. “Sorry little guy, you know the rules!”

Matt walked off as Slate charged, pounding on Brick’s sensitive back. The fluffy made the mistake of not tucking his wings in, instead flapping them uselessly trying to fly away as Rosie batted him in the face with her front hoof and July bit his sensitive ear.

Slate was much stronger now that he’d had an extra dose of testosterone, and his strength quickly broke one of Brick’s wings, snapping it in several places including the joint, and it now hung down at an awkward angle.

“Screee! Wingie! Wingie owwies! Pwease! Pwease nu moa-GUK” He coughed and gasped for air as Rosie kicked him in the throat, silencing his screams for help as he gasped for air.

Matt smiled as Tiffany led him back upstairs, both enjoying the suffering of the foal.

As they opened the basement door to return to the safe-room, enjoying their abuse afterglow, neither of them noticed a little blur of blue and purple running from the kitchen and bounding back over the safe-room gate.

Arion had heard everything.

\* \* \*

Chestnut sang gently to her foals as they took turns suckling from her teats. She was so happy when she looked at them. She loved Almond with all her heart, but there was something extra special about babies. Almond was almost a big fluffy now, and would have foals of her own.

Whenever she saw her little foal with her dummy leggies and hard white not-fluff, it gave her heart hurties. She had been having horrible sleepy-pictures lately; horrible scenes of her babies all getting stompies from a big red hoofsie, boo-boo juice and peeps of pain as they all took forever-sleepies. It gave her shivers and she often woke up clutching her babies close to her chestie. She had learned quickly that her hurt baby didn’t like having her white not-fluff moved too much. She cried out in distress when she was bumped by her siblings.

“Daddeh, how time tiww babbeh weggies?” Chestnut asked one day when Matt was filling her bowl back up.

“Only a few more days, Chestnut. Then Tiffany will be over to take the cast off.”

“Few bwight-times? Den babbeh be wakie-babbeh!?” Chestnut said.

Matt frowned. “No, Chestnut. I’m sorry but your little foal won’t be able to use her back legs ever. Didn’t Tiffany tell you that?”

“Buh... buh hoomin med’cine make babbeh aww bettuh!” Chestnut said.

“I’m sorry Chestnut, but it just doesn’t work that way.”

Chestnut looked at her foals, all wrapped up in a fluff pile, full of milk. They were all walking and talking babies now.

Matt bent down to check on the babies. They were all developing nicely; with the exception of the paralyzed foal, they all had begun walking and running and were no longer stumbling or having issues standing. They’d begun to learn more words too, now having simple but adorable conversations with each other.

Chestnut must have seen him watching her babies. “Babbehs am aww gud.” She said, quietly. “Ches’nut wuv babbehs.”

“I know, Chestnut. You’re a great mother.” Matt said, stroking her back and neck. She was getting a little fat, no doubt from all the extra-calorie ‘For Mummah’ kibbles and the fact that she wasn’t moving much. He’d have to do something about that, soon.

“Fank yu daddeh,” Chestnut said as she leaned into his hand, enjoying the scratches he was giving her.

“Hey Chestnut, how about we give your babies names?” Matt said.

“Babbehs hab namesies!?” Chestnut said, her tail wagging.

“Yeah! It’ll help me keep track of them, and they’re old enough for it.”

“Yay! Babbehs! Babbehs cum hewe! Daddeh am gib yu namesies!”

Her foals all perked up at their mother’s call, and all came trotting over happily. They were all very well behaved, and as soon as they all gave their mother a little hug, they sat down and stared up at Matt expectantly.

They were old enough now that the first wisps of their manes were coming in, so Matt could officially give them lazy names based on colors.

The purple coated, brown maned colt became Bruiser, at which he excitedly jumped up, only to promptly fall over and roll around on his back, giggling.

The yellow filly with her brown mane became Autumn, since the brown of her mane was so soft and light it reminded Matt of the brown of dead leaves. She giggled as she tried to pronounce her name.

“Babbeh am... Aw... Awt... Awtum!” She said, giggling. “Fan kyu daddeh!”

“Good girl! You’re welcome!”

The filly with a brown coat and purple mane, the opposite of Bruiser, became Plum. She was like her mother and very quiet.

“Fank yu daddeh. Pwum wuv daddeh an namesie.”

“You’re very welcome Plum.”

The odd one out, the all grey colt, became Asher.

“Ashuh wuv namesie! Fank yu, fank yu!” He said, trotting around.

“Woah there boy,” Matt laughed. Asher sat down, but his butt was still wiggling as he wagged his poofy tail.

The all brown colt looked like a male version of Almond; a pretty dark brown coat and a lovely light brown mane. Matt decided to keep the nut theme going.

“You’ll be Cashew!”

“Cashoo wuv namesie!” Cashew said, gasping with joy. He stood on his hind legs and hugged Matt’s hand before promptly falling over and giggling as he lost his balance.

“Whoops! There you go little guy.” Matt said, as he righted the foal. “And now for you.”

Matt turned to the foal in her cast. She had a similar coloring to Plum, a brown coat and purple mane. She was happy despite her injuries. She leaned happily into Matt’s gentle touch, cooing as his warm hand played with her soft and sensitive ears.

“How about... Violet?”

The baby looked up at Matt, big brown eyes wide with glee. “Babbeh am Viowet? Viowet wuv namesie. Fank yu fow namesie daddeh!”

“You’re welcome Violet!” Matt smiled at her. She wiggled desperately, and he hoped that when her cast came off that she would be able to move around a lot more.

“Babbehs am aww hab namesies! Fank yu daddeh!” Chestnut said, smiling.

“Of course, girl.” Matt said, scratching her neck and chin.

He left her as she cooed to her children, calling them all by their new names. Almond was playing very quietly with Licorice, while Arion watched.

“Hey guys.”

“Hewwo daddeh...” Almond said. Licorice looked up at Matt as well, her tail wagging.

“Hey Almond, hey Licorice. How are you two today?”

“Awmon’ am oday. Licowice am gud.” Almond said.

“Can Licorice tell me herself?” Matt asked, kneeling to the black filly. She made the upsies pose and Matt lifted her into a hug.

“Nu. Babbeh am nu-tawky babbeh.” Almond said.

Weird, Matt thought. He’d have to get Tiffany to look at her.

“Almond, are you alright?”

“Yesh daddeh.” Almond said, looking up at him. “Uh... Daddeh? How time tiww Bwick?”

Matt’s heart sank.

“What?”

“H-how time tiww Bwick? Awmon’ knu babbeh am bad babbeh, buh... Awmon’ miss babbeh.”

“I’m sorry Almond, but Brick isn’t coming back.”

“Buh... buh why?” Almond said.

Matt was getting nervous. It was clear that taking Brick away had upset Almond.

“Well, Brick hurt one of your mom’s foals really badly. She’ll never walk right again. I can’t let a fluffy stay here if they hurt other fluffies.”

“Pwease daddeh... Awmon’ knu dat babbeh am huwt wittew babbeh, buh pwease wet Awmon’ see babbeh ‘gain?”

“Almond...” Matt said.

“Pwease daddeh? Awmon jus’ wan see babbeh one wast time! Nu wan hab bad babbeh back, ow hab huwt gud babbehs... jus’ wan say gudbye.”

It was such a sweet request. He didn’t want to say no to her and break her little heart. Matt groaned inwardly; he was becoming such a softie with his fluffies.

“Okay Almond... I’ll... see what I can do. But when you say goodbye, you won’t be able to see him ever again, okay?”

“Yesh daddeh! Awmon’ pwomise dat undastawn. Jus’... wan say gudbye. Babbeh am bad babbeh... bu’ Awmon’ stiiww wuv babbeh.”

“That’s a good girl.” Matt said, stroking her tail.

Arion was unusually inactive today. Matt went over to his fluffy and sat down next to him.

“Hey buddy. You okay?” Matt said. He stroked his back gently.

Arion flinched.

“Awion otay.” He said. He was stiff, and didn’t lean into Matt’s touch.

“You sure?” Matt said. “I know seeing Brick hurt the baby upset you. I just wanna make sure that you’re alright.”

“Yesh daddeh. Stiww haf heawt-huwties fow wittew babbeh.”

“Do you want to see Brick again?”

“Nu. Bwick am bad babbeh.” Arion said quietly. “Awmon’ am saddies, but Bwick nu desewe cum back.”

Matt smiled, scratching Arion’s ears. The fluffy, who had been tense and distant, started to calm down and relax. He began to coo and roll his head into Matt’s hand.

“Daddeh?”

“What’s up, buddy?”

“Daddeh... dewe awe bad fwuffies, wight?”

“Yeah buddy, there are.”

“An... bad fwuffies desewe huwties?”

“Well, yeah I guess they do. If they’re really bad, sure.”

“An... Awion am gud fwuffy, wite?”

“Of course you are, Arion. You’re a very good fluffy. Why do you ask?”

“Awion jus’... wan be gud.” He said as he leaned against Matt. “Jus’ wan be gud fwuffy fow daddeh...”

“Oh Arion, you are a good fluffy. You’re one of the best fluffies I’ve ever met.”

“Fank yu daddeh. Awion wuv yu.”

“I love you too, Arion.”

Matt sat there for a while. Arion was still stiff and distant, and Matt didn’t really know what to do.

“Hey, I’m gonna head out to pick up some things for you guys, do you want anything specific?” Matt asked Arion.

“Nu, Daddeh aweady gif Awion wots o’ gud toysies an’ nummies.” He said.

“Okay buddy. I’ll be back soon. Be a good fluffy and help the others.”

Matt changed the litter box and refilled the water dispenser before he left. Chestnut’s kibble dispenser was still full, and Arion and Almond only ate the steamed veggies and high-fiber oats he made for them. It had done wonders for the normally rancid smell and texture of fluffy shit, and made the safe room smell much nicer.

He double checked the door of the safe room before he left, ensuring it was closed tightly. The last thing he needed was one of them to get out and smell, or hear, the mess in the basement.

Arion was getting bigger, and looked like he’d be able to leap over the small gate with enough effort. A new gate was in order.

The drive to Fluff-Mart was short. Matt had made the trip so many times he knew it by heart now. The parking lot was practically empty.

Matt took his time to wander the aisles of the store. He didn’t know exactly what he was looking for. There was a whole section for fluffy exercise, though it seemed to mostly consist of weighted blocks or balls. While those could be good for some fluffies, Matt didn’t think it would work for his needs.

“Can I help you find something, sir?”

Matt turned quickly, startled by the quiet attendant.

“Oh, uh. I was wondering if you guys carried like... a treadmill? For fluffies?”

“Certainly. All our larger exercise equipment is kept in the display areas. Follow me.”

Matt followed, and was led to a large open area, much like the display rooms of an Ikea. There were whole fake safe rooms with all sorts of items, from fluffy play areas to displays of sorry box setups or cages.

“Wow, you guys have everything here, do you?”

“We try to carry as many things as we can for the fluffy owner! Everything from the best in fluffy comfort to the most effective in discipline. Please, feel free to browse. You can simply give the cashier the number of the item you want at check out and we’ll help load it into your car!”

“Okay! Great, thanks!” Matt said as the man walked off.

There were so many things to see, from self-cleaning litterboxes to refrigerators that fluffies could operate by themselves.

It was weird to see so many things just for fluffies, and he had no idea who would buy half the shit here. Some of it cost well into the hundreds which, even for Matt, was far too much to spend on his pets.

He finally came to a display of the exercise equipment. There were more expensive treadmills, ones that were electronic and started up on their own. There were manual ones too, large circles that rolled on tracks and required the fluffy to both stop and start them.

There were weighted bands that could be placed on their legs, and little weighted vests as well. Matt smiled; these could all very well be used to torment a fluffy as well as help one exercise.

The best option he saw was a little flat treadmill; it could be set for a specific level of resistance, but would slow down fairly quickly as long as the fluffy stopped running.

It was cheaper than the others too, which was a boon. Having the fluffies exercise would be good for them physically and mentally. Especially Arion, who seemed restless and anxious. It was probably puberty, and Matt was worried about having a hormonal frustrated fluffy on his hands. The exercise would be good for Arion, and especially for Chestnut, who was starting to get a little chubby.

Matt took a picture of the serial number on his phone and continued looking around. There could be more goodies for his fluffies, or even some treats for downstairs.

There was a whole section on punishment, and Matt was especially intrigued by the sensory deprivation options; sorry boxes that blocked out all light and sound, ones that came with earplugs that stopped them from hearing even their own voices.

There were temperature boxes that made fluffies either freezing cold or far too hot, ones that pricked them with spines if they tried to move at all, ones that had uncomfortable dulled spikes on the floors to hurt a fluffy's sensitive hooves, and ones that emitted very low or high frequency sounds that gave fluffies headaches, vertigo, or nausea.

Man, this place really did have everything.

Matt giggled when he came across a display that looked like his basement – playpen in the corner, brightly lit and happy while rows of small cages lined the wall.

“For the Basement Breeder!” The sign read, clearly aware of what the true intentions of anyone with this set up would be using it for.

On his way back, however, he passed something he hadn't seen in the store before: A Foal-in-a-Can vending machine. They were rare sights, mostly because they were unmitigated disasters. They couldn't be placed in unsupervised public areas because teenagers would usually shake the machines to get the foals to all shit themselves at once: it never worked, the foals inside were all 'plugged' using a water-soluble insert. Instead, the foals usually just became injured or broke something from falling against the hard plastic of the tube.

Other places were too hot, or too cold. Even inside, if not placed somewhere that actually gave a shit about fluffies the foals usually just rotted inside their cans if they weren't bought.

In a Fluff-Mart, it was even weirder to see it. There were lots of fluffies on sale up front, including fluffies the same age as the ones in the cans.

Matt approached the machine, looing inside. There were a bunch of foals inside, each one with its eyes still shut tight and a layer of fuzz.

Each foal cost somewhere between 5 and 10 dollars, about average for a fluffy this age. It was actually a bit cheaper than the ones up front, which Matt guessed was the only reason the machine was still there.

None of the foals were very attractive colors, mostly browns or greens or greys. There were a few earthies of more popular colors; red, yellow, a pretty blue one too.

Matt grinned. He would get a few. Swiping his card against the reader, Matt settled on three foals; a dark grey one, the red earthy, and a solid bright green one.

The cans were carefully lifted from their resting places by a mechanical arm, but even the minimal movement the machine caused made all the foals wiggle and peep, clearly distressed. The machine was soundproofed, though, so Matt couldn't hear them at all.

Despite a slow and careful journey from the racks to the drop-off area, at the very end the cans were dropped harshly into the receptacle.

Matt grabbed each one, trying his hardest not to shake the already scared foals further. Placing them carefully in a shopping basket, Matt walked back to the display area; there were bound to be a few more things to make the canned foals... comfortable.

Afterwards, he headed back to the cashiers. It was incredibly fast; the cashier took the number, rang him up, and gave him a ticket. An associate appeared with a handcart with the two treadmills on it, and followed him to the car.

Matt placed the foals in the passenger seat, and drove home. Their tubes weren't as soundproofed as their vending machine, and he smiled as he could hear their scared peeps as the car rumbled.

Fortunately, the little anal plugs kept the shit inside the fluffies, and Matt glanced over every now and again to enjoy their fear.

The bright green one was desperately sucking its hoof, curled up as tight as it could on the soft cotton pad at the bottom of the tube. The little red one was hiding under its hooves, even though its eyes were still closed, it seemed to be totally instinctual. The grey one seemed to be a little slower than the others; it was just rolling around on its back with each bump and wiggling its hooves in their air impotently. Matt could see it was a filly from this angle.

He arrived at his house quickly, and wanted to put the foals in their new home before taking the treadmill to the safe room.

Picking the three tubes up, he went downstairs to the basement.

Arion was uneasy.

He loved his daddy, and knew that daddy would never hurt him. There was something about how daddy said it; how he looked Arion in his see-places, and tried hard to make him understand very much.

But still... the things he'd heard in the basement. The awful sounds and smells. The laughing from his daddy and the nice lady Tiffany. The rancid smell of boo-boo juice.

There were fluffies down there, in the basement, and they had the worstest hurties. He could smell... fear.

He'd smelled it before, when daddy had opened the door to the basement to put Brick there. He didn't say anything then, but the overwhelming smell of boo-boo juice and scaredy poopies and pee-pees had hit his sensitive nosie like a wall.

He had been so afraid of that door; he was afraid that the monster in the basement would come up and eat him. And then he was afraid that the door itself would open wider and wider until it swallowed everything.

And then he was afraid that he would be so bad, that daddy would feed him to the door, just like he fed Brick and the outside fluffies to it.

Arion was sure that daddy didn't know that he knew. Daddy was so kind, loving, and the nicest and bestest to Arion, Chestnut, Almond, and all the babies.

"Awion?" Almond approached him slowly, snapping him from his stupor.

"Awmon'!"

"Awion am otay?" She said, nuzzling her face into his. "Am nu tawkies. Aww awone."

“Am otay. Jus’ tinkies.”

“Bad tinkies? Yu wook... Awmon’ nu kno... jus wook maddies.”

“Awion pwomise. Am otay.” He forced a weak smile and nuzzled her back.

“Awion... tink Bwick am bad babbeh?” Almond asked. She was still nuzzling him.

“Yesh. Bwick huwt babbeh Viowet weawy bad. Daddeh nu wan any fwuffy tu gib huwties tu otha fwuffies. Babbehs am gud, nu desewe huwties.”

“Yesh... babbeh nu fo’ huwties... buh... Bwick am babbeh tu...”

“Yesh, buh Bwick am big. Shud kno babbehs am tu wittew fo’ be wuff wif.”

“Awmon’ kno... buh...”

“Wat?” Arion was worried. Almond was normally so playful and fun, but the disappearing of Brick really upset her. Arion didn’t care about Brick – to him, what Brick had done was unforgivable. To injure a little harmless baby was the height of cruelty.

“Wha’ if Awmon’ babbehs am meanies wike Bwick?”

“Nu. Awmon’ am gud fwuffy! Am nu meanie. Awmon’ babbehs am be gud.”

“Buh! Awmon’ am be mummah fow Bwick! Stiww am bad! Maybeh... Awmon’ nu shud be mummah. Wha’ if babbehs am bad? Wha’ if babbehs gib huwties tu otha’ babbehs?”

Arion sighed. Almond was taking Brick’s betrayal hard. Daddy knew it wasn’t her fault, why couldn’t Almond see it that way?

“Awmon, yu nu fawt fo’ Bwick be bad. Bwick am big babbeh; shud kno dat wittew babbehs am nu fow huwties. Yu can owny teach babbeh tu be gud; nu am fawt if babbeh nu behabe gud.”

“Buh daddeh gib Awmon’ babbehs tu weawn be gud mummah! Awmon’ waise bad babbeh... am Awmon’ fawt dat Viowet get huwties...”

“Nu! Bad babbehs am fawt fo’ bein’ bad. Yu am gud mummah, twy tu make babbeh gud babbeh, teach babbeh how be nice, use pwetty wows, use witteh boxie, du aww dat an babbeh stiww be meanie. Dat nu yu fawt; am babbeh fawt.”

Almond was quiet for a while, sitting on her haunches and sucking her hoof. Arion very much still wanted to be her special friend and have babies with her, but if she was doubting herself as a mummah, he needed to show her that she would be a great mummah.

“Awmon’, wen Awion was wittew babbeh, hewd was meanie to Awion fo’ be munstah-babbeh. Yu an’ Ches’nut am nice tu Awion. Yu nu cawe dat am munstah. Yu am gud fwuffy... am gud fwiend...”

“Yu nu am munstah.” Almond said, still sucking her hoof.

“Dat am twue. Buh’ Bwick am. Munstahs huwt otha fwuffies, nu cawe if babbehs am saddies, take nummies an’ miwkies an nu cawe if otha’ fwuffies hab tummy-owwies. Munstahs nu hab pointie an wingies; munstahs am bad fwuffies.”

“Dat... dat am twue. Bwick am munstah den?”

“Yesh. He gib babbeh wowestest owwies dat neba get bettuh. Dat am wha’ munstas du.”

Almond looked up at Arion and sniffled. Tears were tugging at the edges of her eyes. Arion had heart-hurties for her; Almond was so sweet, and pretty. She didn’t deserve such saddies.



“Den... Awion stiww wan’ hab babbehs wif Awmon’?”

“Y-yesh! Awmon’ be a gud mummah! Wan be bestest daddeh an speshuw-fwiend fow Awmon’!”

She nuzzled into him, rolling off her haunches and curling up to his side. Arion’s heart had flutters; he really liked Almond. It was one thing to have a special-friend; it was another to have someone you wanted to be a daddy with.

“Dat make Awmon’ hab biggest heavt-happehs.” Almond said, smiling. “Fank yu.”

She paused, snuggling into Arion’s fluff. She loved the smell of him – he was warm and soft, and smelled so nice. Her tummy had warmies whenever she was near him. Daddy was so nice, and she loved him lots! But there was something... different about the love a fluffy gave.

She wanted babies, of course. Every mare wanted babies eventually; her mummah had told her so. But... her mummah had also told her lots of mares had babies when they weren’t ready, or when they were bored, or when a stallion made them. And lots of mares thought babies were toys, or always cute, or made everything better.

None of these were true. Babies were A LOT of work. They smelled not-pretty most of the time, made lots of noise, were always hungry, and couldn’t even talk or move on their own for many forevers!

Almond didn’t mind that. She was excited to hold and feed her babies, when she had them. Of course, she was waiting. Daddy hadn’t said yes yet, and even though Arion wanted babies, they needed to wait until her mummah’s foals were all big.

She leaned against Arion and sighed.

“Awion... Awmon’ am wowwied.”

“Abou’ wha?”

“Abou’ Bwick. Wha’ am happen tu Bwick.”

It was Arion’s turn to be uncomfortable now. He knew daddy would punish Brick. And from the smells of the basement... it was the kind of punishment no fluffy would recover from.

Arion squirmed a bit, uncomfortable.

“Awion nu kno. Nu... nu wan tink ‘bout it.”

“Daddeh kno.” Almond said. “Awmon’ kno dat Bwick nu comin’ back. Daddeh... nu wet bad babbehs wive in nice safe-woom.”

“Awmon’...” Arion didn’t know how to comfort her.

“Bwick... Bwick am gon gu fowevah-sweephehs...”

Arion was silent for a long time. Almond didn’t need an answer. She already knew that Brick wasn’t going to come back, and it didn’t take a genius to figure out that a fluffy like Brick wouldn’t be allowed in a nice housie, with a nice daddy.

It was just a simple truth of fluffies: bad fluffies didn’t get good human daddies or mommies. Bad fluffies got forever-sleepies. Sometimes good fluffies did too, but bad fluffies ALWAYS got forever-sleepies.

“Yesh.” Arion said after a long time. He nuzzled Almond gently.

“Yesh...” Almond said.

The tears came gently at first, but soon Almond was crying openly, her face buried in Arion’s fluff.

They lay like that, until Almond had cried herself tired and fallen asleep. Arion didn't move.

Now two fluffies knew the truth of Brick's fate, but only Arion knew the truth of the basement.

The foals were adorable. Matt always had a thing for new foals; it was one of the reasons he was okay with Chestnut and Almond having babies. They were so cute; so fragile.

The canned foals were just as fragile as any other; more so since they couldn't develop any muscles from moving. The tubes had a soft pad of cotton at the very bottom, so the foals weren't pressed against the cold plastic and had some modicum of comfort. There was a rubber nipple at one end attached to a container of artificial milk; no doubt horribly cheap and nutrient poor stuff.

There was no waste receptacle, as the foals were plugged with a water-soluble anal plug and a urethral implant. The fillies had it the worst; there was just a whole plug for the whole vagina, urethra and all. The colts just had their sheaths closed.

Matt looked the foals over. The grey one was the only filly. Unlucky for her. Matt pulled each foal out of the tubes one by one. He placed them on a towel by the sink and gently cleaned them, making sure to dissolve the plug and empty the foals out.

They peeped in distress as Matt squeezed them to force them to shit. He always had to stop himself here; his heart raced as he squeezed them. With just a little more pressure he could crush them, snap their ribs, break their spines, press the air from their little lungs... it was intoxicating.

Matt had gotten an "extractor" for the foals. He very much wanted to try something he'd found on the internet. He took one of the autofeeder he'd gotten at one point, and took a tiny tube and pushed it into the right nostril of the grey foal. She struggled immediately, peeping and pushing forward with her front hooves.

Matt didn't let up, however, as he studied the book on fluffy physiology in front of him. Tiffany had given it to him when she'd gotten disappointed in his shoddy stitch work.

He pushed until he felt the telltale sign that the tube had reached the foal's stomach. She was still peeping and crying, but what was coming was much worse. Smaller, foal-sized anal and vaginal inserts, like the ones that he'd used on Asscleaner and Milkbag, were pressed into the foal. She hated this even more than the nose tubing, and wiggled desperately in his grip.

Matt squeeze the foal harder, which earned him a peep and a sob, but the foal's wiggling became less erratic and she resisted him inserting the tubes less. Finally, they went in, and Matt was able to inflate the bulbs that kept them in place. The sudden pressure in the foal's vagina and anus elicited more cries, but that didn't matter.

Matt took the tube that the filly came from and pulled the milk dispenser off. He was able to empty the milk and take the nipple off, threading the other side of the feeding tube through the hole the milk was fed through.

He gently slipped the foal back inside the tube, and cut two small holes through the back side, allowing the waste removal tubes to fit.

Using some super glue, he sealed both sides of the tube back up, sealing the tube shut. He hooked the auto feeder and waste remover up to their respective machines. He turned them on and watched as the foal looked around, confused.

Her tummy was filling with good food, and she was feeling full, but there was no nipple in her mouth. This caused more sobs from the foal, clearly confused. She began to suck on her hoof in distress and confusion.

Matt smiled. He'd made a forever foal-in-a-can. It would be fun to see what happened as she grew up, trapped in her little acrylic prison.

Matt turned his attention to the other two foals, they were cuddling together on the towel, clearly trying to stay warm and comfortable.

Too bad, Matt thought, as he picked up the foals. He put the little green one in a cage on the wall, but took the red one over to the sink.

He lathered on a generous amount of "fluff-b-gone" hair remover. It was designed to punish adult fluffies by temporarily removing their fluff, but the soft and sensitive skin of a foal was too delicate for the chemical remover – Matt had read all sorts of awful stories of people who tried it on foals to punish mothers and had been dismayed to discover that, if left on too long it caused chemical burns, and even if rinsed off very quickly still caused permanent fluff loss.

Matt was hoping on it. He had gloves on and lathered the foul-smelling stuff in deeply, enjoying as the foal at first gently squeaked and chirped, probably due to the fear of water, before beginning to really wiggle and peep as the burning set in.

The instructions said to wait three to five minutes for the hair to be fully removed, but Matt guessed that since the foal's skin was so sensitive that he would only need to wait one, maybe one and a half.

After the time had passed, he rinsed the foal off and was greeted by a very bald fluffy. This one would be fun.

He put the now-fluffless foal in the same cage as the green one, carefully wrapping it in a towel so it didn't die of hypothermia. There was an auto feeder in the cage, and Matt placed the foals near it before letting each one drink their fill.

It was time to check on the rejects.

The hormone treatment that Tiffany had given Matt was far more effective. The damage he'd done was done, but the fluffies weren't deteriorating anymore. Rosie was beefy, having the musculature and stance of an equal-age stallion. July, on the other hand, had gained all sorts of weight in the same places a mare would, and his balls had basically disappeared. He sometimes whined about "speciaw wump huwties."

Slate was the weirdest one; he was as dumb as a sack of bricks these days, but twice the size of Rosie. He apparently had lost most of his capacity for language, talking mostly in his deep guttural voice. Well, as deep as a fluffy could sound, anyway.

Cobalt was on a strange mix of hormone blockers and other chemicals that Tiffany had blended together. He'd been injecting them, not just mixing it into their food like he'd been. Cobalt had basically regressed to a foal; his eyes were shut most of the day because the bright lights hurt them; his teeth were soft and weak, and would easily crack or bend if he tried to eat kibble; and his speech had regressed to mostly chirping and peeps. His limbs had atrophied, and standing and walking was difficult.

Brick, however, was not doing well. He smiled all day, grinning like an idiot. Matt watched him through the CCTV he'd put in the basement. Whenever he stopped smiling, Rosie or Slate kicked him, or bit his sensitive ears. His broken wing had not healed and was still hanging at a weird angle. His ears had tears and bits missing from all the bites.

"Hello Brick, how are we doing today?"

"Bwick am gud daddeh!" Brick said, smiling up as wide as he could. Matt could see the smile didn't quite reach the foal's eyes, however. "Awmos' can feew weggies! Wen gwow back, Bwick be bestest fwuffy evah!"

"That's great Brick! I'm sure you're going to get your leggings back any day now!" Matt lied.

Brick beamed up at him. Matt pulled a very small vial out of one of his pockets, and very discreetly opened it, sprinkling its contents all over Brick's back.

Immediately, the fluffy began to shift and squirm.

"D-daddeh?" He asked, still forcing a smile. "Backsie hab itchies. Gib scratchies?"

"Sure thing buddy!" Matt said, scratching the foal's back and working the skin irritant only deeper into the fluffy's flesh.

Brick clearly was getting more uncomfortable, but didn't ask Matt to scratch him again. Matt smiled, enjoying the discomfort of the foal as he wiggled and squirmed, trying to satisfy his itchiness all while forcing a smile. Matt would have to think of additional ways to break the foal, especially if he was going to meet Almond; he needed Almond to see what a bad baby he'd been.

Pleased with his new additions and satisfied with checking on the foals, there was only one thing left to do: take out the trash.

Milkbag was wheezing these days, her snout crusted with snot and her eyes red and puffy. Her teats were swollen and leaked some vile combination of milk and puss. Her stumps were also red raw. Tiffany had been right; his amputation had been awful.

Asscleaner wasn't much better. His face was inflamed from the sinus infection, and his nose leaked snot constantly. He was breathing from his mouth consistently at this point. His eyes were also red, though much worse than Milkbag's. He would go blind if left like this.

It was time to get rid of them.

Matt unhooked Milkbag from the rig and pulled Asscleaner's box from the pen. He took them upstairs and into the garage. The safe room door was closed and locked, so there was no way the fluffies would hear or see anything.

Matt harshly pulled the waste removal tubes from Milkbag, watching with glee as her asshole was forcefully stretched and her vagina was pulled open. Blood began to trickle from both holes as Matt threw the waste tubes away. He took her feeding tube out, deflating the gag so he didn't have to break her teeth.

"Well, it's been fun you two, but it looks like our time has come to an end." Matt said.

Asscleaner just wheezed a bit, but Milkbag spoke.

"W-wha' munstah daddeh mean?" She said.

"Well, let's face it: You two are really sick. You can tell, can't you? You've outlived your usefulness."

"M-munstah daddeh gib fwuffies fowevah-sweepies?"

"No no, nothing like that. I mean, don't get me wrong I could!" Matt laughed. "I could bash your heads in, or rip out your hearts."

Milkbag had been laid on her side, since she had no legs, and was now wiggling furiously to get away from Matt. It was no use though.

"Nu! Nu wan nu moaw huwties..." She started to cry again.

"God shut up." Matt said. He picked both fluffies up by their scruff. They squealed as they were lifted. Well, Milkbag squealed. Asscleaner made some sort of... gross wheezing noise.

Matt carried them out to the bins, dropping Asscleaner on the cement walkway so he could raise the lid.

The fluffy let out a weak whimper as he hit the ground, but didn't do much else. Once the lid was open, Matt picked Asscleaner back up.

"Now, here's your new home you two: The trash."

"Nu! Nu am twashies! Am fwuffy!" Milkbag protested, eyes wide and full of fear.

"That's where you're wrong. You are trash. You're just a filthy little fluffy who has outlived their use."

"Nu! Nu am bad fwuffy! Wet go! Wet go!" Milkbag demanded, wiggling in Matt's grasp.

Matt laughed. "Let you go where? You have no legs."

"Maybeh... maybeh daddeh gib fwuffy back weggies?"

"I threw those out a long time ago, stupid. You can't even get your 'weggies' back."

And with that, Matt threw Asscleaner and Milkbag into the trash.

There was rain in the forecast tonight. He shut the lid, plunging the fluffies into darkness.

Milkbag almost immediately started to cry. The dark was something almost all fluffies were afraid of, and Milkbag was no exception. The trashies smelled awful, and the dark was terrifying.

Asscleaner cried too, though his cries were quiet as he had no voice. They waited in the dark. It felt like many forevers. In fact, it was many forevers.

Finally, they heard the noise of thunder and the patter of rain. The trash can wasn't water-tight, of course. Eventually, trickles of water fell into the bin, dripping on Milkbag, which ran onto Asscleaner.

They shivered in the cold, cried in the dark, and eventually waited for death.

Little did they know, tomorrow was trash day, and they would be thrown into the truck's trash compactor.

Matt would sleep easy.

\* \* \*

"Jesus Matt, how many fluffies do you have!?" Tiffany's arms were crossed in stern disapproval.

"It's not that many!"

"Chestnut had six foals, you have Arion and Chestnut, plus Licorice." She said. "And you have the five in the pen downstairs, the feral, and the three canned foals. That's, what, nineteen fluffies!?"

"I- uh, well when you put it like that..."

"This is absurd. You have a problem!"

In the safe room, Chelsea, Tiffany's wife, played with Arion and Almond. The two had been so excited to be meeting a new friend, and Matt was happily watching them run and play with her.

"Listen," Tiffany said. "You have to get rid of some. I strongly suggest getting rid of the downstairs ones, especially since they're dying. And you have to get rid of Chestnut's foals."

"They're not even weaned yet!" Matt protested.

“It doesn’t Matter, Matt. Chestnut is not doing well.”

Tiffany was right. Chestnut’s fur was dull, and she was lethargic. Matt had set up the treadmills inside the saferoom, and Arion and Almond had adored them: they’d immediately started to “race” each other and then flopped into a pile to sleep when they were exhausted. It had really helped Arion’s attitude as well.

Chestnut, however, had shown little interest in them. She was obsessed with her babies, and always tried to keep them near her. She had gotten fatter, and her teats were sagging due to the excess pudge.

“If you keep up like this, none of the fluffies you actually give a shit about will be okay. You cannot take care of this many fluffies, even if you intend to kill half of them.”

“I... you’re right.” Matt conceded. “I suppose I have too many...”

“Great. Let’s start purging. How about we start downstairs?” Tiffany smiled. “We can have fun getting rid of those.”

Matt smiled. Why not have some fun in getting rid of his excess fluffies?

“What about Chestnut’s foals?”

“Well, I can help you find good owners who want to raise foals. Or, if you’d like, I could find them... less kind homes?”

“No, no. They should go to good homes.”

“Alright. I can help find them good owners, ones who will take good care of them. It’ll take some time, and I’ll need some pictures. Wanna do that now, or later?”

“Later. Let’s blow off steam, first.”

“Sounds good. Let me grab Chelsea.”

Tiffany walked off, heading towards the safe room.

Unsurprisingly Chelsea was found playing with all the foals, wide eyed and grinning like a fool. Chelsea wasn’t like Tiffany and Matt; she loved fluffies. Marshmallow had been her idea, and her influence had softened Tiffany to actually giving a shit about fluffies – something vet school had basically robbed her of.

“Oh my god, Matt! They are so cute!”

“Thanks.” Matt chuckled. He looked over at Chestnut, who was fast asleep. Her babies were taking a lot out of her.

“Tiff, how old do you think Chestnut is?”

“Well, from her teeth and coat, as well as her hooves, I’d guess somewhere around... four or five years?”

“That’s young, right?”

“Well... yes and no. Domestic fluffies usually live somewhere between eight and twelve years, depending on the care their owners give them. Disease, poor nutrition, and stress shorten the lives of ferals dramatically. They usually only live... maybe five, six years? If they’re not killed, that is.”

“But Chestnut is in good shape, right?”

Tiffany frowned. Chestnut was sleeping peacefully, but even from here Tiffany could see the shape the fluffy was in. To Matt, she probably just looked tired. But to Tiffany’s trained eye the signs of age were clear. A domestic fluffy would be in their prime from four years old until about nine. If an owner took care of them, fluffies could live very comfortable

and happy lives. The only ferals that could live as long as a normal domestic fluffy were the ones who had been adopted from a very young age and taken care of.

“She’s in a lot better shape than she could have been. But... Well, she’s pretty old.”

“She’s not... dying, is she?”

“Not yet,” Tiffany said. “But in all reality, she probably only has a couple years left at most. That’s why you need to get rid of her foals; the stress of raising them is exhausting her. It would be different if she was younger or this had been her first litter, but from what you told me this is probably her third.”

It was sad. Matt really liked Chestnut and she had been such a sweet mother and a good fluffy. He hadn’t spent as much time with her as he would have liked.

When the foals were gone and he’d emptied the basement, he’d spend more time with his fluffies.

“Hey, don’t worry. You gave her a great life, much better than anything she’d have in the wild.” Tiffany smiled and gently placed a hand on Matt’s shoulder. “Now let’s go downstairs.”

Matt had been worried about Chelsea’s reaction to his torture-basement. She was bright eyed and almost childish in her interactions with fluffies: mimicking their baby-talk, getting down on all fours to be close to them, even playing huggie-tag with them. It was absurdly cute, but Matt had seriously questioned Tiffany’s invite.

“Are you sure you’ll be okay, Chelsea?” Matt asked. “I-uh, don’t know what Tiffany told you but...”

“Oh please, I’ve seen what Tiff does. You’re not gonna freak me out.”

“Well... If you’re sure?”

The fluffies immediately started to cry out in joy at seeing their “daddy” as they three of them headed downstairs.

Matt couldn’t help but grin at the harsh divide between his penned fluffies and the ones in cages. The fluffies he’d been experimenting on with hormones were all doing poorly, but were still generally happy and friendly.

The fluffies in the cages, however, were not doing great. Matt had been taking the minimal care of them, and had basically ignored them. The grey foal stuck inside her can was lethargic and depressed. She laid on her side almost all day and barely reacted to noise or light.

She was full, had no waste in her home, and was warm, but lacked crucial physical comfort and social interaction. Matt was hoping she’d open her eyes soon, so she could watch him ignore her.

“Okay, so which ones do you want to keep?” Tiffany asked, leaning into the pen and gently stroking Rosie.

“Well... the foals I just got I’d like to hang on to...”

“Okay, but that’s three. Why don’t you keep just them, and then we’ll start upstairs to help Chestnut be okay with her babies leaving.”

“Alright, sounds fair.”

Chelsea had made her way over to the pen, and had lifted July up into her arms. The fluffy was thin and lightweight, probably due to the sudden drop in testosterone.

“Well aren’t you just the cutest little girl!” Chelsea said, lifting July up.

“Siwwy wady! Juwy am stawwion!” He said, giggling. “Wuv upsies!”

“Oh silly July; boy fluffies have special-lumps! Where are yours?” She said.

“J-juwy nu kno. Bu’ am stawwion, nu am mawe.” He insisted, still enjoying the attention, but clearly distressed.

“Now, you’re not lying to me, are you?” Chelsea frowned, looking hurt at July.

“Nu! Fwuffy nu wiaw!”

“Then say it. You’re a good girl.” Chelsea’s face was cold and hard.

“Buh...”

“Boy fluffies have special lumps.” She said, simply. “You don’t have any. So, you’re a mare.”

“Juwy am... am stawwion.”

“No, you’re not. You’re a mare.”

“Nu! Juwy am stawwion! Jus... am stawwion wif nu speshuw wumps!”

“July! You’re being a very bad fluffy!” She hefted July under her arm and grabbed a spare cardboard box from the corner, dumping the fluffy inside. “You can come out of the sorry box when you’re ready to accept that you’re a mare.”

“Nu! Nu sowwy boxie! Pw-”

The fluffy’s pleading was cut off as Chelsea closed the box and put a plank of wood on top to seal the fluff inside.

Matt stared at Chelsea, and looked back and forth between her smile and Tiffany’s smirk.

“Told you she’d be fine.”

In the safe room, Arion was eyeing the door. Tiffany’s special friend, Chelsea, had left the door open just a crack. Arion knew that he could leap the tiny fence that daddy had placed across the doorway. He knew daddy and the nice ladies were going to the basement – probably to see the fluffies that were down there.

Arion wanted to see what was down there, to see what lived in the basement. Maybe there was a fluffy-eating monster, or maybe there was... something else.

Arion was brought out of his trance by the sounds of fighting.

Chestnut was sleeping deeply; she had been exhausted by her foals and Chelsea had been playing with them for so long that she had finally had a chance to rest. Arion really liked Chestnut; she was like a surrogate mother to him, and he had watched her slowly get more and more exhausted with the birth of her foals.

Rousing himself from his nestie, Arion trotted over to the noise. The foals were all playing in a big circle, with Violet in the middle.

Tiffany had removed the white not-fluff from her back leggings, and Chestnut and her siblings had all hoped she’d be able to walk afterwards. Arion knew better: Tiffany had said the poor foal’s back leggings would never work, and she was right. Rather than walk, Violet had to drag herself by her front legs, bouncing her haunches on the ground a bit to assist in moving.

Arion was sad for her, but Violent seemed just fine: She wasn’t as fast as her siblings, having to drag herself, but she could keep up fairly well while playing ball and chasing her siblings.

However, the other foals didn’t want to play with her. And that was the source of the shouting now.

“Stoopi dummeh weggie sistuh!” Bruiser said, snorting at Violet. “Nu wan pway wif dummeh sistuh.”

“Dummeh nu weggie! Dummah nu weggie!” The other foals said, dancing around Violet and singing.



“Bad babbehs!” Arion said. He trotted over to Violet, who was crying in the middle of the circle of her siblings. “Why be meanines to gud sistuh?”

“Siwwy big bwuddah Awion!” Plum said, shaking her mane. “Viowet am dummeh nu-weggie fwuffy. Nu gud.”

“Dat am not twue.” Arion said. “Viowet am nice fwuffy, dat mean am gud fwuffy.”

“Nu... Viowet onwy wan be gud fwuffy fo’ mummah an’ bwuddah an’ sistuhs...” Violet said quietly.

“Shaddup dummeh sistuh!” Autumn said, kicking Violet in the side.

The filly yelped in pain, and started to cry. The kick hadn’t been hard enough to cause any real harm, but it was more the shock of being kicked and the mean words that prompted her tears.

Arion quickly went over to her, standing over the filly to protect her from the others.

“Bad babbehs! Nu say meanie wowds tu sisseh! Dat am bad! Shud be nice and pway!”

“Nu wan pway wif sistuh!” Bruiser said, blowing a raspberry at both Arion and Violet.

Rage filled Arion’s body; his chestier felt hot and his vision swam. He snarled; growling deep and gutturally at the babies. It startled them, and they all ran off, crying at the scary noise.

Arion had surprised himself; he didn’t know he could even make a noise like that. Violets tears pulled him from his shock, however, and he quickly curled around her.

“Am babbeh otay?”

“Nu... Viowet hab heawt-huwties... why am bwuddah an sistuh so meanie?”

