

Hats

Grease Pan woke up with a mission on her mind. She thought of the warm body of Gunner, the soft griffon. There was a chill in the air that day, one that ruffled the ponies fur, sending shivers across her back. She needed something toasty and warm, a griffon's back was the perfect spot to lay. The pony hopped out of bed, her cybernetic hooves clip-clopping on the wooden floor. She shook her minty green tail as she peeked out into the living room. Target spotted. The grey griffon sat on the couch, reading some sort of book. Grease Pan squinted, trying to see the title but couldn't quite make it out. Another chill ran over her body and she glared at the window, cursing the snow outside. The house would remain chilly due to a faulty boiler, but she could still get her warmth.

Actually...she could get more than just warmth. She could get heat. Her face flushed as she giggled, thinking of the griffon before her. She gently tip-toed up behind him, her tail wagging behind her. She lifted her front hooves to the back of the couch, and then Gunner spoke.

"Can I help you?"

"Awwh! How'd you hear me?"

Gunner looked back over his shoulder with a mirthy smile, the feathers on the top of his head hung over his forehead, making him flick to get it away from his eyes.

"I can hear you stomping around a mile away."

"I do not stomp!"

"Do too~"

She reached forward and bopped his head with one of her hooves.

"Hey, stand up."

"Why?"

"Trust me."

Gunner frowned, then rolled his eyes and stood, setting his book down. The pony trotted around the side of the couch, then wiggled her behind and leaped onto the other. Gunner let out a loud "oof!" and stood with his talons planted firmly in the ground.

"I'm your hat now~"

Grease Pan whispered in his ear, letting off a giggle. Gunner rolled his eyes and began to walk.

“Where we going?”

“To the bedroom.”

“Why?”

Gunner just glanced over his shoulder up at her. Grease Pan’s eyes widened with realization and another giggle bubbled from her throat.

“oh...I getcha now, let’s go!”