Rarity emerged from the bathroom with a triumphant look on her face, only to pause and glance down at her nails. Now devoid of paint, or polish, they were a bit cleaner than normal, but other than that, they looked like how Spike kept them. Not only that but Rarity had also removed the slight eyeshadow she had applied this morning, though she kept the perfume. That at least could be washed off with a quick shower, and was the one thing Rarity refused to go without.

“Much better,” Rarity muttered to herself as she trotted towards the stairs leading to her bedroom.

Slightly tired from her day assisting Big Macintosh with his chores, Rarity still felt surprisingly alive. Not only that but she had also begun to feel an odd heat blooming near her nether regions, though she tried to ignore that sensation. The urge to become intimate was pressing, but she had more immediate concerns, such as locating Spike and apologizing to him.

“Spike are you up there?” Rarity shouted. “I was hoping to talk to you!”

“I'm up here,” Spike replied, his voice barely audible from Rarity’s position halfway up the stairs.

Picking up her pace slightly, Rarity made her way up the last few steps, and quickly walked over to the door to their room. There she stopped, and extended a hand, knocking twice on the oaken barrier.

“May I come in?” she asked.

“Sure whatever. It's your bedroom too,” Spike replied in a flippant manner.

Rarity sighed, and pushed her way inside, glancing about the room. Nothing seemed amiss at first glance, but it wasn't long for Rarity to find something out of place. Namely the blankets were bunched up around Spike’s neck, barely allowing the unicorn to read the book he was holding aloft in his magic. Not only that but there were numerous used tissues next to the bed, but there was no smell of sweat or arousal in the air.

“Are you alright dear?” Rarity asked, stepping gently over to the bed and seating herself near the end.

“I’m fine,” Spike replied. “Just a little worried about you since you didn't come home right away.”

“Ahh I’m sorry about that. I went a little overboard helping the Apples after I discovered how strong you are,” Rarity explained. “I’m very impressed by the way. I always knew you hit the gym frequently, but this was something else.”

Spike sat up a little straighter and wiped a few stray strands of hair from his face. “I'm glad you enjoyed it. Though I’m surprised you aren't calling my dedication to physical fitness either barbaric, or silly.”

Rarity nodded slowly, taking the jab on the chin without complaint. “Very fair. I was rather rude earlier, but thankfully Big Macintosh was able to set me straight once more.”

Spike blinked. “Oh really?” He asked.

“Yes, he pointed out how I was getting a little too wrapped up in the wedding and everything. It was making old bad habits of mine return,” Rarity continued.

“Well I’m glad he was the one to say it,” Spike remarked.

“Yes, it was a much needed conversation. And speaking of much needed conversation…” Rarity cleared her throat. “You may of course do whatever it is you like with my body while you have it. Provided it's not permanent, and we talk it out together.”

Spike blinked. “Really?”

Rarity nodded. “Really. I see now how demanding I’ve been and I’m sorry.”

“So are we still having the wedding at that super expensive place?” Spike replied.

Rarity rolled her eyes. “Yes were still holding it at my dream location. That is one thing I will not give up on I’m afraid.”

“Damn,” Spike cursed. “Can't blame me for trying.”

“Not at all,” Rarity exclaimed. “Now, if you don't mind. I was hoping to sleep with you tonight.”

“I suppose you’ve earned your way out of the dog house,” Spike replied, shifting over to the left side of the bed and pulling back the covers.

Rarity quickly slipped under the blanket, and laid on her side facing Spike. “I don't think you quite understood what I meant darling. I want to sleep *with* you tonight.”

“Ha ha very funny,” Spike replied, only to blink. “Wait, you’re serious.”

“Come on. I know that first attempt was a little awkward, but I think we can make it work this time,” Rarity pressed. “We just need to talk to each other more, and go a little slower.”

Spike groaned. “I don't know how to tell you this but I am not attracted to myself, or males for that matter. I ain't gay Rarity and I know you’re a little more flexible, but that ain't me.”

“Oh its not gay. I’m a mare, or female at least. I just so happen to have a more masculine body at the moment,” Rarity replied.

“One which I ain't a big fan of,” Spike exclaimed, pushing himself off the bed so he could look Rarity in the eye. “If I ain't doing the pushin, then I ain't interested.”

“I mean you could still very well be on top,” Rarity offered. “I don't mind being on the bottom as per usual. You know how much I enjoy being held.”

“I don't even think I could do that at this point,” Spike waved his forehooves around in emphasis. “I mean look at these things. It's like I got a pair of marshmallows tied to toothpicks for legs.”