“Awion dun kno,” He said, sadly. “Wen Awion was wittew babbeh, otha fwuffies meanie tu Awion tu.”

“Why fwuffies am meanies... Viowet jus’ wan gib huggies, and wuv, and be warmies and happeh...”

“Awion kno... Awion am sowwy.”

He looked over at Chestnut, who was still sleeping peacefully. He didn’t want to wake her to cuddle Violet, and the other foals would be upset if Violet got more attention than they did.

“Come babbeh, we gon’ say hi tu Awmon’.”

Arion trotted slowly, making sure that Violet could keep up with him. The other babies played happily and ignored Violet, over their fright from Arion.

“Awion!” Almond said, happily standing and trotting over to him. “Babbeh am otay?”

“Nu. Babbeh hab heawt-huwties, mahbeh Awion an’ Viowet pway wif Awmon’ an’ Wicowice fo’ a wittew bit?”

“Yesh! Hm... Viowet wan pway baww?” Almond said, nudging the ball over to her.

“Otay... baww am fun... fank yu bigges’ sistuh Awmon’.” Violet said. She still spoke softly and with her eyes downturned, but once the game had begun and the fluffies were all rolling the ball to each other, she brightened up considerable.

She giggled and laughed, sitting on her haunches with her legs off to one side. Arion couldn’t help but smile as he looked at his rag-tag family. Almond, with her pretty brown eyes; Violet, smiling and enjoying herself; even the strangely quiet Licorice was smiling silently and enjoying the game.

Arion kept shooting glances at the other foals, each playing with each other and letting their mother rest. Violet was, thankfully, unconcerned with them and happy to play with her rag-tag adopted family.

It made Arion so mad to look at them, so happy and grinning when they had just hurt their sibling. Bad fluffies like them should be punished.

Arion was so focused on staring at the other fluffies that he hit the ball a little too hard. Instead of gently being batted towards Licorice, it flew off into the playing mound of babies.

Arion groaned, dreading going back over to them. Violet's ears flattened when she saw where the ball had rolled: clearly even less excited to be around her siblings again.

"Awmon' wiww get baww!" Almond said, happily prancing to her hooves. The tension was evident, and Almond didn't exactly know why Arion and Violet looked so apprehensive, but she didn't want them to be upset.

She trotted over to where the babies were playing, now also rolling the ball between them.

"Hewwo babbehs!" Almond said. She knew they were her siblings, but it was... weird to call them that. Even her mummah didn't refer to her new babies as Almond's sisters and brothers.

"Hewwo bigges' sisseh Awmon'!" Asher said. The other foals stopped playing and looked over at Almond. Bruiser, Almond noticed, immediately nudged the ball behind him.

"Wat Awmon' wan?" Bruiser asked. Almond was thrown off by how aggressive the foal was.

"Awion acci-den-away push baww ovah hewe. Can Awmon' pwease haf baww back?"

"Nu." Bruiser stood up, defending the ball from Almond. Autumn and Plum backed towards him, forming a little fluffy wall between the toy and Almond. "Baww am babbeh's nao."

"Buh... baww am Awmon' an' Awion's. Pwease gif baww back."

Asher shifted on his hooves. He looked back and forth between Bruiser and Cashew, the only other baby that hadn't joined the little wall.

"M-mahbeh we gib baww back tu sisseh Awmon'?" Cashew asked, looking shyly at Bruiser. "Babbehs haf bwockies an' can pway huggie-tag!"

"Nu." Bruiser said. "Baww am fo' babbehs nao. If bigges' sisseh and bwuddah wan' pway wif stoopi dummeh nu-wawkie fwuffy, dey nu get baww."

"Dat am meanie wowds! Viowet had wowstest huwties as babbeh. Nu hew fawt dat waggies nu wowk."

"If sisseh nu was dummeh, den weggies wouwd wowk."

Almond frowned. These were her siblings, different than Brick and Licorice. The fact that they were being so mean to Violet, just because she was hurt, didn't make any sense.

"Awmon'?" Arion had trotted over, concerned with how long it had taken to get a ball back from babies.

"Awion, babbehs nu wan gib back baww."

Arion stared at the babies. There was that feeling again; the maddies in his chestier and the warmies in his head.

"Babbehs. Gif baww back. Awion an' Awmon' am pwaying wif Viowet. An' Wicowice. Babbehs can pway wif bwockies, ow puzzew, ow othah toysies. Buh gif baww back."

"Nu." Bruiser said. He got closer to Arion, puffing up his cheeks and staring the much larger fluffy down.

Arion snorted. Bruiser barely came up to his chestier, and Arion was a fully-grown fluffy. He could stomp Bruiser into a pile of fluff and boo-boo juice...

And he wanted to.

“Bwusew, baww am Awion’s. Gif tu Awion.”

“Ow wat?” Bruiser said, stepping closer.

“Awion... mahbeh we jus’ pway wif bwockies?” Almond was getting nervous. There was a lot of tension between Bruiser and Arion was palpable, and she was worried that if Bruiser said or did something stupid, Arion could hurt him very badly.

“Nu. Babbeh said meanie wovds tu sisseh. Nao take baww. Babbeh am meanie. Awion nu wike wen fwuffies am meanies.”

“Bwusuw nu cawe. Yu go pway dummeh game wif dummeh sistuh.” Bruiser smiled. “Ow ewse.”

“Ow eswe wat?” Arion laughed. What could this weak little baby do to him?

Bruiser reared up on his hind legs, and Arion got ready to block or move away from whatever kick the baby was planning.

Instead, however, Bruiser hopped backwards, landing on his rump and falling onto his back. Caught in a moment of shock, Arion stayed in the defensive position he’d taken; one front hoof lifted at the ready.

And then Bruiser began to cry, loudly. Chestnut, who up until now had been peacefully sleeping, woke to the sound of her pained child.

“Wah? Babbeh!” She said, shakily getting to her feet as fast as she could. It was harder now, than it had been. Everything was harder now. “Bwusuw! Wat am wong? Why babbeh make sad-wawa?”

“Meanie bwuddah Awion gib wowstest pushies tu babbeh!”

“Wha? Nu! Babbeh am wyin!” Almond said. Meanwhile, Autumn and Plum took their brother’s side; claiming that Arion had indeed pushed and tried to stomp on Bruiser.

Chestnut, now distraught between believing her children and believing Arion, began to cry herself, cuddling Bruiser to her chest and yelling at Arion and Almond.

“Stahp! Stahp shouties!” She said between her own sobs. Almond, meanwhile, tried to calm her mother down.

Autumn and Plum took the time of confusion to attack Violet, who was also now crying. Licorice was doing her best to calm the foal down, but it wasn’t going so well.

“Stoopi dummeh nu-weggeh sisseh.” Autumn said, kicking Violet in her side. “Dis am youw fawt. If yu wewe nu dummeh den Bwusuw wet yu joiwn hewd!”

“Dat am wight!” Plum said, biting one of Violet’s sensitive ears, earing a loud wail from her sister. “Yu am ugwy stoopi babbeh, an mummah nu wuv yu.”

“Dat not am twue!” Violet said, trying to drag herself away from her sibling. “Mummah aways say dat mummah wuv aww babbehs! Why am yu so meanie!?”

“Mummah jus’ wyin’ tu yu. If mummah weawwy wuv Viowet, den why mummahs huggies nu make weggies nu-dummeh?”

Violet stopped. It was true; Chestnut had given her the bestest most softest huggies ever, but her dummy legs still didn't work. Daddy had said it was because she had been hurt when she was a chirpy-baby, but huggies fixed everything! Her mummah had said so!

"Mummah... mummah twyin' buh huwties am tu big!" Violet reasoned.

"Dummeh," Plum said, stepping on one of Violet's back legs. "Nao yu teww dat mummah's huggies nu good enuf?"

Plum pressed hard, leaning into the leg she had pinned. Violet's hind legs might have been paralyzed by Brick's stomp, but she could still feel them. The pressure on her leg hurt, and she started to cry.

"Pwease get off weggie! Nu wan' huwties!"

"Dummeh sisseh, dese am dummeh weggies! Why cawe if Pwum... take weggies?" Plug and Autumn began to giggle, and each one took a leg in their mouth. They started to pull in opposite directions; stretching Violet's legs unnaturally. As she couldn't move her hind legs, she couldn't fight back.

"Nu! Nu take weggies! Pwease wet gu!" Violet said, trying to drag herself away from her sisters. This only made things worse, as soon she felt an uncomfortable pressure at her hips. Violet started to cry louder.

She wasn't as strong in her hind legs as her siblings, as the lack of use had atrophied the muscles there. Her front legs were much stronger, and she unwittingly was helping her siblings try to rip her legs off as she pulled as hard as she could to get away. Autumn and Plum barely had to pull, focusing their energy on gripping Violet's legs with their teeth.

With one final, desperate lunge, Violet succeeded in getting Autumn off her leg; the foal falling backwards in the process, but this put all the pressure on her left hind leg. Autumn, irritated at falling, helped Plum pull, gripping the leg above where Plum was holding it, and giving one big tug.

Fluffies are fragile, and fluffy foals especially. Violet was briefly aware of a harsh pressure around her left hip, right before hearing the sickening noise of skin, tendons, and muscles being torn. Her leg came free of her hip and with it, her sisters.

Violet looked down and saw a gaping and bleeding wound where her leg had once been. She screamed.

"Oh my god, aren't you just the cutest!" Chelsea said, lifting Rosie into the air and hugging her close to her chest. The beefy pink fluffy adored the attention, and quickly leaned into the hug.

"Yay! Fank yu fow upsies nice wady!" Rosie said, cooing as she enjoyed the warmth of the embrace.

"What about that one?" Tiffany said, pointing at Brick. "Ready to be done with him."

"Yeah. I think he'll get to go first. No point in pretending like I'm actually going to let Almond see him."

Matt lifted Brick up from his little cradle and put him on the workstation. Brick was trembling as he was lifted, his forced smile still on his face.

"Good news buddy!" Tiffany said, grabbing Slate from the pen as well. "You're finally getting your leggies back!"

"Wat! Weawwy!?" Brick said, excitement evident in his wiggling.

"That's right; you've been such a good and happy fluffy, that it's almost time for leggies!"

"Yay! How time tiww weggies!?"

"Just a bit longer. You're going to have to go to sleep for me though, okay?" Tiffany asked. She prepared a syringe of anesthesia from her doc bag, tapping it gently to remove air bubbles.

“Bwick nu can gu sweepies! Tu ‘cited!”

“This’ll help you, shitrat...” Tiffany murmured before plunging the syringe deep into Brick. He yelped a bit, but the drug worked fast; soon he was asleep.

“Didn’t we say we were gonna kill him?” Matt asked, watching as Tiffany also knocked Slate out.

“Sure, but this is fun.”

Meanwhile, Rosie was beginning to cough and wheeze. Chelsea was giving her hugs, but they were getting tighter and tighter.

“P-pwease nice wady... huggies am huwties... wet fwuffy downsies?”

“I could never! You’re just too cute!” Chelsea said, squeezing harder. There was an audible pop as something, Chelsea thought it was the fluffy’s ribs, cracked loudly.

Rosie began to sob and cry, which only served to deplete her already-dwindling oxygen supply further. There was another crack as Chelsea crushed Rosie’s spine, the fluffy’s limbs all going limp at that.

Matt watched with awe as Rosie looked at him, eyes filled with tears, begging him for help.

“P-wea-se... daddeh... hewp...” She croaked out before Chelsea completed her bear-hug. Rosie shat and pissed herself from the pressure, all down Chelsea’s front, but that didn’t seem to bother Chelsea. She just kept squeezing.

Rosie sobbed as her ribs were further crushed, and she wheezed as she was about to lose consciousness.

“Oh my god I’m so sorry poor girl!” Chelsea said, letting go of Rosie and watching with a huge smile as the fluffy fell to the floor. Her legs were limp so she couldn’t break her fall at all, and fell backwards landing right on her head.

There was one final snap as Rosie’s head was smashed into her neck, snapping her spine and crushing her skull. Rosie didn’t move, and a small pool of blood formed from her mouth.

“Jesus Chelsea...” Matt said.

“Fluffies are adorable. They’re so cute and cuddly and sweet!” She smiled. “Even when they’re dying.”

“Riiiiiight...” Matt turned his attention back to Tiffany. “Tiff, what are you doing?”

She had pillowed Slate, who was still unconscious, and was beginning to stitch his legs to Brick’s body.

“Holy shit. Are you really restoring his legs?”

“What? No. You can’t fix damage like this. Bio-toys or not, fluffies aren’t exactly modular.” Tiffany reopened the skin above each of Brick’s leg joints. She put Slate’s legs inside the now-empty joints, cleaning out the built-up scar tissue in the process, and sewed them back up. A quick spray of anesthetic insta-clot on the wounds helped stem the bleeding and make the newly opened stumps look fully healed.

“Now this’ll be fun.”

Matt waited for Brick to wake up by cleaning up Rosie. She was dead for sure; eyes glazed over and jaw slack. She would have been cute upstairs... but Matt shook that thought from his head. He had too many fluffies. He guessed it was probably a symptom of being alone for so long in his house. It was nice to have company and a real way to get his frustrations out.

Brick slowly woke up. He was still groggy from the anesthesia, and his head lolled as he came to.

“Oh good,” Tiffany said, smiling. “You’re awake.”

“B...bwick haf weggies nao?”

“That’s right! Look!”

Brick looked to his sides, and his wings fluttered with joy when he saw the grey legs on either side of his body.

“Weggies back! Weggies back!” Brick squealed, happily singing to himself.

“Aww that’s so cute!” Chelsea said.

Brick’s joy, however, was short-lived. He wiggled to either side, moved his hip and shoulder joints, and attempted to stand. The legs bounced and twitched as the skin and muscles that were sutured together were tugged at, but didn’t come anywhere close to lifting Brick up.

“Pwease weggies, pwease wawkies! Bwick wan’ gib daddeh huggies!”

“What’s the matter Brick?” Tiffany asked.

“Weggies nu wowk!” Brick said, beginning to cry.

“Your legs grew back though! You were such a good fluffy that they came back!”

“Huu huu! Bwick twy su hawd be bestest fwuffy fow daddeh an’ weggies! Why weggies nu wowk! Pweawe nice wady, hewp Bwick!”

“I’m sorry Brick, but if your leggings grew back but still don’t work, that only means one thing.”

“W-wat dat mean nice wady?”

“You’re a horrible fluffy, and you can’t ever become a good fluffy again.” Tiffany said.

“Nu! Bwick am gud fwuffy! Be bestest fwuffy fo’ daddeh! Pwease! Daddeh! Hewp!”

“I can’t Brick. Sorry, but you’re a bad fluffy now and there’s nothing anyone can do.”

“Nu! Bwick am gud! Nu wan be bad!” Brick was wailing now, tears flowing.

“You know what,” Tiffany said, grabbing one of Brick’s hind legs. “You’re such a bad fluffy, you don’t even deserve these new leggings.”

With a quick jerking motion, she ripped the leg clean off. Because of the new stitches, some of Brick’s skin also came away with the legs, causing fresh, new bleeding.

“NUUUU WEGGIES!” Brick howled; eyes wide with betrayal.

Tiffany threw the leg to the ground and grabbed his second hind leg, gripping firmly. He couldn’t feel her grip on his leg, but he could feel her harshly grabbing the fluff on his back, irritating the itchy and swollen skin.

“PWEASE TIFF’NEE NU TAKE WEGGIES! NU TAKE WEGGIES!” He screamed.

“Why? They don’t work anyway.” Tiffany said as she ripped off the next one. She made sure that when she threw the legs on the floor that Brick could see them.

He screamed, this time guttural wailing. He’d lost his legs, then gotten them back, only to lose them again. Tiffany smiled as she watched the already-unhinged fluffy start to break down.

Weeks of being forced to be happy and smiling always, kicked and bitten by his “nyu fwriends,” and the horrible skin rashes the fleas had given him and worn thin his weak composition. And now his legs were gone. Again.

“Huu... ch-... chirrrp...” Brick began to chirp. Like a newborn.

“Holy shit, he’s regressed already?” Tiffany said. “Well, these’ll really break him then.”

She grabbed the first of his front legs. He could see these easily, so he would witness the tearing. Tiffany pulled this one slowly; one hand on the back of his head, forcing Brick to watch as his leg was slowly ripped from its socket.

First, the skin stretched. The thin line where the red and grey fluff met was bald and clearly visible now. You could also see the stitches, if you looked hard enough. Stitches, designed to hold flesh together, were obviously stronger than flesh. However, as Tiffany pulled harder, the stitches became more akin to razor wire inside Brick’s skin. She had made the stitching stronger in Slate’s legs, so that when she pulled them out, the stitches would remain in Slate’s legs and shred through Brick.

He watched in horror as the leg slowly ripped away from his shoulder. The stitches shredding his skin into thin frayed strips of bloody flesh. Brick gagged and coughed as he tried to process the physical and emotional pain. Finally, the leg came free, and Tiffany dropped it onto the floor.

“Only one more! And then you’ll be a dummy, stupid, no-leggie fluffy forever.”

Brick could only sob and peep weakly. Words escaped him. His vision was swimming, darkening around the edges as he watched the last leg come away from his body.

Tiffany didn’t take her time, she just ripped it away as quickly as she could. Brick gaped at the wound, his mouth agape and his eyes wide.

“I think you broke him.” Matt said, grinning.

“Not surprising, really. The psychological stress he’s experienced is a lot for a fluffy. They’re not exactly well-known for their ability to cope with trauma.” Tiffany laughed.

She grabbed one of Brick’s ears and twisted it hard. He immediately snapped out of his stupor, wiggling his body and tossing his head about randomly while peeping and chirping. She noticed he’d shut his eyes as well. Full regression.

“Yeah he’s cooked. Totally regressed to a foal-like state. Weird that it happened so fast... though I guess leaving him here with hormonal fluffies who punished him for not smiling for a week certainly helped to unhinge him.”

“Poor guy.” Matt said, gently stroking Brick’s back. “If only you weren’t such an asshole.”

“Wanna put him down?”

“Eh, let’s leave him alive for a bit. He’s broken now so he’s no fun. I’d like to keep going for a bit.”

“Fair enough. Let’s see... we’ve got Slate who’s pillowed, Diamond and her unborn foals, July in the sorry box, and Cobalt. Oh, and the feral and the foals in a can.”

“Let’ put Cobalt and Brick in a cage together.”

Matt lifted Brick up, who immediately started to peep and wiggle. His eyes were shut tightly, and he was clearly distressed. Cobalt pretty much acted the same way in Tiffany’s arms, though the differences in the two fluffies were obvious: Brick, though mentally regressed, was the size a normal fluffy his age should be, minus legs.

Cobalt, on the other hand, was a fucking freak. His body was unnaturally thin and light, his muscles had all but atrophied away, and his legs were basically just skin and bones. There was also the fact that his teeth had all fallen out and his eyes were shut all the time.

They immediately snuggled together for warmth in the cage on the wall, and Tiffany put a light towel over them.

“They’ll keep peeping otherwise. They don’t need consistent feeding, like real foals, but they will react with noise and fear when they hear us... work.”

“Alright. Let’s begin. How about we finish off Slate?”

Arion wasn’t sure what had happened. First, Chestnut had been yelling at him and Almond for hurting Bruiser, Almond had been crying while screaming at Bruiser for lying, and the sobbing of Cashew and Asher next to them.

He had been mostly unfazed by all the yelling, because he noticed too late that Violet was missing, along with Plum and Autumn.

And then he heard the scream. He turned and saw Violet sobbing hysterically, and an ever-growing pool of blood by her leg.

Or, where her leg had been. The leg in question was laying next to Autumn and Plum, both of which were laughing.

And then it all went red. Arion remembered briefly how fast he was as he charged the two babies, and then pure rage simply took over.

From across the room, Chestnut screamed bloody murder as she watched Plum and Autumn kicked by Arion’s hind hooves. He was a fluffy, so he wasn’t physically strong in any way, but a fluffy that used a treadmill a few times a day was far stronger than two foals.

Plum received the brunt of the kick, and was lucky enough that it landed solidly into her chest, sending her flying backwards into a soft pile of blankets. Some of her ribs still broke, however, and after the initial shock of flying through the air she immediately felt the fiery pain and began to sob.

Autumn wasn’t hit as hard, but she was clocked right in the snout. A few of her teeth were knocked out, and she immediately started to bleed from the mouth and nose.

Both foals began crying hysterically, and rushed to their mother. Chestnut was horrified after watching Arion, who she had loved and trusted, attack her babies.

“Munstah! Munstah Awion! Bad fwuffy!” She screamed, cuddling her children to her.

The look that Arion gave her after that made her fluff go cold. His eyes were dark and sullen, filled with... something. Something awful.

Even Almond shuddered when she saw that look.

Shaking off the rage and hatred at being called a monster, Arion turned his attention back to Violet. She looked bad. Crying hard, but also shivering and twitching. Arion lapped gently at the wound, and she screamed before crying again. She was bleeding, a lot. There was nothing he could do as he watched the foal bleed and cry.

There was, however, someone who could help. Nice Lady Tiffany was here, and could help. Arion laid next to Violet, gently licking her neck and tummy to calm her down.

“Viowet?” He said softly.

“B-bigges’ bwuddah?” She whimpered as she lifted her head to look at him.

“Nu. Nu move. Awion gif upsies, otay? Bwing babbeh tu nice wady Tif’nee.”



“Bigges’ bwuddah... am haf wowstest huwties... weggie am gone... wan die...” She cried, turning her head away. “Babbeh am dummeh babbeh... haf two nu wowk dummeh weggies, nao haf nu weggie an’ one dummah weggie... am wowstest babbeh...”

“Nu am wowstest. Am vewy gud babbeh. Pwease wet Awiom hewp?”

There was a pause as she breathed her eyes closing gently.

“Otay. Gif upsies.”

This proved more difficult than he originally thought. His mouth was big enough to encompass her, but he needed to bite down too hard to keep her there. That would only hurt her more, he realized.

There was a small blanket that Licorice was partial to in Almond’s nest. Trotting over, he picked it up in his mouth.

“Wicowice, Awion am bowwow dis, otay? Need fo’ gif Viowet upsies.”

The silent foal nodded, and gave Arion’s leg a little hug. She was watching the chaos unfold as Chestnut alternated between consoling her injured and scared babies, and staring Arion down.

Gently lifting Violet up with his mouth, he was able to place her on the blanket. Grabbing the corners, he swaddled her and was able to actually carry the foal up. Heading to the door, he got on his hind legs and pushed it open with one of his front hooves. It took a bit of effort, but eventually it swung wide enough for him to clear it.

He silently thanked Tiffany’s special friend for leaving it open.

“Otay babbeh...” He said around his clamped teeth. “Haft u go ovah gate. Bumpeh.”

Arion took a quick running start, being mindful of the satchel of baby, and jumped over the gate. Violet made a peep of pain and fear as she bounced a bit, but quickly calmed as Arion shushed her.

He decided to walk, rather than run, to help make Violet’s ride as smooth as possible. He knew Daddy and the nice ladies were downstairs in the scary basement, and had intended to pound on the door until they came up, but again he was lucky! The basement door was also open a crack.

Squeezing a hoof through the door, he opened it enough to squeeze through.

There were stairs leading down, and as he descended into the basement, the smell of blood and the sounds of crying fluffies grew louder. He was afraid; he’d never seen the basement and was more afraid than anything of what was down there.

There was another door at the bottom of the stairs, and this one was also open just a crack. Arion put Violet down here, and peeked one eye through the gap.

There, on a table, was a grey fluffy missing all its legs. It was crying silently as nice lady Tiffany was using a sharp thing to take its fluff off its back.

Arion’s heart pounded in his chest as he watched the fluffy. There was no fluff on its back now, and Tiffany used a smaller sharp thing to slice into the exposed pink skin.

Arion realized he was holding his breath as he watched the skin off the fluffy’s back be lifted up and off. There was blood everywhere, and a bunch of pointy white things were now exposed from the fluffy’s back.

“Bone saw,” Tiffany said. She held out a hand, covered in red blood, and Arion’s stomach fell as he watched his daddy hand her a big scary metal thing with lots of teeth.

It made an awful noise as the teeth began to spin, and Violet whimpered at the scary noise.

“Shh babbeh...” Arion said, intensely watching what they were doing to the fluffy.

Tiffany pressed the saw into the fluffy’s head, spraying blood everywhere as she removed the top of its head. Arion thought that, watching such gore, he would feel sick. Instead he felt... he didn’t know what he felt. He couldn’t look away, and he was afraid, but there was something keeping him there, something... curious.

He wanted to see what would happen.

“You can see how the hormones have affected his brain development,” Tiffany said, prodding at the squishy pink exposed thing. “A smaller frontal lobe, and I bet if we took him apart completely, we’d see an enlarged amygdala.”

She poked directly into one part of the fluffy’s brain, and his eyes went cross, his mouth flopping open as he gagged. He sobbed harder, but his mouth stayed open and his eyes were still pointing in the wrong directions.

“Did you just derp him!?” Matt said, laughing.

His daddy was laughing, Arion realized, at a fluffy’s suffering. There was a fluffy in pain, in agony, and not only was he taking part, but he was... enjoying it. Did that make his daddy a monster?

It did, Arion knew. His daddy was a monster. He liked making fluffies hurt, and was laughing at their pain. But... he had never hurt Arion, even though he could. What did that mean? Was his daddy only sometimes a monster? Maybe only when he was in the basement... if that was the case, then would he help Violet, or kill her and Arion.

There was only one way to find out.

Arion pushed the door open a bit, and pushed his way through. All the humans were still focused on the fluffy on the table. They poked him in the brain and laughed as he did different things: screamed, made bad poopies, bit down so hard that his tongue was cut off, bleeding badly.

Arion swallowed.

“Daddeh?”

\* \* \*

Chestnut was distraught. First her little baby had been stomped on by that evil red fluffy, Brick, and now Arion had not only hurt Bruiser, but he had stolen Violet away!

She never understood why other fluffies thought that pointy-wingie fluffies were monsters, because all the ones she had ever met were good or scared, but now she understood: they were tricky-monsters! Making you think they were your friend so they could steal your babies!

“And den munstah-Awion gib Viowet wowstest owwies an’ take weggie!” Autumn said, sobbing into her mother’s fluff.

The leggie in question was lying in a pool of boo-boo juice on the floor. Chestnut had briefly gone over to it, but it smelled just like Violet and make her taste sicky-wawa.

“Munstah-Awion am wowestest fwuffy!” Bruiser said, curled in his mother’s fluff. “Gib wowstest huwties tu babbeh an sisseh!”

“Su meanie!” Plum cried. “Why bwuddah Cashoo an’ Ashuh nu hewp babbehs!?”

“Buh... buh babbehs nu can huwt bigges’ bwuddah Awion! Am widdew babbehs... nu can huwt big fwuffy...”

“Shud twy! Wet babbeh get huwties... nu wuv bwuddah?” Bruiser cried.

“Nu! Ashuh wuv bwuddah! Nu wan’ Bwusuw get huwties!” Asher said.

“Babbehs, pwease nu fite! Babbehs am famiwy, nee’ be nice tu each otha.” Chestnut cried, curling around her foals again.

“Mummah, chestie huwt... pwease nu huggie.” Plum said, breathing heavily. Her ribs were still broken from Arion’s kick.

“Sowwy babbeh, huggies nu make chestie-huwties bettuh. Daddeh wiww knu wat du.” Chestnut said. “Maybeh daddeh hewp mummah fin’ Viowet...”

The thought of Violet, taken away by Arion, scared her so much. He had jumped right over the not-wall while carrying Violet in his mouth. No doubt, he was going to num her baby. According to Plum and Autumn, they had tried so hard to hang on to Violet; grabbing her by her leggie as Arion had swooped in, ready to num their sister.

“Mah bwave babbehs,” Chestnut said, gently licking Autumn’s nosie. It was bruised, and her voice was all stuffy because of it. “Twy hawd tu sabe babbeh fwom munstah... daddeh wiww be suuuuu pwowd.”

“Mummah, daddeh gib sketti fo’ be su good?” Bruiser asked innocently.

“Maybeh! Wiww haf tu ask.”

Chestnut’s heart ached for her little dummy-legged baby. She hoped the wherever Violet was, she had gotten away from Arion. Deep down, however, she knew a little baby like Violet could never escape a monster like Arion.

“Huu... poow Viowet... Awion am munstah! Gib babbeh Viowet fowevah sweepies...” She cried. “Am bad mummah... babbeh get huwties, den munstah take babbeh!”

Chestnut hugged her foals to her, oblivious to the cries of pain from Plum.

“M-mummah,” Bruiser said, pushing her leggies off him. “Yu nu am bad mummah! Yu am bestest mummah! Always gib bestest huggies and wuv, an’ bestest miwkies! Viowet nu hab weggies... su maybeh am otay dat gu fowevah sweepies?”

“Yes!” Autumn interjected. “Viowet nu cuwd pway ow’ wun. Nu-weggies make babbeh dumme! Mummah onwy nee’ gud, nu-dumme babbehs!”

“Babbehs!” Chestnut said. She couldn’t believe what she was hearing! How could her good babies call their sister a dummy! She wasn’t a dummy! Her legs were, but that wasn’t her fault, it was that meanie Brick’s fault. “Viowet nu am dumme babbeh, am owny wittew huwtie babbeh. Nu can wawk gud but am gud babbeh! Nu be meanie!”

She gently booped Autumn on the nose, forgetting that her snout had been kicked, and the foal burst into tears from the pain.

“Dewe, dewe babbehs. Daddeh wiww knu wat tu do ‘bout Viowet. Nao, miwkie time.” She said, placing Bruiser and Plum on her teats to let them drink. The two greedily began to slurp her milk down, but she took them off before they could drain her. She was making less and less milk these days, and it was only a matter of time before she went dry again.

“Mummah!” Bruiser complained, “Bwusuw nee’ moaw miwkeis! Nu am done!”

“Sowwy babbeh, mummah nu hab wots o’ miwkies... hab tu shawe.” Chestnut said, lifting Almond onto the now-vacant teat.

“Why Pwum get moaw miwkies!” Bruiser said, stamping his hooves.

“Pwum an hab huwties. Nee’ miwkies fo’ get bettuh.”

“Nu faiw! Nu faiw!” Bruiser started to cry, flopping down on his belly and stomping his hooves.

“Pwease nu cwy babbeh, mummah nee’ gib aww babbehs miwkies. Wen’ daddeh cum back, wiww gib babbeh extra miwkies.” Chestnut said, gently patting Bruiser on his head.

He pouted but relented, nonetheless.

Last to get milk were Asher and Cashew. Having gone last, they sadly only got enough milk to half-fill their tummies.

“M... mummah? Hab moaw miwkies? Am stiww hungee.” Cashew whined.

“Sowwy babbeh. Mummah hab nu moaw miwkies. Daddeh wiww gib babbehs moaw miwkies wen get back.”

“Otay mummah... babbeh wiww wait.”

Chestnut was sad to see some of her children go hungry, but she knew that they wouldn’t be hungry for long. While she didn’t have a favorite baby, being far too happy to be a mother in general, she couldn’t help but feel... that it was okay that Cashew and Asher got a little less milk.

After all, it had been Plum and Autumn who had been hurt by Arion and it had been Bruiser who stood up to the monster. She didn’t love Cashew or Asher any less, only a bad mother would stop loving their babies, but she couldn’t help but feel that her hurt and brave children needed more milkies so they could recover. It hurt her heart a bit – she’d so often gone without even enough milkies for Almond – but knowing that daddy would soon give her more nummies and would help feed her babies with magic human milkies made her feel better.

“Fank yu babbeh, am vewy gud, Cashoo an’ Ashuh.” She said, licking both of them gently on their heads. Her babies cooed and cuddled into her chestie.

“Mummah wuv babbehs, babbehs wuv mummah, be da bestest babbehs, wuv dewe daddeh tu...” She murmured, wrapping her body around her foals protectively.

The foals, fed and warm, quickly fell asleep. Asher and Cashew, however, couldn’t sleep so easily. Whining about tummy hurties and how they wanted milkies, but Chestnut was already asleep by then; ignorant of the foal’s needs.

Almond, however, heard them. She had been watching from her nestie with Licorice, and had seen the whole terrifying encounter.

Something bad had happened with Arion, and she knew he took Violet somewhere... but she wasn’t worried for some reason. She had seen the look in his eyes, and the scary noise he had made, but she still knew he wouldn’t hurt Violet.

Slowly, and as quietly as she could, Almond trotted over to her mother’s nest. Chestnut looked... Almond didn’t have words for it, but she knew something was wrong. Her milky-places were all wrinkly and weird, and she took nappies far more often than any fluffy should.

She’d tried to coax her mother onto the runny-floor that Arion and her loved to race on, but Chestnut was more than content to lay and watch them run. In fact, Chestnut didn’t seem to move much at all anymore, except to make good poopies and pee-pees or have nummies.

“Babbehs.” Almond whispered. “Ashuh, Cashoo.”

“B-bigges’ sisseh Awmon’?” Asher asked, wiping tears from his eyes.

“Dat wite. Nee’ nummies? Miwkies?”

“Y-yesh... tummeh haf owwies...”

“Nee’ miwkies!” Cashew said, starting to cry anew.

“Shhh...” Almond said, anxious at the thought of waking her mother. “Cum wif Awmon’; hewp babbehs hab miwkies.”

Asher and Cashew did as they were told, carefully pulling themselves out of the fluff-pile and following Almond to the feeder unit that she’d been using to give Licorice and Brick milkies.

It still hurt her to think about Brick. She tried not to, hoping that wherever he was, he was okay. Maybe he’d learned his lesson and ended up a good baby? That would be nice.

She knew it wasn’t true, but it would still be nice.

Gently, she helped Asher and Cashew find the rubber nipples of the feeder and watched happily as they began to suckle. She felt a warmth in her tummy when she watched them drink the milkies; a strange mix of a nice warm feeling and a fiery need. She wanted babies of her own; she wanted to feel them grow in her tummy, give them lots of milkies when they came, and hug them and play with them and love them.

She sat on her haunches and sucked her hoof. She was worried about Arion and Violet. Despite the violent picture of Arion her stepsiblings were painting of him, she knew that Arion didn’t hurt Violet. Beside him being far too gentle with those physically weaker than him, she had seen Violet crying in a pool of boo-boo juice before Arion had gone over to her.

She didn’t know exactly what happened, but she knew the other babies were lying about something.

Asher and Cashew finished suckling and Almond was about to lead them back to Chestnut when Asher spoke up.

“Uh... bigges’ sisseh Awmon’?”

“Yesh babbeh Ashuh?”

“C... can babbehs sweep wif yu? Nu wan sweep wif meanie bwuddah an sisseh...”

“Wat? Buh mummah am dewe. Babbehs nee’ be wif mummah.” Almond said, ushering them towards Chestnut.

“Pwease nu! Babbehs am afwaid o’ wowstest huwties!” Asher was clearly distressed, tears forming at the corners of his eyes.

“Huwties? Mummah nu huwt babbehs.”

“Sissehs gib huwties...” Cashew said, speaking up for the first time. “Wen babbehs nu du wat sissehs wan, gib eawsie biteies ow’ sowwy-hoofsies...”

Almond was horrified. The foals were now crying in full, and curled close together.

“Sissehs... huwt babbehs?” She asked.

“Yesh.” Asher said, in between sobbing. “Sisseh gif eawsie huwties, ow’ stompies on taiw, or meanie wowds. Sisseh Pwum am meanie...”

Almond had never seen the babies hurt each other in the ways that Asher was describing, but she also hadn’t been paying much attention to them in general, mostly focusing on interacting with Arion and Licorice. These foals, who were smaller than the others, seemed genuinely afraid of everything. They spoke slowly, curled into each other constantly, and looked around in fear whenever they heard anything new.

“Babbehs... seem scawdies.” Almond said.

“Am scawdies...” Asher said, hugging Cashew who was still crying. “Evwyting scawy. Babbehs scawd aww-time. Mummah nu can pwotect babbeh fwom bad bwuddah an sissehs... su babbehs am scawdies.”

Almond's heart broke for these foals; Chestnut wasn't able to protect them because she was sleeping all the time, or too tired to do anything. Daddy said she was "old" which meant she needed to rest a lot. But without a good mummah to take care of her babies, they couldn't grow up to be good babies!

"Babbehs... wan sweep wif Awmon' an' Wicowice?"

They perked up at that, Cashew crying harder as he looked up at Almond.

"Weawwy? Babbehs can sweep wif bigges' sisseh Awmon'?"

"Yesh! Babbehs sweep wif Awmon', be nice an safe."

"Yesh!" The colts chorused.

Almond brought them back to her nestie, pulling some of her blankies and stuffie toys into a nice little pile for them. Licorice sniffed the babies, causing them to coo and giggle as her nosie tickled them.

Almond realized how big Licorice had gotten; she was twice as large as the babies now. Almond knew she had already started eating oat nummies like a big fluffy, but she was still smaller than Almond, so it had been hard to tell just how grown-up she'd become.

"Wicowice am big fwuffy! Aww gwon!" Almond beamed at the silent fluffy.

Licorice smiled back, gently hugging her surrogate mother. Licorice had never said a word, but Almond didn't mind; she was sweet, always liked to play, and loved to give cuddles and snuggles to everyone.

Licorice smiled and nodded. When she saw Cashew and Asher, she tilted her head as if to ask "What?"

"Ashuh an' Cashoo am sweep wif us dis dawk-time."

Licorice nodded, and immediately trotted over to the nestie, plopping down over to far corner and nodding at the foals, inviting them to sleep near her.

"It am otab babbehs, Wicowice am gud fwuffy, jus' nu tawkie-fwuffy." Almond said, nudging the babies towards the nest with her nose.

Emboldened by Almond, they bounded over to Licorice, curling up in her warm white and black fluff. Almond curled around them all, and it didn't take long for the foals to fall asleep in the warm fluffpile, possibly feeling safe and content for the first time.

Sleep eluded Almond, however. She was worrying horribly about Arion and Violet. She knew that he hadn't hurt the baby, but she didn't know where he'd taken her, or what he was doing. Daddy had been very explicit about not leaving the safe room and the punishments for leaving without Daddy was time in the sorry box, or even the sorry stick.

Almond didn't want Arion to get punished. Even though he hadn't given her special huggies yet, she secretly considered him her special friend. She couldn't wait to have babies with Arion, and knew he would be a great daddy to their babies.

She had seen so many mistakes from Chestnut, and while she still loved her mummah, it was clear that babies needed constant attention and firm rules. She was determined to be a good mummah and teach her babies all the rules she knew and even punish them when she had to.

Almond curled into the bed, wrapping around the foals. She hoped daddy and Arion would come back soon.

Slate was squirming against the restraints on the table. After the initial shock of being pillowed had struck him, he began to wail and beg for his legs back.

"Do they really think that missing limbs can be returned?" Matt asked.

“Some do. Ferals usually understand that the loss of a limb is permanent. It’s either a fundamental misunderstanding of how limbs work, or a coping mechanism. Some people think it’s rooted in a fluffy’s inherent belief that their daddy or mommy can fix or do anything.”

“Aw that’s kinda sweet...” Matt said, watching as Tiffany shaved the fluff off Slate’s back.

“Yes. It’s very adorable. Reminds me of humans eventually realizing their parents aren’t immortal and will die one day. Kinda the same thing, if not a little more innocent.”

“Wow you know how to kill a mood.” Matt said, watching her carve the flesh from Slate’s back, peeling back the skin and exposing his spine.

“Oh, don’t say that!” Chelsea piped in, smiling as she watched the little filly from the foal-in-a-can squirm and peep due to the noise in the basement. “She’s right. There are a lot of similarities between all sentient creatures. Fluffies and humans aren’t immune to that.”

Matt stared at Chelsea for a while before turning back to Slate’s torture. He wasn’t about to dwell on the moral advice of someone who enjoyed enacting death-by-hug.

“Matt, look here;” Tiffany said, pulling his attention back to the fluffy. “These vertebrae, the fifth and sixth, right between the shoulder blades? You see that? An incision between these causes paralysis from the neck down.”

“So, what, I just jam a knife down there?”

“No, you fucking psycho.” Tiffany said, scowling. “If you want to paralyze a fluffy you have to be careful. Too deep and you can cause life-threatening damage. You have to be careful. You also still have to go through flesh and may damage other vertebrae and other nerves in charge of things like breathing and other biologically necessary functions. Practice a bit before trying it on a fluffy you want to keep.”

“I thought we were getting rid of all my basement fluffies?”

Tiffany laughed.

“You really think I expect you to stop abusing? You have too many fluffies right now is all, and you’re still trying to figure out what it means to be an abuser who loves fluffies. Trust me; I know.”

Tiffany hadn’t looked up at him as she spoke, still prodding and poking around inside Slate.

“Bone saw,” She said, holding out her hand. It was wet with blood.

Matt quickly rummaged through her medical bag, looking for the bone saw. It was heavier than it looked, and the small blade was wicked sharp. He handed it to Tiffany and watched as she powered it on, the small sharp blade whirring to life.

She gently placed the blade against Slate’s head, on his forehead just above his eyes and just below his ears. She ringed the skull, digging the blade into his skull.

Slate cried, but Tiffany had already paralyzed him when she exposed his spine. He was able to slightly wiggle by moving his shoulders, but she had a firm grip on the back of his neck to keep him from moving his head around.

Finally, with a bit of prying, Slate’s brain was exposed.

“You can see how the hormones have affected his brain development,” Tiffany said, pointing at the brain and gently touching the grey matter Slate couldn’t feel what she was doing, but it was clear from his scared eyes he knew something was wrong. “A smaller frontal lobe, and I bet if we took him apart completely, we’d see an enlarged amygdala.”

Smiling, she poked a finger into one part of his brain and Matt watched as Slate’s eyes crossed and his jaw flopped open, his tongue lolling out.

Slate was crying harder, but his words were garbled and wrong.

“Did you just derp him!?” Matt said, laughing hysterically at the fluffy. Slate was looking around desperately now, but he couldn’t focus his eyes at all.

“Brain damage to fluffies is incredibly common. They have far less cerebrospinal fluid than other animals their size, which is one of the reasons concussions are so dangerous for a fluffy.”

“Interesting...” Matt said, grinning. “Can I try?”

“Oh, yeah! Poke anywhere. Don’t do it too hard or he’ll quickly hemorrhage, but firmly. It’ll cause any number of reactions.”

Matt pressed his finger firmly into the right side of Slate’s brain. The organ was firm but had some give to it. It was so strange.

Slate screamed. He looked around, scared at the sound before realizing that he had made it. Matt laughed.

Tiffany grinned. “Watch this.”

She pressed her finger into the left side and Slate’s jaw clamped down hard, shutting completely. His tongue was still lolled out, and when he clamped his mouth shut, he bit his tongue clean off.

Slate sobbed as blood filled his mouth, leaking onto the table from between his teeth. Matt poked another part of the brain and Slate shat himself.

“Oh, fuck that’s nasty!” Matt said, laughing.

“Oooh! I wanna try!” Chelsea said. She had been distracted by cooing at the canned foals. She bounded over, and jabbed her finger in the back of Slate’s brain. “Oh, ew it’s so weird!”

Slate started to cry harder, twisting his head around. He screamed, his derped eyes wildly spinning around.

“I think you hit his occipital lobe.” Tiffany said, laughing. “Poor bastard is blind now.”

Matt couldn’t stop laughing. Slate looked ridiculous; his body wiggled because of how he was turning his head. Blood and other fluids were running down the edges of his sawed-off skull, and Matt could see his movements becoming sluggish and weak as he lost blood rapidly. Slate wasn’t going to last much longer.

“Damn, what a shame!” Matt said, grinning. “I was kinda hoping we could try more stuff, but he’s losing blood fast. He’s not going to survive.”

“Daddeh?”

Matt froze, a chill shooting down his spine. He turned around slowly to see Arion standing there, right by the partly opened basement door.

The alicorn was wide eyed and trembling, clearly freaked out. His eyes darted between Matt, Tiffany, and Slate on the table.

“Daddeh. W-wat am doin?” He asked, very quietly. His voice was trembling.

“Arion...” Tiffany said.

“Daddeh. Wai gib huwties tu fwuffy?”

“Arion what are you doing down here?” Matt demanded. His voice was tight and tense.



Arion flinched. Matt's voice was scary. His smile was totally gone now, and he was staring at Arion with cold, hard eyes. They made Arion feel scared and very uncomfortable. He backed up slightly, his heart racing in his chest.

Matt's hands were covered in blood. Arion was getting dizzy from the smell of it; the smell of death all around him. His stomach churned.

"Arion!" Matt shouted.

"Matt! Don't yell at him!" Tiffany said, scowling at him. "He's scared..."

"Daddeh... am... am sowwy. Buh... babbeh need hewp!" Arion said. He steeled himself, shaking his mane and forcing himself to remain where he was, reminding himself of his whole purpose in coming down to the basement.

"What?" Matt was in a sort of daze.

Arion went to the basement door, nudging it open further and revealing the now-shivering Violet.

"Violet!" Tiffany said, rushing over. "What happened?"

"Meanie sisseh Pwum an' Awtum gib wowstest weggie huwties tu babbeh." Arion said.

"Fuck, her leg was torn off..." Tiffany said, inspecting the wound. "Matt clear off the workbench, I need to stop the bleeding, or she'll die."

Matt nodded weakly, looking at Arion.

The look of pure betrayal that the fluffy gave him shot through his core. He felt... guilty. He quickly wrapped the towel they'd had Slate on around the fluffy, bundling Slate up and tossing the whole bloody mess in the trash. He grabbed a few paper towels and splashed water on the workbench to clean up as much as he could before laying a new towel down.

Arion watched as Slate, who was still very much alive, was wrapped up and thrown in the trash can. Having lived in an alleyway, he knew what that meant.

The basement was very strange. There was a playpen, a nice one with other fluffies inside. He could even smell the tell-tale scent of a soon-mummah over there. There were also cages on the wall, and he could see a few chirpy foals inside one of them; one was missing all its fur, and another was missing all its legs.

Arion was captivated, horribly confused at the feelings rolling around inside his head right now. His daddy was clearly a monster, but why hadn't he hurt Arion yet? Was he waiting for something? Did he need Arion for something?

Daddeh?" Arion softly asked, trying not to draw the ire of Matt.

"Arion..." Matt said. He looked at Arion before quickly turning away. "Not now. Just- not now."

"O-otay." Arion said. "Nic... uh, Wady Tiff'nee, how am babbeh?"

Tiffany caught the omission of "nice" from the way that Arion addressed her. She couldn't help but admit it stung a bit.

"She's okay. Luckily, her legs atrophied so much from disuse that there aren't as many major blood vessels as there would normally be, so the bleeding isn't as bad as I thought it would be..."

Tiffany was talking more to herself than to Arion or Matt, but the explanation did help calm Arion down a bit; he didn't know what she was saying but she didn't sound stressed, so that did reassure him.

"Babbeh am be otay?"

“Yes.” Tiffany said. She had cleaned the wound, much to the distress of the filly, who was crying. “There there girl, I know it hurts but it’ll be over soon.”

Violet just cried a bit, but was letting Tiffany do what she needed.

“Arion,” Tiffany asked. “What happened?”

“Weww... Bwusuw an’ Pwum an’ Awtum nu wan’ pway wif babbeh. Caww Viowet dummeh nu-weggie babbeh an’ nu wuv. Den, Bwusuw teww Ches’nut dat Awion gib Bwusuw hutwies. Pwum an’ Awtum wun off tu babbeh an gib weggie huwties. Awion take babbeh hewe... fow gib hewp...”

“I see...” Tiffany said.

Chelsea knelt down to Arion, and gently placed her hand on his back. He flinched, pulling away from her slightly.

“Arion... I know you’re scared and confused, but...” She looked at Matt. “Well, your daddy loves you very much. Just remember that.”

Arion nodded. He knew she was telling the truth; Matt did love him. But Arion had seen mummahs who loved their babies kill them for nummies during the cold times. He knew love didn’t always mean that you would be protected.

“Fank yu...”

Matt’s mood was quickly souring; he had been enjoying the torture of his basement fluffies so much, but the glee and high he’d been enjoying had come crashing down once he had seen those wide, betrayed eyes.

He felt guilty, and he didn’t like it.

“Daddeh...” Arion said. “Am... sowwy. Awion kno nu supos’ gu in basement.”

“It’s... it’s okay. I... we’ll talk later, okay?”

“Matt, you should take Arion somewhere else. I’ll handle clean-up down here.”

“Okay... Just, uh... get rid of it all, okay?”

“Sure.” Tiffany turned to Chelsea. “Can you help me with that?”

“Yeah of course!”

Matt leaned down and picked Arion up. He could feel how stiff and unmoving his fluffy was. It was wrong; Arion was an expressive and loving fluffy, for him to be so cold and distant was unlike him.

Matt carried up upstairs, and brought him to the backyard, placing him down on the small patio he had.

“Daddeh, why owtside?”

“I figured you could use some fresh air after being down there...” Matt said, still not looking at Arion.

They were quiet for some time, enjoying the warmth of the midday sun. Arion closed his eyes, taking in the sunlight on his fluff.

“Daddeh...” He said, after a while. “Why huwt fwuffies?”

Matt didn’t really know what to say. He’d barely been able to explain his desires to other people, even ones like Tiffany. How did he tell a fluffy that he enjoyed hurting other members of his species for shits and giggles?

“It’s... hard to explain. Sometimes it makes me feel better. When I’m really angry, or upset, making something suffer makes me feel better.

“Other times though, I just find it... fun. It makes me feel good to hurt fluffies for no reason. To have power over something so fragile and weak...”

Arion looked at Matt for a while. He was processing what Matt had said, thinking hard.

“Awion undastan.”

“You... do?”

“Wen Awion wive wif hewd, wots o’ fwuffies am big meanies tu Awion. Gib Awion bigges’ maddies. Nao wen Awion see fwuffies dat be meanies, Awion feew maddies an’ wan make meanie fwuffies sowwy. Sumtime... sumtime Awion wan’ gib huwties too.”

“I see...”

“Daddeh... daddeh gib bwick huwties.”

“I... yes, I did.”

“An... daddeh gib huwties tu Pwum an’ Awtum nao?”

“What? I mean... I don’t know. I... want to. They hurt Violet and are being bad. They should be punished.”

“Dey am bas fwuffies... buh’... dey desewve huwties?”

Matt was quiet for a while. The sunlight lit the grass of his backyard, illuminating the drops of water from his sprinkler system.

“Do you think they do?”

It was Arion’s turn to be uncomfortable.

“Awion... nu kno... yesh? Maybeh? Am... aww bad fwuffies get huwties?”

“No. Sometimes bad fluffies don’t get hurt or punished. Sometimes they never get punished, and keep being bad.”

“Den... Pwum an’ Awtum go fowevah-sweepies?”

“I don’t know. They hurt their sister, who was already weak. I can’t let them stay here anymore.” Matt said. “I might send them away to live somewhere else, or maybe put them down. They were very bad fluffies.”

“An’ daddeh owni huwt bad fwuffies!” Arion said, smiling a bit.

“Uh... no.” Matt said. Admitting it to Arion made him feel dirty. “The fluffies in the basement... some of them were good fluffies. They didn’t do anything that made them bad or evil. I’m sorry.”

“Den... wai!?” Arion’s face fell. He had been sure – the fluffies that his daddy tortured were evil, bad fluffies. He was a monster: but a good monster! The kind that gave evil fluffies the worstest hurties. But now, by telling Arion that he hurt good fluffies for no reason... he really was a monster.

“I told you: I just like to hurt fluffies. But I promise you, Arion, I would never hurt you.” Matt said. He was sincere. Arion made him feel guilty; not because he made him question his desire to harm fluffies, but because admitting it made him feel bad.

Every human he'd spoken to about it didn't seem to care. Fluffmart made money from abuse, Tiffany helped encourage and teach him the proper way to abuse, even the kind and sweet Chelsea enjoyed tormenting fluffies. It was almost a normal thing for him now. Only Arion minded.

"Daddeh..."

"Arion you don't have to stay here if you don't want to. If you're afraid or hate me, I don't blame you. I can make sure you find a good, loving owner who won't hurt you or other fluffies. I can give you and Almond to someone who will love you both, and let you have babies."

"Am... am Awion bad fwuffy? Nu wan Awion tu wive hewe?"

"That's not what I meant at all! I love you, and would love to have you live here... but if you don't want to... you can leave if you want. I know what you saw in the basement was scary... but I promise I won't hurt you."

"Nu! Awion nu wan weave! Wuv daddeh..." Arion said, curling up. "Daddeh am bestest ting tu evah happen tu Awion... eben if Daddeh am munstah... Awion am munstah tu..."

"You're not a monster, Arion." Matt said. He leaned over and gently stroked his back. This time, Arion didn't flinch. "Fluffies call you monsters because they don't understand having a horn and wings. I torture living things for fun. I'm the monster here."

"Daddeh... pwease wet Awion stay..."

"Of course. But Arion, I still torture fluffies. I'm not going to stop."

"A-Awion kno..."

"Can you... live with that?"

"Daddeh am bestest daddeh... wuv Awion an gib wots of heavt-happehs... dat mean dat daddeh am... munstah. Buh bestest munstah daddeh... Nu kno! Am confusie."

"Well, why don't you think about it, okay? I'll put you back in the safe-room for now, and tell Chestnut what really happened."

"O-otay... Awion wiww tinkies..."

Matt picked Arion up again. This time, the fluffy wasn't stiff or resistant; he leaned into Matt's hold and cooed at the hug of his daddy.

The saferoom was calm. Chestnut was curled up with her babies, sleeping in their nest. Almond was similarly sleeping, wrapped up lovingly with Licorice, as well as two of Chestnut's foals: Cashew and Asher.

Matt gently placed Arion down in Almond's nest.

"Here you go, bud. I'll be back with Violet when I can."

"Otay daddeh... Awion wuv yu."

"I love you too buddy."

Matt left, and Arion curled around his loved ones. He was most certainly uncomfortable and anxious, the revelation that his daddy was a monster had scared him more than he thought it would. He knew something bad happened in the basement, but he didn't realize it was his daddy that was the bad thing.

He thought that finding out his daddy was a monster meant that he would die; it was obvious that a monster couldn't allow anyone to see what they were doing.

Instead, his daddy had asked him if he wanted to stay. His daddy had already startled him several times by asking his opinion on things. This was weird. In all his life, Arion had never seen a human show any sort of regret for harming a fluffy. Matt had admitted that he liked to hurt fluffies, and then had apologized. He asked Arion if he'd like to leave, if he would rather not live with a monster.

Arion was confused. He didn't know what he wanted or what he should do. Living with someone who tortured fluffies scared him. It reminded him of living in the alley, in constant fear of what some passerby would do to him.

Every instinct in his body told him to run, to get away from the blood and pain and monster in the basement. But when he thought about it instead, he knew that he wasn't in danger. Matt wouldn't hurt him. The conversations they had; really speaking to one another, trying to understand each other. From the first moment he met Matt, his daddy tried to understand him.

He was so confused. A monster that tried to understand him, a loving daddy that tortured fluffies for fun. A life of contradictions. He was the same, he supposed. A monster fluffy who only wanted to be loved by those which feared him. He had never felt the kind of love Matt had given him, and he craved it.

He wouldn't leave; he couldn't. He needed Matt.

\* \* \*

Matt rubbed his eyes. It felt like he hadn't slept in weeks. He'd shut the door to the safe room and double checked it twice, and did the same to the basement doors.

"Hey." He greeted Tiffany, who was cleaning up whatever was left of Cobalt and Brick. From the lack of blood and the silence from the trash can, Matt guessed there hadn't been much of a struggle, or much of a slaughter.

"How's Arion?" Tiffany said, picking Diamond up from the pen. She wasn't looking at him.

"He's okay. We talked. I told him the truth. He took it... better than I thought he would. I told him he could leave if he wanted to."

"You did?" Tiffany looked at him now.

"Yeah? I told him that... well if he was really too scared to live here with me, I'd help him find a really nice daddy or mommy who wanted him and Almond."

Tiffany snorted, shaking her head. "It's a good thing he didn't take you up on that offer, no one would buy them together."

"What do you mean?"

"An alicorn stallion is good, especially with Arion's colors. He wouldn't sell great, because he's a feral and has no pedigree or papers, but a basement breeder or mill may pay a few hundred for him. Almond would go either to a hugboxer if you were lucky or an abuser if you're realistic. But no one would buy them together, and no one would let them breed."

"I... hadn't thought of that."

"Your rag-tag crew upstairs is pretty non-conventional, even by basement breeder standards. Most people throw an alicorn at a wall of breeding and hope it sticks, but it's a recessive gene that may not even get passed on, making it incredibly hard to develop unless you breed two fluffies with a family history of alicorns. That's why they're usually expensive."

"Aw I think it's great that Arion wants to stay!" Chelsea piped up. She was gently stroking Diamond, who Tiffany had placed on the workstation. "Almond and him are so cute! They're gonna have the sweetest little babies!"

"Yeah... I hope he's okay." Matt said.

“He’s a lot smarter than other fluffies. I think it’s a combination of the naturally more intelligent alicorn traits and also having survived trauma early on. Makes fluffies more careful in general, and sometimes that careful and observant nature can translate to intelligent and thoughtful.”

“Yeah. I... I just wish he’d never seen this...”

“Matt.” Tiffany said, standing up. “That probably would have been better, but he would have found out eventually. And it’s better he found out and you spoke to him about it. He came here looking for you because he knew you could fix a problem. He trusts you, and by talking to him about this you confirmed his trust is well-placed.”

“Thanks, Tiff.” Matt said, smiling. “Oh! Violet! How is she!”

“She’s good. Over here recovering.” Tiffany took her to one of the wall cages that Matt had been keeping the feral and the canned foals in. She was sleeping soundly on a pile of towels, a bandage wrapped around her lower half.

“Uhg I can’t believe it. Two hurt foals... how does this keep happening!?”

“You have a lot of fluffies right now and, honestly, Chestnut is too old to teach her kids to be good. She fawned over Violet when she was hurt, the other babies probably got jealous, and fluffies are notorious for hating fluffies that are different than them. A disability made her a ‘dummy’ and also an easy target.”

“Rest up, little girl.” Matt said softly to the sleeping Violet. “Alright, so Brick and Cobalt are?”

“Brick is dead. I figured it would be best to just get rid of him first. We have Diamond and Cobalt left.”

Diamond was curled around her belly on the workbench, crying gently and humming a soon-mummah song to her unborn foals. Matt grinned, heading over to her.

“Do you mind if I take this one? I’m a little stressed.”

“Gladly.” Tiffany grinned.

Matt approached Diamond. She was whimpering softly, mumbling to her foals.

“Mummah wuv babbehs... babbehs be gud... mummah keep babbehs safe... nu huwties fo’ babbehs...”

“Hello Diamond! Long time no see.” Matt said, grinning.

“Munstah... pwease nu gib soon-mummah huwties...”

“You’re a bad baby. Bad babies deserve hurties.” He said, echoing the training that the track had implanted into her fragile little mind.

“Yesh... bad babbeh... buh tumme-habbehs am gud! Huwt mummah wen babbehs cum?”

“No.” Matt said, grinning at her. “You see, you’re so bad you’ve made your babies bad. I can’t have more bad babies.”

“Nu! Babbehs am nu bad! Am jus’ tumme-habbehs! Tu wittew fo’ be bad!”

“Shut the fuck up.” Matt said, snarling.

He flipped her on her back, forcing her to spread her legs which she’d been using to try to defend her tummy. He felt her distended belly, feeling the foals inside He felt... four. The combination of the hormones and nutrimix he’d fed her had forced her teats to grow to a fully-grown size already, and looked ridiculous on her tiny frame. Even better, however, was that her foals were also fully grown.

“Your tummy babies must be causing you a lot of hurties.”

“T-tummeh babbehs nu mean gib mummah huwties...” She murmured.

“Oh then it’s really going to hurt when they come out.” Matt said. “Tiffany, you think we could force a birth?”

“Yeah I have some labor inducing shots.” She got up and grabbed a vial and set of syringes. “She’s probably a... week away from birth? The foals will probably be alive.”

“Good.”

Matt restrained the filly in a spread-eagle pose while Tiffany readied the drugs.

“Pwease daddeh! Nu huwt babbehs! Owny wittew tummeh-babhes! Pwease nu huwt!”

“Oh don’t worry Diamond! We’re just going to help you meet your babies sooner!”

“Owies!” She cried as Tiffany gave her the shot.

The drugs didn’t take too long to start working, and Matt could tell from the way Diamond was wincing and spasming that she was getting ready to give birth.

“B-bigges’ poopies! Huu huu... huwties!”

Matt smiled as the first foal began to crown. Diamond was panting loudly, crying freely as she tried to push the baby out. Her size, however, was getting in her way.

She was far too young to have foals, and her vagina was too small. The edges began to tear and bleed as the head of her first baby finally got halfway through.

“SCREE! SPESHUW-PWACE HUWTIES!” She screamed, crying desperately.

Another contraction, however, spelt doom for her foal. The spasm and the tightness of her birth canal crushed the foal’s head. There was a soft popping sound as the cartilage-like skull of the foal was squished. The soft white foal finally slid out; its head significantly flatter than it should be.

“Babbeh! Babbeh am hewe!” Diamond said, showing a spark of joy for the first time in weeks at the arrival of her first child, arguably the happiest moment in most mare’s life. Until the silence brought understanding. “W-wai babbeh nu make chiwpies!? Babbeh!”

Matt picked the foal up, determined to be a filly, showing its crushed skull off to Diamond. The foal’s eyes had been pushed by the pressure in its skull and its normally-fused eyelids had been forced open. The grey glassy underdeveloped eyes started at nothing.

“You killed your baby, you monster. Guess you hated this baby. What a bad mother.” Matt tossed the foal into the trashcan, where it landed with an audible splat.

“Nu! Nu babbeh am fo’ twashies!” Diamond cried before the tremors of a new contraction ripped through her body.

The next foal had a little wider of a canal, thanks to its sister ripping its mother’s vagina. This meant that its skull wasn’t crushed, but instead got caught due to being slightly sideways. Normally, a little human intervention would fix this easily. Matt, however, had no intention to help.

“Babbeh am suckies! Hewp! Babbeh pwease hewp mummah!” Diamond begged, sobbing as she felt another contraction. “Nu! Babbeh nu come! Babbeh am stuckies!”

The second foal ran into the first, now two foals attempting to enter the world at the same time. The first foal, a little black one from what Matt could see, was getting bent by its sibling. The foal behind it was pressed into its spine, forcing the foal to get caught further, and bend outwards.

There was another audible pop as the foal was bent in half, its spine clearly breaking in the process. Instead of being in a nice fetal position, the back of its head was touching the top of its haunches. Its mouth opened and closed in a wordless scream as it flopped onto the table, its sibling falling out after it.

The black foal was dead, having been bent backwards like a contortionist, but the foal right after it, a soft pink colt, was peeping and chirping in distress and hunger. Matt smiled, placing the foal on his mother's chest.

"B-babbeh! Gud pewtty babbeh!" Diamond said, craning her neck to lick the foal clean. She did a decent job, despite being restrained, and smiled at her son.

"Shame about this one." Matt said, holding the bent foal up.

"B-babbeh am pwetty bwack babbeh... huu... so sowwy babbeh... am bad mummah..."

She barely had time to regret the death of the black foal, as her last foal came out. It was a little purple filly. And it was dead.

Matt frowned. No signs of trauma, no damage, nothing fun at all, just a stillborn.

"Oh look, another dead one. You really are the worst mother ever." Matt said, dumping the purple and black foals into the trash.

"Huu huu... mummah hab one babbeh... one gud bestest best babbeh..." She sobbed. "Pwease put babbeh on miwkie-pwaces daddeh?"

"No." Matt said, grinning.

"Buh babbeh nee' miwkies! Pwease daddeh!" Diamond said, her eyes wide.

"No. Do it yourself."

"Den wet mummah weggies move?" She asked.

"No."

"Nu! PWEASE! PWEASE WET MUMMAH MOVE! PWEASE WET BABBEH HAB MIWKIES!"

Matt just smiled. He sat down on a crate, watching Diamond and her foal.

"I think I should give your foal a name..." Matt said.

"Babbeh hab namsie! Den miwkies?"

"Your baby's name is Tantalus."

"Tantawus! Pwetty namsie! Dank yu daddeh! Bestest daddeh evah!" She said, her smile clearly stressed and nervous. "N-nao gib babbeh nummie miwkies?"

Again, Matt said nothing. Foals needed to eat thirty minutes after birth, or they would dehydrate and starve. He leaned back, content to watch as Diamond lost her last foal, forced to watch as he wasted away.

"Babbeh nu am gu fowevah-sweepes! Jus' nee' gu to miwkies pwaces! Gu babbeh! Miwkies paces am jus' dewe! Den babbeh be bestest babbeh, just nee' hab miwkies!"

Five minutes.

"MUMMAH AM BAD MUMMAH! AM STOOPI DUMMEH FWUFFY! STOOPI NU-SMAWTY MUMMAH! PWEASE DADDY HEWP BAD MUMMAH! PWEASE!"



Ten minutes.

“Pwaese huwt mummah daddeh! Gib mummah wowestest owwies if jus’ gib babbeh miwkies PWEASE! Take weggies! Take eawsies! Teefies! Diamon’ nu cawe! Gib aww da’ huwties! Jus’ sabe babbeh!”

Fifteen minutes.

“Am wowestest mummah evah! Am stoopi dummeh mummah... nu evah be good fo’ nuthin bu’ huwties! Am su sowwy babbeh... mummah nu can hewp... So sowwy...”

Twenty minutes.

She said nothing, now. Just stared blankly at her foal, now barely wiggling and clearly struggling to breathe. Its mouth opened and closed desperately, and it had stopped chirping.

“Babbeh am gon’ gu fowevah-sweepies. Babbeh... am gon’ die.” She whispered. “Mummah nu can sabe babbeh, babben nu can sabe babbeh. Diamon’ am wowstest mummah, an babbeh gu fowevah-sweepies.”

She closed her eyes. She apparently had accepted the inevitability of the outcome. Matt grinned.

“That’s right Diamond, your baby is going to die. You are going to feel its heartbeat stop. It’s already stopped wiggling, it’s only a matter of time before it’s dead. Dead forever. Because you’re the worst, most awful, most terrible mother ever.”

The colt stopped moving. Matt poked it, feeling for a heartbeat. Nothing. He held it up in front of Diamond’s face. Her eyes were glassy and looking towards some middle distance.

“Gu bai babbeh...” She whispered.

Matt threw the baby into the trashcan, smirking as he heard it hit the side with a wet thunk.

“Wan die... wan die... wan die... wan die...” Diamond was only whispering her wan die cycle now, but from the blank expression and drool running from her mouth, it was enough.

“Damn, I feel a lot better now.” Matt said.

Bruiser woke first, stretching gently against his mummah’s fluff and his sisters. He noticed that Asher and Cashew were gone, which didn’t frighten or bother him much. If Arion had taken them away, then it meant more milkies for him and his sisters.

He didn’t like Asher and Cashew. They never saw their sister for what she was: a dummy ugly fluffy. She hogged mummah’s milkies and her love, and always made them play dummy baby games because she couldn’t run or walk. Cashew and Asher always wanted to slow down and make them be nicer to her, but why be nice to someone who always ruins everything? Arion numming Violet was the best thing that could have happened.

Enjoying the warmth of his mummah’s fluff and his sister’s bodies, he looked around the room. He saw in Almond’s nestie the small shapes of Cashew and Asher. He snorted, of course they would want to play with biggest sister Almond.

Maybe, if he was lucky, they would just stay there. That would be great! Then he and Plum and Autumn would have all the milkies to themselves!

There was a rustle from Almond’s nestie and Bruiser saw... wings?

And a horn.

Arion.

“SCREE! MUNSTAH!” He shouted, waking his family.

“Wa?” Chestnut said, still drowsy. “Wewe am munstah babbeh? Hab bad sweepy-pitcha?”

“Nu! Munstah Awion am hewe! Nu wet munstah num babbeh!”

The commotion also managed to rouse Arion and Almond, along with their adopted foals.

“Wa?” Almond said, rubbing sleep from her eyes. “Wai babbeh am su woud?”

“Mustah am back! Wun Awmon’! Munstah num babbehs!” Chestnut said, desperately pleading with her oldest to run from Arion. Then she saw Asher and Cashew in Almond’s nestie. “WAI BABBEHS IN NESTIE!”

“Wha? Babbehs nu couwd sweepies. Awmon ghewp babbehs sweepies. Dat am aww.”

The foals had woken now, all the noise and commotion sacring them and prompting them to cry.

“DEN WAI BABBEHS MAKE SAD-WAWA! Wai take babbehs! Get babbehs ‘way fwom munstah! Num babbesh!”

“Wa? Wa munstah? Nu munstah hewe!” Almond was very confused. Chestnut was starting to scare her.

“Munstah Awion!” Chestnut said.

Arion had finally woken up, and the first thing he’d heard was ‘munstah Awion.’ He snorted in annoyance, his ears flattening.

“Nu am munstah, dummeh.” He shot at Chestnut. “Babbeh Viowet am sabe nao. Take babbeh tu Tiff’nee tu hewp wif weggie.”

“WAIW!” Chestnut shouted, breathing heavily now. She was standing up in her nestie, her Plum and Autumn crying while Bruiser pranced around her legs, enjoying the action. “BABBEHS TEWW MUMMAH DAT YU NUM BABBEH!”

“Babbehs am stoopi wiaw. Nu am munstah. Nu num babbeh. Pwum an’ Awtum gib babbeh weggie huwties an’ take weggie.”

“Nu mummah! Bwusew saw munstah Awion num Viowet! Awion am munstah babbeh nummew!”

“Babbeh am wie!” Almond said, very upset. “Awion nu num babbeh! Jus’ twy to hewp. Pwease nu showties.”

“Awmon’ am munstah-hewpeh!” Chestnut said, tears streaming down her face. “Twy tu gib munstah Ashuw an’ Cashoo! WAI WAN NUM BABBEHS! BABBEHS AM NU FO’ NUMMIES!” She screamed, crying and sobbing.

“Wai gib mummah bigges’ heawt huwties!” Bruiser shouted at Arion. “Meanie munstah!”

“Stahp caww Awion munstah.” Arion said, dangerously low. “Am nu munstah.”

“Munstah! Munstah!” Plum and Autumn began chanting from the nestie, laughing at Arion’s clear frustration. “Stoopi ugwe munstah!”

Arion was trying very hard to stay calm, to quell the growing rage in his chest. He was angry. He hated being called a monster, he hated being accused of eating a baby, he hated feeling like a pariah in his own home.

“Munstah!” Bruiser said, addressing Arion. “Dis am Bwusuw’s hewd! Yu am bad ugwe munstah! Nu be wif hewd. Munstah weave!”

“Dis am Awion’s housie.” Arion said, keeping his voice even and trying to control the fury boiling through him. “Nu weave.”

“If munstah nu weave, can be poopie-nummy fwuffy!” Bruiser said, laughing. “Num aww da poopies! Ow Bwusuw gib ugwe munstah sowwy-hoofies an’ owwies!”

“Poopie munstah! Poopie munstah!” The filly’s in Chestnut’s nestie began to chorus again.

“Awion... pwease nu be maddies...” Almond said, approaching Arion. “Wait fo’ daddeh tu cum back.”

“Awion am twy...” He said, breathing.

“Nu tawk tu dummeh munstah!” Bruiser said, yelling at Almond.

“Awmon’ tawk tu who Awmon’ wan! Nu am widdew.” She retorted, snorting at the foal.

“Dummeh mawe! Yu get sowwy hoofies tu! An den Wicowice be Bwusew’ speshuw-fwiend!”

“Nu huwt Wicowice! Nu am speshuw-fwiend! Dummeh babbeh!”

Chestnut was heaving in the center of the room, her chest rising and falling dramatically. Her chestie hurt so much, and she didn’t know why. The room was spinning and blurry, all she could hear was her babies yelling at the monster and at Almond. Almond had sided with Arion, the baby-numming monster. Had she been such a bad mummah that her own baby had joined a monster? She wanted to cry, but it was hard to make breathies. Something was wrong.

Something was wrong.

Why were the edges of her vision all black?

Why was the room tilting?

Oh no she was falling.

She wanted to scream, to say something, to cry out. She couldn’t. The words caught in her throat. She choked on spit and gasped.

Her chest hurt so bad, worse than anything before.

And then she died.

Asher and Cashew, who had been crying and watching the chaos from Almond’s nestie were the only ones to notice their mummah collapse.

“MUMMAH!” Asher said, running over to her lifeless body. Cashew followed, tripping over his hoofies.

“Mummah pwease wakies...” Asher said, crying as he approached her. “Wakies! Wai mummah faww! Nu am daww-time!”

Almond also approached her mummah, nuzzling the dead mare’s snout with her own.

“Mummah?” She asked. “Mummah, pwease be otay...”

Arion knew she was dead. He’d seen it before countless times in the alley. The rise and fall of her chestie was gone; she wasn’t making any breathies.

“Ches’nut am... fowevah-sweepies.” He said sadly. “Awmon’... am su sowwy...”

“Mummah...” Almond said, crying openly now.

“Nu... pwease nu gu fowevah-sweepies... pwease mummah...” Asher cried, while Cashew just buried his whole face into Chestnut’s fluff and cried.

“Munstah fwuffy use twicky magik tu kiww mummah!” Bruiser said, tears falling from his eyes as he accused Arion.

“Wat!?”

“Munstah! Evul twicky munstah!” Plum said.

“Kiww mummah! Nu huwt babbehs!” Autumn cried.

“Stoopi evul mummah-kiwweh! Yu kiww mummah! Yu num sisseh! Yu am dummeh munstah! Nu wan wive wif munstah! Yu am bad fwuffy!” Bruiser said, approaching Arion and puffing his cheeks out. “Bad fwuffy! Hatchu!”

“Hatchu munstah! Wowstest munstah!” Plum shouted.

“Dummeh munstah fwuffy! Bad fwuffy!” Autumn screamed.

“AWION NU AM MUNSTAH!” Arion shouted. He couldn’t stop himself; he couldn’t control his rage.

He stomped on Bruiser, as hard as he could.

Beneath his hooves, he felt the fragile spine of the foal crack, paralyzing Bruiser. His two front legs also snapped, one of the bones in his right leg bursting through the skin. Bruiser gagged as blood ran from his mouth, his eyes bulging as he tried to say anything.

Arion reared up, and landed on the foal again, this time fully crushing his ribcage and smashing his lungs. Arion could feel the little heart of the foal beating desperately until it finally weakened and stopped.

Arion pulled himself off the dead foal, backing up slowly. He felt the rage subsiding as he stared at the dead and crushed foal. He looked up, and saw the horrified faces of Chestnut’s new foals, as well as Almond.

He felt an emptiness in his stomach, a hollow pit as he saw Almond’s shocked and betrayed face. He hated it. He hated what he’d just done, he hated himself.

But worst of all, he hated just how much he had enjoyed killing the foal.

\* \* \*

Diamond was catatonic by now. She muttered ‘wan die’ under her breath and had a glassy, unblinking stare.

“Don’t suppose we can break her out of the wan die loop, huh?” Matt asked, turning to Tiffany.

“We could. She won’t react properly though. The wan die loop is a mental defense against realization of whatever trauma they’ve suffered. If you break it, the fragile delusion they’ve regressed behind will shatter and they’ll freak out. I’ve had owners beg me to bring them out of the loop, and then be scared or upset when their fluffy just wouldn’t stop screaming, or horrified when it tried to commit suicide.”

“Jesus, that’s rough.” Matt said.

“It’s hard when it’s owners who really care about their fluffies, and something really unfortunate happened. I had a sweet lady bring her fluffy in after her nephew pulled all the feathers out of its wings and take out all its teeth. We ended up putting the poor thing down.”

“Man... still, that’s not a bad idea...” Matt grinned.

“I’m chock full of stories of what other people have done. If you ever need some inspiration...”

“I know where to look.”

Matt released Diamond from her restraints, lifting her in his arms. He gently carried her, fetal style. She curled against him, and weakly reached her hooves out in a “huggies” pose. Her face, however, remained unchanged. She was merely reacting on instinct; the comfort of a human presence that Hasbio bioengineers had worked to hardwire into their brains.

It was cute, and reminded Matt about all the things he liked about fluffies.

“Well, I think that’s enough from you girl. Thanks for all the fun.” Matt said, gently stroking Diamond’s back. “You were such a good fluffy, in your own way. Goodbye.”

He grabbed the back of her skull and gripped hard, twisting it harshly, snapping her neck. There was a sharp intake of air, and then Diamond was gone.

“Aww... Matt that was so pretty.” Chelsea said. Her eyes were watering. “I want you to speak at my funeral now!”

“We’ve got... Cobalt in a cage, July in the sorry box, and the canned foals left. You wanted to keep them, right?” Tiffany asked, rolling her eyes at Chelsea.

“The canned ones? Yeah. Especially perma-can over there.”

Perma-can, the little filly permanently attached to her acrylic container, had since become a little more active. She constantly cried out for her mummah, flopping on her belly in confusion and distress when the autofeeder started its scheduled feeding. Matt could hear her cry as there were small air holes at the top of the can.

“Hey little filly, I’m your daddy!” Matt said, leaning in close to where the can was mounted in the cage. He’d retrofitted some wooded holds for the can, ensuring it always stood upright, with the cotton on the bottom. He didn’t want his captive to roll the can on accident and break the feeding or waste tubes, or get strangled by them.

The foal chirped. She was too young for speech, apparently the youngest of the three he’d bought. She could still hear him though, and always turned her head towards the sound of his voice.

The other two, the red and green foals, were still together in their cage. They had both opened their eyes, but thanks to a blanket in front of the cage door, they hadn’t witnessed the carnage.

“Hey little guys, how are we doing?”

“Daddeh!” The green one said, taking his hoof out of his mouth. “Keylime miss yu!”

“Aw I know Keylime, sorry you had to be in the dark for so long, but it’s safe to come out now.”

“D-d-daddeh? Cwome am cowlies...” The once-red fluffy said, shivering.

Fluffies had a similar body temperature to that of cats, resting higher than humans in the 100-degree range. Naturally, they liked it warmer, as cats do, and preferred temperatures of 65 to 70 degrees for indoor temperature.

The basement was a nice and chilly 60. It wasn’t so cold that fluffies with their fur were shivering, but it was noticeably uncomfortable for them down here. For fluffies who were bald, however, it was worse.

The bald fluffy, who Matt had named ‘Chrome’, was shivering constantly and preferred to be next to Keylime or buried in the blanket. None of his fluff had grown back after the chemical treatment, though he thankfully had no burns.

Fluffies looked absolutely bizarre hairless – really solidifying just how much of a genetic chimera they were. They looked like a disturbed cross between a bald hamster and a bald horse: their skin was a taught against their bodies, so they

didn't have the wrinkles a shaved rodent usually had, but their bodies were more barrel-chested, and their stubby legs looked so strange.

The hooves were fully visible, and the dark black brown of the keratinized pad clashed with the raw pink of the skin. They curved up into the leg, making them look like strange fingernails instead. The weirdest part was Matt could see just how short their necks were now. Fluffies kinda looked like horses, if one squinted their eyes, but their necks were so short. The neck was more akin to that of a pug, rather than a horse. And then there was the long, whip-like tail, that really drove home the "rat" image.

All in all, Chrome looked more like an overfed hamster than he did a fluffy.

"Aw I'm sorry Chrome! Why don't we just... warm you up." Matt said, grinning maliciously. He gently grabbed Chrome from the cage, bringing him over to the workbench. It felt like holding a shaved ballsac.

Fluffies, unlike horses but like most animals, didn't sweat – not like humans anyway. This meant that being too hot was just as much an issue as being too cold.

Matt grabbed the electric blanket he'd kept down here for just this occasion, and wrapped Chrome in it. The bald fluffy began to coo and nuzzle the soft fabric, and Matt took no time in turning it on.

"Tiff, do you like your fluffies well done, or medium rare." Matt said, grinning as he turned the blanket on high.

"I don't eat fluffies. And I don't understand anyone who does. They're almost never prepared correctly, and they have almost no meat on them."

"Oh I ate fluffy in Mexico once!" Chelsea said, grinning. "It was okay. Uh, kinda tastes like really dry turkey? Tiff's right though, they're not really a big portion."

"It was a joke." Matt groaned.

Chrome, ignorant of the topic of devouring fluffies, was warming up quite nicely. He cooed as his chilly skin and hooves warmed up, and felt himself almost drifting off to sleep as he imagined his mother's fluff.

He didn't remember his mother, never having met her, but he liked to imagine her: The biggest most prettiest fluffy with shiny red fluff.

He opened his mouth and yawned, making a little peep.

"How you doing, Chrome?"

"Su wawmies daddeh! Fank yu fo' magik bwankie!"

"You're welcome little guy, why don't we get you set up in the boxie with this?"

"Du... babbeh nee' gu bak tu boxie? Su scawwy..."

"That's the rules bud. Good fluffies stay in the boxie. That way the monsters can't get you. But you have Keylime to help you!"

Matt lifted the whole burrito-foal up, placing it inside the cage. He was sure to leave Chrome's head by the food and water bowl, but made sure the foal was wrapped tightly enough that he couldn't escape.

Satisfied, Matt closed the door, and smiled. Chrome was still cooing into the warmth, and even Keylime had headed over, marveling at the warmth.

"That's a fire hazard." Tiffany said, smirking.

"It has an auto-off feature to maintain a temperature without exceeding it. It's also remote controlled so I'll be adjusting it as needed." Matt retorted.

"So, what, you're going to cook him alive?"

"It's not hot enough to cook flesh... but I've been reading that fluffy physiology book. Hyperthermia is especially bad for fluffy foals, and can lead to all sorts of problems."

Tiffany grimed. "Well, well. Look who's stepping up their abuse game. Turning a source of comfort into abuse? That's fun."

"I think it will be. The foals are cute, so I can't wait to mess with them." Matt grinned, turning the lights off in the basement, earning a scared shout and huus from all the foals. "Let's go check up on Arion."

Almond's heart had stopped in her chest. She could taste boo-boo juice in her mouthie, and it was only when she realized she was biting down too hard that she knew where it was from.

Arion's hoofsies were covered in boo-boo juice, his pretty blue fluff was covered in it. Below him, the mangled remains of Bruiser were mashed into the squishy floor. His see-places were still open, looking at nothing.

"Babbeh am... fowevah-sweepies..." She whispered. "Awion... yu... kiww babbeh."

Arion was looking down, still staring at the foal.

Behind Almond; Plum, Autumn, Asher, and Cashew all cried into their mother's fluff. The family fully together for the first time. Almond's heart broke, they shouldn't see their mummah go forever-sleepies.

"Babbehs... it... it am oday. Daddeh be back an' -"

"Dis am yu fawt!" Autumn shouted at Asher. "Yu an' Cashoo am dummeh babbehs dat bwing munstah tu mummah!"

"Nu! Ashuh nu wan bwuddah gu fowevah-sweepies!" Asher cried. Cashew was still sobbing into Chestnut's fluff, peeping like a little foal again.

"Bwusuw wight!" Plum said, "Babbehs nu am gud babbehs! Onwy cwy an wan miwkies! Den wen mummah nu gib miwkies, hab munstah kiww mummah!"

"Wat!?" Almond couldn't believe her earsies: Plum and Autumn believed that Asher and Cashew had Arion kill their mummah because she didn't have enough milkies?

"Awmon' am nu bigges' sisseh! Am munstah-speshuw-fwiend!" Autumn said, still crying.

"Dat am nu twue!" Almond said, stomping her hoofsies. "Awion nu kiww mummah! Mummah am... owd." She said. "Owd fwuffies gu fowevah-sweepies..."

"Mummah nu am owd!" Plum said, tears rolling down her face fluff. "Mummah am nyu-mummah! Dat mean mummah nu owd!"

"Dat... nu dat nu am wight!"

"Nu! Hatchu! Hatchu Awmon'! Am wowstest meanie twicky munstah hewpuh!" Plum screamed back before rounding on Arion. "An yu! Munstah! Ebiw munstah fwuffy! Gib mummah an smawty-bwuddah fowevah-sweepies! Munstah! Hatchu!!!"

Arion was unaffected. He just looked down at the gory mess that had been Bruiser.

"Awion... am munstah."

Almond looked at him. “Awion.”

Tears were rolling down Arion’s face, dripping off the end of his nosie and onto the crushed foal.

“Awion am munstah! Kiww babbeh! Big wittew babbeh wowestet huwties an’ fowevah-sweepies! Dat am wat munstah du!” He screamed.

His eyes were wide and scared, his face scrunched up in ugly tears as snot ran down his nose.

“Awion...” Almond took a step towards him.

Awion snarled, his ears flat against his skull. Almond backed up a bit, but didn’t break eye contact.

“Nu come neaw! Awion... nu wan huwt Awmon’.”

“Awion, yu nu wiww huwt Awmon’.” She said calmly.

“Yu knu kno dat!” Arion said, stamping the ground. The rage he had felt scared him. He’d never lost control like that. He’d never hurt a fluffy on purpose. He’d never killed.

It was true; he was a monster.

It was like he said to Almond: bad fluffies hurt others who we weaker and smaller than them, bad fluffies caused pain and suffering even though they knew better. Bad fluffies deserved hurties.

“Awion am bad fwuffy... Awion desewe huwties.”

“Nu! Awion nu am bad! Gud fwuffy!” Almond moved towards him again, ignoring the crying and screaming foals behind her. “Yu huwt meanie fwuffy, buh-“

“Meanie fwuffy Bwusuw am babbeh. Nu faiw fo’ big fwuffy tu gib huwties...”

“Buh babbeh caww yu munstah!”

“AN’ BABBEH WAS WIGHT!” Arion screamed.

The room fell silent. Even Cashew’s little sobs had quieted down to a tearful choking. Arion’s outburst had frightened everyone, safe for Almond. She still stood her ground, defiantly staring at Arion and refusing to let his rage move her.