Rarity rolled her eyes. “Oh come now. I know I’m not as beefy as you, but I am not some delicate little flower completely devoid of muscle.”

“I mean compared to me? Yeah you kind of are,” Spike retorted.

Rarity sighed and raised a hand. “Look. How about we back up a little here. Do you remember that spell I used on you during international mare’s day a couple years ago.”

Spike immediately blushed so hard that his face turned beet red. “I thought we promised to never speak of that again,” he muttered.

“I’m not talking about how much you enjoyed… that,” Rarity exclaimed. “I’m saying that you could use it on yourself to give you…. Well, you know.”

Spike paused. “Huh, well that certainly would change things, but I’m still not on board with this whole thing. I’d still be doing myself even if I had my er, usual equipment.”

“Well Twilight did say that she had mastered that temporary disguise spell. We could use that to turn me back into my old self for an hour or so while we both… work out our desires,” Rarity cointnued.

“That's not a terrible idea. The thought of me being under it would be a bit of a buzz kill, but I might be willing to try it,” Spike remarked. “So how do I cast that spell anyway?”

“It's very simple actually,” Rarity began. “All you have to do is-”

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“I don't know how to feel about that,” Spike muttered, his body laying flat under the covers as he stared up at the ceiling.

Rarity shrugged, and exhaled a plume of smoke. “It may not have been the best ever, but I’d say we worked out our desires in a healthy manner.”

“But the spell failed for a bit there and I was you looking down on me, and the…” Spike trailed off. “I’m not sure if that was a wet dream, or an utter nightmare.”

“A question for the therapist I suppose,” Rarity replied, inhaling another lungful of cigarette smoke.

The sudden snap pop of a telportation spell made both sit bolt upright in the bed. Rarity was coughing as she struggled to breath and overcome her panic while Spike was much more relaxed. He at least remembered the sound of Twilight's favored method of arrival and sure enough his hunch proved true.

As Twilight Sparkle threw herself at the bed, tears streaming down her face.

“Oh Spike it was horrible!” she cried, grabbing onto the other unicorn and burying her face in the other pony’s chest.

“What was horrible? Who hurt you?” Spike exclaimed, pulling Twilight close to his breast.

“She just kept talking and I couldn't take it,” Twilight babbled. “I don't know what I did wrong, what I could have done better. It just doesn't make any sense.”

“Woah there darling. Take a breath,” Rarity encouraged, a scaled hand touching the distraught unicorn’s shoulder. “You’re safe here, just relax.”

“I… I…” Twilight closed her eyes and took a long, slow breath.

“Feeling better?” Spike asked, a hoof rubbing gentle circles into Twilight's back. “Not hyperventilating now?”

Twilight Sparkle shook her head and sniffed, wiping the tears from her eyes.

“That's good, now what exactly happened with Trixie?” Rarity pressed.

“She didn't cheat on you did she?” Spike demanded, his hooves squeezing Twilight's cheeks. “I knew it. She did, didn't she? That lying skank!”

“I don't think that's what-” Rarity tried to interrupt.

“I knew you were too good for her. I should have told her off the second I saw that show boating jerk wandering around town looking for you,” Spike continued, the unicorn audibly grinding his teeth. “Why when I get my hands-er hooves on her I’m going to pound that smug look right off her ugly face.”

“Let's dial it back for a second,” Rarity interrupted. “Why don't you ask Twilight what happened?”

Spike blinked, and looked at Twilight's tear strewn face. “Err of course. Sorry Twilight. Go ahead.”

Now free from Spike’s grip, Twilight rubbed her cheeks absently. “Well we went to my parents and I thought it was all going fine. All the books I read on the subject said that this was a good time to introduce them to one another. Maybe I should have waited a little longer…”

“What happened?” Rarity pressed.

“Well it started when we were walking to my parents,” Twilight began, rolling onto her back and using her magic to conjure two illisionary ponies, illustrating what she was describing with her magic. “Trixie refused to hold my hoof, and kept avoiding any discussion on our relationship.”

“That's… odd,” Spike muttered. “She was acting rather proud of ‘bagging you’ as she put it.”

“I know!” Twilight gushed. “She even told me that I was the prettiest mare she's ever dated!”

“I’m fairly certain you’re the only mare she’s ever dated,” Rarity whispered, only to receive an elbow to the side from Spike.