“Awion.” Almond said quietly. “yu nu am munstah.”

“Den wat am munstah, Awmon’? If Awion, kiww babbeh, if Awion huwt weak wittew babbeh, den wat am munstah?”

“A-awmon nu kno! Nu knu wat Awion wan’ heaw! Bu’ Awion knu dat Awion nu am munstah!” She started to cry herself now, trembling as she spoke. “Awmon’ wuv Awion! Wan be Awion’s speshuw-fwiend! An... an Awmon’ wan hab babbehs wif Awion. Nu cawe if Awion fink am munstah. Awion am gud fwiend, and be gud daddeh.”

“Awmon’...”

“Awion am nicey tu Awmon’. Always sai pwetty wowds, gib Awmon’ bigges’ heawt-happehs... munstahs nu du dat.”

“Buh... Awion huwt babbeh...”

“Awion, pwease nu caww yu munstah nu moaw. Gib Awmon’ bigges’ heawt-huwties...”



“Nu... nu wan gib Awmon’ heawt-huwties...”

Almond smiled. “Dat am gud. Munstah nu cawe if gib heawt-huwties... su Awion nu am munstah.”

Fresh tears welled in Arion’s eyes: he had crushed a baby to death, and Almond still loved him, and still didn’t think he was a monster. He didn’t deserve such kindness.

He looked over her shoulder: the foals were still sobbing over their mummah. He felt for them; he remembered seeing his mother die and how much it had hurt.

“Awmon’ pwease take babbehs tu nestie... nu shud see mummah wike dis.”

“Otay. Come wif Awmon’ babbehs.”

Asher and Cashew obeyed. They still cried, but they obediently followed Almond as she led them to their nestie. Plum and Autumn, however, resisted.

“Nu gon’ gu tu nestie! Am stay wif mummah! Nu teww babbehs wat du, munstah!”

“Babbehs, gu.” Arion said, snarling at the two foals. It wasn’t malicious; he hoped he could scare them into obedience.

“Scawwy...” Autumn said, running away towards Almond with Plum behind her.

Arion sighed. The foal at his feet was a complete mess. His little eyes had bulged out of his head, and blood ran from his mouth. All of his legs were bent in strange ways, and his back was at an unnatural angle.

He hated that he’d lost control; letting his anger get the best of him. Usually he thought about what he wanted to do before doing it. This had been different, he’d just reacted. And it had led to the death of a foal.

Arion walked over to Chestnut, looking sadly at her lifeless body.

“Aw sowwy Ches’nut... nu wan huwt babbeh. Sowwy dat yu gu fowevah-sweepies... Yu am gud mummah.”

He nudged her body, just to see if maybe there was any life left, but she didn’t move or react. Her heart wasn’t beating, and her eyes were open. She was gone.

Arion looked over at Almond at the foals. She was curled gently around Cashew and Asher, but Plum and Autumn had curled around each other at the opposite end of the nestie. They clearly didn’t trust Almond and, given the circumstances, Arion couldn’t blame them.

Arion looked at the saferoom door. It had been shut tight this time, and Arion knew he couldn’t push it open. He needed daddy, though.

The first thing Matt saw when he came in was Chestnut, lying unmoving on the floor. Next to her, a flattened foal that looked a lot like Bruiser.

“Daddeh!” Arion said, running up to him.

“Arion? What the hell happened in here?”

“Daddeh, Ches’nut am fowevah-sweepies! Pwease take Ches’nut fwom sabe-woom... an... an babbeh.”

“Tiffany, can you grab Bruiser? I’m gonna grab Chestnut and Arion.”

“Gotcha. Anyone else you want me to grab?”

“Uh... I guess Plum and Autumn. Arion said they hurt Violet. Grab them so we can at least separate them from the others.”

“Alright. Chelsea, can you grab Plum and Autumn?” Tiffany pointed them out to Chelsea, who scooped the little babies from the nestie.

“Pwease Tiff’nee speshuw-fwien, be cawfuw wif’ babbehs, am scawdies.” Almond said, gently nuzzling the wiggling foals as they panicked.

“Don’t worry, we’ll be very gentle with them.”

“Arion,” Matt said, picking Chestnut’s body up. “Can you come with Tiffany and I?”

“Yesh, daddeh.” Arion said, obediently trotting after Matt and leaping over the gate when Matt stepped over it.

‘Guess I know how he keeps getting out...’ Matt thought to himself.

They headed into the kitchen, where Matt placed Chestnut next to Bruiser on the table where Tiffany was examining the foal.

“Crushed to death. Broken ribs, legs, back, skull fractures, and a crushed pelvis. Looks like a combination of internal bleeding and collapsed lungs. He died fairly quickly, though.”

“Okay, and Chestnut?”

“I can’t tell for sure without an autopsy, but judging from her age she experienced a sudden cardiac death. She’s old, weak heart, if there was a lot of excitement or stress, she could have experienced it.”

“Was it... fast?” Matt asked. He was looking down at Chestnut, the loving and kind mare he’d taken in.

“Probably. She may have experienced some pain, some difficulty breathing, but she would have lost consciousness and then died. She didn’t suffer, Matt.”

“Good. That’s... good.” Matt stroked the dead fluffy. Her fur was ragged and there was a layer of fat. He hadn’t paid enough attention to her, letting her get fat and unhealthy. He’d been too focused on his basement fluffies, and didn’t hadn’t dedicated enough time to the fluffies he’d promised to take care of. What kind of owner was he if he let the fluffies he cared about fall ill or attack each other?

“Hey, this is a step forward, right? You’re going to have less fluffies which means more focus on the ones you care about.”

“Right.” Matt sighed. “Arion, what happened with Bruiser?”

“Ches’nut gu fovevah-sweepies, and den Bwusuw am caww Awion munstah. Bwame Awion an’ sai Awion use magik tu kiww mummah. Awion... Awion get maddies... an... gib babbeh sowwy-hoofsies...”

Arion hung his head as he talked about what happened with Bruiser. It was clear to Matt that Arion felt shame for his actions.

“Hey,” Matt said, gently stroking Arion’s mane. “I’m not mad and you shouldn’t be upset about what happened. He called you a monster and blamed you for Chestnut’s death. It’s not your fault.”

“It am Awion fawt! Awion get maddies an’ huwt babbeh... nu wan huwt babbeh.”

“I know buddy.” Matt said. “You’ve had a long day, and got called a monster. I understand why you got so upset.”

“Daddeh... Awion am bad fwuffy... huwt babbeh.”

“Stop it, you’re not a bad fluffy.” Matt said, firmly. “You’re a great fluffy, the best one I’ve ever met. You lost your temper, but that’s okay. We all get mad sometimes.”

“Daddeh... Awion... am wowwied...”

“Why, Arion?”

“Pwomise nu be maddies?”

“I promise. Tell me why you’re worried, maybe daddy can help?”

“Awion... Awion feww gud wen huwt babbeh. Make Awion feww... nu kno. Stwong...”

Matt grinned, and scratched between Arion’s ears. He cooed and leaned into it, closing his eyes at the nice scratches. It had been so long since he’d just relaxed with Arion, just enjoyed the feeling of just the two of them relaxing.

“Arion, now you know why daddy likes to hurt fluffies. I could never get mad at you for doing what I do.”

“Awion... wike daddeh?”

“That’s right.” Matt said, stroking his back. “You’re a good fluffy, but you don’t have to feel guilty for enjoying what happened... In fact... If you want, you could always... come with daddy and... relieve some stress.”

“Daddeh... wan Awion huwt fwuffies wif daddeh?”

“Only if you want. I would never ask you against your will. Just... give it some thought.”

“O-otay.”

Arion seemed hesitant, but Matt seriously hoped he’d consider the proposal. Arion and him abusing fluffies together... it would be cathartic for the two of them. Maybe he could encourage that.

“Now, give me a moment to check in with Plum and Autumn, okay?”

“Yesh daddeh, bu’ be cawfuw. Babbeks am meanie. Huwt wittew Viowet. Take weggie.”

“I know buddy. You want to go back into the saferoom?”

“Nu... Awmon’ an babbeks am... Awion nu wan make scawdies. C-can Awion stay in wivin’ woom?”

“Sure, I’ll turn on some TV for you.”

Matt took Arion onto the couch, and wrapped him in a blanket, flipping on some cartoons. Arion snuggled into his little blanket nest.

Heading back into the kitchen, Matt saw Tiffany placing Chestnut and Bruiser into the sink, getting them off the island in the kitchen.

“How is he?” She asked, placing Autumn and Plum on the island, wrapping them in a kitchen towel.

“Alright, he’s pretty shaken. I don’t know how all of this is effecting him.”

“He’s a smart guy. The best thing for you is to give him time to process what he’s felt and seen. He’s a fluffy, so even though he’s smarter than most, they’re emotional creatures. He needs the time to understand his emotions.”

“What are you, a fluffy psychologist?” Matt laughed.

“Hey, it’s a required course for all vets!” Tiffany said, nudging him. “So, what are we gonna do with them?”

“I have an idea, but I wanna put them in the basement for now. They’ve proven that they… don’t deserve the saferoom.”

“You sure? We are trying to thin the number of fluffies you have…”

“Yes. I think that… if Arion wants to explore abuse a bit, these two are probably the best thing. These two hurt a foal who couldn’t defend herself. Their sister, nonetheless. I realize that I haven’t been present as often as I should in my saferoom, and this has certainly made me realize I have to be there more, but that’s just… unacceptable.”

“I agree. Let’s take them downstairs and figure this shit out.”

Tiffany grabbed the two off the counter, and carried them to the basement, with Matt quickly in tow.”

“Hey, Chelsea, can you try to calm Almond and the others down? You’re pretty good with them.”

“Oh man I’d love to! I’ll be sure to keep an eye and make sure no one leaves the saferoom this time.” She said, running off to play with the fluffies.

In the basement, Violet had finally woken up, but was still a bit groggy from the surgery.

“Hey girl,” Matt gently said, opening her cage and cradling her while Tiffany placed Plum and Autumn in one of the cages. “How are you doing?”

“Huu… Daddeh… weggie hab bigges’ huwties… nu feww pwetty.”

“I know baby girl.” Matt said, gently placing Violet on the workbench. “I have some… bad news.”

He pulled the blanket down, and revealed the missing leg to Violet. She took a look at the neat little stitch line where her leg had been.

“Nuu! Viowet wose weggie! Huu huu… am dummeh babbeh!” She cried, burying her face in the blanket.

“No! Violet, listen to me; you are not a dummy. It’s not your fault that you got hurt.” He stroked Violet as she cried. “I need you, though, to tell me what happened.”

“Otay daddeh…” Violet said, sniffing. “Sisseh Pwum an’ Awtuwm sai meanie wowds tu Viowet… caww Viowet dummeh. Den… den sisseh’s gwab weggies an’ puww… an’ wen Viowet feew huwties, weggie am gone! Hab wowstest owwies an’ boo-boo juice…”

She was crying again now, large tears falling from her large eyes in a reminiscence of Disney animation. Matt’s heart broke for her, she was so traumatized.

“Hey, hey it’s okay.” He gently began to stroke her back. Her light purple fluff was so soft. He was glad it had been Tiffany to stitch her up, the scar was practically invisible. “Do you want to go back to the saferoom?”

“Nu! Huu huu… meanie sissehs gib Viowet moaw huwties!”

“No, no they won’t.” Matt said. “I’ve taken them out of the saferoom. No one there will hurt you anymore. If you’re not ready to go back, you can stay with Arion?”

“Awion! Bestest bigges’ bwuddah! Awion sabe babbeh…” Violet said, “Can Viowet gu wif Awion?”

“Of course, girl.” Matt scooped Violet up, careful to mind her wound. “Tiffany, can you get the two bullies all set up with a food and water dish?”

“Sure thing, Matt.”

Upstairs, Violet had regained some of her natural spunk. She was sniffing the air and looking around with great interest in the kitchen.

“Mmm... Viowet smeww nummies!”

“Well why don’t I put you with Arion, and then I’ll make some food?”

“Yay! Fank yu daddeh! Viowet am vewwy hungee.”

“Alright girl. Let’s get you in the living room. You can watch TV with Arion.”

Arion was laying on his side on the couch, enjoying the cartoons and the warmth of the blankets. Matt smiled as he saw how Arion had finally seemed to relax.

“Hey Arion, I have a surprise for you!”

“Daddeh! Wat am suwpwise?”

“Hewwo bestest buwdda Awion!”

“Viowet!” Arion bolted straight up, the blankets falling off him and onto the ground. “Babbeh Viowet am otay!?”

“That’s right, Arion. You saved her life. You did a very good thing and protected this little baby.”

Matt placed Violet by Arion’s belly, letting him curl gently around her. Violet immediately buried her head into Arion’s soft navy fluff and closed her eyes, cooing gently. In the warmth and safety of Arion’s fluff she fell asleep quickly.

The way that Arion looked at her, gently licked her fluff, and curled protectively around her, Matt knew he’d make a good father.

“Arion, you saved Violet. You know that, right?”

“Yesh, daddeh.” Arion said, staring at Violet.

“I have Plum and Autumn downstairs; they ripped her leg off.”

“Awion knu...”

“And I have taken them out of your saferoom, so you won’t have to see them again.”

“Daddeh?”

“Yes, Arion?”

“Wat... wat am happen tu Pwum an’ Awutwm?”

“Well... I was going to leave that up to you. I was wondering if... you wanted to... hurt... them?”

“D-daddeh wan Awion tu gib huwties tu bad babbehs?” Arion asked.

“I- yes. I mean, only if you want to.” Matt stuttered a bit. “You said... you liked it when you hurt Bruiser. I wanted to know... well if you wanted to try it again, if you wanted to feel that again... you can.”

Arion didn’t reply. He was staring down at Violet, smiling gently as the foal breathed gently.

“Awion wuv babbehs. Make Awion hab bestest heawt-happehs. Nu can wait tu be daddeh... But Awion neba knu dat babbehs am su... bweak-easy. Awion neba feww stwong o’ big. Wen huwt babbeh, Awion feew su big. Stwong. Dat... scawe Awion: wat if wen hab babbehs, wan gib huwties?”

“I understand what you mean; I used to wonder the same thing. How could I have you and Almond if I want to hurt fluffies. But there’s a difference between you and fluffies I hurt.”

“Buh daddeh sai gib huwties tu gud fwuffies tu. Wat am diffewent?”

“I choose who I hurt. I made a choice, a long time ago, that I wouldn’t hurt you. Same with Almond. You have the same ability to choose.”

“Awion... chuse?”

“That’s right. So think about it. You don’t have to make a choice now. But I have Plum and Autumn in the basement, and if you wan-“

“Yesh.”

Matt was taken back by the sudden response.

“What?”

“Awion wan gib huwties tu meanie babbehs. Wan... huwt.” He was talking quietly, looking at Matt intensely. “Daddeh? Onwy pwomise Awion one ting.”

“Anything, bud.”

“Awmon’ an’ Viowet nevah kno.”

\* \* \*

Arion was standing on the workbench, clearly still uncomfortable with the basement. Matt had carefully given Violet back to Almond, who had been ecstatic to see the little lavender foal was still alive. Asher and Cashew were also excited.

Arion kneaded the floor under his front hooves anxiously.

“You okay?”

“Yesh.”

“You don’t have to do this if you don’t want to, Arion.” Matt said, opening the cage that held Plum and Autumn. “I’ll still love you if you don’t want to.”

“Awion kno. Buh... Awion hab choice. Awion neba hab choice... wan’ twy.”

“Alright. Let’s try... this one.” Matt grabbed Autumn. She peeped in distress, wiggling desperately in Matt’s grip.

“Nu huwt babbeh! Am gud babbeh! Wet babbeh gu!” She squealed, kicking the air.

“Here you go, Arion.” Matt roughly plopped Autumn on the workbench, and leaned back. He wanted to see what Arion would do.

“Munstah! Meanie munstah Awion! Huu! Daddeh, hewp babbeh!”

“Daddeh nu sabe babbeh,” Arion said, dangerous and quiet. “Nu one come sabe babbeh nao.”

“Yu am dummeh munstah! Nu huwt babbeh munstah!”

“Wai yu caww Awion munstah if yu no wan’ huwties? Dat am meanie wowsd...”

“Yu kiww bwudda Bwusuw!” Autumn cried, “Yu AM munstah!”

Arion paused for a moment, and Matt was afraid that he’d lost his nerve.

“Dat am twue.” Arion said, face turned away from Autumn. “An nao Awion wiww kiww yu.”

He smiled at her, eyes wide and pupils dilated. Fluffies were mostly herbivores but had an opportunistic omnivorous behavior. If Matt had never seen a fluffy before, seeing Arion now would have convinced him they were carnivorous hunters. The wide eyes, the bared teeth, the raised hair on his scruff.

“NU! NU HUWT BABBEH! HUUU DADDEH! HEWP!”

Autumn looked at Matt with big, tearful eyes. They ran down her cheeks, and stained her sunshine yellow fluff.

“No.”

Arion lunged, pinning Autumn down on the workbench so her chest and stomach were forced flat to the surface, her legs all splayed outward.

“Awion see wat babbeh du tu Viowet weggies.” Arion said, pressing harder on Autumn’s back. She coughed and began to cry harder as the pressure increased.

“Babbeh sowwy! Sowwy! Nu mean take weggie!”

“Dat am oday. Awion unda’san.” He said, his voice soothing and calm again.

“Awion... unda’san?”

“Das wite! Babbeh take weggie, su dat mus’ mean... babbeh nu wan weggies eithuh.”

It took Autumn a few moments to process this, but when she did, she produced the loudest scream Matt had ever heard a fluffy make.

“NU TAKE WEGGIES!”

“Dat am funneh. Did Viowet sai same ting?” Arion snorted, and pressed harder on Autumn’s back, earning a peep of distress and forcing Autumn to be quiet by crushing the air from her lungs.

Arion felt the weak resistance of Autumn’s little body against his hoofsie. He had felt boiling rage when he killed Bruiser, and hadn’t really appreciated the weakness of a foal’s body.

He reached down with his mouth, gripping her front leg between his teeth. He bit down a little harder than he’d intended, and felt her lower leg bone break in his mouth.

“SCREEE!” Autumn screamed, trying to pull her leg out of his mouth. “WEGGIE HUWTIES! WEGGIE HUWTIES!”

Arion’s heart was pounding. He felt so strange: half of him wanted to comfort the baby, to let her go and apologize. Her pain was causing all his paternal instincts to fire. The other half, however, loved this. Some deep dark secret part of his being was drinking her pain like water. The tears in her eyes, the sharp screams of pain, the trembling and the fear; it was amazing.

There was something so strange about inflicting suffering. He'd never truly experienced it. His whole life he ran from things bigger and stronger than him; raccoons, humans, cats, other fluffies. He knew the feelings going through Autumn's head, he knew the suffering she was experiencing as she was harmed, understood it to its core.

Autumn was squirming as much as she could, flailing her legs uselessly. She tried desperately to pull her leg back, but Arion had retracted far enough that she couldn't even begin to get leverage. As he pulled, her shoulder began to ache, the sharp pain of her broken leg mixing with the dull ache of her shoulder joint.

"WET GU! WE GU OB BABBEH WEGGIE!"

Arion took a deep breath. He could smell her fear.

There was a small pop as Autumn's shoulder finally dislocated, and she started to hyperventilate from pain. Arion let of her leg, watching it flop uselessly to the table.

"Wai weggy nu wowk!" She said, trying to move the dislocated leg.

"Meanie dummeh babbeh nu desewe weggye." Arion said, grabbing the other leg in his mouth and giving it the same treatment, though this time he was careful not to break the shin bone.

She screamed as her other leg was fully dislocated. She was unable to move either of her forelegs much, and every twitch and jolt caused her excruciating pain.

"Huu huu... wai weggies gib owwies!?"

"Nao babbeh can go... if babbeh can get 'way." Arion said, taking his hoof of her back.

Autumn immediately tried to get away, wiggling desperately. Without the use of her front legs, she was forced to push herself forward with her hind legs. The strange angle of her torso pressing downwards put pressure on her shoulders, causing her to peep and cry in pain.

"Huu nu can move! Awtuwm nu can get 'way!" She cried.

"Oh dat am sad." Arion said, slowly circling around her. He felt powerful, dangerous, scary. The way she looked at him and hid her eyes, how she cried when she spotted him smiling.

He never wanted to be a monster, all he wanted was to love and be loved. Fluffies like Almond and Chestnut had accepted and loved him, show him the friendship he'd always wanted. Some fluffies, however, couldn't see him for anything but a monster.

If that's how they saw him despite trying so hard to show them he was different, then he would show them just how much of a monster he could be.

Arion stepped on one of Autumn's splayed back legs, pinning it at a strange angle with the inside of her thigh pressed flat to the table.

"Nu! Nu huwt otah weggies!"

"Buh babbeh sai nu can move? Den babbeh nu nee' weggies." Arion said.

"NU! NU TAKE OTHA WEGGIES!"

"Stoopi babbeh, Awion nu take any weggies yet." He said, applying a bit more pressure to the leg he'd pinned.

"Owwies! Too hawd! Pwease nu!"

Arion pressed harder. The begging, the way she pleaded for her legs. He remembered pleading for his life in the alley, he remembered pleading for his mother to love him. How nice to not be the one begging this time.



Leaning heavily into his front leg, he felt and heard a very satisfying crack as Autumn's leg broke.

"SCREEEE! WEGGIE! WEGGIE AM BWOKE!"

Arion giggled. Autumn looked ridiculous. She couldn't really move her front legs at all, and now she couldn't move her back right leg. The left one was kicking wildly, flailing about as Autumn tried desperately to do anything.

"Wai weggie nu wet babbeh gu! Hewp babbeh weggie! Pwease hewp babbeh get 'way!"

Arion snorted.

"Dummeh babbeh, weggie nu can hewp. Weggie am yu weggie. Nu am awive."

"WEGGIE! WUN! GET 'WAY!" She was no longer interested in listening to Arion, deafened by her own pain and fear.

That wasn't fun.

Arion gripped the last leg in his mouth, making sure to grip it between his teeth as high up as he could. Her leg was kicking in his mouth, but they were weak, pathetic kicks. Arion smiled to himself as he pressed his teeth into her flesh, feeling her peep in recognition.

"Nu! NU PWEASE! NU GIB WEGGIE BITEY-HUWTIES! PWEASE BIGGES' BWUDDAH AWION!" She screamed between choking sobs. "BABBEH PWOMISE BE GUD! NU TAKE WASTEST WEGGIE! NU AM BAD BABBEH NU MOAW!"

Rage boiled in Arion's belly again. First it was stupid ugly dummy tricky monster fluffy, and now it was biggest brother Arion.

Hit bit down hard, his teeth easily cutting right through her muscle and bone. It surprised him, actually, how easy it was. Blood filled his mouth and dribbled down his face fluff. The sharp metallic taste surprised him.

He dropped the leg in front of Autumn, who was sobbing at the new pain, eyes shut and snot running from her snout.

That changed when she dared to peek and saw the yellow leg before her.

"W-ah... wah am dat?" She managed to choke out as she stared at the limb.

"Awion gib hint." He said, grinning ear to ear. He couldn't see himself, but his teeth and mouth were drenched in blood, his chin wet and dark from it. He looked horrifying. "It am weggie fwom ugwe, dummeh, stoopi fwuffy."

Slowly, Autumn turned to look at her hind legs, and saw a bloody wound where her last leg had been.

"SCREEEEEE!" She wailed, and it was so loud that even Matt winced. "WEGGIE! YU TAKE WEGGIE! AM WOWSTEST MUNSTAH! NU WAN BE DUMMEH WEGGIE BABBEH! HATCHU! HATCHU HATCHU!"

"Nu cawe." Arion said, taking her distracted moment to stomp hard on the front leg he hadn't broken. He felt the crunch as he broke her shin.

Autumn began to cry again, the shock of more pain starting to weaken her on top of the loss of blood.

Her back leg was bleeding quite heavily, and Autumn was starting to fade. Arion looked as her eyes began to become unfocused, her head starting to loll.

"Daddeh, babbeh am goin' fowevah-sweepies." Arion said.

"Do you want her to?" Matt asked.

Matt had been very intensely watching Arion hurt Autumn. The sudden change from this kind, loving, sweet fluffy into the malicious and dangerous fiend. It was like some deep dark demon had been released from inside Arion. All the years of being hurt, neglected, unloved were finally being revenged, and it was beautiful.

“Nu. Nu wan babbeh tu go fowevah-sweepies... yet.”

Matt smiled. He stood, picking the fading foal up from the workbench and taking her to the sink. She was still bleeding, but thankfully fluffies ability to quickly clot was probably the only thing keeping her alive right now.

He ran hot water over her back, cleaning the bloodstains from her fluff and flushing the wound. Autumn peeped and wiggled as the water stung the wound. Taking some gauze and some insta-heal gel from Tiffany’s bag, he quickly dried Autumn and smeared a dollop of the wound sealant on the ripped leg and wrapped it in gauze.

The wound was really bad: ripped flesh and splintered bones because of how her leg was just torn off. There was no doubt in his mind that it would become infected. That really didn’t matter, though, since she wouldn’t be living much longer anyway.

He examined her broken legs, feeling the clean break of the two front legs, and the totally shattered back leg. He didn’t know how to set bones, so he wasn’t going to bother.

Heading back to the cages, Matt placed Autumn in the same cage as Plum, who had pressed herself as far back as she could into the far corner of the cage. Her eyes were wide and scared. She trembled as large tears fell from her eyes.

“Here’s your sister back. Be gentle, she’s got some serious owwies.” Matt said, smiling. He placed Autumn as gently as he could on the small towel in the cage. There was a food and water bowl, and they were both filled. He didn’t care where they shit.

“How are you feeling, Arion?” He said, turning back to his fluffy.

Arion was staring intently at the bloodstain on the workbench, unmoving.

“Awion... did dat.”

“Hey, you okay buddy?” Matt gently stroked his back. Arion didn’t flinch, but he didn’t react at all.

“Awion am... nu kno. Feww stwange...”

“Kinda... empty?” Matt said. “Like you had all this energy and now it’s just gone?”

Arion looked up with his big, blue eyes. “Yesh. Awion am... sweepy.”

“Well... you’re a little bit of a mess. Why don’t we have a nice bath before you go back to the safe room?”

“Dat am gud idea!” Arion said, standing up slowly and shaking himself like a dog. “Awion feww nu-pwetty.”

Matt laughed, and carried Arion upstairs, shutting the lights and the door to the basement in his wake. He never got tired of hearing the basement fluffies shout “nu wike dawokies!” as he did.

He was extra careful as he carried Arion to the bathroom that he avoided the saferoom door. Fluffies had a pretty keen sense of smell, and the last thing he wanted was for Almond to smell blood mixed with Arion. He made a promise, after all, that she would never know.

In the bathroom, Matt made sure the water was warm but not too hot. He still had quite a bit of “Fwuffy Smeww Pwetty” soap which was good since some of the blood had already dried.

Arion was exceptionally well-behaved, humming to himself and closing his eyes when Matt told him to do so, allowing Matt to soak and comb Arion’s fluff.

“Wawm wa-wa feww su nice...” Arion murmured; eyes closed in bliss. “Am stiww a wittew scawy, bu’ daddeh make Awion feww safe.”

“I’m glad to her it, Arion.” Matt said, pleased to see the water flowing clear. He lathered in a generous helping of the fluffy shampoo, grinning as Arion opened his eyes and happily started to play with and pop the bubbles.

“Su pwetty! Wat am dese!” He said, gently poking one with his hoof and laughing as it popped.

“They’re bubbles. They’re made with soap.”

“Awion wuv bubbwes!”

“Alright bud, eyes closed.”

It had been quite some time since they bonded like this, alone and enjoying each other. Now that the basement fluffies were gone, Matt needed to dedicate some time to his personal fluffies. They needed him, both for emotional support and supervision.

Clean, Matt lifted Arion out of the tub and onto a towel, giving him a quick rub down to get some of the water off before gently combing his hair and using a blow dryer to dry him off.

Arion was a little extra poofy now, but he looked and smelled great.

“Alright, ready to see Almond?”

“Yesh!”

Almond was curled around her tiny herd. Licorice, Asher, Cashew, and Violet. She had been so happy to see Violet again, though it had broken her heart to see how hurt the little baby was. She was happy that Violet was alive, though.

“Aww am gud babbeks. Awmon wuv aww yu gud babbeks.” She whispered to them. She saw herself as their mummah, protecting them as best she could.

She tried not to think too hard about Chestnut. It had been so scary to watch her die. She’d never seen death, even though she knew what it was.

Lost in her thoughts, she didn’t notice the saferoom door open. Her nose, however, twitched as she smelled something wonderful.

“H-hewwo Awmon.” Arion said, head bowed in a submissive stance.

“Awion!?” She said. Carefully, she extracted herself from the fluff-pile, careful to not wake the babies.

“Hewwo. Am... am sowwy fo’ gib scawdies an’ heawt-huwties.” Arion said.

“Dat... dat am otay. Awmon’ undastan’ wai Awion gib babbeh sowwy-hoofsies. Nu wike. Dat am bad ting, but... am happeh dat Awion am otay.”

“Hey Almond, how are you?”

“Daddeh!” She ran over to Matt, immediately prancing up against his leg in an upsie pose. Matt lifted her, giving her a nice tight hug. Almond cooed and buried her face into his neck, sighing as she relaxed into his hug. “Fank yu daddeh... Awmon’ nee’ dat.”

“I bet.” Matt said, laughing. He placed Almond down next to Arion, and grinned as he immediately saw her nostrils flare.

“Awion... yu smeww... vewwy pwetty...”

“Fank yu.” Arion said, a little shy.

Almond circled him, sniffing intensely as she went. Matt grinned as he watched her. It was clear what would happen if he left them alone.

“I’m glad you two are okay and acquainted with each other, but there’s one last thing we need to do.”

It was already nearly sundown. Long shadows were cast across the yard from the trees in the neighbor’s yard.

“You ready Matt?” Tiffany asked. In her hands was a small box.

Matt put his shovel down and examined the little hole he’d made. Deep enough that nocturnal scavengers wouldn’t get to the body.

“Yeah, I think so.” Beside her, Chelsea was comforting Almond and Chestnut’s foals. They were crying. Arion was leaning against Almond, gently licking at her ears to console her.

Tiffany knelt down, and placed the box in the grave. Inside, Chestnut and Bruiser laid together. Chestnut wrapped around the crushed remains of Bruiser’s body.

“So, before we bury Chestnut... you guys want to say any words?” Matt asked.

“Wat... wat am we say, daddeh?” Almond asked, looking at the box.

“Anything you want to tell Chestnut. She, uh, forever-sleeps here in the ground now, and sometimes humans like to... talk to people who are forever-sleeping when they’re upset or lonely.”

“Otay. Can... Awmon’ tawk?”

“Yes.”

She gently approached the box, rocking on her hooves a bit in discomfort. She looked back at Arion, who nodded encouragement at her.

“Mummah... fank yu’ fo’ be a gud mummah tu Awmon’. Always gib wots of wuv an’ tawk tu Awmon’. Yu teach Awmon how be gud mummah, an’ how be bestest fwuffy fo’ daddeh. Awmon’ miss yu wots, an’ sowwy dat nu couwd pwotect wittew babbeh. Mummah am bestest, best mummah evah. Awmon’ wuv yu wots. Hab gud fowevah-sweepy picha.”

She was crying, but not in sobs. Gently, tears fell from her eyes and she gently walked back, nuzzling into Arion’s fluff as she cried more.

“That was lovely, Almond.” Tiffany said, bending down to stroke her mane.

“Can... Awion say wowds?”

“Of course, buddy.”

Arion gently licked Almond’s cheek, and it was her turn to nod encouragingly to prompt him to talk.

“Ches’nut. Fank yu fow be su nicey tu Awion. Onwy fwuffy dat evah tweek Awion gud. Nevah caww munstah ow’ be meanie. Gib Awion bigges’ heawt-happies. Am... am su sowwy fo’ huwt wittew babbeh. Nu wan gib babbeh fowevah-sweepies. Yu am gud mummah, an always gud fwuffy. Awion pwomise be bestest tu Awmon’ an pwotec’ an hewp Awmon’. Sweep nicey, Ches’nut.”

Matt smiled. It was genuinely moving. Arion leaned back over to Almond, who licked his cheek and leaned into him.

“Dat am vewy pwetty wowds, Awion. Fank yu.” Almond said softly.

“Do you guys want to say anything?” Matt asked Asher and Cashew. They were holding each other and crying.

“Wuv mummah... am aways wuv mummah...” Asher said, while Cashew just cried. They were still a little young for the full emotional understanding of death, Matt thought.

“Daddeh? Yu hab nicey wowds fo’ mummah?” Almond asked, looking up at Matt.

“Uh...” Matt hesitated, but off Tiffany’s pointed look, decided it was a good idea. “Sure.”

Stepping forward, he knelt down.

“Chestnut, you were a great fluffy, and an excellent mother. I’m sorry that I didn’t pay enough attention to you, and couldn’t help you raise your foals. It’s my fault that Brick went bad, that Violet got hurt, and that Bruiser died. I promise that I’ll be more involved with Almond and her babies, when she has them.

“You really opened my eyes that I need to be present. I’m sorry you died, but I hope I made the end of your life more comfortable. Thanks for being a great fluffy. I’ll miss you.”

Matt sighed. It was true, he’d miss Chestnut. She was just so genuinely sweet, just like a kind little old lady.

“That was sweet, Matt.” Tiffany said. She was holding Chelsea’s hand. Chelsea, for her part, was openly crying.

“It’s time to bury her.” Matt said, picking up the shovel.

They were all quiet as he scooped dirt back into the hole, patting it down as he went to ensure that the grave wasn’t going to be disturbed.

When it was filled in, He placed a large stone at the head of the grave, marking it. Finished, he stepped back, kneeling down to hug and scratch Almond and Arion.

He scooped Asher and Cashew up, both were still crying and holding each other.

“I think it’s time to head in.”

Almond was sitting in the middle of the saferoom, looking out the window.

It was the middle of dark-time, but she couldn’t sleep.

“Am Awmon’ otay?”

She turned around to see Arion, blinking sleep from his eyes.

“Yesh, am otay. Jus’ tinkie ‘bout mummah.”

“Aw su sowwy. Am gon’ miss Ches’nut...”

“Awion, yu kno yu mummah?” Almond asked.

“Yesh...” Arion walked up to her, smiling as she nuzzled her head into his neck, leaning into him. “Mummah nu wuv Awion, tho. Tink Awion am munstah, wan gib babbeh Awion fowevah-sweepies.”

“Dat am sad!” Almond said. “Mummah shud wuv aww babbehs...”

“Yesh, bu’ daddeh sabe Awion. If mummah wuv Awion, den wouwd nevah meet daddeh. Dat wouwd be saddies.”

“Dat... dat am twue. Awion am smawt.”

“Nu.” Arion said, “Awion am ‘intewwegent.’ Dat wat daddeh say.”

“Den Awion intewwegent.” Almond said, smiling. “Yu be gud daddeh.”

“Awmon’ stiw wan’ be... Awion’s spechuw-fwiend?”

“Yesh. Awion wiww be bestest daddeh. Yu am bestest fwiend, wan be speshuw-fwiend.”

Arion was so happy. He was sure that Almond would have rethought being his special-friend when she saw him kill Bruiser. She still loved him.

“Awion... Awion smeww su pwetty. Awion... wan speshuw-huggies?” Almond asked.

She curled around him, standing up and gently walking around him. In the beams of moonlight, her brown fur sparkled like bronze. Her big brown eyes were mesmerizing. Arion stared at her; his mouth dry. He felt a very familiar stirring in his loins.

He wanted to have special-huggies with Almond right now. Here she was, so pretty in the moonlight. But...

“Yesh! Awion wan be speshuw-fwiend and gib speshuw-huggies! Buh... nee’ ask daddeh fiwst! Nu can hab babbehs wifout daddeh say otay.”

Almond’s ears and tail fell a bit, but she perked up when Arion gently nuzzled her.

“Otay, wiww ask daddeh nex’ bwight-time?”

“Yesh. Nao... Awmon’ sweep wif Awion?”

“Yesh.”

\* \* \*

Matt had slept very well. Tiffany and Chelsea had left late after the funeral, and had enjoyed each other’s company over a few glasses of wine.

It had been great – Matt hadn’t really hung out with friends in a long time and he and Tiffany had quickly become friends. He found her stories of stupid owners and difficult medical situations fascinating and she thoroughly enjoyed his stories about idiot users breaking their PCs.

He took a long sip from his coffee, leaning against his counter and looking out into the yard. The sunrise cast shadows over it, and he stared at the little gravestone that marked Chestnut’s resting spot.

It still made him sad to remember the sad and lost little fluffy he’d rescued from the alley. He knew that he’d given her a much better and a much longer life than she or Almond would have had in the alley. Matt just hoped it had been a good life, too.

He walked to the saferoom, and gently cracked the door open, sneaking a peak inside. He saw Licorice, Asher, and Cashew all curled up together in Almond’s nest. Almond and Arion, however, were together in Arion’s little plush cove.

Matt grinned. They were so cute all wrapped up together, with Arion laying on his side and Almond’s face buried into his chest. The saferoom was warm, and fluffies loved being warm.

Any day now, he fully expected to hear that Almond and Arion had special-huggies. He was okay with it, especially now that there were far fewer fluffies in the house. Tiffany had told him that she would help him home Asher and Cashew, it was better for them to live somewhere else, away from Arion who they so clearly feared.

He knew Almond would be upset about losing Asher and Cashew, but hoped that letting her have her own babies would help ease that pain. Licorice could stay: the little mute fluffy was so strange, but Almond and her got along so well.

Closing the door behind him, it was time to head downstairs.

Turning the lights on, the first thing he heard was confused peeps of “bwight-tiem?” and the intermittent cries of Autumn.

He visited her cage first, looking in to see her and Plum huddled together, sleeping peacefully. Their face fluff was matted and stained with tears and they shivered as they slept, the cold of the basement clearly getting to them.

Autumn’s legs looked awful. They were swollen around each break, and the fluff had been parted by the swelling to reveal purple bruised flesh. They were also clearly healing incorrectly, her legs bent strangely as she slept with them splayed out, unable to lay on her side from the pain of the hip bone or adjust much from her dislocated from legs.

Matt grinned. He planned to keep them alive for as long as he could, to see if Arion would be interested in torturing them again, or if it had been a one-off. Matt didn’t care either way: Asher and Cashew would find a lovely home that Tiffany personally vetted, these two had tried to kill their sister.

Next, it was time to check on the canned foals. Permacan, the little filly who he still hadn’t named, was growing in size, though gradually. She was awake, unlike the others, and immediately perked up upon seeing Matt.

“Daddeh!” The grey filly said, looking up at him with large silver eyes.

“Hello little one, how are you?”

“Babbeh am sweepy daddeh... nu sweep gud...” She weakly stood up, her little legs were underdeveloped from the lack of movement. “Nosie huwties, an poopie-pwace huwties...”

“Aw I’m sorry baby,” Matt said, stifling a grin.

“Daddeh... how time tiww no-moaw-wittew howsie?”

“I don’t know. But daddy is trying very hard to figure out how to open the tube. It’s reeeecally hard!” Matt laid the childish worry on as hard as he could.

“Dat am otay... fank yu’ fo’ twy su hawd, daddeh.” The filly said. She was so dejected, Matt wondered how long it would take for her to fall into despair.

Next was his little sous vide foal. The bald foal was visibly sweating now, the burrito of electric blankets had slowly begun to become uncomfortable within the first hour. Foals couldn’t regulate their own heat well, so they relied on fluffpiles and their parent’s heat for warmth, and naturally lost a great deal of heat to cool down.

“D-daddeh... pweaes... buwny... am buwny... babbeh am tu hawt! Nee’ wawa!” Chrome coughed out. His tongue was dry, and his nose was cracked and bleeding. His little hoof-pads were also starting to crack, and Matt could see red raw skin exposed from in between the fissures in the brown pads.

The water bowl was totally empty, having been drained as soon as Chrome began to overheat. Matt grinned.

“Oh no! Are you okay buddy?” Matt said, quickly pulling the foal from the blanket and turning it off. He placed Chrome in the sink basin, and immediately turned the faucet on, soaking the hairless foal in ice cold water.

“SCREE! COWD! COWD! Huuhuu!” Chrome began to cry as soon as the cold water registered on his dry skin. “PWEASE D-DADDEH S-STAHF C-C-COWD!”

Matt grabbed Chrome, taking him out of the water and placing him on a towel to dry him off.

“I’m sorry Chrome! You said you were hot!” Matt said. As the foal dried off, Matt took the electric blanket out of the cage. It was caked in shit and piss, and Matt threw it away, replacing it with another one that he wrapped Chrome in.

The foal was still crying, but being tightly wrapped in a soft blanket was instinctually comforting. That is, until he felt the overwhelming heat of the electric blanket, as Matt put him in it again.

“Nu! Nu wan buwny-huwties ‘gain!” He peeped, wiggling in his plushy prison.

“I’m confused,” Matt said. “You were too hot, so I cooled you off, and now you’re cold so you should be warm! What am I supposed to do?”

All the excitement had woken Keylime, who yawned and trotted over to his brother.

“Am bwudduh otay?” He asked.

“I don’t know Keylime, your brother won’t tell me what he wants.” Matt sighed dramatically. “It’s giving me lots of heart-hurties.”

“Nu! Nu hab heawt-huwites daddeh! Bwuddah, wat am wong?” Keylime said, trotting over.

“Huu huu! Cwome am tu hawt! Bwankie am tu hawt, gib buwny-huwties an bweathie-huwites! Den, cowl wawa gib babbeh cowdies! Nu wan be cowl o’ hawt!”

“Cwome... nu wan be cowl o’ hawt?” Keylime said, tilting his head. “Buh bwankie am wawmies. Nu am hawt!”

Keylime, able to escape the heat of the blanket, didn’t realize that Chrome was roasting inside the blanket.

“I don’t know how to help him...”

“Maybeh... jus gib wittew wawmies?” Keylime asked delicately.

“This is the only way to be in the blanket, or it won’t work. It’s either this, or no warm blanket. And then he’ll be cold. Do you want to be cold, or have the blanket?” Matt asked Chrome, leaning down to him.

“Nu... wan... be cowl...” Chrome said. “An... bwankie feew nicey nao... maybeh bwankie be fwiend nao?”

“That’s the spirit!” Matt said. He was sure the constant heat would eventually damage the foal permanently. “And here, let me make sure you’re getting enough water.”

He attached a sipper water bottle, the kind for rodents, to the side of the cage and made sure that Chrome could reach it.

“Fank yu fo’ wawa finky daddeh.” Chrome said softly, taking a big drink and coughing as the water stung his dry mouth. “Cwome am sowwy fo’ bad poopies an’ pee-pees.”

“It’s okay buddy. The blanket will take care of it though.” Matt grinned, subtly turning the heat up on the blanket. Chrome could drink all the water he wanted; the heat would roast him anyway.

“It am otay bwuddah! Keywime pway hidey-game wif Cwome!” Keylime said as Matt closed the cage door, draping the blanket back over the door, obscuring the rest of the basement from view.

Keylime was a good, kind fluffy. Matt wanted to break him last. That would be fun.

He turned the lights off from the basement, and headed back upstairs. The sun had risen in full now, and Matt decided it was time to wake the fluffies.

He opened the saferoom door and was surprised to find Arion and Almond already up and quietly talking, staring out the windows.

“Gud bwight-time daddeh.” Arion said softly, stretching and yawning.



“Morning Arion, Morning Almond.” Matt said.

“Shh daddeh,” Almond said, gently tapping at his shin with her hoof. “Babbehs am stiww sweepin’. Nu wan wakies.”

“Oh, I’m sorry girl. Do you two want to come out to the kitchen for some breakfast?”

“Yesh!” Arion said, playfully bumping into Almond as he ran up to greet Matt. She giggled and shushed him.

He opened up the baby gate for them, and gently closed the saferoom door behind them. He trusted Asher and Cashew not to hurt Licorice, but at Tiffany’s suggestion he’d patched the cameras in the saferoom to his cell, and periodically checked it.

He poured water in some bowls for the fluffies, who happily slurped it up while Matt prepared some oats for them.

“How did you two sleep?”

“Sweepy-time vewy gud daddeh!” Arion said, smiling at Almond. “Sweep in fwuff-piwe wif Awmon’.”

“That’s cute! I’m glad you slept well, because I wanted to talk to you about something.” Matt said. He placed the finished bowls of oats down in front of Arion and Almond. “First though, have some breakfast.”

The fluffies ate quickly and quietly. Matt grinned, watching as Arion dug in. It seemed so long ago when he’d found a scared, wary, and ill fluffy in an alleyway. Arion looked nothing like that weak creature from all those months ago. His navy coat was thick and shiny, and when Matt touched it, it was soft like cashmere. His lavender mane was similarly thick and luxurious. Matt almost couldn’t remember the raw, flea-bitten skin; his cracked, dehydrated lips and hooves; or the weak tremors that plagued Arion when he was younger.

Almond also had grown nicely. She was a resilient little girl, and from how Arion had told him about her little speech after he’d crushed Bruiser, he’d been impressed how clever she was. He’d met stupid fluffies, and even Tiffany was surprised at how well-adjusted and thoughtful they were: in her own words, he was ‘stupidly lucky with fluffies.’

“Aww done, daddeh!” Arion said.

“Awmon’ am finish’ numming tu!” Almond said, popping her head up. She had crumbs all over her face.

Matt laughed, and wiped her face down before lifting them both up, one in each arm. He plopped them down on the couch before sitting next to them.

“Do you remember what I told you two about having babies of your own?”

“Yesh!” Almond said, “Daddeh say dat haf tu wait fo’ babbehs be big, den fo’ Awmon’ be big!”

“That’s right.” Matt said, smiling as he gently stroked her back. “Now, there’s something I have to tell you both: Asher and Cashew are going to live somewhere else. The… incident with Bruiser and Chestnut seems to really have spooked them and I think they’d be happier somewhere else.”

Arion lowered his head and flattened his ears. “Aw sowwy daddeh… Awion’s fawt fo’ gib babbeh scawies. Pwease nu send babbehs away!”

“Arion,” Matt said, patting his head, “It’s okay buddy. I promise I’m going to find them really good homes where they’ll grow up big and strong.”

“Daddeh pwomis’ babbehs get gud housies an daddehs?” Almond asked. She had really imprinted on the foals, and while Matt knew she’d be sad to see them go, hopefully having babies of her own would help her get over that.

“I promise.” Matt said. “I know you care about them, but they need to live somewhere they feel safe.”

“Awmon’ unda’stan... wan babbeh Ashuh an’ Cashoo tu be happies.”

“That’s a good girl.” He gently stroked her back.

“Daddeh... weve babbehs gu wive?” Arion asked.

“Well, Tiffany knows good people that want to raise babies and treat them well. She’s going to help me find someone who can take them and will give them a nice house and lots of love.”

“Dat am gud.” Arion said. He looked over at Almond. She looked quite sad. Arion tip-toed over Matt’s legs and wrapped her up in a big hug. “Awmon’ was vewwy gud mummah. Babbehs nee’ get own hoomin mummah an’ daddeh.”

“Awmon’ knu... jus’ am saddies...”

“Well, I have some good news that will hopefully make you feel a little better.” Matt said, grinning at the fluffies. “If you want... you two can have babies.”

Almond didn’t react at first: just looking at Matt with a sort of dead-pan expression. Arion, however, was grinning.

“DADDEH WET AWMON’ HAB BABBEHS!?” She screamed, immediately prancing up and excitedly wiggling. “WEAWWY DADDEH!? AWMON’ CAN BE MUMMAH!? HAB BABBEHS!”

“Yes! Yes girl!” Matt said, laughing. Almond buried her head into his chest and hugged him as tightly as her little legs could.

“Fank yu daddeh! Fank yu! Awmon’ pwomise be bestest mummah: teeche aww babbehs tu use nicey wowds, use witta-boxie, fowwow wuwes an... an’...” Her little face fell, and Matt felt her hug loosen. “An’ teeche nu huwt otha’ babbehs...”

“Oh Almond,” Matt scooped her up, leaning back into the couch while cradling her. “What happened with Brick and Bruiser isn’t your fault. I know you’re going to be a good mom, and Arion and I will also be there to help you.”

“Dat am wite!” Arion said. “Awion pwomise be bestest spechuw-fwiend, hewp Awmon’ teeche babbehs aww how be gud babbehs.”

“See? It’ll be great.”

Almond cooed and smiled. Matt eventually placed the two of them on the couch, putting on some cartoons. Arion had a great bit of fun explaining that the cartoons weren’t real, so Almond didn’t need to be upset when Wile E. Coyote exploded.

Matt hadn’t told them they couldn’t have ‘special-huggies’ quite yet, he still needed time to get Asher and Cashew out of the house. Tiffany was coming over in a few days after she’d found someone who wanted two foals: he’d been pretty clear he didn’t want to separate them.

Heading back into the saferoom, he saw that all the foals were still asleep. He smiled down at Licorice. She was curled very delicately against Asher and Cashew.

He leaned over, and gently stroked her back. She wiggled a bit before opening her eyes.

“Hey there Licorice,” Matt whispered. “Do you mind if I take Asher and Cashew? I have to talk to them.”

Licorice nodded gently, smiling up at Matt. She gently nudged the two foals awake. They peeped small yawns and blinked their eyes, getting accustomed to the light of day.

“Daddeh? Am bwight-time?” Asher asked, stretching his front limbs.

“Yeah that’s right. How did you two sleep.”

“Mmm... Cashoo hab bad sweepy-pichas...” Cashew said, rubbing his eyes with his hooves. “Sweepy-picha wif mummah an’ bwuddah...”

“Aw buddy I’m sorry.” Matt lifted the two foals, gently setting them down in his lap as he sat on the floor. “I wanted to talk to you two about something.”

Matt chewed his lip as he watched them. They stared up at him, waiting for his response.

“I... What I’m about to say is scary, and may make you upset, but I want you to know that I think it’s what’s best for you both, okay?”

“Otay daddeh...” Asher said.

“I think it’s better if you... don’t live here anymore.”

Cashew immediately started crying, sobbing into Asher’s fluff as he desperately hugged his brother.

“Daddeh nu wuv babbehs nu moaw?” Asher said. “Babbehs du sumthin’ wong? Am sowwy daddeh, babbehs nu kno wat babbehs du, bu’ nu du ‘gain...”

“No no! Don’t worry, you aren’t bad fluffies at all. You’re very good fluffies, in fact.”

“Den- den wai daddeh send babbehs away!” Cashew said, in between sobs.

“Well, I think living here is stressing you two out. Arion is my fluffy, and I know you’re both afraid of him because of what happened with Bruiser and your mommy.”

“Awion am scawwy...” Asher admitted, his ears flat against his skull. “Gib Bwusuh bigges’ stompies... Buh babbehs be bwave if can stay wif daddeh!”

“No guys, listen.” Matt said, gently stroking the foal’s bellies until they calmed down. “It’s not that I need you to be brave, I think you need to live somewhere else so you’re healthy and happy. I don’t want you to have to be afraid of Arion or anything else here whenever you wake up.

I’ve been talking to Tiffany, and we’re both going to look really hard to find you a new home where you feel safe and happy.”

The foals were quiet for a while. Cashew cried constantly, but Asher was doing his best to calm him.

“Daddeh... pwease. If... if babbehs nee’ gu’ away... nu take bwuddah Cashoo fwom Ashuh?”

“Don’t worry, you two are going to be together forever. I wouldn’t dream of separating you.”

“Fank yu... am bestest daddeh...”

“I’m sorry you two, I know you’d love to stay here, but I want to make sure you live somewhere you always feel safe. And I don’t think you feel safe here.”

“Nu...” Asher paused, clearly not wanting to upset Matt. “Ashuh am scawdies... Cashoo am cw y aww time...”

“I know. But I’m gonna find you a loving new daddy or mommy, and you’ll never have to be afraid again.”

“Daddeh am bestest... fank yu...” Asher said, still trying to calm Cashew. “Daddeh? Wewe am sisseh Pwum an’ Awtuwm?”

“Uh...” Matt really hadn’t expected them to ask about their other siblings, hoping the horrible memoirs of how they’d been treated would make them apathetic to their sisters. “They already found a new human daddy! I sent them to live somewhere together.”

“Am... am sissehs hab nicey housie?” Asher asked.

“They do. But they’ll never hurt you two again, okay?” Matt said. Cashew had stopped crying now, and was curled around himself, tail tucked between his legs.

“Fank yu daddeh... Cashoo am sowwy fo’ cwy...” He said.

“Hey, it’s okay buddy, you’re allowed to cry.” He picked them both up, and gave them a nice big hug. The two cooed and leaned into the warmth. They really were adorable, but if he was going to let Almond have foals, he didn’t want any competition for resources or love.

“Daddeh! Daddeh! Nice Wady Tiff’nee hewe!” Arion shouted from the living room. The foals winced as they heard him. It only reinforced Matt’s decision to send them away.

“Okay guys, I’m gonna talk to Tiffany. You two can have free run of the whole room, okay? Arion and Almond are in the living room.”

“Otay daddeh, fank yu.” Asher said. He gently trotted over to the plush blocks with Cashew in tow.

Matt smiled at them. They were good fluffies. Hopefully Tiffany could find them a good home.

\* \* \*

Licorice had been surprised when daddy had woken her up. She had been sleeping very soundly with the foals: Violet, Asher, and Cashew. She loved them very much, but was always a little sad.

Cashew was always crying. Poor little baby. Whenever she looked in his big, wide, empty eye sockets, it made her heart hurt.

Asher was very brave, though. Always trying to be strong and comfort his brother. She knew he was just as afraid of Arion as Cashew was.

She could see when he was afraid, could see his bones shiver and rearrange under his loose skin. She wanted to comfort him, but all she could do was hug and snuggle: her voice had never worked, and it was such a shame.

She’d heard what daddy had said; that Asher and Cashew had to go live somewhere else.

‘Poor babies,’ she thought to herself. ‘They’re going to be so scared without Daddy. Hopefully their new Mommy or Daddy are very kind to them.’

Daddy had been the best. She loved him very much. He never got mad that she couldn’t speak, and always asked her if she understood. She’d been afraid of him at first, what with his terrible mouth full of sharp teeth and his hands covered in blood, but she’d come to realize that appearances weren’t everything. He gave such good scratches, and was always soft-spoken and smiled.

Asher and Cashew were playing with their blocks now. Curling into her nest, she watched them. They’d never been the same after Bruiser’s death. She didn’t feel bad about him dying, he was horrible. Horrible to look at and horrible in behavior. His large, overgrown mouth with its fleshy tongue was disgusting, and she often had to look away lest the sight make her gag.

When Arion had killed him, she’d been quite pleased. His flaming mane and large horn, glistening in blood, had been so beautiful that day, not to mention all the hands that came from his chest ripping Bruiser apart. It was good to watch, especially when she’d realized that he had been responsible for Violet’s injuries.

She only wished it hadn’t upset Almond so. So sweet and kind, so generous and gentle. Chestnut may have fed her, but Almond raised her. She was so beautiful, with her many mouths and hundreds of eyes. The way her bronze fluff burned with fire always made Licorice blink, but she was so pretty.

Licorice very much wished she could tell Almond that, but her useless voice was mute. Daddy had said that Almond would be able to have children soon, and Licorice was very excited about that. A union of Arion and Almond; Arion's twenty wings and his fiery mane, his skull-like face and cruel eyes. That mixed with Almond's golden glow and toothy mouths, her multitude of golden eyes that spat fire, the way she carried her exposed spine so gloriously, Licorice knew Almond would have the most beautiful, most mind-scaringly excellent babies.

She smiled to herself, curling into the warmth of her nest, wrapping around the still-sleeping Violet. She knew fluffies had issues with those that were different, and though Asher and Cashew were always kind, they wouldn't want to play with someone like her. She didn't hold it against them; fluffies talked a lot and the ability to communicate was very important. Watching them play made her happy, if a bit lonely.

Daddy hadn't closed the door to the safe-room so she saw when Nice Lady Tiffany came in. Licorice had a few encounters with Tiffany and was always afraid of her. She was kind, that was for sure, but there was something upsetting about her large metal claws that always made Licorice feel uncomfortable.

She watched the two foals play. One day, Licorice would like to have foals of her own. It would be hard to ask daddy permission without a voice, but maybe she'd find a way.

"So, the vet I told you about? He works at a really high-end fluffy hospital and shelter in North Dewford. He's a great vet and he knows quite a few clients who are reputable and would love to take on two foals. He'd be more than happy to keep them at his practice and make sure they go to a good home." Tiffany said,

"Does he think he can get them a home? I know they don't have the best colors..." Matt said.

"Yeah, but that doesn't really matter. Nice colors are attractive, but these two are pretty well-behaved. North Dewford is a big city and he's got a really popular practice. He'll find someone."

"Alright. So, you'll let me know?" Matt asked.

Tiffany's vet friend had been more than happy to assist Matt in rehoming his foals, but it still made him nervous. At first, he'd wanted to keep them in his house until someone wanted to adopt them, but since North Dewford was a few hours away, the vet had insisted that the foals move to his shelter so that more clients could see them. It made Matt sad to send them away, especially so soon after their mother's death, but it was necessary for them to get adopted.

"Yeah of course." Tiffany said. She was holding a carrier, which she put on the kitchen table. It had a little soft bed inside, as well as some stuffed animals. It was really cozy looking, but Matt was sure that being put in a small box and driven to a store wasn't going to be the best time for the foals. "I'm going to take them to Fluff-Mart. I've got a cage set aside for them, and someone from Carter's practice will come and pick them up tomorrow."

"Okay. I'm just a little worried that they're gonna be scared and upset."

"They will be." Tiffany said. "They probably think you don't love them, or they did something bad, or they're being punished. You won't be able to reason with them when they're upset. Fluffies are emotional creatures. Once they get settled, they'll calm down. Besides, a good owner who gives them attention and love will help them recover."

"Right. Just make sure they don't get adopted at Fluff-Mart?" Matt weakly smiled. "I know the kind of people who shop there, since I'm one of them."

Tiffany grinned. "You're doing the right thing by giving them up. Trust me, they'll have much better lives and you'll have room for Almond's foals. You sure you don't want me to take Violet too? A special needs foal is gonna be more work."

"I know," Matt sighed, "But it's my fault she was hurt, and I know it would be really hard to re-home her. C'mon, let's go get them..."

The foals finally seemed to have settled a bit and were both happily playing with the plush blocks. Well, Asher was playing with the blocks, making towers and knocking them over, while Cashew sat on his haunches giggling as the blocks fell and clapping his front hooves.

“Hey guys!” Tiffany said, approaching them and kneeling down. “Those are some great towers, Asher!”

“Fank yu nice wady Tif’nee!” Asher said, smiling up at her. Cashew giggled and clapped.

“Ashuh am bestest at bwookies!” Cashew said, smiling. “Make bestest bwookie-faww!”

“That’s great!” Tiffany said. She sat with Cashew, gently stroking his back while she watched Asher make another tower, only to knock it over.

“Wuv knock bwookies ovah!” Asher said, giggling. Tiffany quickly reached over the pile of blocks and began tickling his exposed belly. Asher immediately broke down into mad giggles, flailing his legs in the air.

“Oh no! Looks like someone’s getting tickled!” Tiffany said, grinning to Cashew who was laughing as his brother rolled on the ground.

“Tu tickew! Tu tickew!” Asher said, laughing hysterically. “Nuuu!” He laughed.

Matt was giggling in the corner of the room, watching as Tiffany played with the foals. She really was good with fluffies.

“Okay, okay!” Tiffany said, laughing as she scooped Cashew and Asher into her arms. They quickly calmed down from their giggling and cuddled into her warmth.

“Suuuu tickews, nice wady!” Asher said, still giggling. “Ashuh few wike awmos’ made bad pee-pees!”

“Well you were a very good fluffy for not!” Tiffany said, smiling. “Okay you two. I’m sure your daddy told you about getting a new home.”

The foals deflated at that. Cashew sniffled a bit, tears beginning to well in his large eyes.

“Daddeh say dat...”

“Shh don’t cry.” Tiffany said gently. “Your daddy loves you very much, which is why he wants you to find a nice house of your own.”

“Buh den why babbehs hab tu weave!” Asher said, a little indignantly. It was really the first spark of fire Matt had seen in the foal.

“Well, Almond is going to be a mommy soon, and that’s going to mean that daddy has to take care of a lot of little babies. He won’t have a lot of time for you two, and that’s not fair to you. Daddy wants to make sure you have all the love and attention two good little foals deserve.”

Cashew and Asher were sniffling still, but Tiffany had seemed to help it all click. She lifted them up, and brought them over to Matt.

“Hey guys, how are you?”

“Hab saddies daddeh,” Cashew said, holding out his arms for a hug. “Gib babbeh gud huggies?”

“Ashuh wan huggies tu!”

Matt obliged, hugging both of the foals close to his chest. They both wiggled into his shirt, still sadly sniffling.

“Okay, are you ready to go?” Tiffany said, stroking them.

“Gu weve nice wady?” Cashew asked.

“Uh, to Fluff-Mart. That way your new daddy can send someone to get you tomorr-er, next bright-time.”

Asher's eyes went wide, and Cashew's tears began flowing immediately.

"B-babbehs hab tu go... nao?" Asher asked.

"Matt? You didn't tell them I was getting them today?"

"I- uh..."

"CASHOO NU WAN WEAVE DADDEH YET! NU WAN GU NAO! PWEASE DADDEH! NU SEND BABBEH 'WAY NAO!" He was screaming now, crying desperately.

"God damnit, Matt." Tiffany growled, grabbing Cashew and Asher from Matt's arms. "Shh shh it's okay! It's okay!"

"NU! NU WAN GU! WAN STAY! BE GUD BABBEH! NU BE BADDIES! PWEASE!" Cashew screamed, flailing his legs as hard as he could, wiggling frantically as he tried to break free from Tiffany's arms.

"Cashew! Stop squirming I'm gonna drop you... Asher, can you calm your brother down?"

Asher wasn't listening though. He was limp in Tiffany's arms, staring straight ahead. His eyes were practically glazed over.

"Fuck, Matt grab Asher." Tiffany said.

Matt snatched the foal from Tiffany's arm, petting him desperately as he tried to snap Asher out of his catatonic state. Cashew was still screaming and wiggling.

"SCREEEE! NU WEAVE! NU WEAVE! NU WAN NYU DADDEH! WAN OWD DADDEH! HUU WAN MUMMAH! WAN STAY HEWE!" He screamed. Tiffany was gripping him tightly around his midsection. He was beating his hooves as hard as he could against Tiffany's hands.

"Asher! Asher please say something." Matt said. Asher was limp. His legs were wobbling, and Matt could feel his heart beating incredibly quickly. He rubbed his back and neck, trying to elicit a response of any kind, but the grey foal just blinked every now and again.

"Matt, he's just in shock. Put him in the carrier and help me with my bag."

Matt followed Tiffany into the kitchen where her bag and the carrier were. He put Asher inside the carrier, gently tucking him into some of the blankets. As soon as Asher was taken care of, he turned to Tiffany.

Cashew was still screaming his little lungs out, and Tiffany quickly handed him to Matt.

"Hold him. He'll hurt himself if he gets away and I need to sedate him before he has a fucking heart attack." She said, running over to her bag.

"SCREEEE! SCREEEEEEEEEEEE!" Cashew wailed. "NU AM BAD BABBEH PWEASE NU WEAVE BABBEH WAN STAY HEWE WIF DADDEH BABBEH NU KNO WAT AM DU WONG BU' NU DU 'GAIN! PWEASE WUV BABBEH DADDEH! NU ASK FO' TOYSIES O' SKETTIES O' ANYFING! JUS' WAN WUUUUUUV DADDDEHHHH"

The incessant screaming of the foal was starting to grate on Matt. Some of it was pure gibberish; nonsense about how he wanted Chestnut to come back because he was a good baby or something. In between his monologue, Cashew hyperventilated, before screaming again.

"Tiffany." Matt said between clenched teeth. He could feel a migraine brewing. "Please hurry."

"Fuck, I'm trying. I can't find my fucking sedatives..."

Matt looked down at Cashew. The foal wasn't even looking at him anymore. His eyes were tightly screwed shut and tears were streaming from between them. Snot dribbled from his little nose and he was drooling heavily.

Cashew's words and screams had all merged together into a cacophony, and Matt couldn't distinguish between them anymore. He held Cashew in his hands, watching as the foal flailed his head and pounded his soft hooves against Matt's hands.

The tantrum was ridiculous. Matt understood it – it was his fault for not telling the foals they were leaving today but god damnit this was absurd. He felt that familiar burn in his chest, the absolute fury only a fluffly could bring out.

"Matt?"

He barely noticed when he started to squeeze. The first sign was that Cashew's eyes opened immediately, and he started to spasm as he tried to get away from the constriction that was slowly crushing his body. Matt felt Cashew's squirms getting weaker as his hands began to restrict his movement more and more.

"Matt!"

Tears were flowing from Cashew's eyes now and he desperately was gasping for air. In all his screaming and hyperventilating he'd been taking fast breaths. His ribs were straining as Matt squeezed him harder, and he gasped and gurgled as he desperately tried to take a breath, his lungs burning with need. His limbs weakly flailed as he tried to push Matt's hands apart.

Matt could feel the slight bend to Cashew's ribs, the squishing of his stomach and organs. Bile was bubbling from Cashew's mouth now, and he squirmed and shook as he shat and pissed himself, either from the pressure, fear, or pain, Matt wasn't sure.

"MATT!"

He stopped. Cashew was sobbing; he could hear it again. He was gagging on his own vomit and his tail was wrapped up to shield his ass and junk, all of which were now drenched in piss and shit.

"Oh Jesus." Matt put Cashew on the table, and the first thing that Cashew did was take a huge, much needed breath.

"Huu huu... am sowwy... su sowwy... su many huwites... am bad stoopi babbeh... gib daddeh maddies..."

He wrapped his tail around himself, and started to hug it gently. He was still coughing, and began to gently chirp like a baby as he curled into a ball.

"Fuck."

"Matt, it's fine" Tiffany said, gently lifting Cashew up. She had readied a needle by this point and quickly injected him with a small amount of clear liquid. Cashew sized up as he was injected but, in a few minutes, he quickly went limp and passed out.

"I- I didn't mean..."

"Matt." Tiffany placed Cashew into the carrier, next to Asher. She turned to him, and placed a hand gently on her shoulder. "It's fine. That happens. The voices, the screaming, the noise. I totally understand. Just take a deep breath, and go see to Arion and Almond. I'm sure they're scared."

Matt nodded, a little numb. One the couch, Arion and Almond were curled together, still watching cartoons.

"Daddeh!" Arion said, looking up as Matt entered the room. "Dat was scawy noise!"



“Yeah, I’m sorry you guys had to hear that.” Matt said, sitting down next to them. Almond was curled gently into Arion’s neck fluff, clearly hiding her face from whatever had startled them. Matt was, however, pleased to see neither fluffy had shit themselves.

“Wat am noise?” Almond asked, her voice soft.

“I told Asher and Cashew about having to leave and... they didn’t take it well.” Matt said. It was better to be honest with them.

“Babbeh hab bigges-saddies!” Almond said, looking over at the kitchen. “Am... am babbehs be otay?”

“Yeah! They’re sad now, but they’ll be really happy when they have a new daddy to give them lots of hugs and love and toys.” Matt said, forcing a smile. He was still a bit shaken from his reaction to Cashew screaming, but Almond and Arion were both so wrapped up in each other and the TV they didn’t seem too disturbed by it.

Matt stroked them for a bit before heading back to the kitchen. Tiffany was cleaning her hands and had put her medical tools away. He peeked into the carrier, and saw Asher curled around the unconscious Cashew. He was crying gently, his eyes tightly screwed shut as he gently kneaded the soft blanket.

Matt felt bad. He’d wanted Asher and Cashew to have good, happy lives. He’d probably traumatized them both pretty badly.

“This won’t affect their adoption, will it?” Matt asked Tiffany.

“It might. But I’ll let them calm down and get settled at my place tonight, and I’ll tell Carter to let them calm down for a few days. He’s got some great staff that’ll really help calm them down.”

“Okay. I just feel kinda shitty.” Matt said. “I wanted them to be happy and I nearly crushed Cashew...”

“Hey, it’s fine. They’ll be okay and now you can focus on Arion and Almond. Don’t worry about these two, I’ll take care of them.”

“Thanks, Tiff.” Matt said, smiling.

She grabbed the carrier after throwing a towel over it. Asher didn’t even react to the sudden darkness. A quick hug to Matt, and Tiffany left, taking Asher and Cashew with her.

Matt headed back into the living room, checking on Arion and Almond. They were laying on their sides, cuddling each other and watching the TV.

“Hey, you two, I have some good news.” Matt said.

“Wat am dat?” Almond asked.

“Well, Asher and Cashew have gone with Tiffany, so if you two want... you can have special-huggies.”

Arion’s ears perked up as he heard that, and he looked over at Matt.

“Weawy! Awion an’ Awmon’ can hab... babbehs!?”

“That’s right!”

“Awmon’ am gunna be mummah!? Fank yu daddeh! Awmon’ am su happies!” She said. She’d gotten up, trotting in a little circle as she wiggled with excitement.

“You’re welcome girl!” Matt said, laughing as he petted her. “You’ve proved to be a very responsible fluffy and I think you’ll be a very good mommy. And Arion, you’re gonna be a great daddy.”

“Fank yu daddeh! Awion am su esscited!” Arion said. He started to lick Almond’s neck, and Matt could tell he was trying to initiate mating.

“Woah! How about we get you guys in the safe-room first, then you can have all the special huggies you want.” Matt said, scooping them both up.

“Otay daddeh!” Arion said.

Matt carried them to the safe-room, and gently placed them in their nest. He lifted Licorice and Violet up and carried them out of the room.

“How about we get you two some treats and watch some TV. Let Arion and Almond have their fun.”

Arion was nervous. He was watching Almond, who was now in the middle of the safe-room. She was gently licking her forelegs, cleaning them. The sun was shining through the windows, illuminating her fluff and making her eyes sparkle.

Arion’s heart was beating quickly. He felt that familiar stirring in his loins, but now that he was actually able to have special-huggies with Almond... he didn’t know what to do.

“Awion? Way am ovah dewe?”

“Uh... mmm, Awion am...”

Almond giggled. She hadn’t expected Arion to be shy. She trotted over to him, gently nibbling at the side of his face. She turned away and let her tail hit him in the face, earning a little surprised ‘eep!’

“Awion am siwwy. Nu be scawdies, Awmon’ am nu scawwy.”

“Awion knu... Jus’ am”

His train of thought was broken by Almond lifting her tail, revealing her special pace to him. His mind swirled as he smelled her. She smelled... so pretty...

His no-no stick responded, and as Almond leaned onto the floor, rump raised into the air, instinct took over.

Matt had been watching cartoons with Licorice, and Violet drinking a nice cup of coffee as she laid in his lap. Licorice’s soft, curly fluff was nice to play with, and Violet cooed and giggled as he stroked her back. He was always careful to avoid touching where her legs should be, though.

He’d decided it had been better if she hadn’t been in the room while Arion and Almond fucked. Both for their privacy and to make sure she didn’t see something she shouldn’t. He didn’t know if foals could comprehend sex, but figured Violet was still too young to be exposed to it.

He couldn’t hear Almond and Arion, and was glad about that. The last thing that he wanted to hear was the sound of fluffy sex. It had been an hour though, and he guessed it was time to check up on them.

“C’mom girls, let’s go check up on those two.” Matt lifted them up and carried her to the safe-room. Inside, Arion and Almond had clearly finished, and were curled up together in Arion’s hidey-hole.

Matt plopped Licorice and Violet down by the blocks and puzzles, and they immediately started to play with them. Matt was glad to see Licorice helping Violet play, and even purposefully moved slower so that Violet could catch up. Arion’s head peeked out of his hidey-hole and he perked up at seeing Matt.

“Daddeh!” He gently pulled himself from the cove. Almond was sleeping peacefully and, even though she yawned and curled up as Arion left, she quickly fell back to sleep.

“Hey buddy, how are you?”

“Am vewy happies! Had bestest spechul-huggies evah! Awmon’ am bestest speshul-fwiend. Am suuuuuu esscited tu be daddeh!”

“I’m glad you are.” Matt laughed. “I’m exited for Almond to have foals too.”

“Daddeh?” Arion said. He was shifting on his hooves. “Awion... wan ask daddeh fo’ sum’fing.”

“Sure thing buddy, what’s up?”

“Can... can Awion go... tu base-ment?” He looked up at Matt. “Fo’... fo”

“You don’t have to say what for, bud. I know. Of course we can go.”

“Otay!” Arion pranced in joy. “Oh! Wait!” The trotted over to Almond and gently licked her cheek, waking her up slowly.

“Hnn... Awmon am sweepy fwom gu’ spechul-huggies. Wa’ spechul-fwiend wan?”

“Awion jus’ wan teww Awmon dat am gu wif daddeh fo’ a bit. Nu wan Awmon’ wowwy if nu hewe wen Awmon’ wakies.”

“Dat am otay. Hab fun wif daddeh. Awmon’ am gu back tu sweepies nao.” She licked his check, and immediately curled back up and closed her eyes.

“Otay daddeh! Arion am weady!”

Matt grinned, and picked Arion up. He was always surprised that, no matter how old fluffies got, they always loved being carried.

They headed down to the basement, and Matt put Arion on the workbench.

“Hmm, looks like Autumn is still alive... you want to play with her for a bit?” Matt asked.

“Can Awion hab bowf?”

“Sure, buddy.”

Matt reached into the cage that held Autumn and Plum. Autumn had not psychologically recovered from the injuries that Arion had given her, and even though she’d been eating and drinking water, she hadn’t bothered to try to move, and her back was covered in shit and piss stains.

Matt grabbed them both, gently placing Autumn on the workbench and throwing Plum carelessly. She peeped as she hit the rough wood top.

“Owwies!” She squealed. She stood on shaky legs, looking over with fearful eyes at Arion. “Pwease... nu wan huwites...”

Arion smiled, slowly approaching Plum. “Pwum, Awion gib yu choice. Awion can gib yu weggie huwties, wike Awtuwm...”

“Nu! Nu wan weggie huwties!”

“Otay. Den Awion take aww Awtuwm weggies, an’ moaw.”

“W...wha’ Awion mean moaw?”

“Awion am gun’ take Awtuwm’s weggies, an’ taiw, an’ see-pwaces.”

Autumn began to cry now, weakly wiggling as she tried to flee.

“Sisseh Pwum!” Autumn said, “Pwease sabe Awtuwm! Nu wet munstah Awion gib moaw huwties!”

“Pwum nu wan’ get owwies, ow hab Awtuwm’s weggies an’ taiw an’ see-pwaces get huwties! Pwease nu huwt!”

“NU!” Arion said, quite forcefully. “Dat nu am choice. Yu get huwties, ow’ Awtuwm get huwties. Yu chuse.”

“Huu... Pwum nu wan’ huwties! Am sowwy sisseh...”

“Otay.” Arion said, moving to Autumn. “Buh yu haft u watch. Yu nu watch, Awion gib yu huwties nex’.”

“Wiww watch! Wiww watch!” Plum promised, backing herself as far away as she could without falling off the table.

Matt grinned. He wondered what would happen. It was almost as fun to watch the abuse as it was to take part.

“PWUM AM WOWSTEST SISSEH EVAH! HATCHU!” Autumn shouted in between tears.

Arion rolled his eyes. “Pwum am smawt. Wat am Pwum gunna du? Nu can stahp Awion, nu can sabe yu. Bettah dat Pwum sabe Pwum.” He smiled at her. “Nao, wat Awion take fiwst?”

“NU! NU TAKE WEGGIES!”

“Wai? Aww yu weggies am bwoke. Nu can wawk o’ wun, o’ pway. Nu nee’ weggies nao.”

It was true. All of Autumn’s legs had healed by now, but they were in an awful shape. Most of her joints had been shattered when Arion had broken them, and her dislocated joints had never been reset, leaving them damaged and swollen. Her remaining back leg had become a fused mess of bone, stuck at a strange sideways angle and unable to move much. Her front legs had been broken below the elbow, but the joint itself had been damaged by the top of the bone being shattered.

Matt could see that even as she wobbled or twitched her body, she was in extraordinary pain. Arion paced around her slowly, looking her up and down.

“Wat weggie Awion take fiwst? Back weggies? Den Awtuwm be wike Viowet.”

“NU! NEE’ BACK WEGGIES!”

“Back weggies nu wowk... Awtuwm am stoopi.”

“NU! Pwease! Nu wan be dummeh nu-weggie fwuffy!”

Arion snarled, and kicked Autumn. She rolled over, exposing her remaining hind leg, and bending her front legs at a strange angle. She sobbed as her front legs were bent at the shoulder.

“Dewe, nao can take weggy.” Arion said, smiling. He bent his head down and gripped the leg in his mouth, placing a hoof on her side. Arion bit down, feeling his mouth fill with blood as he bit right through her skin. He felt the hard impact of his teeth pressing into the bone, and bit slightly into the bone for some grip.

Autumn was sobbing from the wound and the pressure on her side, but the worst was yet to come. Arion had bit through the bones of her other leg, severing it at the hip. This time, however, he chose to pull.

As he pulled, the muscle and skin still attached to the leg was stretched horribly. Matt could see the bloody flesh of her hip being pulled and twisted as Arion tugged.

“SCREEEEEE! HUU HUU NU! PWEASE! SU HUWTIES! TAKE WEGGIE! TAKE WEGGIE! NU MOAW HUWTIES!”

Arion obliged, pulling quickly and as hard as he could. It was far too much force, and the leg came off quickly, Arion fell back on his haunches, the leg flying out of his mouth and landing close to Plum.

“SCREE! WEGGIE! BAD WEGGIE BAD WEGGIE!” Plug screamed, crying as she hid her eyes under her hooves.

“YU KEEP WOOKING, DUMMEH. OW AWION TAKE YU WEGGIES TU.” Arion shouted, standing up and recovering from the shock of falling.

Plum fell silent immediately, and stared at her sister as she bled on the workbench. Autumn was still sobbing, the new pain of the torn off leg shooting through her body in waves of fire.

“Nuuu... nu hab weggies... am dummeh fwuffy...” She sobbed, her tail wrapped under her, going between where her legs would have been.

“Yu always am dummeh fwuffy. Wen babbeh am meanie tu Ashuh an’ Cashoo, yu am dummeh fwuffy. Wen babbeh gib huwties tu Viowet, yu am dummeh fwuffy.”

Autumn was still sobbing, not really listening to Arion. He scoffed, approaching Autumn. Rearing up, he stomped both hooves as hard as he could on both of her front legs.

“SCREEAAHHHHUUUHH!” Autumn shouted, choking and gargling on her own bile as she vomited from the pain. Her shoulders were further dislocated, the top of each of her humerus were visible through her skin, pressing hard from the inside.

Arion kept stomping them, eventually forcing bone fragments through her skin. He winced as they pierced his hooves, backing up as he bled a bit.

“Arion you’re bleeding.” Matt said, quickly going over to Arion. The bone had only lightly poked his left hoof.

“No wowwy daddeh, nu huwt dat bad.”

“No, I don’t want you getting hurt, hang on.” Matt said, rummaging through the first aid kit he had. A quick patching with some instaheal gel, and a nice little band-aid, Arion was all set.

“Fank yu daddeh! Hoofsie nu hab huwties anymoaw.” Arion said, smiling up at Matt. The wound was small enough that Matt was sure it would heal in a little bit.

“Daddeh... can babbeh Awtuwm pwease hab magik hoomin med’cine fo’ make huwties gu ‘way?” Autumn weakly asked Matt.

“Oh! Of course baby!” Matt said, grinning. He went back to the first-aid kit, and pulled out a bottle of hydrogen peroxide. He went over to Autumn, and poured a generous helping of the liquid on Autumn’s wounds.

“SCREEEE! NU! NU MOAW HUWTIES! WAI EBBYTING HUWT GUD BABBEH!” Autumn screamed as the peroxide burned her open wounds. “SEE-PWACES HAB BUWNIE HUWTIES!”

Arion and Matt both began to laugh, the two of them giggling at the absolutely ridiculous sight of Autumn wobbling around in a pool of peroxide.

“Daddeh, Awion nu wan’ pokey-owwies fwom Awtuwm’s weggies. Can daddeh take weggies?”

“Sure thing bud.” Matt said, stroking Arion’s back. He went to his drawer of tools and pulled out a small, but sharp, knife.

Autumn didn’t see him approaching with the knife because of the burning in her eyes. She did, however, feel as Matt sliced her shoulders open, making a deep wound around each leg and twisting them off. The muscles and tendons snapped and popped as Matt ripped the legs away, leaving her with two bloody holes where her limbs had been.

“Fank yu daddeh.” Arion said, walking back up to Autumn. She was fading again, and Matt was sure she’d die this time.

“Huu... guuu... ah” Autumn was peeping as she breathed heavily, her eyes red and swollen as she sobbed.

“Aw, babbeh am goin’ fovevah-sweepies.” Aron said, pouting a bit. He went over to Autumn, looking down at her pathetic form. He bent down and picked her up by her tail. The sudden elevation and the pain of her weight being tugged on just her tail elicited a new torrent of pathetic sobbing.

Arion turned, dangling her over the edge of the workbench. It wasn’t incredibly high up, but the height was most certainly lethal for a fluffy falling straight down.

Autumn was able to blink away the peroxide to see the floor beneath her as she swung from her tail.

“Huuu... pwease! Nu wan gu fovevah sweepies... nu gib fwuffy fawws! Nu am wingie-fwuffy! Nu can fwy!”

Arion snorted once, before dropping her.

To Plum, it was like the world moved in slow motion. She watched Arion’s mouth open, and Autumn’s tail slide out. She saw Autumn’s face contort into one of absolute fear, before she fell, plummeting head-first into the floor.

Plum watched as she hit the ground, and there was a sickening crack as her head was forced into her shoulders, her head crumpling into her neck and the top of her head crunching flatly into the concrete floor.

She wobbled for a moment, balancing on her head, before falling over onto her front, revealing her mangled face and head.

Arion looked downwards at her, much like a cat that had knocked a glass off a table and watched it shatter.

“Daddeh, Awion am done wif dat babbeh.” He said flatly.

“Alright buddy,” Matt said. He picked Autumn’s body off the floor, checking it over to make sure she was clearly dead. She was. Her neck and back were broken, and she’d bitten through her tongue. Her teeth were all broken and mangled.

Matt threw her body in the trash, turning back to Arion.

“Okay, you ready to go back?”

“Nu. Awion wan’ gib Pwum huwties tu.”

A shock went through Plum’s body and her ears went flat against her skull.

“Buh- buh Awion pwomise dat nu gib Pwum huwties!”

Arion turned to her, grinning as he did.

“Awion wied.”

\* \* \*

Keylime was trembling in the corner of his cage, his hoofsies covering his eyes. The cage was already dark, which he hated, and he could hear the sounds of fluffies screaming and crying from outside.

Daddy had told him that there was a monster that lived in the basement, and that he eats bad fluffies.

“Huu... am gud fwuffy... nu wan be nummies fo’ munstah. Be bestest fwuffy fo’ daddy, nu get nummed.” He murmured to himself. He shook, worried about what would happen if he was a bad fluffy.

Another scream echoed through the basement, and Keylime whimpered as he felt himself almost make bad poopies. He hurried over to the litter box, and right as he positioned his butt over the box, another blood curdling scream filled the room. He immediately made scaredy poopies.

“Huu wai scawwy noisey make fwuffy scawdie?” He said, looking over to see with some relief that he’d made it to the litter box in time.

The cage he and Chrome were in had no light, and with the towel over the bars, it was nearly pitch-black inside. There were a few shafts of light that came through the very top of the door, and while it wasn’t enough to truly illuminate the cage, Keylime’s eyes had slightly adjusted and he could see in the dark a bit.

“Cwome? Am otay?”

“Blabbeh hab owows...” Chrome groaned. “Tu hothot fo’ blabbeh... huu...”

Keylime recoiled a bit at the strange, garbled speech. He squinted, staring at his bald brother. Chrome’s skin was bright red, and there was vomit all over his face and the blanket.

“C-cwome?”

“Huu huu... blabbeh neeba wabblah... tumtum gib owows.... Nu wan’ sibby wabwab ...”

“Wai Cwome make siwwy wowds! Nu wike!” Keylime said, crying a bit. Chrome was scaring him now. Blood was leaking from his nose, and his eyes were... wrong. One of them aimed off to the distance, staring at seemingly nothing, but the other rattled around randomly.

“Huu huu huu... Kebwibe hebp blabbeh! Nu mob wabwab in bo’.”

“Wat? Nu unda’s tan! Wat Cwome wan!” Keylime shouted at the derped fluffy.

“Pees! Huu ‘Bowme am tu hothot! Blabbie nu mobe hubbies pees?” Chrome said, wiggling as much as his overheated body would allow. He quickly tired, however, and leaned down to the now-empty water bowl to desperately lick at it.

“Oh! Cwome nee’ wawa!”

“Yee! Pees ‘Bwome neeba wabwab!”

“Uh... Keywime nu hab wawa... nee’ daddeh!” Keylime ran over to the bars, and began to beat his hooves against them as hard as he could. The cage rattled against the lock as it wiggled. “Pwease daddeh! Cwome nee’ wawa!”

Unfortunately for him, the towel muffled what little sound he was able to make. Eventually, the metal on his hooves hurt and he had to lay down, panting.

“Huu... sowwy Cwome... nu can get daddeh...”

“‘Bwome neeba wawa! Nu wan’ hothot fo’ blabbeh! Tu hothot! Dabbleh peese gibbeh wabwab! Habbah mowbie owows!” Chrome said, flailing his head around as he cried, his eyes bouncing in different directions as he did.