“So we go inside,” Twilight continued, moving her tiny floating copies of herself and her girlfriend. “And then things are normal again. She’s chatty, she's a little bratty, but she's her usual, charismatic self.”

“What went wrong?” Spike urged.

“*That* question came up,” Twilight muttered.

“What question?” Spike asked.

“*The* question,” Rarity whispered.

Spike threw up his hooves. “What are you two talking about?”

“The most important question of all. Are you getting married?” Rarity answered, glancing at Twilight expectantly. “Either that or your mother still wants grandchildren.”

“That desire of hers has waned… slightly,” Twilight replied with a shrug.

“It was satiated with Flurry Heart, but I doubt her baby lust would be satisfied for long,” Spike remarked.

“That's… partially it,” Twilight admitted. “Mom is still holding out hope that you and Rarity end up having kids eventually since she knows you want more than one.”

Rarity winced. “I don't think that's really in the cards dear.”

“I wouldn't rule it out! My research has come very far in the last few years,” Twilight interjected.

“I think were geting a little off topic,” Spike remarked. “Last I checked mom was asking you and Trixie the marriage question.”

“That's where it all went wrong,” Twilight muttered sadly. “Trixie said she would never get married, not even to princess Celestia herself. When pressed she said that we werent even dating, and that we were just roommates!”

“Well that doesn't make any sense,” Spike murmured. “You two don't even live together… sorta.”

“Why would she say all of that? Did she apologize after?” Rarity asked.

“She did,” Twilight whispered. “But I don't know if she was being one hundred percent honest with me. Heck, I’m not sure what is true and what’s a lie anymore.”

“It seems to me as though this question startled the poor dear. Have you two talked about it?” Rarity inquired.

Twilight opened her mouth to respond only for her jaw to slam shut. “No. We didn't now that I’m thinking about it. The closest we got was my mention that I was rather envious of you two getting married.”

“How did she react to that?” Rarity pressed.

“She seemed… afraid,” Twilight whispered. “She changed the subject almost immediately. How did I not notice that?”

“You werent thinking about it, is all,” Spike reasoned. “Its okay.”

“It's not okay,” Twilight replied, her illusions falling apart. “I know we haven't been dating as long as you two have but I want to get married. I want to feel secure knowing that she’ll be there at the end of every long day for the rest of our days.”

“That feeling of security would be important especially considering,” Rarity winced. “Forget I said anything darling. A slip of the tongue.”

“It's fine. I know I’m on the spectrum and that it makes certain things difficult, but I thought this was different, that *she* was different,” Twilight muttered.

“Did she ever say it was because of that?” Spike inquired.

Twilight sunk into the bed. “No.”

“I thought she was rather accepting. In that regard,” Rarity offered.

“She is,” Twilight agreed. “But if it's not because of that then why is she so scared of getting married to me?”

“Maybe it's not necessarily about you,” Spike posited.

“How can it not be about her? That seems rather important to the whole marriage thing, dear,” Rarity replied.

Spike shook his head. “Maybe she's against the concept, not getting married to Twilight in particular.”

“That is… possible,” Twilight reluctantly admitted.

“Would you like to maybe join me and Fluttershy for some emergency girl time at the spa tomorrow?” Rarity offered.

“Or maybe you’d like to play a board game or something to take your mind off things? I can get the guys together,” Spike added.

“No,” Twilight stated, shaking her head. “I shouldn't have come here. Especially not unannounced like I did.”

“I wasn't going to say anything but you really should knock first darling,” Rarity guiltily exclaimed.

“Well at least you guys werent doing it this time,” Twilight declared, hopping off the bed and turning around. “You guys werent doing it… right?”

“Oh uh, yeah no totally!” Spike exclaimed, his voice rising higher than it ever had before.

“Don't be ridiculous darling. We’re each other. Of course we’d never do that when we were like this!” Rarity answered.

“Rrrrright,” Twilight muttered. “I’m just going to go now. Let me know if you need any help planning the wedding.”

“Thank you again darling!” Rarity called.

Twilight vanished in a snap hiss of air.

Spike immediately relaxed, falling into the bed with an exasperated sigh. “I can't believe that girl’s timing.”

“It's uncanny,” Rarity added. “You’d think she was spying on us or something.”

The pair looked around the room silently.

“Err maybe we should clean up and go to bed,” Spike offered.

“And never speak of this again?” Rarity added.

“Speak of what again?” Spike replied.

“That's the spirit,” Rarity declared before gathering up the bedding and walking out the door.

“Wait, no! I wasn't being witty. I don't know what we were talking about!” Spike called.