“Cwome... pwease stahp... Keywime am scawdies...” Keylime said, backing up gently from the cage.

Chrome, however, didn’t stop. He instead started to cry and scream, choking on his spit and retching as he coughed.

Keylime started to cry now, backed into the furthest corner of the cage so he could get away from the tantrum that Chrome was causing.

“BWOME HABBAH TU HOTHOT PEES GIBBEH BLABBEH WABWAB!” Chrome screamed, his body flailing as he tried desperately to pull himself out of the heated blanket. He’d gotten his front hooves out, but was too weak to physically pull himself forward out of his heated prison.

“Nu showties! Nu gib Keywime eaw-huwties!” Keylime buried his head under his front legs, trying to block out the loud noise.

Suddenly, the cage was flooded with light.

“What the fuck is going on in here?” Matt asked, pulling the door to the cage open.

“Daddeh! Daddeh pwease hewp Cwome! Hab huwties an’ nee’ wawa!” Keylime said.

“Oh damn, guess the little dude’s been roasted.” Matt said, reaching in and pulling Chrome out from the blanket. The bald foal was still crying, but not nearly as loudly.

“Pees dabbleh, gibbeh wabwab fo’ blabbeh? Tu hothot...”

“Oh man you’ve derped!” Matt said, laughing. “I really wanted Tiffany to see this... oh well.”

He examined the foal; Chrome’s skin was flushed bright red from all the heat. His lips, nose, and hooves were all cracked and bloody from the dehydration. His ass was stained with shit, and it had traces of blood in it.

“Dabbleh hebp ‘Bwome... pees gibbleh wabwab fo’ wotswots hubbies... huu...”

Matt blinked a few times. He understood “water” from Chrome’s weak, garbled cries, but that was about it.

“You want some water?” Matt asked, grinning.

“Daddeh? Wat am dat?”

Matt turned, smiling. He’d nearly forgotten about Arion and Plum over on the workbench.

“It’s a foal, Arion.” Matt placed Chrome on the workbench, and headed over to the sink to soak a towel in cold water.

“Wai babbeh hab siwwy see-pwaces an’ nu-fwuff?”

“Daddy took away his fluff, and he got derped from being too hot.”

“Daddeh can take fwuffy fwuff!” Arion asked, his eyes practically sparkling with malice. “Can daddeh sho’ Awion how?”

“It’s with a... uh, well a chemical. It’s a gross-smelling liquid that burns.”

“Pwum nu nee’ pweety fwuff...” Arion said, grinning down at Plum.

She had been pinned under Arion’s front hoof; her back legs splayed out to her sides. She was trying desperately to drag herself out from under him, but she was too weak.

“Okay. Let me cool Chrome off first, and then we can take all of Plum’s pretty fluff and make her an ugly bald baby.” Matt aimed the last bit at Plum, watching with glee as her eyes widened in horror.

“NU! NU TAKE FWUFF!” Plum screamed.

Arion hadn’t hurt her too much yet, but she was still quite disturbed from watching Autumn die. Her face fluff was stained with tears and snot, and she had alternated between screaming and sobbing.



“Pwum tu woud.” Arion said, pressing harder on her back. She peeped in pain and stopped screaming, resorting to quite sobs instead. “Awion wiww wait daddeh!”

“Good boy.” Matt said, smiling.

Chrome was in an awful condition. His heart was beating incredibly quickly, his eyes were red and bloodshot, and he was murmuring a constant stream of derped nonsense in his delusional state.

Matt wrapped the foal in the wet, cold blanket and placed him in the sink, letting a constant stream of water flow around the basin, high enough to let Chrome drink, but not so high that he’d drown.

Chrome immediately started to drink water as quickly as he could, hacking and coughing as he drank. After a few seconds, he threw up. The vomit was mostly water, with a little coloration, and he immediately started to cry again, panting as he tried to drink again.

“Pees wabwab nu gibbeh blabbah tumtum owows... neebah wabwab fo’ nu hotot...”

“Jesus you sound even more retarded than you look,” Matt scowled. He turned the sink on a little more, and the water quickly began to rise, forcing Chrome to keep his head up.

“Pees wabwab! Nu mobe wabwab! Huu...” He cried, struggling to keep his head above water despite his exhaustion.

“Okay Keylime, I’ve gotten rid of the scary fluffy for you.” Matt said, smiling at the little green foal.

“Cwome nu am scawwy... jus’ nee’ wawa... daddeh... gib Cwome fowevah-sweepies?” Keylime asked, looking warily at the sink.

“No no, he’s not dead. He’s just cooling off.” Matt said.

“Otay... daddeh wet babbeh out fwom cage nao?” Keylime said, happily looking up at Matt.

“Eh, why not? You’ve seen enough anyway.”

He picked Keylime up, ignoring the happy cheers of ‘daddy wuv Keywime’ and ‘nu moaw scawwy cage!’

“Daddeh hab moaw babbehs!” Arion said, looking excitedly at Keylime.

“Scawy!” Keylime said, eyes locking on Arion. “Pwease daddeh nu wet scawy munstah num Keywime!”

Arion frowned, and Matt grinned as he watched his expression go from excitement to anger.

“Daddeh, nu wike dat babbeh.” Aroin said, snarling. “Can Awion hab dat babbeh tu?”

“Maybe later, okay? You have to finish playing with Plum first.” Matt said.

“Otay daddeh.”

Matt looked around for a good way to keep Keylime out of the way. Eventually he grabbed a box of pushpins and held Keylime up to the small corkboard on one wall.

Matt pressed the foal against the corkboard and smiled as kindly and sweetly as he could.

“Okay Keylime! I just need to you hold your arms out, like you’re giving a hug, okay?”

“Wike dis?” Keylime said, making a little huggie pose.

“Wider!”

“Dis!?”

“Wider!”

“Dis daddeh!” Keylime said, smiling widely. He was expecting to give or get the best hug from Matt, and his giggles and grinning was a sign of his joy.

He was spread-eagle, and his limbs were flat against the board. Matt grinned and quickly stabbed his front left leg, piercing the hoof and pinning Keylime to the board. Before the green foal had a chance to react to the pain, his eyes wide in shock and betrayal, Matt was able to pin his right back leg.

“SCREEEE! WOWSTEST HOOFSIE HUWTIES! DADDEH WAI!”

Matt ignored the pleading of the foal and held his legs down to pierce through the soft pads of the foal’s hooves to pin him to the board. He was too weak to pull himself free from the pushpins, and every tug or movement only stretched and injured the holes through his sensitive pads burn with pain.

“WAI DADDEH NU WUV BABBEH!? AM BAD BABBEH!? AM SOWWY DADDEH, NU KNO WHA KEYWIME DU BU’ NEBA DU ‘GAIN PWESE JUS’ WUV BABBEH!” Keylime screeched.

“Daddeh, wittew gweeny babbeh am tu woud...” Arion complained.

“Sorry buddy.” Matt said. He reached into Keylime’s mouth and grabbed his tongue, pulling it as gently as he could. He didn’t want to rip it off.

He was able to pull it to the side of Keylime’s mouth and pinned it to the board.

“HEEE!” The foal screamed, before sobbing defeatedly. Matt wasn’t finished, however. He took two more pins and jabbed them through the foal’s ears, earning more screams as the incredibly sensitive skin of the underdeveloped ears was pierced.

“EAWW HUWW! EAWW HUWW!” Keylime screamed, trying to move his head but quickly staying still as his ears were pulled by the pins.

Matt grinned, watching as Keylime struggled against the pins holding him up. The combined pain of his weight causing his wounds pressure and every twitch and wiggle for comfort and relief causing additional pain.

“Now Keylime, be a good fluffy and be quiet,” Matt said. “How about we take Plum’s fluff now?”

“Yesh!” Arion said, happily bouncing. This gave Plum the ability to run, and she quickly beelined for the edge of the workbench. Matt didn’t stop her, watching to see if she would actually be brave enough to kill herself.

She wasn’t, and she stopped a few steps from the edge.

“Huu... tu high... nu wan faww...” She said, looking down at the blood stain where Autumn had fallen.

“Stoopi babbeh,” Arion said, trotting over to her and picking her up by the tail with his teeth. “Fowevah-sweepies am betteh dan aww dese huwties.”

“Huu! Babbeh scawdies! Nu wan fowevah-sweepies!” Plum cried as she was lifted into the air by her tail. Piss ran down her front as she peed in fear.

“You wanna take her fluff, Arion?”

“Yesh! Make Pwum ugwy nu fwuff fwuffy.”

Matt grinned and went over to his sink, grabbing a pair of gloves and the fluff remover. He took the time to check on Chrome, who was still alive, but was now chirping and clearly too exhausted to constantly keep his head above the water. He lifted it every few seconds to take a raspy desperate breath, before trying to keep his head up and then tiring and being forced to drop his face back into the water. Eventually he'd be too tired to take a fresh breath.

Matt put a decent amount of the fluff remover into a bowl, and put it on the workbench.

"Okay Arion, drop her in the bowl." Matt said.

Arion lifted Plum over to the bowl and callously dropped her into the white goop at the bottom of the bowl.

"Plum, keep your eyes closed or they'll hurt."

"Huu... otay daddeh... nu wan be nu-fwuff fwuffy..." She whimpered as she shut her eyes.

Matt laughed. Even after all this, she still called him daddy. He wondered if it was her trying to please him in an attempt to stop the pain, or if it was just what she was now conditioned to call him.

He reached into the bowl and began to massage the hair remover into her fluff. It was a near-immediate reaction, and big swatches of her brown fur immediately falling out.

"Nuu! Fwuff! Pwease stay on fwuffy!" Plum cried as her purple mane began to fall out, revealing her soft pale skin. "Pwease nu gib buwnies! Hab buwnie-huwties!"

"Plum, close your fucking eyes. You're gonna hurt them." Matt growled. If he was going to blind her, it wasn't going to be an accident.

She obliged, crying and chirping as Matt removed all her fluff. He stopped when he saw her skin becoming a bit red, getting irritated from the chemicals.

He pulled her out and rinsed her off under the ice-cold water from the sink.

"Cowd wawa! Tu cowd fo' babbeh!" She cried, wiggling weakly in Matt's grip.

When all the hair remover had come off, Matt dried her harshly on a rough towel, and dropped her in front of Arion.

"T-t-u c-cowd... ba-babbeh am c-c-cowdies..." Plum said, shivering.

"Babbeh wook siwwy!" Arion said, laughing at her.

"Pwese nu waff at Pwum... nu wan be ugwee babbeh..."

"Pwum AM ugwee babbeh," Arion said. "Nu desewe pwetty fwuff an nao nu hab fwuff."

Plum cried, flopping down on her belly and wincing at the rough wood of the workbench.

"Pwum am ugwee babbeh... nu hab sisseh... nu hab mummah... Pwum awone..." She sobbed, curling up into a ball.

Arion scowled, trotting over to Plum. He leaned over and sniffed at her for a bit. He grabbed her rat-tail, lifting her by it again and bringing her over to where the top of the workbench was roughest. He placed her down and began walking backwards, dragging her exposed skin over the splintery and rough wood.

"NU! Huwties! Su huwties! Auuhg!" She screamed as her now-bare skin was being ripped and torn across splinters. When Arion had finished scraping her raw, he tossed her roughly away.

Her back had been devastated by the wood and was filled with splinters and deep lacerations. She was bleeding heavily and where Arion had bit her tail was also broken and bleeding.

He put a single hoof on her side, and leaned down, clamping his teeth around her ear. He slowly began to pull at it, making sure he had bitten down hard enough to grip it, but not hard enough to slice through it.

“SCREEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!” Plum wailed. Fluffy ears were horrendously sensitive, and Arion had apparently learned this trick. A few more seconds of pulling and Plum’s ear came away right at the base, leaving a gaping bloody hole where her little ear had been.

Arion spit the little piece of flesh down in front of Plum, who didn’t notice as she was sucking her hoof and crying from pain. Leaning down, Arion grabbed the other ear in his mouth.

“N-NU! NU TAKE OTHA EAW!” Plum cried while flailing, which only served to hurt her ear more as she tugged it while Arion bit down.

Arion began to chew the ear, grinding the flesh between his dull front teeth and making Plum roll around in absolute agony, her legs flailing wildly as she tried to get away, but was unable to right herself from her disorientation from pain.

Arion was becoming crueler, Matt realized. There had been some measure of justice when he hurt Autumn, but the feelings of revenge for Violet had been spent on Autumn. He seemed to be genuinely enjoying harming Plum. Maybe it was the fact that she’d helped hurt Violet, but Arion seemed to be enjoying himself personally, not in some form of revenge or justice.

Matt realized that Arion being exposed to the abuse and violence in the basement wasn’t the best for his mental state, and hoped that when Almond foaled he would want to spend more time with his family and only need to go to the basement every now and then for some good old fashion stress relief.

He watched as Arion spit out the other ear. This one hadn’t come off nearly as cleanly and there was still a ragged scrap of damaged flesh that hung limply over her ear hole. She was sucking her hoof raw now, digging her teeth into the soft flesh of her hoof to try to calm herself down. Her hoof was also bleeding because of that, now.

Arion slowly circled Plum, looking down at her with probing eyes. Plum wasn’t watching him anymore; her eyes were shut as tight as they possibly could be in some vain attempt to make the pain go away.

Finally, it seemed, Arion was finished.

“Daddeh? Can pwese put Pwum on sowwy-waww?” He asked.

It took Matt a few moments to realize that he meant the corkboard that Keylime was pinned to.

“Oh, you mean up there?”

“Yesh, pwese put babbeh up dewe?” Arion asked, looking over at Keylime who was still sobbing.

“Sure thing buddy.”

Matt picked Plum up, who barely resisted his grip, and he leaned her against the corkboard, right next to Keylime. He stabbed a pushpin into her front hoof, pinning it in place. He expected a scream, but all Plum did was suck her hoof harder.

He pinned her back legs, watching as she sobbed harder, but otherwise didn’t resist. Finally, he pulled the hoof she’d been sucking on out of her mouth. That did get a reaction.

“PWESE GIB HOOFSIE BACK NEE’ HOOFSIE NU WAN NU WAN NU WAN!” She screamed, her eyes shut and head shaking.

Matt flicked her on the nose, which quickly shut her up as she stared up at him with terrified eyes.

“Shut up.” He said, pinning the last hoof to the wall. Her and Keylime were now pinned like insects to the board, both gently struggling against the pins buried in their hooves.

“Fank yu daddeh!” Arion said, grinning. “Dat am gud pwace fo’ Pwum. Can Awion haf baff nao? Wan see Awmon’.”

Matt smiled. Arion was still the sensitive and happy fluffy he’d always been, he just also had a terrifying mean streak now. Nothing wrong with that.

“Sure thing, bud.”

Matt lifted Arion up, carrying him back down and tummy up, like a cat and took him from the basement, shutting the lights off behind him. Both Keylime and Plum cried out in fear as they were engulfed in darkness.

As Matt closed the door, he didn’t think once about the fluffy he’d forgotten in the sink.

Almond was humming to herself in her nest, totally content. She knew she was a mommy now, and had tummy babies. She didn’t know quite how she knew, but she had a wonderful warm feeling in her tummy and her thinkie-place knew that meant babies!

Licorice and Violet were playing happily with each other by the blockies, building little towers and knocking them over. It was a very adorable sight, and Almond hoped one day she’d be able to see HER babies grow up big and strong and play blockies.

She gently rubbed her belly with her hooves, hoping to feel some wiggles or something from her babies. Sadly, there was nothing there. She pouted. Almond knew that it took a long time for tummy babies to grow, her own mommy had said it took so many forevers!

Daddy had said that it took “six weeks” but she didn’t know what a week was, let alone what six of them were! She was so very excited to meet her babies! She knew they would all be such pretty, good babies.

A tingle in the back of her thinky place always gave her heart-hurties, though. Whenever she thought about Brick or Bruiser... All she had were horrible images of crushed babies and meanie fluffies.

She promised herself that she would never allow her babies to become like that, she would love them all and treat them equally. She wasn’t afraid to discipline them either and would make sure they followed all of daddy’s rules!

She cooed to her tummy again. It would be so wonderful to be a mommy!

Violet pulled herself over to Almond, Licorice trotting behind.

“Bigges’ sisseh Awmon’!” Violet said. “Wan pway bwockies wif Wicowice an Viowet?”

“Nu fankies! Awmon’ wike tu wach babbeh pway.” She said, gently cooing. “Make Awmon’ fink o’ tummeh babbehs!”

Violet’s eyes went wide, and she grinned goofily.

“Bigges’ sisseh Awmon’ hab tummeh babbies!? Dat am BESTEST tingy! Gun be mummah!” Violet squealed, wrapping her front legs around Almond’s hind leg.

Licorice smiled and also gave a very tender hug to Almond’s other leg.

“Awmon’ am VEWVY ‘cited! Wan bestest mummah evah!”

“Viowet am su happy! Gun’ hab fwiends!”

Almond frowned briefly.

“Dat am twue... babbehs be Viowet’s fwiends wen big and gwow-up. Buh babbehs take wots o’ foevahs tu be big babbehs. Haf tu wait wong time fo’ babbehs tu be fwiends.”

“How time tiww fwiends?” Violet asked, clearly disappointed that she wouldn’t have more fluffies to play with.

“Weww... mummah was soon-mummah fo’ many bwight-times... nu wemembah how time... buh took wots time! An den wen babbehs cum, take eben wongest time fo’ gwow!”

“Dat... dat sound wike weawwy wong time...” Violet said, pouting a bit.

“Yesh, many fowevahs... buh den babbehs be fwiends!” Violet said.

Almond nodded. “Aww babbehs am be gud nicey fwiends tu Viowet an’ Wicowice!”

Licorice smiled back, nuzzling into Almond’s leg.

“Hey girls.”

Almond’s ears perked up and she twisted to turn to the door.

“Daddeh!” She cheered, quickly bounding from the nestie and running over to him.

“Hey Almond!” Daddy said, picking her up. “How are you feeling?”

“Awmon’ am hab bigges’ heawt-happehs! Feww tummeh babbehs! Su ‘cited!”

“That’s very good! You’re going to be a very good mommy!”

“Awmon’ wan be bestest mummah fo’ spechuw-fwiend an Daddeh!” She said, cooing into her daddy’s hug. “Wewe am speshuw-fwiend, daddeh?”

“I’m gonna take you to him, okay?”

“Otay!”

Daddy carried Almond outside the safe room, cradling her like a baby as he went.

Almond loved being carried by her daddy, especially when he carried her leggies-up. It made her feel so safe and cozy, and she loved feeling her daddy’s warm chestie.

“Wewe am goin’ daddeh?”

“We’re going to the bathroom. I think it’s time to give you a nice bath.”

“Baff? Wawa am scawwy...” Almond said, pulling her hooves close to her chestie.

“I know baby, but don’t worry. You’re gonna enjoy the bath!”

Almond didn’t respond, still nervously fidgeting with her hoofsies. When they got into the bathroom, however, she immediately perked up.

“Awion!” She said, happily wiggling. “Awmon’ am su happies tu see yu!”

“Awmon’!” Arion said happily. He was already in the bathtub and had been given a quick washdown to remove the smell of blood. He hadn’t been fully washed yet, because Matt was hoping having them together in the bath would help calm Almond down, which would make it much easier to bathe her when she was too pregnant to move.

“Hey Arion,” Matt said, gently placing Almond into the tub. She immediately started to nuzzle his neck. “I thought it would be fun to bathe you two together. Think you could help calm Almond down?”

“Yesh! Nu wowwies daddeh! Awion show Awmon’ dat baff am nu scawwy!” Arion said.

“Huu... wawa nu am gud fo’ soon-mummah... Awmon’ am scawdies...” She said. The bottom of the tub was wet from Arion’s quick spray down and she was sniffing at it with apprehension.

“Nu wowwy! Wawa am scawwy... buh baff am nice an wawm! An smeww vewwy pwetty!”

“O-otay...” Almond said, nuzzling closer to Arion. “Awmon’ be bwave fo’ speshuw-fwieend.”

“That’s a good girl.” Matt said, gently stroking her back.

Matt slowly began to clean Arion, letting Almond sniff him and watch as he happily cooed at the warmth of the water and the nice feeling of the soap on his skin.

“Awion am smeww su pwetty!” She said, sniffing the soap bubbles. “Wook funny wiff dwippy fwuff!” Almond laughed at how flat and un-poofy Arion was when he was wet.

“See? Wawa nu am scawwy! Wawmies an’ smeww nice!”

“Awmon’ wan smeww pwetty tu!”

“Alright! I’m gonna wet you now, okay?” Matt asked, picking the detachable shower head up.

“O-otay daddeh! Awmon’ be bwave...” She said, a hint of uncertainty in her voice.

Matt very carefully wet her rump, letting her get accustomed to the sensation of her fluff soaked. She instinctively tucked her tail between her legs and began to tremble, but as she realized the water was warm, she began to relax.

“O-oo... dat few nice.”

“See Almond! It’s not that scary!”

“It a wittew scawy... bu’ stiiww feww gud!” Almond said, giving Matt a smile.

He washed a bit further, wetting the fluff on her back and getting her legs wet. Once Almond had been thoroughly soaked, she had become significantly more relaxed.

Arion was soaked as well, now. Matt had been going back and forth to ensure that they both were getting nice and wet. Arion was most certainly playing up how much he enjoyed the warm water, cooing and giggling every time Matt sprayed him down. It was working to calm Almond down and she finally began to laugh and lean into the shower.

Adorably, she had the same reaction to the soap as Arion.

“Daddeh! Wat am dese!” She said, totally enthralled by the bubbles rising from the soapy water.

“Dose am bubbews!” Arion said, gently poking one with his nose and popping it. “Am fwom nicey-smeww wawa!”

“Oooo su pwetty!” Almond giggled as she looked around at them, popping a few with her snout as well.

Matt grinned, watching the two play a bit in the water with the soap. It was absolutely adorable to see them play like this, and the fact that they'd both calmed down about water was great.

Matt waited a bit for them to calm down before lathering them up thoroughly and rinsing them out. He made sure to clean up around Almond's rear, despite her protests of 'daddeh! Speshuw-pwace am nu fo' daddeh!' but thankfully Arion calmed her down about that too.

When they were both nice and clean, Matt pulled them out to dry them off. Almond went first so she wouldn't get too cold, and then Arion.

When both fluffies were nice and clean, Matt let them smell each other, nuzzling and sniffing.

"Awmon' smeww suuu pwetty. Am pwettiest soon-mummah evah!" Arion said, his tail wagging in glee.

"Fank yu..." Almond was a little bashful, but clearly loving the smell of Arion and herself. "Awion smeww su pwetty tu! Awmon wike smeww..." She said.

"Alright you two, ready to go back to the safe room?"

"Yesh daddeh!" Arion said, "Am sweepy... weady fo' gud sweepies wif Awmon'."

"Awmon' am sweepy tu!" Almond said.

"Alright then! Let's go." Matt said.

He opened the bathroom door and let them both trot behind him as he walked to the safe room. They were talking about Almond's 'tummy-feelings' about their babies. Matt was surprised she was already able to tell she was pregnant, but Tiffany had said that fluffies were uniquely able to detect a successful fertilization right away.

When they reached the safe room, Arion didn't leap over the gate like he normally did but instead waited for Matt to lift the gate so Almond and him could enter together.

They immediately ran over to the nest, curling up in a giggly bundle. They yawned a few times, but instead of falling straight asleep they laid so they could watch Violet and Licorice play.

"Daddeh!" Violet said, dragging herself over. "Hewwow daddeh! Viowet heaw dat bigges' sisseh Awmon' am hab tummech-babbehs!"

"That's right! Almond is going to have a lot of little foals, just like you."

"Viowet am su happehs! Nu can wait fo' fwiends!"

"I'm glad! But you know that babies take a long time to grow up, and they won't be much fun for a long time."

"Viowet knu! Bigges' sisseh Awmon' said dat it am many fowevahs fo' babbehs tu be big enuf fo' fwiends. Viowet wiww wait."

"That's a good girl." Matt said, gently stroking her back. He still avoided talking about or touching her hind legs, worried about the reaction she'd have. He noticed she had a pretty physical reaction whenever something brushed against the place where her legs had been.

He was impressed, however, that she was still able to shit in the litterbox. He'd considered getting her a diaper, but he'd installed a little ramp to the litterbox which she happily used, determined to make 'gud poopies fo' make daddeh pwowd.'

"And how are you doing, my little mute?" Matt asked, scratching Licorice behind the ears and smiling as she closed her eyes in pleasure. "I see you're playing with Violet. You two having fun?"



Licorice nodded.

“Good girl. And you’re doing okay? Everything good?”

She nodded again, leaning happily into Matt’s scratches.

“Good. So, everyone is good! Violet, Licorice, it’s bedtime now. Put your toys away and head to the nest, okay?”

“Otay daddeh!” Violet said, nudging her blocks to the ‘toy corner’ where all the toys had to be for bedtime. Licorice helped, but was quite a bit faster due to having full mobility. Still, Violet did her part.

When everything was all put away, Matt carried each of the fluffies to their nest, Giving Violet and Licorice a nice big hug before they curled up.

“Daddeh? Can Awmon’ hab dawk-time huggies tu?”

“Of course.” Matt said, lifting her up and giving her a nice hug. She squealed in joy and hugged him back. When he put her down, she happily nuzzled into the nest.

Matt grinned, having noticed Arion slyly peeking up at Matt.

“C’mere.” Matt said.

“Yay!” Arion squealed, leaping up. Matt gave him a nice tight hug, and enjoyed the feeling of Arion’s legs all splayed across him hugging as tightly as the fluffy could.

Matt enjoyed all his fluffies, but he and Arion had a very special relationship. Arion was at once childish and playful that represented the best and most innocent parts of a fluffy, but was also capable of stunning cruelty. As much as he loved to bond with Arion in the basement with equal cruelty, the moments of innocence and playful love were the best parts of Arion.

All hugged and tucked in, the fluffies curled into a cute little pile, and quickly fell asleep. Smiling, Matt left the safe room, content to fall asleep himself.

He’d have to start thinking of how to get the safe room properly set up for Almond and her foals.

\* \* \*

Keylime was sobbing softly. The pushpins in his hooves hurt horribly, and his mouth was dry and burned. His ears twitched and tugged at the pins there every time he heard a noise which only sent pain coursing through his sensitive ears.

He coughed and sobbed again; the blood that had dried on his ears cracked and reopened the scabbed wounds. They stung and sent sharp pain through his body.

“Pahh... nah eah hawteh...” Keylime weakly mewled.

The pins, of course, didn’t listen. Keylime turned his head again, the pain forcing an involuntary reaction.

The foal had never experienced such agony in his short life. All he wanted was to love and be loved by his Daddy, and yet he’d been betrayed.

He twitched again, pain ripping through his body and tearing at his soft hooves.

“Ahuhhh... haffseh... hah owah...”

His pierced tongue limited his speech, but he still talked to himself, afraid of silence in the dark basement.

“S-stupi u-ugwy fwuffy...” He heard below him.

Plum, below him, had been complaining about her company since she'd been pinned to the "sorry-wall." Despite her lack of fur, her similar abuse, and her depressive state, she still found a way to act superior to Keylime.

"Nah ah uhguheeee..." Keylime gagged out. His pierced tongue made his words muddled and incomprehensible.

"Pwum say yu awe ugwe babbeh." She said, spitting her words as best a fluffy could.

"Nuuuhahhh..."

"Shaddup! Fwuffy am ugwe sick-yawa babbeh. Pwum am pwetty babbeh. Daddeh nu wuv yu fo' be ugwe babbeh!"

Keylime sobbed, tears flowing from his eyes. That couldn't be true, could it? Was Keylime just too ugly to be loved?

"Buah... dahah gehu u huhteh uu..." Keylime moaned.

"Ugwy babbeh tawk stoopi. Nu can undastan' babbeh." Plum scoffed.

She was also in extreme pain. Her hooves ached, bloody and raw from the pins. Her skin was raw and sensitive, the chemicals that had stripped her of her fluff had also left light chemical burns; irritating for a human but downright agonizing for a fluffy.

Every time she shivered in the cold basement, she moved her hooves and pulled her skin, sending another wave of new pain through her body. Plum sobbed, the combination of her physical pain and emotion pain was getting to her.

'Pwum nu wan die...' She thought to herself, 'Am ownny wittew babbeh... nu wan die...'

She shut her eyes tightly, tears welling up and falling down her face. It was all that stupid baby Violet's fault! If she hadn't been such a dummy baby with her stupid no-work leggings, then Daddy would still love her!

She looked over to where Autumn had plummeted to her death. She could just make out the floor from her elevation on the sorry-wall and the very faint light coming from the tiny window at the end of the basement.

She couldn't see the bloodstain, but she knew it was there.

She closed her eyes tight.

"Pwum nu wan die." She said aloud. Her voice was trembling. "Pwum nu wan die."

"Keham nu ahn dah eetha!" Keylime said weakly. He trembled horribly as the realization that he probably would take forever-sleepies hit him. He began to cry openly again, and tugged desperately at the tacks in his body.

The force was enough to rip his tongue free from the tack holding it in place, the metal tearing through his weak tongue and ripping it clean in half.

"SCREEEEEEEE!" Keylime shrieked, "MOUFH HAB WOWS'ES HUW'ES! BOO BOO JUICE!"

In his panic, he shat himself. The liquid shit ran down the corkboard and flowed over Plum, coating her skin in hot foul-smelling waste.

The shit stung and burned her already irritated skin, and the smell assaulted her nose.

"Huu! Nu smeww gud! Poopies buwn! Poopies am wowestest buwny poopies!" She screamed into the void, trying to beat her hooves against the pins to free herself.

She only succeeded in tearing the soft skin of her hooves again.

"PWUM HATE DIS! AM GUD BABBEH! AM NU BAD BABBEH! WAN MUMMAH! WAN BWUDDAH! WAN SISSIE!" She screamed, startling Keylime and earning herself another torrent of shit.

“PWUM WAN DIE! WAN DIE WAN DIE WAN DIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIII!” She howled, screaming until her lungs gave out and her throat was raw.

Defeated, she hung on the wall limply, not caring or noticing the surrounding world anymore. Even with Keylime screaming for Daddy, begging for forgiveness, she didn’t react. She wanted to die.

But no one could hear her, and no one would help her.

It had been three weeks since Almond and Arion had ‘done the deed.’ She was already very clearly starting to show.

Fluffy pregnancies lasted from five to six weeks, and Almond was already becoming too rotund to be as active as she would have liked. Matt had already told her a few times that she couldn’t use the treadmills until her babies came.

“Wai Awmon’ nu can wun on wunny-fwoow?” She’d asked, pouting as he lifted her off the treadmill.

“Your belly and uh, milky-places are getting much bigger since you’re going to be a mommy!” Matt explained. “You could get really hurt and that would make daddy very sad.”

“Otay... Awmon’ wiww wait fo’ babbehs tu come befow’ use wunny-fwoow ‘gain.”

“That’s a good girl.”

Matt had been worried that Almond would turn into a complete brat after becoming pregnant. He’d been reading up on some forums about what to do when expecting foals. There were books on the subject, of course, but you couldn’t ask a book a question.

He’d been reassured that mares becoming total bitches once they were a mother was relatively uncommon for well-behaved fluffies; most new mothers who acted out were either clearly spoiled and put their babies’ needs above their owner’s commands, or previously traumatized and feral fluffies who reverted to a wild state to defend their babies from any perceived threats.

Almond wasn’t spoiled, and she had been too young to really remember being a feral, so Matt wasn’t worried about that. What he was worried about was her being over-protective or too much of a disciplinarian. She’d been telling him quite consistently that she was going to be the ‘bestest mummah’ for him, and make sure they didn’t turn into ‘meanie babbehs’ like Bruiser or Brick. The fact that both those foals died after being smarties made sure that Almond would raise her foals well, but he was concerned about her being too harsh with them.

The forum had good advice; teaching her how to discipline bad babies with specific guidelines. He’d found an old plastic bucket in his garage. Wide and tall, enough for a fluffy too look into, but too big for a foal to escape from. He figured he could teach Almond that bad babies would get time-outs in the sorry bucket, and that would allow him to control punishments.

Still, she hadn’t foaled yet, and still had a long time before then. He closed his laptop, having spent a good bit of the morning researching how to take care of foals, and went to visit the safe room.

Almond was happily humming to herself while watching Arion play with Licorice and Violet. He was playing ‘stop the monster,’ having built a fake little city of two and three block high towers. He tried to knock them down while Violet and Licorice tried to stop them.

He was, of course, letting them win. They were much smaller and weaker than he was and pushed at his hooves as hard as they could. For Licorice that was slightly strong, but Violet had no lower legs, so her leverage was even less effective.

“Babbehs am tu stwong!” Arion said, rearing up slightly before flopping onto his side. There were a few blocks strewn around from some felled towers, but most of the ‘town’ still stood. “Munstah Awion am hab wowstest-huwties an’ fowevah-sweepies!”

“Tee-hee!” Violet giggled, ‘stomping’ on Arion’s side. “Bestest supah-babbehs am sabe townie!”

Licorice smiled and nodded, blowing a raspberry at Arion.

Matt chuckled, which roused them all from their game.

“Daddeh!” Arion said happily. He trotted over to Matt and gave an upsie pose. Matt had always been amazed how much fluffies love hugs. Remnants of Hasbio’s genetic programming.

Matt picked Arion up and gave him a nice, tight hug. Arion cooed and hugged back as hard as he could, which admittedly wasn’t very hard.

“How are you guys doing?”

“Am vewwy gud!” Violet said, dragging herself over to Matt. “Wuv pway wif bigges’ bwuddah Awion!”

“That’s great!” Matt said. He sat down on the floor and revealed a small box he’d brought in with him. “I have a surprise for you, Violet.”

“Ooo!” Violet’s eyes lit up. “Viowet WUV supwise!”

“Okay! You have to close your eyes first though, okay?”

“Otay daddeh!” She said, shutting her eyes.

Matt opened the box, unwrapping the small wheelchair. He gently picked Violet up, and put the chair on her.

“Wat am doin’ daddeh?”

“Shh, just keep your eyes shut a little bit longer.” Matt said, strapping her in.

The wheelchair had all the works for a foal of her size: a support for her lower half so she didn’t sag, a wide hole in the back so she could use the litterbox without getting the chair messy, independent axles for the wheels so she could easily change direction, and it was all light and durable plastic so she wouldn’t get too tired. It was also a lovely shade of pink and purple: pink wheels, purple chassis.

He finished tightening the straps and placed her on the ground.

“D-daddeh? Viowet feew wewid... can open eyesies nao?”

“You can!” Matt said.

She opened her eyes and looked around. She took a few steps forward, and rolled. The immediate movement without the normal effort of dragging shocked her.

She looked around wildly, eventually looking behind her and seeing the wheels.

“Daddeh! Munstah am nummin’ babbeh! Hewp!” She screamed, running around in a circle.

“Violet!” Matt said, laughing. “That’s not a monster! Those are your new wheels!”

She stopped, having apparently not realized that she’d been able to run away from the monster, and looked up at Matt with confusion.

“Wat am ‘weews’?” She asked.

“They’re, uh... roly friends that will help you move better! That way you don’t have to drag yourself all over.”

“Weewie-fwiends hewp Viowet wun!” Her eyes had widened in absolute joy.

She took a tentative step forward, feeling the roll of the wheels and getting a feel for her new movement. She rolled forwards, then backwards, then turned around to Matt. She was grinning ear to ear and there were small tears in her eyes.

“Daddeh! Dis am bestest ting evah! Am... am su happies!” Violet said, rolling over to Matt and giving him a big hug on his knee.

"I'm so happy!" Matt said, giving her a scratch along her back. "Hopefully you can run and play even better now!"

Violet gave Matt one last hug before running off to the blocks with Licorice, excited to try her wheels out. Matt headed over to Almond, who was being attended to by Arion. He was gently licking her neck.

"Daddeh am bestest daddeh evah." Almond said. "Gib bigges' happehs tu Awmon' an tummeh-babbehs."

"I'm glad that I do, Almond." Matt said, gently stroking her tummy. "How do you feel?"

"Awmon' feew otay..." She rolled gently to one side, stretching her legs out. "Am tiwed aww time... Miwky-pwaces am huwty tu, an' tummeh babbehs gib wakies wen sweepy..." She yawned, laying on her side and sighing.

Her stomach was huge by now, and even Matt could tell she would have a large litter. Her teats were larger than he'd ever seen them; all mares had large teats, but pregnant mares were even larger and the fact that she was so ballooned with foals made them look even larger.

"I'm sorry sweetie." Matt said, gently rubbing her tummy. He could feel little wiggles and kicks from inside her. "Oh wow I can feel your babies!"

"Daddeh can feew tummeh-babbehs!?" Arion said, looking up at Matt.

"Yeah, here." Matt said, patting next to him. "Give me your hoof."

Arion sat on his haunches and let Matt grab his front hoof. Matt gently placed it on Almond's belly, letting him feel the movements of his unborn children.

"Dat... dat am babbehs?" Arion said softly, tears in his eyes.

"That's right buddy, those are your babies!"

"Awion... am daddeh." He said quietly.

Almond smiled and looked at him.

"Babbehs am move wots! Am gon' be vewy gud babbehs!" Almond said.

"Yesh... Awmon' am gon' be bestest mummah evah. Awion wan be bestest daddeh fo' Awmon' an babbehs."

"You two are going to be great parents." Matt said.

It went on like this for a while, Almond would complain about being tired and sore, sometimes waking Arion and Matt up in the middle of the night with her whines. Matt wasn't upset with her; he wasn't the one with a bunch of wiggly little foals inside him.

A week later and it was time for another one of Almond's checkups. She was very pregnant by now, and had become so fat with foals that she was pretty much unable to move on her own. Matt had put a special litter box behind her, specially designed for soon-mummahs, so she didn't have to move to use it. He also pinned her tail up to keep it out of the way of her excrement, so she didn't need to worry too much about getting dirty.

Arion had been especially attentive to Almond, bringing her anything she desired, and making sure he always played with Violet and Licorice in her field of view so she could watch and enjoy.

Matt had been keeping an especially close eye on the safe room through its cameras, too. He didn't want some horrible accident – either from fluffy stupidity or natural causes – to ruin Arion and Almond's chance at a happy family.

The basement had practically been abandoned by both Matt and Arion now that Almond was pregnant. He'd left Keylime and Plum stuck to the wall for five days before he remembered about them and by then it was far too late. Both fluffies had starved to death. Chrome had drowned in the sink, as well, it seemed.

The only one left of the fluffies in the basement was the little grey filly who was still in her can. When she saw Matt, she squealed with joy. Her little eyes were so bloodshot and scared that Matt was sure she was collapsing mentally.

He refilled her autofeeder, and threw the corpses away before leaving her in the darkness of the basement again. Who knew when he'd return, but it would be interesting to see what would happen.

He returned to the safe room with a larger-than average fluffy carrier, specifically designed to give soon-mummahs lots of space.

"Daddeh, wai hab sowwy-boxie?" Almond said, looking at the carrier with suspicion.

"It's not a sorry box, it's a carrier! We're going to see the vet Tiffany today so she can see how your tummy-babies are doing."

"Wai Awmon' haf tu go in so- mm... cawwiew? Nu am bad fwuffy..."

"I know sweetie." Matt said, gently leaning down. "But you can't really use your legs, and I don't want you getting hurt in the car ride over." He snapped the top off, revealing the inside of the carrier. "See? I'm going to take the top off once we're in the car. You just have to be inside for a little bit so I can carry you."

"Otay. Awmon' wiww gu in scawwy cawwiew... Am Awion cum tu?"

"Yeah, Arion is going to come too."

That brightened Almond's mood significantly. Getting her into the carrier, however, was still a struggle. For one, she was fat. The carrier was large, but it still gave barely enough room for her. Matt checked and checked to make sure her stomach wasn't being crushed until he was satisfied that the carrier was safe. He put the lid on, despite Almond's sad whimpers, and carried her and Arion to the car.

Well, he got about halfway out of the saferoom before he realized he very much needed two hands for the carrier.

"Arion, can you walk to the car? Daddy needs to hold Almond with both hands."

"Otay daddeh!" Arion said, happily bounding over the gate once Matt put him down.

"Okay girls," Matt said to Violet and Licorice. "Be good while I'm out, okay?"

"Yesh daddeh!" Violet said. She was adorable with her little wheels, and it was cute how they matched her fluff. Licorice was mute, as always, but gave a nod which clearly meant "Of course, father."

Matt chuckled to himself. He always imagined Licorice with a proper little Victorian girl's voice. He didn't know why, but it was funny.

He closed the safe room door behind him, and carried Almond to the car. She had never been excited about car rides, but Arion had gotten quite used to them. Once in the car, Matt took the lid off the carrier and secured it to the front back seat. Arion was also back there, calming Almond with nice words and licking her neck.

"Awmon' am bwave soon-mummah!" He said, smiling at her. "Awion was suuuu scawdies fwom vwoom-vwoom munstah!"

"Awmon' nu wike vwoom-vwoom munstah... bu' nice-wady Tiff'nee am hewp wif babbehs! Dat am gud."

"Good girl." Matt said, patting her back. She was clearly a little uncomfortable in the carrier, mostly due to the awkward angle it put her legs, but the ride was quick enough.

As soon as the car started, Matt was glad he'd put the soon-mummah carrier litter attachment in there with her.

"Awmon' make bad poopies... am sowwy daddeh..." She said, tearing up a bit.

"It's okay, you're a soon-mommy, so that's alright for now. It's just like your small litter box in the safe room."

That seemed to cheer her up. Arion smiled at Matt and nuzzled Almond again. It was practically illegal for these two to be this cute.

On the short drive, Matt glanced into the back seat every now and again. It was a strange feeling, watching Arion and Almond cuddle and love each other. He had never really wanted kids of his own, but the way these two were so gentle and kind, even if sometimes they were a huge pain in the ass, it made him think about it.

Who knew, maybe in a few years he'd have his own 'Special-Friend.' He chuckled to himself; spending so much time around fluffies was most certainly making him talk like them.

They pulled into the Fluff-Mart parking lot, as close as he could to the vet entrance, and put the carrier lid back on. Matt didn't trust Arion in the parking lot. He knew there had to be some abuser sitting in his car, waiting for some inattentive owner to have their fluffy walking so they could run them over.

"Arion, can you be an extra good boy and get in this bag for me?" Matt asked, holding out a backpack.

"Wat am dat?"

"It's a backpack. I'm going to carry you on my back in it so I can get us all inside safely"

"Wike how mummahs cawwy babbehs?" He asked, grinning.

Matt groaned. He hadn't even thought of that.

"Yes, just like that."

"Heheh daddeh am mummah!" Arion laughed. "Awion wiww be gud in baggie."

He slipped the alicorn inside, and then put the bag on. He caught a glimpse of himself in the window; he looked ridiculous. Oh well, at least Arion was enjoying the view.

Almond, on the other hand, was already complaining about being in the "sowwy-cawwiew" as she now called it.

"It's okay girl." Matt said, struggling to close the door and carry the two fluffies. They weren't heavy, but together they were enough to make anything awkward. "It'll be over soon."

Matt began to walk to the vet station when he heard some loud whistles and jeering from a beat-up Honda Civic parked a few spots away.

"NICE PAPOOSE, FAGGOT!" One of the teenagers in the car yelled, his friends cheering him on.

Matt shrugged. He knew he looked absolutely ridiculous, no point in trying to hide it.

A few moments later, the squeal of tire on asphalt and a wet squelch made him very happy he'd put Arion in the backpack. Just down the way, in the other crosswalk, was a well-dressed fat woman holding a leash that led to a pink-purple and very red smear on the road, that had clearly been a fluffy.

"PINKIE! NOOOOO!" The woman squealed.

"Daddeh!? Daddeh wat am dat!?" Almond said. Her cage door, fortunately, was facing away from the gory mash that was splattered across the road.

"Uh...nothing sweetie. Just some humans playing a funny game."

Arion, however, watched intently. He looked at the red streak that had been a quite pretty mare previously. It filled his tummy with the same excited feeling he always got when he saw a fluffy he didn't love get hurt. She had been a pretty mare, and her human clearly loved her, but watching her die had been... fun.

Arion groaned and rocked in his backpack.

"What's wrong bud? You okay?"

"Yesh..." Arion murmured. "Daddeh... can... can Awion go tu basemen' soon?"

"You know what? I think that's a great idea." Matt said. He'd been so fixated on making sure that Almond had been happy, he had completely neglected Arion and his dark side.

Not that Arion had asked until now. He'd been focused entirely on making sure Almond was happy, content, and safe. Arion clearly loved her very much, but he had needs of his own. Matt made a mental note to pick something fun for Arion up during Almond's checkup.

Inside Fluff-Mart, Matt was finally able to take Almond out of her carrier. He placed her on his lap, and gently stroked her tummy.

"Daddeh, Awmon' nu wike sowwy-cawwiew... can... can Awmon' pweweease wide in vwoom-vwoom wifou' cawwiew?"

"Hmmm... well, I guess it's okay. But you have to promise not to make any bad poopies or bad pee-pees, okay?"

"Awmon' pwomise!" She said happily, clearly forgetting how she'd shat herself the minute the car had turned on.

Matt sighed. He guessed he could just put the litter box behind her. If it made her comfortable, it was worth it.

"Matt and Almond?" The receptionist called out.

"That's us." Matt said, lifting Almond up, with Arion trotting behind.

"Oh, and who is this little fellow?" The receptionist said, smiling at Arion.

"Awion' am Awmon' speshuw-fwiend!" Almond said happily.

"Well aren't you a lucky girl! He's very handsome." She said, smiling at Matt. "Dr. Baudman will see you now."

Matt followed the receptionist while Arion trotted behind him, curious about everything. It wasn't every day that he got to walk around on his own, and in a new place like this! His nose was alive with scents, everything from the pretty scent of mares, to the happy smell of soon-mummahs, to the arousing smell of fluffy blood. He loved it all.

Soon, they were in Tiffany's exam room, and Matt gently placed Almond on the exam table and put Arion on a chair next to him. It didn't take long for Tiffany to show up.

"Hey Matt, how are you?"

"Eh, pretty good. Heads up, there's a dead-"

"In the street?" Tiffany interrupted, "Yeah I know. Those guys are such assholes. They always hang out here in some beat up POS and have K-I-L-L-E-D like six fluffies."

"Why'd you spell..." Matt looked at Almond, happily humming to her unborn children. "Ah."

"Yeah, rather not use the D-I-E or K-I-L-L words around them."

"Nice wady Tiff-nee?" Arion asked, his head tilted, "Wat am Kay-Eye-Ew-Ew mean?"

Tiffany smiled, and leaned into Arion's ear, whispering. His tail perked up, and he smiled.

"Ohhhhh Awion knu DAT wowd!" He laughed.

"We just don't want Almond to get upset." Tiffany said quietly, watching her from the exam table.

"Awion knu... Awmon' am gud mummah. Nu nee' be wowwy."

"Good boy." Tiffany said. "Now! I hear someone is a soon-mommy!"

"Dat am twue! Awmon' am soon-mummah!" Almond said, wiggling as best she could.

"Okay! Why don't we take a look inside and see those babies!"

Almond's eyes went wide with shock.

"Hoomin... can SEE BABBEHS!?"



“That’s right! I have some human magic here, and I’ll be able to tell you exactly how many babies you have!”

Almond made the cutest, loudest squeal that Matt had ever heard a living animal make. Tiffany seemed wholly unsurprised but smiled, nonetheless.

Tiffany massaged Almond’s tummy, feeling the foals inside and getting a good sense of what she was dealing with. She listened with a stethoscope and felt all sorts of organs to check for inflammation or other complications, all while Matt and Arion watched with intense curiosity.

Finally, Tiffany grabbed the ultrasound machine. She also grabbed an electric razor.

“Now, Almond.” She said, somewhat sternly. “For the magic to work, I need to take some of your pretty fluff. Is that okay?”

“Awmon’ am otay wif take pwetty fwuff if can see babbehs.” She said, smiling at Tiffany.

“You’re such a brave girl.” Tiffany said, gently shaving down some of Almond’s belly fluff. When a nice square was revealed, Tiffany smeared some cold ultrasound jelly on the bald patch.

“Dat am cowl!” Almond said, giggling. “An’ tickews!”

Tiffany didn’t respond, just put the wand to her tummy. The screen flashed to life with grey and black shapes. Even Matt could make out six distinct hearts. And... one... something else?

Tiffany’s face said it all.

“Matt, Can I talk to you in the hall?”

“Sure.”

“Arion! Why don’t you and Almond have some yummy sketti treats!” Tiffany said, forcing a grin while she fed them both some treats. The fluffies, of course, loved them and Matt placed Arion on the exam table so he could be with Almond.

Once they were out in the hall, Tiffany’s face fell.

“What’s wrong?”

“One of Almond’s foals is DOA.”

“What does that mean?” Matt said.

“She’s going to either have a stillbirth, or a really short-lived foal.”

“Damn it.”

“Hey,” She said, gently touching his shoulder. “It happens more often than you’d think. Fluffies are, by all accounts, genetic abominations. Developmental problems are common in larger litters.”

“What do I do?”

“We tell her now, to prepare her.” Tiffany said, looking through the window at the happy couple on their exam table. “And when it’s born, show Almond the foal. Let her smell and hug it. Let her know it’s not going to make it.”

“What if it’s... alive when it’s born?”

“It has a severe arrhythmia. Its heart is malformed. It’s getting enough nutrients through Almond now, but once it’s born, it won’t be able to leech off her. It’ll die once it’s outside the womb.”

“Almond is going to be heartbroken...” Matt said.

“She will be. But, the good news: She has five healthy foals in there.”

“Five!?”

“That’s right.”

“Wow... I thought maybe... three or four?”

Tiffany laughed. “She wouldn’t be this big with only three!”

“What am I gonna do?”

“Well...” Tiffany smiled. “You could always give Licorice and Violet away. I could help you home them. I swear, nice people: no abusers.”

“You sure about that? I don’t want them to feel betrayed...”

“For a guy who doesn’t mind skinning a fluffy live, you sure have a lot of qualms.”

“Well sure, but these are different! These are MY fluffies!” Matt said, grinning.

“Calm down big guy.” Tiffany chortled. “Think about it; if you hate the idea, you don’t have to do it. I’m just saying: Almond, Arion and five foals is already a lot. Violet and Licorice won’t get a lot of attention.”

“I know... I’m just... I don’t know.”

“Hey, it’s okay. Just tell them they’re big fluffies and they need their own mommy and daddies now; I’ll help you.”

“I don’t know. I’d have to think about it. I don’t want to just... abandon them.”

“I get it. Now, let’s go give Arion and Almond the good news.”

Matt followed Tiffany back into the exam room, catching a glimpse of his fluffies cuddling. They were his fluffies; Licorice and Violet hadn’t been fluffies he intended to keep, just a product of circumstance... He wasn’t going to abuse them, however, but maybe it was for the best if they found their own families. It would certainly make raising Almond’s foals easier.

He’d have to consider it. It may be better for them, really: there was no way he’d be able to give all the fluffies they love they deserved, and support Arion’s newfound abuse habit. It wasn’t really fair, especially since Violet was special needs and most certainly needed someone to teach her how to use her wheels.

Inside the exam room, Almond and Arion were excitedly talking to each other about their foals. Arion was cooing and telling Almond how she was the bestest prettiest soon-mummah ever, and how all their babies would be good babies.

“Hey there Almond! I have some great news! You have four-and-one tummy babies!”

“FOUW AN ONE TUMMEH BABBEHS!?” Almond’s eyes were wide with shock and awe, tears in the corners and her ears perked up in pure joy.

“Dat... dat am su many babbehs! Awmon’ am gonna be bestest mummah! Awion am hab bigges’ heawt-happehs!”

Tiffany smiled while she let the little fluffy family cuddle and coo, Arion whispering to Almond’s tummy, telling his babies how good they all were, and how happy he was.

“I’m glad you two are so happy, but I do have some bad news too.” Tiffany said.

Matt’s heart was beating quite fast, he realized. It was Tiffany’s job, as the doctor, to explain to Almond that there was a dead foal inside her.

“W-wat am bad news?” Almond said. Her ears had fallen flat against her head, and Arion was staring at her intently, ready to comfort her.

“You actually have four-and-two babies inside you,” Tiffany said, still using the strange fluffy way of counting. “But your last baby isn’t a healthy baby. They have the biggest heart-sickies and are going to go forever-sleepies.”

Tears welled up in Almond's eyes, and she looked down mournfully at her tummy.

"Babbeh am gu fowevah-sweepies? Nuuu..."

"I'm so sorry girl." Tiffany said, gently stroking Almond's neck. "It's not your fault; you're a great mommy and all your babies are going to grow up to be happy and strong. Sometimes babies just get sick before they come, and there's nothing we can do."

"Awmon' am su sowwies babbeh..." She said to her tummy, gently holding it. "Awmon' wub aww babbehs, nu wan babbeh be sickie-babbeh."

"Nice Wady Tiff'nee?" Arion asked, looking over at Almond.

"Yes, Arion?"

"Du... du babbeh hab huwties?"

"No. Your baby doesn't feel any owies."

Arion's eyes welled with tears too, but he didn't sob. Almond was sobbing in full force now though, her hooves wrapped around her belly and her snout buried in her chest fluff, snot dripping from her nostrils.

"Dat am gud. Nu wan babbeh hab huwties..." Arion went over to Almond and curled around her. She wrapped her hooves around his neck and sobbed into his neck. Arion just lay there, hugging her and letting her cry.

"Why don't we leave them alone a bit?" Tiffany said, guiding Matt towards the door.

"You can spare the room?"

"I'm gonna move them to a large crate, they'll have room but also have privacy."

"Yeah. I think it'll be good for him too, especially after this. He needs to get out his frustrations."

"I have a great idea."

Tiffany put a soft blanket over Almond and gently carried her to a large crate with a soft vinyl pad in it. Matt carried Arion, who was intently staring at Almond, wiggling when he was brought close. Once he was back with Almond, he quickly wrapped around her and nuzzled into her neck. She was still crying, but the hugs that Arion was giving her clearly helped alleviate some of her stress.

Tiffany led Matt out of the exam rooms, and took him to the adoption center of the store. It was different than the one right by the entrance to the store: this area had a greater variety of fluffies, and the cages were far more spacious.

"Why are there two adoption areas?"

"The one by the entrance is for the last-chancers. Those that have been in the store for too long, and also ones from other local shelters who have run out of space. We get rid of those at the end of each week. We call it the "fresh faces" wall to make people think they're the new arrivals, but they're not."

"Clever." Matt said, browsing the open pens.

There was a pen for well-behaved mares with their foals, each able to play with each other. All the foals could speak and see, and happily played with each other while the mares relaxed. It reminded Matt of weary mothers with their kids at day-care.

The next pen was full of young stallions. They were too young to start being territorial or aggressive, but old enough to be weaned.

The mares were next, same as the stallions: not old enough to start wanting babies, but young enough to still be cute.

The next pen, surprisingly, were the “senior fluffies.” These were fluffies who were older than eight years. Fluffies could live to around ten or twelve, but most made it to eight or nine. These fluffies were all slow, their brightly colored fluff was a bit faded and tinged with strands of gray, and they were far more mild-mannered than the other fluffies.

Matt read the sign:

Meet our Senior Fluffies! These old girls and boys are all hand picked for their excellent demeanor. Sweet, gentle, and easy to manage, these fluffies just want some love in their twilight years! Excellent for someone who wants all the joy of owning a fluffy, but doesn't want to commit to a foal or adolescent.

It was an honest assessment of the fluffies. They were far gentler towards each other it seemed, and also calm around people.

“Hewwo nice wady. How am yu?” A grey and orange senior fluffy said to a woman perusing the pen.

“Oh uh... I'm well, how are you?” The woman had clearly been caught off guard by a fluffy asking her how she was.

“Wucas am gud, fank yu. Weggies am wittew huwties. Sky-wawa am comin'.” He said, looking up at the windows. “Wucas' weggies am aways gib wittew huwties wen sky-wawa am come.”

“Aw, that must hurt.”

“A wittew. Wucas am otay! Hab nice wamy-bwankie. Dat hewp.”

Matt chuckled. He knew that woman was going to buy Lucas. The senior fluffs all seemed to leave each other alone, not really shouting out “pwease nyu mummah/daddeh!” or desperately trying to catch human attention.

“Like the senior fluffs?” Tiffany asked.

“I thought you guys got rid of fluffs that had been here too long?”

“We do.” She said, watching as the woman who'd been talking to Lucas called an associate over to purchase him. “Senior fluffies aren't fluffies who've been here too long. We get them from no-kill shelters. Fluffies get returned all the time to shelters like that once they grow up. Lots of people want cute foals, but don't want grown fluffies.”

“That's... actually kinda sad.”

“Yeah. A lot of the older fluffies get let out into the wild. Fluffy stallions are able to sire until they die, so older fluffies are actually one cause of feral population growth.”

“Makes sense.” Matt said, looking around.

The next pen was the “Soon Mummah!” pen. As imagined, it was full of pregnant mares. There was another sign:

Want to raise your own little fluffy family? Adopt one of our Soon-Mummahs! These mares are all guaranteed to have a healthy litter of foals and come with a free pre- and post-natal check up package! Each mare has been carefully chosen for their calm demeanor and affectionate nature, as well as being a first-time mommy! Share the miracle of birth with your fluffy, and raise a happy family together! \*(Please note, as these are first time mothers, their disposition towards poorly colored foals has not been evaluated. Always be present for the birth and be sure to never leave your mare alone with her foals unsupervised.)

“Aw, that's cute.” Matt said, watching as the pregnant mares played very gently, relaxing in the warm heat lamps and talking to their tummies. “Reminds me of Almond.”

“Yeah,” Tiffany said, smiling. “And that brings me to what I think you and Arion will enjoy... playing with.”

Behind the Soon-Mummah cage, off to a darker side of the Adopt Center, was a row of wall cages. They had clear fronts with air holes and name tags, as well as a health and info card.

The most likely to be sold were at eye-height: good colors; a healthy mix of pegasi, earthies, and unicorn; and the cages themselves were a little larger than the rest, with a built-in light and one toy each.

The upper rows were almost all pegasi, since they weren't as afraid of heights. These were also the loudest and most energetic of the adoptable fluffies, so keeping them high up allowed their shrill begging for a new parent to be absorbed by the high ceilings.

In the bottom row were all the "undesirables." Matt had been surprised to see some decent colored fluffies there, that was until he heard them speak.

"STOOPI HOOMAN BE NYU DADDEH NAO!" One periwinkle and grey fluffy shouted at Matt.  
"QWIKSIWVAH DESEWVE SKETTI AN' PWETTY MAWE FO' ENFIES!"

"Jesus please tell me you're not suggesting a smarty?" Matt groaned, quickly walking past Quicksilver. "They're fun to abuse for about two seconds before they give me a headache."

"God, no." Tiffany said. "I'm suggesting one of these." She stepped aside, gesturing at the shelves she'd been standing in front of.

There was a sign hanging above this shelf; "Pals for all your Needs!"

Matt knew about litterpals, as did every abuser. They were horribly impractical and basically served one reason: abuse. There had been several forums of people talking about how they had been struggling to make sure their fluffy that normally used the litterbox started using a litterpal instead. Having something that cried and begged to die every time you shit made some fluffies feel so bad that the litterbox was a much better option.

Most abusers just liked owning something exclusively designed to suffer, though. There had been some public outcry, but mostly people just let it happen. They cost pennies to make, since green and brown were such common and unwanted colors, and cost only a few dollars to buy so no one really cared.

"I don't want a litterpal. Arion and Almond can both use the litterbox and watching them shit into something's mouth is just... gross."

"No not those things. Above them."

Litterpals were apparently the best sellers of the "Pals" collection, all made by the same company: "Fluff-Pals" also the makers of Foal-in-a-Can. Above the litterpals, however, was a whole row of "Special-Pals."

Previously called "enfie-pals" that was deemed too pornographic for the market, and was changed to "special-pals." They were mares, and some stallions, that had been given the litterpal treatment: No legs, shoved in a box, some had eyes, tongues, and teeth removed. The big difference was their use.

"You want me to buy something Arion can rape?"

"Exactly. And it's some fun psychological torture..." Tiffany said, grinning. "You see... all special-pal mares are fixed."

"That's all good and well... but I don't want an enfie pal then..." He said, grinning. "Can you show me the pillowfluffs?"

Tiffany grinned, quickly taking Matt by the hand and dragging him to the Pillow Pen. This was, by far, the saddest of all the pens. It was clean, bright, and just as decorated as the others, but the fluffies inside were all miserable.

Each and every one of them was placed in front of a little hole that their ass hung over, clearly allowing them to relieve themselves without distracting from their manufactured cuteness. All the people looking in the pen and cooing at the fluffies were the kind of people that very clearly needed something to love them.

Matt's eyes darted around as he examined the fluffies. Most of them looked broken and depressed; they barely reacted to any of the praise from the people around them, flinching at the slightest touch or barely moving. Matt was sure he saw quite a few tears.

Then, there was one in the corner. A bit smaller than the rest, she had wings and a lovely pink coat, as well as a bright blue mane. Matt watched as she looked around excitedly at the people around her.

"Hewwo nice wady! Bubbewgum am gud fwuffy! Be bestest fwuffy fo' nyu mummah! Gib weggies su can hab bestest hugges?"

The woman she'd been talking to frowned and walked away.

"Oh dat... am otay... uh... Nice mistah!" She said, quickly moving to a new human. "Hewwo! Bubbewgum be gud fwuffy! Pwomise awways use wittahboxie an' bestest huggies! Jus' nee' weggies tu..." The man walked away again, apparently just as turned off by the mention of legs.

"Hey there little girl." Matt said, gently catching Bubblegum's attention.

"Oh! Oh! Hewwo nice mistah! Bubbewgum am gud fwuffy!" She said, happily bouncing. "Am be bestest fo' nice mistah! If nice mistah be nyu daddeh, den nyu daddeh gib nyu weggies fo' get bestest huggies!"

"Oh, I'm sorry girl. I can't give you your legs back..." Matt said, feigning sorrow.

"D-dat am otay!" Bubblegum said. For the first time, Matt could see the stress and forced joy that was behind her eyes. "Bubbewgum get bestest huggies fwom daddeh! DEN weggies gwow back!" It was clearly a lie she had told herself quite consistently.

Matt flagged down an employee.

"Can you tell me about Bubblegum here?" Matt said, walking away from the bubbly fluffy.

"Aw, that's a sad case. She was supposed to be a prized breeder; mom and dad both came from a long line of Alicorns, great colors, and just a generally pleasant fluffy to be around."

"Sounds like a money printer. What happened?"

"She's infertile. Genetic deformity gave her a malformed womb; she can't even get pregnant."

"Aw man that must have really upset her..." Matt said, mentally crossing his fingers for the answer he hoped for.

"Oh no, she has no idea." Bingo. "The breeder that bought her spent like... fifteen thou' on her? He totally lost it after she didn't get pregnant the first few times. Cut off her legs, totally convinced that she was doing something stupid to lose the foals. After a few more times and total failures, he dropped her off at a no-kill."

"No one's ever told her she's infertile. She totally believes she did something wrong and that made her old owner hate her, but she doesn't know exactly what she did. We can't tell her now, because we're worried about her psyche. If she found out that she lost her legs forever AND can't ever have babies? She'll go wan die fast."

"I'll take her." Matt said, smiling.

"Really?" The employee looked at him warily. "She's pretty delicate and she's a pillow. They're a lot of work. She cries at night."

"I have an alicorn," Matt said, dropping his voice. "Poor guy has massive abandonment issues; his mom left him to die. A mare that literally can't leave him would help I think."

"Oh that's so sweet." The employee smiled back at Matt, the hugbox lie clearly having worked. "I'll ring you up."

Almond and Arion were sleeping softly when Matt came back.

"Hey guys, how are you?" Matt said, waking them up.

“Daddeh...” Almond said, weakly smiling as she yawned. “Awmon’ stiww haf saddies. Wittew huwtie tummeh babbeh... buh’ Awion teww Awmon’ dat am gud mummah an’ babbeh am nu hab huwites fo wong time. Dat make Awmon’ feew bettah. Hab fouw-an-one babbehs dat nee’ a gud mummah, and gud mummah nee’ nu hab saddies.”

“That’s very good of you, Almond.” Matt said. He was glad she had calmed down and was thinking about her other, healthy foals.

“Daddeh,” Arion said, also waking up. “We gu housie nao?”

“Yeah, we’re going home.” Matt said, picking them up.

Tiffany had given Matt a “Soon-Mummah Carrier” which was FAR better than the one he’d had previously. Almond immediately cooed and relaxed into the memory foam padding and was able to stretch her legs out.

“Dis am MUCH bettah sowwy-cawwiew daddeh! Fank yu!” Almond said, happily humming to herself as Matt carried her to the car.

“I’m glad, Almond. Now, we’ll be home soon, and I have a surprise for both of you!”

The car ride was fast, as Matt was excited to get home and show both Arion and Almond their new toys.

Once home, Matt put Almond on her new toy: a “nyu-mummah” bed. It was waterproof, comfortable, had a heating pad inside it, and a built-in water and kibble area, as well as an attachment for the litterbox in the back. It even had a little “seat” area where she could easily lean upright if she wanted when feeding her foals. Once she had her foals, it would help her take care of them by helping her keep them warm and fed.

“Daddeh dis am su nicey nestie! Fank yu! Awmon’ WUB nyu nestie!” Almond said, wiggling happily as she got comfortable in her bed.

“I’m glad sweetie!” Matt said, stroking her neck. “Now I’m going to take Arion out for a bit, okay?”

“Otay daddeh!”

Matt brought Arion out of the safe-room, and placed him on the kitchen island, giving him a bowl of oats and apples.

“So, I bought you something... fun at Fluff-Mart.”

“Daddeh gib Awion nyu toysie!?” Arion said, a grin plastered across his face. “Am baww? Bwockies?”

“No no, it’s a...” Matt lowered his voice. “Basement toy.”

Arion’s grin went wider. And crueler.

“Daddeh gib Awion nyu babbehs? Owd babbehs gu fowevah-sweepies, nu fun nu moaw.”

“I know buddy.” Matt said, ruffling his mane. “I thought we’d try something... new.”

“Wat?”

“I got you a new enfie toy.” Matt said. “But this one is a mare.”

“Mawe am enfie toy?” Arion asked. “Buh... nu wan babbehs wif nu mawe bu’ Awmon’. Nu wan otha speshuw-fwiend.”

“No, see, that’s the best part. She can’t have babies.”

\* \* \*

“Mummah wuv babbehs, babbehs wuv mummah, Daddeh wuv babbehs, babbehs wuv daddeh, Babbeks aww be bestest, gwow up big an’ stwong...”

Almond gently sang her soon-mummah song to her tummy babies.

Her heart ached; she knew she had one sickie-baby inside her tummy, and that even though that baby was good, it was still going to go forever-sleepies when it came. She was glad that it didn't have any owwies, but it still made her very sad.

Still, even if it was going to go forever-sleepies, it still deserved the same mummah-songs as its brothers and sisters. She was determined that, even if her baby was going to go forever-sleepies, it would still always know that its mummah loved it.

Besides the heart-hurties about her sickie-baby, Almond was incredibly excited to be a mummah. The thought of having her own little babies to love, and hug, and sing to; it made her so excited!

She was even excited for all the not-pretty parts of being a mummah! She would give them lickie-cleanies until they could use the litterbox and wake up during sleepies to give them milkies. When they were older, she knew she'd have to teach them to use the litterbox, use pretty words, and even discipline them when they were bad.

Daddy had told her that those were the responsibilities of a mummah, and since she was going to be a mummah, those were here responsibilities now.

She was also excited for the babies to come so she could move again. She was so full of babies, that her leggies didn't really work that well. She could move if she really tried, but daddy had said that it wasn't a good idea and she should stay in the soon-mummah nestie.

Reluctantly, she agreed. It was a lot of work to move anyway. She really hated using the soon-mummah litterbox, and couldn't wait to be able to move and make good poopies and pee-pees again. Daddy had said that, since she was a soon-mummah, poopies she made in the soon-mummah litterbox weren't bad, but she still felt very not-pretty when she used it.

Almond gasped and groaned as a cramp wracked through her tummy.

Daddy said they were normal since she had babies inside her, but it was just another thing she would be glad was gone when she had all her babies.

She was laying on her side, which made it a little easier on her back and tummy, so she was a bit more comfortable. It did mean her rear was a bit messy, but Matt had been cleaning her regularly to try to keep her comfortable.

Almond pressed a hoof to her tummy; she could feel her little babies wiggle and kick from inside her tummy. Daddy had put the magic picture from the vet of her babies on the wall where she could see it.

The pictures of her babies were strange and hard to see, but daddy had circled each of their hearts – even her little sickie-baby's sickie-heart.

She could see them all now; four-and-two. She'd been thinking of names, but she was no good at that. She wanted daddy to give them all pretty names like he'd given her, and Arion, and her mummah too.

The only thing she was certain about what that if she had a little brown filly, she wanted her name to be Chestnut. It seemed... right, in a way, to give her baby the same name as her mummah.

When they'd first come to daddy's housie, she'd been just a chirpy-baby, so her see-places weren't open yet. Her mummah had told her all about the alleyway and how awful it had been. She'd told her of the freezing nights, the cold rain, the horrible boxie-house, and the way meanie fluffies treated her for being brown.



Almond was happy that she didn't remember living like that, but she was so proud of her mummah for surviving for so long. Living in the outside sounded so scary and hard. It was all thanks to mummah that Almond had lived in a nice housie with a good daddy and the bestest special-friend. She knew that, in the end, her mummah had started to get confused and mean, but daddy had told her that it wasn't Chestnut's fault; she was getting old and that happened when you got old.

Almond hoped nothing like that ever happened to her. She had forgiven Chestnut a long time ago for the meanie things she'd said to Arion, and how she'd treated Almond. She knew, deep down, that if her mummah was here now, she would be happy for her.

"Babbehs wuv mummah, babbehs wuv daddeh, babbehs dwink miwkies, gwow up big an' stwong..."

She sang her song again. She put a hoof on her belly, feeling the little kicks. She was going to be a mummah. She was going to have Arion's babies. She was going to live a long and happy life with all her babies, and she was very happy.

She yawned; being a soon-mummah was apparently a lot of work, because she was tired all the time despite the fact that she didn't move much.

Almond could feel the need for sleep coming on. She was happy, because she always had sleepy-pictures of her babies when she slept. In her dreams, they always looked like Arion; wingies and pointies. She really hoped that at least one of her babies was a wingie-pointy baby, just like Arion.

He was special, she knew. Besides the wingies and pointy, he was smart. And he wasn't a smarty! She knew that it would be very nice for him to have a baby that looked like him. It would make him feel... less lonely. That was important to her. She didn't know if there was anything she could do, but every night she whispered the last verse of her mummah song just to hope;

"Babbehs wuv mummah, mummah wuv babbehs, babbeh be wike daddeh, gwow up big an' stwong..."

\* \* \*

"Su... mawe nu can be mummah?" Arion said, brow furrowed. "Dat am saddies... buh gud fo' Awion!"

"That's right! And you can do whatever you want to her." Matt grinned. Bubblegum was currently resting in the basement. He'd placed her in the pen, outfitted with as many toys as he could find that a regular fluffy would love – blocks, plush puzzles, stackable rings – but that a pillow would never be able to enjoy.

She'd thanked him profusely, despite looking absolutely depressed when she realized she couldn't play with anything.

"Any...fing?" Arion said, eyes wide. "Awion can... hab enfies wif mawe?"

"If you want." Matt said. "She can't have babies. I figured she could be a new enfie toy for you."

"Mawe am nyu enfie toysie!?" Arion was thrilled. Fluffies, according to Tiffany, had a rampant sex drive, and fucked like rabbits. The lack of sexual release was probably quite irritating for Arion, but he'd been so attentive to Almond that he'd clearly put his own needs aside.

"You've been so good to Almond, and you're going to be such a good daddy, I figured you needed a special treat."

"Fank yu daddeh!" Arion said, leaping a bit. "Awion nu wan make daddeh ow Awmon wowwy, buh speshuw-wups hab huwties..."

“I know bud.” Matt didn’t think he’d ever get used to discussing blue balls with his pet, but their relationship was so fucked up at this point that it didn’t really matter.

“Hab ques-tion, daddeh.” Arion said.

“Yeah, what’s up?”

“Awion stiww wan... gib huwties...” He was still a little ashamed about his desire to hurt, but he needed to express it. It was a hunger that brewed deep inside him, just like his sexual needs his cruelty had a need of its own.

“Oh, don’t you worry, I’ll show you how to give Bubblegum the worst ‘hurties’ ever.” Matt said, grinning cruelly

In the basement, Bubblegum was relaxing as best she could. Ever since she’d had her legs hacked off by her old owner, she had lived in a constant state of stress.

She’d been in a depressive state for weeks after her amputations, unwilling to eat or move. But when she’d been placed in the pen at Fluff-Mart, she’d seen the other pillowfluffs. She didn’t want to be them; she didn’t want to be like that.

They were miserable, horrible fluffies. Unmoving, unfeeling, uninterested in life. Every night, they’d whisper to themselves “wan die” and some would try desperately to hold their breath until they did so.

It was there she’d resolved herself to not be like that. To live. She DIDN’T ‘wan die’. She wanted to live. To be loved. To have a daddy, and a special friend.

And what made everything better? Babies! Babies were all anyone wanted! Her mummah had been a beautiful monster. All white, with a rainbow mane, and wingies AND a pointie!

One of her brothers and one of her sisters had been the same; beautiful monsters. Humans LOVED them. More than anything. More than her.

Mummah hadn’t loved her nearly as much as her monster siblings. She wasn’t the worst baby, but she most certainly wasn’t the best. Best babies had wingies and pointies.

She only had wingies. That meant she was an okay baby, better at least than her no-special siblings.

Their human daddy had been happy that she was a filly, that made her “valuable” whatever that meant. She got preferential treatment after that. Less so than her monster sister, but still better than her not-special brothers.

Then she’d gone home with her monster daddy. He’d been so nice at first; gave her lots of good food, hugged her and treated her well, spent lots of time with her!

Her first special-huggies had been very scary. The stallion, a monster like her parents, had been mean. He didn’t care about her, called her an enfie mare and put his hoof on her back while he gave her special-huggies.

She didn’t resist, though. Monsters were special. She wasn’t. Not-special fluffies didn’t fight or resist Monsters. So she took the special-huggies, even though they hurt.

Her daddy was very upset when she didn’t have babies. Bubblegum was upset too. She wanted so badly to have monster babies. Maybe then she’d be as special as her mummah and sister?

But she had no babies. She told her daddy after a few bright times that she knew she didn’t have babies. Daddy was on the magic-talky box for a while, yelling. Afterwards he said she’d have to have special-huggies again.

She, of course, didn't say no. There was no "no" when you were a fluffy like her. The Monster that gave her special-huggies this time was much nicer. He took thing slow, and asked her if she was ready. She lied and said she was, though she was scared when they finally did it.

It had hurt, thought not as bad as the first time. She had endured it though, and hoped against hope that she would feel the tummy babies.

She didn't.

Daddy hadn't been happy. He'd hit her that time, told her she was stupid. She tasted blood in her mouth. She'd spat out some teeth. She'd cried.

She'd been a bad fluffy.

She apologized and begged and pleaded. Daddy told her she had one last chance.

"One fucking last chance, you bitch." He'd said.

He found the biggest, meanest, ugliest Monster fluffy.

A Monster named Belphegor. He was missing an eye. He didn't treat Bubblegum very kindly. He kicked her to the ground and called her an 'enfie-mare' which she didn't like.

But again, he was a Monster. She said nothing.

He took his time. It hurt a lot. She cried a few times, and he seemed to like that.

Even after all that, though, she still didn't have tummy-babies.

"What are you doing you stupid slut!?" Monster daddy had asked. "Are you fucking BROKEN or some shit!?"

"Nu kno daddeh! Wan babbehs! Wan daddeh tu be happies su wan babbehs!" She'd pleaded with him.

"I SPENT FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS ON YOU!" He'd shouted. "YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A FUCKING MONEY PRINTER!"

"Buggewgum wan make daddeh happies!" She had cried so hard. "Wan make monies fo' daddeh! Nu kno wat am wong! Wan make wots o' munstah babbehs fo' daddeh!"

Daddeh had gone very silent after that. She had made a mistake: humans hated when she called monsters monsters. They were "Alicorn" or "Wingie-Pointie fluffies" or "Special fluffies." She'd only called them monsters once around monster daddy, and he'd been very mad.

"Oh my god you stupid bitch. You still think they're monsters."

"Nu! Nu am munstah! Am speshuw-fwuffy! Wan wots o' speshuw babbehs!"

"Have you been SABOTAGING you fucking BABIES!?" He'd kicked her, hard.

"PWEASE DADDEH! NU HUWTIES! WAN MAKE DADDEH HAPPIES! NU KNO WAT DU WONG!"

"YOU FUCKING WHORE!" He'd screamed. "YOU THINK THEY'RE MONSTERS? THEY'RE WORTH THOUSANDS! YOU WANNA SEE A MONSTER?! I'LL SHOW YOU A MONSTER!"

And then he'd taken out the knife.

And took her leggies.

Just thinking about that day made her heart beat fast with fear. Daddy had thrown her out after he'd taken her leggies. It had been awful, and she'd cried for a long time.

But now she had a new daddy! He'd been so nice to her already and had given her lots of pretty new toysies! She couldn't play with any of them, because she had no leggies... but that was okay! It was the thought that counted.

The safe room wasn't as pretty as she would have liked, but it was cozy. She was wrapped in blankets and had a litterbox behind her.

Bubblegum's ears perked up as she heard the telltale creak of the stairs. Daddy was back!

"Bubblegum?" Matt called out, gently peeking his head around the door.

"Hewwo daddeh! Am su happies tu see yu!" Bubblegum said, happily bouncing.

She looked so pathetic, Matt thought to himself. The amputation had been a hack job so there were large bald patches of scarred skin visible where her legs had been, no nice fold-over technique that professionals did.

"Hey there girl," Matt said, leaning down next to her. "How are you doing?"

"Bubbewgum am gud daddeh!" She said, smiling at him.

"I'm glad to hear that!" Matt grinned. He leaned down and gently stroked her back. She visibly relaxed and closed her eyes, smiling as he stroked her.

Moving his hand down, Matt touched one of her stumps. Bubblegum immediately froze, becoming tense and beginning to shake a little bit.

"D-daddeh..." She murmured. "Pwease nu touchies dewe... nu wike dat..."

"Don't like what, sweetie?" Matt asked, as sweetly as he could while continuing to scratch and poke at the patches of poorly-healed skin.

"Nu- nu wike wen touchies nu-weggie pwaces." Bubblegum said.

Matt was still surprised that Bubblegum was willing to talk back to him at all. He thought she'd be totally broken by her harsh treatment.

"Oh! I'm so sorry Bubblegum!" Matt quickly withdrew his hand from the stump. Bubblegum visibly relaxed once no one was touching it again.

"D-dat am otay daddeh! Fankies fo' nyu safe-woom an' toysies. Bubbewgum am bigges' happies."

"You're welcome Bubblegum." Matt smiled. She was such a sweet fluffy that had been given such a shit life. He couldn't wait to make it worse. "I have someone I want you to meet."

Bubblegum gasped.

"Nyu fwiend!"

“That’s right!” Matt said, smiling. “It’s my first fluffy, Arion. Now, he’s an alicorn – he has wings and a horn. I heard your mummah was an alicorn too, so I figured you wouldn’t be afraid of him.”

“Bubbewgum nu am scawdies of speshuw-fwuffies!” She said happily.

Truth be told, the fact that her new daddy had an alicorn scared her a lot. She knew already that she would be less important than Arion, but hope that she could make both her new friend and daddy happy enough to love her.

“That’s great! Arion? You can come in now.”

Bubblegum gasped as Arion walked down the stairs. He was, without a doubt, the prettiest fluffy she’d ever seen. He was a pretty dark blue, with a pretty pale purple mane.

Bubblegum felt a very familiar feeling deep within her, and in her special-place; she wanted babies with this fluffy.

“Hewwo.” Arion said, smiling at Bubblegum. “Am Awion. Nice tu meet yu.”

“Am vewy nice tu meet yu...” Bubblegum said. She was bashful. “Am Bubbewgum.”

“Daddeh,” Arion said, looking up at Matt. “Can Awion pway wif Bubbewgum?”

Matt grinned. “Sure, bud. I’ll let you two get to know each other...”

And with that, Matt left.

Arion leapt over the pen that Bubblegum was in, earning a gasp of admiration at the physical display.

“Awion am su stwong!” Bubblegum said.

“Fank yu. Awion wike tu wun an jump.” He said.

Bubblegum flinched ever so slightly, the mention of running and jumping and playing still gave her heart hurties.

“A-awion am vewy gud at dat!”

“Wat Bubbewgum wike tu du?” Arion asked innocently.

“Weww... Bubbewgum wike tu... umm...” Bubblegum paused. She liked a lot of things; painting, playing with blockies, giving hugs. Without her leggies, though, she couldn’t do any of those. “Bubbewgum wike tu du wots o’ tings... buh nu hab weggies anymoaw.”

“Dat am saddies...” Arion said.

He was being honest; it was really sad that she’d lost her leggies. He couldn’t imagine how awful it would be to lose his.

She was funny looking because of it; her belly pressed directly to the ground, her fluff-less stumps splayed out ever so slightly. She bounced a little bit whenever she got excited, which was funny to see.

Daddy had said she was Arion’s new enife toysie, and she was a very pretty mare. Not as pretty as Almond, but still, pretty enough.

He'd never met a no-leggy fluffy before; he'd seen injured fluffies in the alley before, and those with one or two legs missing or damaged, but he'd never seen fluffies without any legs before.

"Wat happen tu weggies?" Arion asked, siting on his haunches next to Bubblegum.

"Huu..." She looked away as her eyes became wet with tears. "Bubbewgum twy tu gib daddeh wots o' babbehs, but nebah hab babbehs... Daddeh got angwy an' took weggies away."

"Su Bubbewgum neba hab babbehs?" Arion asked.

"Nu... buh Bubbewgum WAN babbehs! Babbehs make ebwyting bettuh!"

Arion nearly scoffed. From experience, he knew babies most certainly didn't make everything better. Chestnut's second litter of foals had made everything harder. And babies most certainly couldn't grow legs back. It was sad that her leggies were gone; that wasn't her fault. But did she really think that her leggies would just... grow back? He pitied her.

"If hab babbehs, den wat?" Arion asked.

"D-den daddeh wub Bubbewgum wots! An' babbehs gib bestest huggies an' weggies come back!"

"Dat am smawt!" Arion lied. "Den... maybeh... Awion hewp Bubbewgum wif speshuw-huggies?"

"Y-yesh!" Bubblegum's eyes went wide and she wiggled and bounced. Arion admitted, it was cute. "Awion am vewy pwetty stawwion! Pwease gib speshuw-huggies an' tumme-habbehs!"

"Otay!" Arion happily approached Bubblegum's rear. It had been so long since he'd had special-hugges... his special-lumps hurt very badly.

He approached behind Bubblegum, gently sniffing at her rump. He could immediately feel heat rush to his loins as the scent of the mare aroused him.

Arion couldn't stop himself; he mounted Bubblegum. It felt so good and before long he was humping away. Bubblegum was babbling and talking to him, but he didn't care. He pressed his hooves into her back, instead of on either side, and pushed her face into the floor.

"Owwie!" Bubblegum cried out as her muzzle was smushed into the ground.

Quickly, though, she recovered and silenced any crying. She knew that upsetting a monster during special-huggies was a big no-no. Even though Arion was being very rough and pressing very hard into her shoulders, she kept quiet and let him enjoy himself, reminding herself that this would lead to great babies!

Maybe if she was lucky, she'd even have a few monster babies and then daddy would love her most! Monster magic would help her leggies grow back even faster!

After just a few moments, Arion finished. Panting, he pulled himself off Bubblegum.

"Dose weve gud speshuw-huggies Awion." Bubblegum said, smiling as best she could.

"Yes, gud enfies." Arion said, not looking at Bubblegum.

She winced at the word 'enfies.' It still filled her with the same heart-hurties about being an enfie mare, but Arion had said he wanted to put babies in her! That was a good thing!

Gathering her composure again, Bubblegum turned and smiled at Arion.

“Am vewy ‘cited tu hab yu babbeks Awion! If wucky, hab munstah babbeks tu!”

Arion tensed.

“...Wat.”

It took a brief moment before Bubblegum even realized what she’d said.

“N-nu!” She said, panicking. “Bubbewgum mean SPESHUW babbeks! Hab gud wingie-pointy babbeks!”

Arion looked at the pathetic pillow-fluff before him. She was just like all the others; she only saw him as a monster. She feared what he was, not who he was. She saw him and saw a monster to be feared or pleased, not another fluffy.

He’d had pity for her before, and while he certainly wanted to have enfies with her, he had even thought about having daddy help her. Maybe she wouldn’t be a hurty-toy, just an enfie-mare. Instead, he felt all the pity drain from him.

Bubblegum had shrunk away from him, sobbing in full now.

“Pwease! Bubbewgum nu mean say dummeh thing! Am stoopid fwuffy!”

Arion approached her slowly, smiling as kindly as he could.

“Dat am otay.” He gently patted her back, resisting the urge to kick her in the mouth. “Yu am stoopi fwuffy, buh gud wingie-pointy babbeks wiww make yu a gud mummah. Den, Awion fowgib yu an daddeh wuv yu.”

Fresh tears welled up in Bubblegum’s eyes.

“Fank yu! Fank yu!” She sobbed. “Am twy su hawd tu make bestest babbeks fo’ Awion an’ daddeh!”

“Gud.” Arion said, smiling as genuinely as he could.

Arion jumped quickly over the gate, having relieved himself of his urges and ready to return to Almond.

“Daddeh!” He called out. “Awion am weady nao!”

“W-were speshuw-fwiend Awion gu?” Bubblegum asked.

“Gu back tu nice housie. Nu wan stay hewe.”

“Bu- buh nu wan be weft awone! Nu weave! Pwease!”

“Nu showties...” Arion growled. He quickly gathered himself to placate her. “Yu am stiww stoopi. Nice housie am fo’ gud fwuffies. Wen hab gud babbeks, den be bestest fwuffy an come tu house!” He said, smiling. “Awion wiww wait fo’ yu.”

“Hab gud babbeks... d-den hab housie... o-otay.” Bubblegum was smiling as wide as she could, but Arion could see the nervousness and fear on her face. She’d never had good babies before; she’d never had ANY babies before.

Would she be able to have them now?

“Hey bud.” Matt said, opening the basement door. “All done?”

“Yesh. Wan baff.”

“Okay bud. How are you holding up, Bubblegum?” Matt asked, as sweetly as he could.

“A-am otay! Awion gib bestest speshuw-huggies! Gon’ hab bestest speshuw-babbehs an be awwowed up-staiws!”

“That’s great!” Matt had no idea what she was talking about but decided that letting anything Arion told her be true was a good idea. “Now, you have fun with your toys! I’ll see you later.”

And with that, Matt left Bubblegum alone in the cold basement, food dish in front of her, litter tray behind.

Arion, as usually, loved the bath. He played with the bubbles and giggled as they popped.

“So, what did you end up telling Bubblegum?” Matt asked.

Arion pouted a bit, thinking for a moment.

“Weww, Bubbewgum fink dat if hab babbehs den gwow weegies back. Dat am dummeh, weggies nu gwow back. Den fink dat if hab wingie-pointy babbehs, den babbehs gib daddeh an’ Awion bestest heawt-happehs den be wet ustaiws.”

“And you told her she couldn’t come upstairs until she was a good fluffy, huh?”

“Weww... Daddeh? Awion nu wan gib huwties at fiwst... Feew saddies fo’ Bubbewgum. Hab nu weggies, smeww pwetty, an vewwy nicey. Awion fink dat maybeh Daddeh eben take Bubbewgum upstaiws tu wive wif Awmon an’ Awion... Buh den... caww Awion munstah.”

“She called you a monster? Really?”

“Yes... Wai aww fwuffies tink dat Awion am munstah?”

“I don’t know bud. Some fluffies just... think you’re bad when they see you.”

They were both silent for a while. Matt finished cleaning Arion up and took him back to the safe room. Almond was sleeping peacefully in her nest and resting.

Arion happily looked at her, his heart fluttering as he looked at her full tummy.

“Daddeh?” Arion whispered.

“What’s up bud?”

“If... if Awmon’ hab babbehs dat am... wike Awion... wiww otha fwuffies tink dey munstahs tu?”

“I... I think so. Almond and you and your other siblings won’t, but most other fluffies would think they’re monsters.”

“Den... den babbehs nu can evah meet otha fwuffies?”



“Well, no. I’m sure we could always find some playmates for them that aren’t afraid of alicorns. I’m sure Tiffany knows some.”

“Awion nu wan otha fwuffies gib babbehs same heawt-huwties dat Awion hab... gon’ pwotect babbehs.”

“I know you will. You’re gonna be a great daddy.”

Arion smiled up at Matt before yawning.

“Awion am tiwed. Gud dawk-time daddeh.”

“Goodnight bud, sleep well.”

Matt smiled as he watched his little fluffy family curl up.

Closing the safe room door behind him, it was time for his fun with Bubblegum.

\* \* \*

Bubblegum’s head shot up when she heard the sound of footsteps. The basement was cold and scary, even though it was much nicer than the dark scary room that her monster-daddy had put her in.

She had toys, and a blankie, and nummies, even if she couldn’t do much, she felt much more comfortable.

Then, her new daddy came in!

“Hello, Bubblegum.” Matt said.

Bubblegum felt scared; daddy was smiling but it was the scary smile her old daddy had...

“H-hewwo daddeh!” She said, forcing herself to sound happy. “Fank yu fo’ bwankie! Feww vewy pwetty on tumme!”

“You’re very welcome, Bubblegum.” Matt said. He stepped into the pen and put the small white box he’d been carrying with him into it. “I heard you called Arion a monster today.”

“Huu...” Bubblegum began to shake. She knew that was a big no-no. “Am sowwy! Nu wan tu caww speshuw-fwuffy munstahs! Pwease... nu huwties...”

“Bubblegum!” Matt said, trying his best to look hurt. “I don’t want to give you hurties. I want to help you.”

“W-weawwy?”

“Of course. And in my little box here, I have just the thing to help you.”

Matt sat down in front of Bubblegum and put the little box between them. He saw Bubblegum’s nose twitching and he eyes widen as she realized what was in the box.

“Babbehs!”

“That’s right!” Matt said, opening the box.

He'd gotten a box of chirpy babies at Fluffmart and pulled them out one by one. a purple pegasus, a yellow unicorn, and two earthies; one green and one blue.

"Aww su gud babbehs! Su pwetty!" Bubblegum was smiling, tears in her eyes.

"That's right! And these babies are going to help you become a good fluffy!"

"Babbehs am hewp Bubbewgum be gud!? Gib weggies back!?"

"Not quite!" Matt was still smiling as wide as he could, the anticipation killing him.

He picked up the little green earthy and put the colt in front of Bubblegum.

"How babbeh hewp Bubbewgum be gud? Du anyfing be gud!"

"That's the spirit!" Matt said, ruffling her mane and tickling the little colt. It peeped and cooed as it wrapped its legs around his finger. "Now Bubblegum, do you want to know how to be a good fluffy?"

"Yesh! Be gud fwuffy an' make daddeh an speshuw-fwierend happies!" She bounced and wiggled, happily looking down at the foal and smiling widely.

"Good. Kill the foal."

Bubblegum didn't stop bouncing for a few seconds until she processed what Matt had said.

"W- wat?"

"Kill the foal." Matt said, no longer smiling. "Give it forever-sleepies."

"Bu... buh am wittew babbeh! Am gud chiwpy-babbeh! Nu am fo' fowevah-sweepies!"

"You called Arion a monster today." Matt said.

Bubblegum immediately shied away from Matt, looking down and flattening her ears.

"N... nu mean tu..."

"I know you didn't," Matt said softly. "But this is how you're going to be a good fluffy; you still think deep down that alicorns are monster. That Arion is a monster. These babies are all not-special babies."

"N-nu speshuw?"

"That's right. These are bad babies. These babies don't make daddy or Arion happy."

"Nu gib happies?"

"No. Only special-babies give daddy happies. These babies are all bad, not-special babies."

"Buh... nu wan gib babbehs-fowevah sweepies!"

"Then you'll never be a good fluffy." Matt said, matter-of-factly.

“Bubbewgum nu undastan!” She wailed. “Wai nu-speshuw babbehs nee’ gu fowevah-sweepies tu make Bubbewgum gud!”

“Because, until you realize that THESE babies don’t matter and only GOOD babies matter, you’ll never be good. Now: kill. The. Foal.”

“NU!” Bubblegum yelled back.

She immediately realized what she’d done. Her eyes went wide, and she began to tremble.

“N... nu mean tu make shouties... ow teww daddeh Nu... pwease... nu make huwt gud babbehs...”

“These aren’t good babies.” Matt said, even and cold. “And we are going to stay here all night until you kill this baby.”

“Buh-... buh am su gud an pwetty.”

“It’s a bad UGLY baby. Only wingie-pointy babies are good.”

“Buh...”

“Say it.” Matt said, grabbing Bubblegum’s jaw and forcing her to look into his eyes. “Say: Only wingie-pointy babies are good.”

“O-onwy wingie-pointie babbehs am gud babbehs...”

“And not special-babies only deserve hurties and forever-sleepies.”

“N...nu speshuw-babbehs... desewbe... huwties... an... an... Huu! Nu wan! Nu wan sai meanie wowds!”

“Fine.” Matt said, roughly letting go of Bubblegum’s face. “If you won’t kill them... I will.”

Matt picked up the little green foal. It cooed and nuzzled into his palm.

Matt made sure that as he held the foal, Bubblegum could watch everything he was about to do. She closed her eyes and turned away.

He grabbed her ear and twisted hard.

“Owwies! Owwies! Nu eaw owwies PWEASE!” She said, trying desperately to twist and wiggle her way out of his grip.

“No. You WILL watch. If you won’t kill the baby, then you will watch the baby die.”

“Nu wan wach babbeh take fowevah-sweepies!”

“I’m not leaving until this baby is dead; we can stay here all night. No food, no water, no anything; just me and you and these foals. Eventually they’ll starve to death and then you’ll have killed them by doing nothing; and it will be long and slow.”

Bubblegum looked up at Matt with tears welling in her eyes. Matt had won, and they both knew it.

She didn’t look away when he let go of her ear but stared adamantly at the little green baby in Matt’s hand.

He gripped the front leg of the foal and yanked it out of place, twisting it enough to fully dislocate it.

The foal immediately started to peep and chirp in pain, calling out for a mother to save it that would never come.

Bubblegum began crying in full now, but didn't dare look away from the foal as Matt hurt it.

He took the first bone in the foal's dislocated leg and snapped it like a twig, earning more pained chirps and tears. Matt lifted the foal up by its tail, letting it hang down as it tried to wiggle away from the source of its pain.

Shit and piss ran down the foal's front as it messed itself in pain. It ran down into the foal's mouth and it ended up hacking and coughing as it accidentally swallowed some of its waste.

"Babbeh nee' wickie-cweanies..." Bubblegum whispered.

"Good babies deserve lickie-cleanies. Bad babies don't." Matt said to her, not looking up.

He twisted the left ear of the foal, which caused the baby to flail and wiggle as hard as it could, the pain obviously too much for it to handle. He kept twisting and twisting until finally the tender flesh tore and the ear came away.

"Nu... nu take babbeh eaw..."

"Too late." Matt said, tossing the ear into Bubblegum's face. It bounced off her snout and fell to the floor, dripping tiny beads of blood.

The foal was thrashing in Matt's hand, trying desperately to escape the pain. The thrashing, of course, only cause it to toss its broken and dislocated leg around which caused more pain.

"This baby is too lively." Matt said, and put it belly-down on the floor. He pressed hard on each of its joints, snapping each leg in turn. The foal wasn't even flailing anymore, just wildly crying and laying still. It had exhausted itself completely, and was breathing heavily as its little heart beat rapidly.

"Pwaese daddeh... babbeh nee' wub..." Bubblegum was crying. Tears rolled from her eyes and stained her face fluff.

Matt ignored her. He lifted the little green colt up and grabbed his head in one hand. Using the other, he pried the foal's eyes open. The foal squealed and tried to turn its head away from the hand that was prying its formerly fused eyelids shut, but it couldn't shake free from Matt's grip.

"Babbeh tu widdew tu be see-babbeh!" Bubblegum cried out.

"You're right!" Reaching behind him, Matt pulled out a nail. He firmly stuck it into the sclera of the foal's left eye, which was clearly blinded at this point, and pulled upward forcefully, taking the eye out.

"NU! NU MEAN DAT!" Bubblegum wailed in horror, staring at the baby as it screamed as loud as it could.

Matt repeated the process on the other eye, leaving the foal blind, with two bloody gaping holes. He put the baby down, belly first, on the floor and took the nail.

"What a naughty baby, making bad poopies." Matt said, looking at the shit stains all over the tormented foal. "Better plug that up."

He inserted the nail into the foal's rear, pushing until blood spurted from around the nail. The foal didn't even scream anymore; its mouth opened and closed noiselessly as it gasped through the pain.

“Daddeh... babbeh am... am gu fowevah-sweepies...” Bubblegum sobbed, snot running down her nose.

“That’s right. And daddy is very mean when he gives babies forever-sleepies.” Matt said. He gently laid the foal in front of Bubblegum. It wheezed and gasped as blood filled its lungs.

Bubblegum looked sadly at the foal. It twitched and shuddered before it finally stopped moving, having finally died from its injuries. Tears rolled off the end of Bubblegum’s nose, dropping onto the corpse and soaking its thin fluff.

“Good girl.” Matt said, gently stroking Bubblegum’s mane. She flinched at first, but closed her eyes and began to lean into Matt’s touch.

“Wai... wai daddeh huwt wittew babbeh den be nicey? Nu make sense!”

“I killed that baby to teach you a lesson.” Matt said. “That Arion and alicorns aren’t monsters; that they’re the best fluffies ever. You called Arion a monster, and I know you think you don’t mean it, but it means that deep down inside you there’s a bad fluffy.”

“Bubbewgum am bad fwuffy...” She agreed.

Matt smiled. Bubblegum had so many past traumas that were easy to exploit and drag out.

“That’s right. But daddy loves you and knows there’s a really great fluffy inside you!”

“D-daddeh wub Bubbewgum?”

“I do. You just need to learn that only special babies matter; every other baby is a bad baby.” Matt said.

“B-buh wa’ if Bubbewgum hab nu-speshuw babbehs?”

Matt frowned at her.

“Bubblegum, ALL not-special babies are bad babies.”

Bubblegum began to cry again.

“Den... den daddeh gib does babbehs huwties tu!? Nu wan dat!”

“Okay Bubblegum,” Matt said. He pulled the next foal out of the box; the little purple pegasus filly. “I guess we have to do this again.”

“NU! NU WAN WACH BABBEH DIE!”

“You have to. This is the only way to make you good. Do you want to be good?” Matt spoke softly and gently tussled Bubblegum’s mane.

“Y-yush...”

“And you want to make daddy happy, right?”

“Yush. Wan make daddeh happies. Mowe den anyfing...”

“That’s a good girl. And you trust daddy, right?”

“Y-yush... daddeh am... gib Bubbewgum scawdies tho...”

“I know, and I’m sorry. I’m never going to hurt you like your old daddy did.” Matt wasn’t lying; he wasn’t going to maim or cut or scar her; not physically at least.

“Pwomise?”

“I promise.” Matt said. “So if you trust and love daddy, and daddy won’t hurt you and loves you, then you admit that this is the only way to become a good fluffy.”

“Buh... bad mummahs gib babbehs fowevah-sweepies...”

“That’s true.” Matt said. Bubblegum was kind and empathetic. It would take time to break that down. “But sometimes babies are sick babies, right?”

“Wight...”

“And sometimes good mummahs have to kill those babies so they don’t suffer, right?”

“...Wight...” Even Bubblegum could tell where this was going.

“So sometimes, good fluffies kill babies. And good fluffies ALWAYS do what daddy says. So daddy is saying: be a good fluffy, and kill this baby.”

“Buh... buh nu wan kiww babbeh...” Bubblegum’s lower lip trembled.

“If you won’t do it, then daddy has to kill this baby.” Matt was holding the little filly gently; it and the others had been scared by the sounds of their former box-mate’s death and she was finally calming down now that she was in Matt’s warm hands. “Daddy will always give babies the worstest hurties and owwies before they die; if you kill the baby, you can do it quickly.”

“N-nu....” Bubblegum sobbed. “Pwease nu make Bubbewgum kiww babbeh...”

“Shh, shh...” Matt wiped the tears from her eyes. “It’s okay. Daddy will kill this baby for you. Can you be a good fluffy and watch?”

“B-bubbewgum wiww wach...”

“Good.”

Matt didn’t take as much time with the foal. He was more interested in watching Bubblegum’s face as he slowly tortured the innocent baby. First, he began to pluck her feathers out with a pair of tweezers. Fluffies weren’t born with many feathers, more like little downy fluff that eventually grew and were replaced with real feathers. These feathers had similar structure to the light fluffy feathers of baby birds, but still caused pain when ripped out.

The foal, which had been gently resting in Matt’s hand, began to cry and try to drag itself away as her little wings were torn apart. Matt gripped the base of her left wing and clamped down with the tweezers, hard enough to start breaking the skin, but not enough to break the bones.

He pulled and began skinning the wing. The skin, covered in a very thin layer of her purple fuzz, came away easily and eventually pulled free of the now exposed wing.

The foal was peeping as loud as she could, flapping her wings in an instinctual defense which only served to cause more excruciating pain.

Matt grabbed the exposed bone and muscles of her wing with his fingers, pressing down firmly and slowly twisting it; first dislocating the base joint, then causing the muscles to spasm and tear as they were both pulled apart and pulled off the bone, and finally causing the lowest bones to break and give way, allowing him to rip the full wing off cleanly.

Bubblegum was still crying, but she had a determined look on her face and was watching intently. Matt had to suppress a grin; she was already trying to override her instincts.

The foal, however, was not calm. Now that it had fully lost a wing, it flapped the remaining one even harder; some strange vestigial instinct to fly from danger.

Matt picked up the tweezers and very gently inserted them into the filly's vagina, keeping them tightly closed until they were about halfway through. He then opened them, allowing them to completely rip and tear both her opening and internal organs apart.

The filly began to gasp and scream now, her peeps and chirps having completely devolved into long trills of agony. Bubblegum looked down at her in total empathy, watching as blood began to generously pour from her sensitive opening.

"Babbeh hab speshuw-pwace huwties..." She nearly whispered.

Matt didn't respond; he was still enjoying himself. Pressing the tweezers closed again, he felt them clamp down onto something. He forcefully pulled hard and from deep within the fluffy and bloody mass of unidentifiable tissue was pulled out.

The filly's vagina had torn so far that it had fully connected with her anus, and both were bleeding heavily. Matt picked up a scalpel and, starting from the top of her sternum, cut all the way down until he met the tear, revealing all her internal organs.

Bubblegum began to cry again, but still didn't look away. The filly died quickly; even though fluffy clotting stopped them from bleeding out usually, this filly was starved, in shock, and quickly experiencing hypothermia and dehydration. Her now-visible heart stopped beating only a few moments after she'd been cut open.

"Now, are you ready to be a good fluffy?" Matt asked.

He gently lifted the little blue earthie from the bin and placed him in front of Bubblegum.

"D-daddeh wan Bubbewgum tu kiww gu-... nu-speshuw babbeh."

"That's right. Just this one baby. Then daddy will give you a nice big hug and let you sleep."

"Huggie sound nicey... an'... an' su tiwed..."

"Just kill this bad baby for daddy." Matt said, trying to keep his voice even while he goaded her on.

"Bubbewgum nu hab shawpie ting, ow hoofsies tu gib stompies..."

"You do have teeth."

Bubblegum stared at the green foal. It was sleeping, apparently oblivious to the suffering that surrounded it. Bubblegum knew what she had to do. She didn't want to. Bad mummahs didn't love their babies, bad mummahs hurt their babies, but only the WORSTEST mummahs ATE their babies.

She didn't want to eat the baby. She didn't want to hurt it. She wanted to love it, and hug it, and give it milkies.

But that meant she was a bad fluffy. She couldn't go upstairs, or be Arion's special-friend, or give daddy the bestest happies if she was a bad fluffy. She wished she could be a good fluffy and not hurt the babies, but she learned long ago that wingie-pointy babies were the bestest babies; even if dummy mummahs thought the baby that was their color was the bestest, they were wrong.

Any baby a human wanted to protect and kill for was the bestest, and that meant that anything but that wasn't the bestest. But did that mean that they HAD to be the worstest?

She was so confused and so sad and still scared. New daddy wasn't a monster to HER, but he was killing babies. She wanted to have babies! What if her babies weren't special-babies!? Would he kill them too!?

"Daddeh..." She asked.

"Yes, Bubblegum?"

"I-If Bubbewgum hab babbehs... an babbehs am nu-speshuw babbehs... den... daddeh gib does babbehs fovevah-sweepies tu?"

"No, sweetie." Matt said, smiling down at her. "I promise I won't ever hurt any of your babies. Because when you're a good fluffy, all your babies will be special-babies."

Bubblegum's heart leapt. ALL her babies would be special? Daddy would love her, and all of her special-babbies?

She realized that she had made her choice: she knew she would give anything to have special-babies that everyone loved. Babies fixed everything, and HER babies would fix HER!

If it meant that these not-special babies had to... go forever-sleepies... she would at least try to make it fast.

She leaned her head down, opened her mouth, and let the foal's head slip inside. She started to bite down, until she felt the foal's little neck between her teeth.

All it would take was one strong bite. And the foal would die, and never even kn-

"M-mummah!"

The little foal spoke, right from in between her teeth. She felt it roll and coo in the warmth of her breath. She could feel its soft little hooves padding at her lips. She tasted the soft and warm fluff on her tongue.

'Am so sorry, baby.' Bubblegum thought. 'But need daddy's love. Need babies. Need special-friend.'

And then she bit down.

\* \* \*

Matt could tell that Almond was close to birth. She had bloated to the point where she couldn't move at all, and although she was laying on her side, the legs that were facing upwards were always pushed at an angle.

"Daddeh?" Almond asked one day as he was cleaning her.



“What’s up Almond?” Matt replied. He’d been so happy that Tiffany had said he could still feed Almond her regular high-fiber diet of oats and veggies, with the addition of some Soon-Mummah vitamix. It had made cleaning her far less disgusting than normal.

“Wen am babbehs comin’? Awmon’ am tiwed o’ bein’ soon-mummah. Wan move ‘gain.” She complained.

Matt laughed a bit. Almond wasn’t the most energetic of fluffies, usually content to sit and enjoy simple things, but being forced to be immobile for the near month-long pregnancy had clearly been hard for her.

“Your babies are coming very soon, sweetie.” Matt said.

“Dat am gud! Wan meet babbehs an hab babbehs out o’ tummeh.” She grumbled. “Daddeh? Awmon’ hab ‘nutha ques-tun.”

“Sure.”

“Wat am du wif wittew sickie-babbeh?”

Matt sighed. He knew that she’d ask about her sick foal. And, unfortunately in this case, Almond was too clever and empathetic to forget or stop caring about it. He’d heard her singing special songs just for the sick foal, and even talking to it while crying, begging for it to be a not-sickie baby.

Of course, there was nothing either of them could do. He’d asked if surgery was a possibility, but the cost was absurd, and the chance of survival was incredibly low.

“Well, daddy is going to be here when you have your babies. We’ll make sure they’re all clean and happy and have milk. And... we’ll see how long your sickie-baby lives for.”

“Den... den babbeh migh’ be otay!?” She asked.

“No, sweetie. He’s going to go forever-sleepies.” Matt said while stroking her mane. “I just don’t know when. He could already be forever-sleepies when he comes out of you, or he could go forever-sleepies in a few hours.”

“Huu...” Almond whined as tears came to her eyes again. “C-can Awmon’ gib sickie-babbeh miwkies?”

“Of course.” Matt was taken aback. He was certain that, knowing he’d die, Almond wouldn’t want to waste milk on the dying foal. “But milk won’t help him get better. He’ll still die. You sure you want to waste milk on him?”

“Yush. Babbeh am nu gon’ be awive wong... wan’ make suwe hab bestest time befow fowevah-sweepies. Dat mean hab miwkies... Nu am waste. Daddeh gib Awmon’ wots o’ bestest nummies, haf miwkies fo’ aww babbehs.”

Matt smiled.

“You’re a very good fluffy, Almond. You’re going to be a great mother.”

“Fank yu daddeh. Nu cuwd be gud mummah wifou’ bestest daddeh.” She wiggled her front hooves in an attempt to give Matt a hug before groaning and flopping back down. “Wen Awmon’ can move ‘gain, den gib daddeh bigges’ huggies evah.”

“I know you will.” Matt grinned.

He'd been spending some extra time with Almond as of late, making sure she was comfortable and felt loved. Even though she was clever and calm, being a mother for the first time very clearly stressed her out. On top of that, being unable to move meant she was bored and antsy.

"Daddeh. Aftew babbeh gu fowevah-sweepies... wat du?"

"You mean with... the body?" Matt asked.

"Yush... nu wan babbeh tu be twashies." Almond said quietly.

"Sweetie I would never throw out your baby. I was thinking we'd bury him next to Chestnut in the backyard. Then you can visit your mommy and your baby whenever you want. Does that sound okay?"

"Dat am bestest idea evuh." Almond said, smiling gently while tears formed in her eyes again. "Fank yu, daddeh."

Matt gently stroked her neck and ears, smiling as she cooed and began to gently close her eyes, clearly exhausted despite having moved little today.

Boredom was bad for fluffies no matter how cheerful they were. They began to fixate on things and become stressed out or depressed, neither of which were good for a pregnant mare.

Matt turned the small TV on for Almond, putting on "Babies!" probably the least offensive show on Fluff-TV. He'd torrented a bunch of episodes without commercials or the stupid adverts.

"Babies!" was a mindless show, mostly it just showed newly mothered mares tending to their foals and young 'chirpy babies' playing gently together. It was set to really calm music and nature sounds. Almond liked to watch it and describe what was happening to her unborn foals, which was cute if not eventually annoying.

Judging from how big Almond was getting, as well as her teats becoming much larger, Matt could tell she was going to give birth soon, probably in the next few days. He'd put a "Foaling Prepare Kit" inside the safe-room and had given Arion one of those buttons that would ring his phone when she was giving birth. Better safe than sorry.

"Babbehs am comin' soon?" Arion asked as Matt finally pulled himself away from Almond and let her have alone time.

"That's right buddy." Matt said. "She'll pop any day now."

Arion's eyes went wide.

"A-awmon' gon' 'splode!?" He asked with fear.

"Oh! No sorry," Matt laughed. "I meant she's going to give birth soon. It's an expression. She's not going to explode."

"Nu scawe Awion wike dat daddeh!" Arion chided, playfully headbutting Matt's leg. "Awion had bigges' heawt-scawdies!"

"Sorry Arion." Matt scratched his rump, grinning as Arion made little tippy-taps with his back hooves from the pleasing scratches.

"Wuv scwatchies." Arion cooed.

“Hey, I’m going to go to the basement.” Matt whispered, leaning in so only Arion could hear him. “Do you want to come?”

Arion pondered for a moment before looking over at Almond.

“Nu. Wan stay wif Awmon’. Nee’ wots o’ wuv an’ wicky-cweanies fo’ feew happies. Wan make suwe sheshuw-fwieend am happies.”

“That’s a good boy.” Matt said.

He left the safe room, watching as Arion curled up with Almond, gently licking her neck and snout as she watched TV. They both cooed and giggled as they watched the babies play around.

Violet and Licorice had grown quite a bit recently, and Matt still wasn’t sure if he wanted to give them away or not. He’d found some great resources through Tiffany but wasn’t sure if he wanted to say goodbye.

He closed the safe room door and headed to the basement. In the interest of preserving Bubblegum’s fragile psyche for as long as possible, Matt had turned the heat on, and the room had warmed up considerably.

He’d given her some pillowfluff friendly toys: a book that was full of scents and textures for her to rub her muzzle against, a blanket made of real fluffy fluff, and a few toys that were easily used with her mouth.

Despite all these toys and the increased comfort of the basement, Bubblegum was unsurprisingly still depressed.

“Good morning Bubblegum.” Matt said, while smiling. It was well into the afternoon, but he’d blacked out the window just to fuck with Bubblegum’s sense of time.

“Hewwo daddeh!” Bubblegum said, happily bouncing in place.

She was so starved for attention and affection that any time Matt came downstairs she immediately perked up.

Today was the day Matt was going to ruin that.

For the past week, he’d interacted with her minimally, only stopping by to make sure she wasn’t dead. However, he’d purposefully avoided asking about her foals. He could tell she was nervous about it, and when he watched her over the surveillance system, he sometimes heard her crying to herself, begging her tummy to make babies.

“How are you doing today?” Matt asked while he refilled her food bowl.

“Bubbewgum am otay! Wub nyu funny-feew toysie! Fank yu daddeh!” Bubblegum said, indicating the sensory book.

“That’s good! I’m glad you’re enjoying it.” Matt sat next to her and began to stroke her fluff. “How are your tummy babies doing?”

He had to suppress a grin when Bubblegum immediately tensed up, looking up at Matt with fear.

“D-daddeh... Bubbewgum am sowwy... N-nu hab tummeh babbehs...” Tears welled up in her eyes as she gently turned her head. “A-am weady fo’ wowstest huwties nao...”

“Oh Bubblegum.” Matt said, gently stroking her back. “I told you, I wouldn’t hurt you like your old daddy.”

“B-buh nu hab tummeh babbehs... dat mean am stiww dummech fwuffy...”

“Yes, you still are.” Matt said, nodding sagely. “But daddy knows that you CAN be a good fluffy! Deep down, there’s a wonderful bestest fluffy.” He gently poked her chest, tickling her chest fluff and earning some giggles and a smile.

“F-fank yu daddeh.” She said softly. “Bubbewgum hab wowstest scawdies... nu wan make daddeh maddies.”

“I understand sweetie.” Matt said. He stood up slowly, and went over to the little incubator he’d placed inside one of the cages. Inside, the two remaining foals slept peacefully. The incubator kept them warm, and had two rubber nipples that allowed the foals to sniff their way towards food. It had been a week since he killed the other two, so these ones didn’t quite have their eyes opened yet but were close.

He picked up the yellow unicorn and the green earthie, which woke them both from sleep. The unicorn yawned adorably and curled up into Matt’s hand, happy to be held by a human. The green earthie chirped and wiggled, clearly more energetic than its counterpart.

Turning around, Matt could already see the panic on Bubblegum’s face.

“Time for your lesson, Bubblegum.”

“D-daddeh... pwease...” Bubblegum begged.

“Don’t worry, daddy won’t be angry with you if you don’t want to kill the baby this time.”

“W-weawwy?”

“That’s right. But you do have to be a good fluffy and watch while daddy gives the babies forever-sleepies.” Matt said. “But remember; daddy takes a long time to kill babies. They have lots of hurties before they go forever-sleepies.”

“B-bubbewgum knu dat...”

“So, if you want to give them fast no-hurtie forever-sleepies, you can.” Matt offered the little yellow foal to Bubblegum.

Tears welled in her eyes as she looked at it; its soft canary yellow fluff, the way it gently wiggled and peeped in the warmth of Matt’s hand, the tiny little horn.

“Babbeh am su pwetty... buh am nu-speshuw babbeh ...”

“That’s right. These babies aren’t special. That means what, Bubblegum?”

“D-dat mean am bad babbeh... am bad babbeh...” Bubblegum said sadly.

“That’s right! What a good girl!” Matt said, laying the praise on heavily. He gently stroked her mane, smiling as she still leaned into him for the modicum of comfort that the touch provided.

She still craved his love and approval, she needed him to believe she was good. She couldn’t believe that she was a good fluffy until her daddy told her so.

“Now, do you want daddy to kill this baby, or will you do it?” Matt asked.

“B-bubbewgum... nu... wan gib babbeh fowevah-sweepies...” She whimpered.

“So you want daddy to do it?” Matt asked.

“N-nu...”

Matt chuckled and gently stroked Bubblegum’s mane. She still didn’t want babies to die; even though she’d murdered one herself before, it still caused a massive amount of discomfort: it went against everything a mother fluffy should feel about babies.

Bubblegum, despite being a pillowfluff, was practically everything an owner could want. That was one of the reasons Matt so enjoyed tormenting her. By all accounts, she should have a happy and easy life. Good color, good attitude, hell, even if she wasn’t any good for breeding, she seemed genuinely affectionate.

Matt wondered if she knew. If somewhere, deep in the back of her mind she knew that this wasn’t supposed to be her lot in life and that she would have been a happy and loved fluffy if not for one stupid little genetic fuck up.

It didn’t really matter, Matt mused, stroking the belly of the canary yellow foal. Fate had delivered Bubblegum to him, and if there was a god, that was pretty much proof that they hated fluffies.

Matt pressed hard into the tummy of the foal, not hard enough to break anything, but hard enough that the formula it had been fed was forced up and out of its mouth, and shit and piss came flowing from its nethers.

It hacked and coughed, vomiting up formula and bile as it peeped and shook with tears forming in the corners of its still-shut eyes.

“We’re going to have a new lesson today, Bubblegum.” Matt said. He gently hugged the foal again, letting it find comfort in the warmth of his hands. “Daddy is going to give this baby horrible hurties. But daddy isn’t going to ever kill this baby.”

“W-wai nu gib babbeh fowevah-sweepies?” Bubblegum asked, already tearing up as she saw the baby spit up some more milk, its little tummy still rolling from the force.

“Only you can give this baby forever-sleepies. Daddy won’t, so as long as the baby is alive, it’ll have hurties. You just tell daddy when you’re ready to kill the baby.”

“B-babbeh hab owwies untiw fowevah-sweepies!?” Bubblegum whined. Her ears were pinned back, and her eyes were wide in horror. “Pwease nu gib babbeh dat many owwies!”

“So, then you’ll kill the baby?” Matt said, offering her the foal.

“N-nu sai dat...”

“Then owwies it is.” Matt said.

He squeezed the foal’s stomach again, forcing another bit of vomit out of the poor creature’s mouth. It seemed all out of shit and piss, which was fortunate, but the small bit of milk it spat up was clearly the last bit of food in its stomach.

Matt let up, allowing the foal to curl back up into his hand, wrapping desperately around his thumb as it chirped and peeped in choking sobs.

The baby, having spit up everything in its stomach, was shivering as it clung to the hand that had just hurt it. It began to suckle desperately on Matt’s thumb, only pulling off and whining when it realized there was no milk coming from the digit.

“Babbeh nee’ miwkies...” Bubblegum said quietly.

“Only good babies get milkies, Bubblegum.” Matt said. “But yes, this baby does need milkies. Should we give it some?”

Bubblegum looked up at Matt with a mix of confusion and worry.

“G-gib miwkies? Daddeh wet Bubbewgum gib babbeh miwkies?”

“Oh, no.” Matt said, smiling. “Your milk is only for good babies. But don’t worry; daddy has some special milk for this baby.”

That immediately made Bubblegum worried.

Matt pulled out a small bottle, filled with a thick off-white liquid. He gently held it up to the foal, who upon feeling the nipple of the bottle, began to greedily suck the warm liquid.

Almost immediately, the foal began to cough and gag, retching violently. It peeped and flailed, desperately trying to understand how the sensation of drinking milk could even cause such pain.

The bottle contained “Sour-Milkies.” It was designed for foals that refused to stop drinking milk when it was time to move on from milk to solid kibble. The milk tasted like regular milk, but caused cramps and a burning sensation in the stomach.

The liquid specifically warned not to use on unweaned foals as the irritants were far too strong for their young stomachs and intestines and would cause ulceration, intestinal bleeding, and possibly permanent damage to the stomach.

Seeing as the foal wouldn’t be alive for too much longer, permanent damage didn’t really matter.

“Nu dwink dat babbeh!” Bubblegum cried out. “Dat am bad miwkies!”

“No, Bubblegum.” Matt corrected. “This is the milk that bad babies get. This is a bad baby, remember?”

“B-buh dose miwkies gib huwties...”

“That’s right. And what do bad babies deserve?”

“D-dey... dey desewbe... huwties...”

“Good girl!” Matt said. He put the bottle down and gently began scratching at Bubblegum again. She cooed gently, before looking sadly at the bottle.

The yellow foal was crying out; coughing, and curling around its stomach in pain. It squirmed and, from where the foal was curled, Bubblegum could see a runnel of blood coming from the foal’s rear; the ulcers were clearly flooding its intestines with blood.

She knew the longer that she refused to kill the baby herself, it would suffer.

“D-daddeh?”

“Yes, Bubblegum.”

“P-pwease gib babbeh tu Bubbewgum fo’ fowevah-sweepies.”

“Oh? Are you sure?” Matt asked softly.

“Yush. Babbeh am hab huwties. Nu wan babbeh hab huwties.”

“Okay Bubblegum, here you go.”

Matt offered the foal to her, gently placing it near her mouth. The Sour Milkies were still wreaking havoc on the sensitive stomach of the foal, and it was curled in a small ball, crying loudly.

“Shh babbeh... soon nu hab anymoaw huwties...” Bubblegum said sadly.

She sniffed at the foal for a moment, smelling the sharp metallic scent of the blood running from the foal’s rear. A brief inspection revealed the foal to be a filly, which made Bubblegum even sadder; she was such a pretty baby.

Bubblegum shook her head; she was NOT a pretty baby. She was a not-special baby; if she concentrated on how not-special this baby was, then she could briefly forget that she was a good, pretty, and very hurt little baby.

All she had to do was focus on how not-special the baby was, and remind herself of two very important things; first, that the baby would only have lots of hurties until it went forever-sleepies; second, that only by giving this baby forever-sleepies could she have good babies that made daddy happy.

Bubblegum grimaced and gently leaned her head down, whispering to the baby one last time.

“Shh nu-speshuw babbeh. Nao yu nu hab anymoaw huwties.”

She put the baby’s head in her mouth, and crushed the soft skull between her teeth, shattering the barely developed bone and lacerating the brain immediately. The foal fell limp immediately.

Bubblegum let her mouth weakly hang open, letting the foal’s crushed head fall out. Its skull had the clear impression of Bubblegum’s molars in it. The foal’s eyes were forced open, bulging out grotesquely and bloodshot. Some of the shattered pieces of skull pierced through the skin of the foal’s head, like some macabre crown.

“Very good, sweetie.” Matt said gently, quickly taking the foal away from Bubblegum. He took a wet rag and gently cleaned her still-open mouth of blood and little bits of bone and fuzz.

Once clean, Matt roughly picked the dead foal up with the rag and, making sure Bubblegum could clearly see, threw them both away.

“Twashie babbeh...” Bubblegum muttered.

“Now, why don’t we give you a special treat for being such a good fluffy!” Matt said.

Bubblegum slightly perked up, clearly anticipating whatever reward she had earned.

Matt had been feeding Bubblegum bargain kibble, which she neither enjoyed or complained about, but today he pulled out a large bowl of small pieces of apple, pear, and strawberry, all drizzled with a little bit of honey.

Bubblegum’s eyes went wide when she saw the feast before her.

“D-dat am fo’ Bubbewgum?”

“That’s right! Daddy is very proud of you!” Matt said, gently stroking her mane.

“B-buh Bubbewgum nu hab speshuw-babbehs fo’ daddeh...”

“I know sweetie, but I know you’re trying so hard. This is all for you for being so good.”

Bubblegum’s eyes watered, as she happily bounced.

“Fank yu daddeh! Am bestest daddeh evah! Gon’ twy eben hawdew fo’ make bestest babbhehs fo’ daddeh!”

“Atta girl.” Matt said, smiling.

Bubblegum dug into the delicious mix of fruit, honey, and unbeknownst to her, hormones. Matt had finally decided to experiment with them again, and this time would give Bubblegum the sensation of being pregnant, despite being incapable of being so.

Content with the cracks he’d put in Bubblegum’s psyche, Matt spent a few minutes playing with her before cleaning up the bowl and letting her get some much-needed rest.

Matt, having tuckered himself out playing mind games, needed his rest too.

Matt woke with a start to the sound of his phone violently beeping. It was the pregnancy alarm.

He practically fell out of bed to get to the safe room, and stumbled his way to Almond.

“Daddeh! Daddeh! Babbhehs comin’!” Arion was shouting, hopping around excitedly.

“I know!” Matt said, rushing to grab the Foaling Kit from the closet. He pulled everything out quickly; the mat, the soft blankets, the first aid, and of course a bowl.

“Almond, I’m going to get warm water, hang in there.” Matt said, as he rushed off to fill the bowl with lukewarm water to help clean the foals.

Almond was groaning when he returned, sobbing as contractions wracked through her.

“Daddeh! Huwties!” She cried out.

Matt quickly moved her to the birthing mat, just in time as her water broke and the mat was flooded with fluid. He grimaced, but pressed on, cupping his hands as the first baby crowned.

It was a little blue and black alicorn! Matt was nearly caught up in the shock that there was an alicorn in the litter, but quickly remembered to clean and place the baby with Arion. He was sitting in front of Almond, and was licking his child as he showed the foal off.

“Pwetty speshuw-babBEH!” Almond said, shouting the last syllable as she pushed another foal out.

Another alicorn! This one was a lovely purple and brown one! Matt gently cleaned this one in the warm water before handing it off to Arion too.

“Daddeh! Awion hab two speshuw-babbhehs!” Arion said, clearly thrilled to have children that looked just like him.

“I see! Now, let’s see what the rest of th- oh what?”

The next foal was an all-blue alicorn. Three alicorn in one litter had to be some kind of record. He’d never expected that; especially because of the grab-bag of genetics that was an adopted feral fluffy.

He cleaned the all navy alicorn just in time for an all brown alicorn to pop out.



Four alicorn. Matt's heart was racing. That wasn't possible. There was no way.

Placing the brown alicorn with Arion, the little family looked so happy. Almond was cooing over her "special-babies" and Arion was flapping his wings in joy that he had a family that looked just like him.

"Okay, one more!" Matt said, cupping his hands.

The last foal; a solid lavender one. Another alicorn. Five alicorn. A whole litter of alicorn. That would be quite the story for Tiffany.

"Daddeh!" Almond said, wiggling a bit as Matt put the last alicorn with Arion. "Wastest babbeh comin'!"

Matt grimaced. He dreaded this more than anything. The last baby was going to be the dying one. He just hoped he could give Almond a brief moment with her dying foal before it expired.

"Okay! Push one more time!"

There was a sickening wet sound as the last baby fell from Almond.

The baby was ice cold, nothing like what a baby from a womb should be.

Matt looked down; it was a mass of red and yellow pussy flesh.

There were too many eyes.

Teeth everywhere.

Was that a hoof? Or a wing?

"Scree!" Matt quickly looked up.

The babies. They were eating Arion.

Eating Arion?

Their teeth. So sharp. Digging into him.

His blue flesh was being peeled off like velvet.

Matt could see the fluffy's beating heart.

"Monster baby! Monster baby! MONSTER BABY!" Almond screamed. Or sang.

There was a pain.

Matt looked down at his arm; the teratoma was eating him.

The teethmoutheyes were digging into his arm.

He could see the tendons of his wrist.

God did they really look like that?

He looked up.

Arion's face was gone; just a bloody hole now. Eyes dripping like cracked eggs. Teeth falling out next to a tongue lolling from a broken jaw with no lips. He gurgled blood and the babies ate and ate and ate and ate and ate.

Hooves were bursting from Almond as she birthed more masses of flesh and teeth.

He could feel them crawling up his arms and biting biting biting him.

Their teeth were so sharp.

Almond looked at him with wide, empty eye sockets.

“MONSTER”

There was a beep.

A beep?

A beep.

Matt jolted up in bed. Heart racing and sweat cold. He gasped and looked around in the darkness of his bedroom, terrified by the nightmare.

“What the hell was that...” He muttered.

The beeping was still there.

He looked around wildly, before realizing that it wasn't a remnant from his nightmare, or some auditory hallucination. His phone was buzzing loudly.

He practically fell out of bed to get to the safe room, and stumbled his way to Almond.

In the safe room, Arion was forcefully pounding on the birth alert button. Once he saw Matt, he turned to him with a huge grin plastered on his little face.

“Daddeh! Babbeks am comin'!”

\* \* \*