

**Be a Dear for Me**  
**By: Nickel Bristle**

*It's no secret that I would do anything for Rarity. I mean, come on, she's the most amazing unicorn I know. Well, aside from Twilight, but she's not really a unicorn anymore. Anyways, of course I would follow the girls to Manehattan for Rarity's debut on Fashion Week! Hopefully I could do whatever I can to make the trip the best for her and, well, I also hear that there are some pretty romantic spots in the city as well. Maybe, if she's not too busy, we could take an afternoon to go see something like the Statue of Harmony or the Equestrian State Building. Aww, who am I kidding? Of course she's going to be busy, it's her big week! I guess as long as I can help her out with getting her dresses ready, I'll be happy by her side.*

---

The train whistled as it prepared to leave Ponyville Station, with the six mares and dragon on board in a passenger car. Coming back from the luggage car, Spike wiped the sweat from his forehead with his claw, quickly running back to Rarity who had already started reading a book that she brought for the train ride.

"All of your bags are packed away, Rarity!" Spike announced gallantly, bowing in front of the fabulous mare.

"Thank you so much, Spikey-Wikey!" Rarity replied, looking up from the page in her book.

"Is there anything else I can do for you? Maybe get a pillow for you so you're nice and comfortable?"

"Oh, that's quite alright, Spike. You don't need to do that." she answered, waving her hoof as she went back to reading. The young dragon's stomach growled louder than he would have liked, signalling his hunger from all the work in carrying the two piles of baggage. He peered around the mare to her saddlebag, filled to the brim with pink diamonds and other delicious gemstones. But looking back at Rarity, she didn't even seem fazed at Spike's desire as she used her magic to flip the page of her book.

Spike sighed softly and walked back to a few seats behind Rarity where Twilight was checking off her preparation checklist herself since her number one assistant was helping out elsewhere.

"It seems like we didn't forget anything. Spike, would you like to double-check in case I might have missed anything?" Twilight asked, floating the long checklist in front of him. Spike sighed and sat next to his friend, resting his chin in his claw. "Is something wrong?"

"Not exactly." Spike replied, focusing his stares and sighs to the top of Rarity's mane, her horn illuminating in a pattern to flip through her book. Twilight smiled and wrapped a wing around the young dragon, noticing the problem.

"You know that Rarity appreciates all the help that you give her and everypony else. She's probably just preoccupied with the fashion show coming up and everything." She wrapped a hoof around Spike's shoulder, hoping to comfort her friend as best as she could.

"She didn't even want my help making the dresses this week. I know I can be a bit

clumsy at times, but I promised that I wouldn't do anything to mess anything up this time." Spike sighed, his stomach growling again.

"I'm pretty sure we put 'bring snacks for the hungry working dragon' on the checklist." Twilight giggled, looking in her bag for something for the young dragon to eat. "Here you go, Spike. I know they aren't as tasty as gemstones but they're your favorite, right?"

Spike looked at the bag of crispy hay fries that Twilight had brought along for the train ride and stuck a claw inside to grab a handful. Munching along, his frown slowly turned to a smile watching everypony else in the car.

"Don't worry Spike, things will be better when we get to Manehattan." she reassured, bringing the young dragon closer in the cuddle.

---

As the ponies arrived in the bustling metropolis, Spike was a little less than pleased to know that he was tasked with bringing the two piles of bags that Rarity had brought along to the hotel where they were staying. Even with the generous act of being given a snack, his luck would have it that it would be snatched away by some random bird on the street. Grumbling along, the young, and still hungry, dragon gave the bags to the bellhop, only for Rarity to give the pony a precious pink diamond for his work.

"Boy, that mare sure is swell, isn't she? Thanks for the help, kid!" the bellhop complimented, tossing Spike a single Bit from the tips that he received earlier in the day. Catching the Bit, Spike noticed his reflection in the shiny coin and sighed as the ponies began to gallop off elsewhere.

Spike had gotten his wish about seeing the sights with Rarity before her busy week began, but not just the two of them. Of course Twilight and the girls came along with them to see what Manehattan had to offer, which was quite a lot given the short time they had been there. Once it was all done, Spike seemed to be in the same mood before all the fun. He tried not to show it, seeing Rarity be so happy in her element and the city, but a part of him wanted something, anything from her for trying his best to help her during this trip. Even in the midst of all the fun gallivanting around the city, Spike was the one that remembered Rarity's dresses and how she needed them before the event began. The rest of them could only hope that the bellhop that she had so generously tipped at the hotel could get them to her in time.

---

The next day, Spike was the first to wake up after the long night that Twilight and girls had. Much against his constant yawning while walking down Manehattan Square, Twilight sent him off to bed while the rest of them enjoyed the city at night. Crawling up in the separate hotel room that Rarity had gotten for him, Spike grumbled about how he was so young and that eventually lead to thoughts about him and Rarity. Falling asleep, the young dragon dreamt of his older and much more handsome self, whisking the gorgeous Rarity off her hooves in the big city as they shared a kiss at the top of the Statue of Harmony. It was with a soft sigh that he woke up in the morning to find that he was still the young dragon he was going to bed.

Leaving the hotel room, Spike cracked open the girls' room to find each one of them passed out on the beds, with Pinkie lying on the ground with a lampshade over her head. Clearly they had a fun time without him tying them down. But he noticed one thing in the bedroom, which was that Rarity never came back last night.

"She must have been busy getting her dresses ready for the show." Spike thought to himself, closing the girls' door as he walked to the elevator, passing by a small orange filly with freckles and a short, messy reddish mane. "Well, I know how much Rarity likes having something to drink in the morning, maybe I should surprise her with one!"

Spike's expression lit up at the idea and quickly pressed the button to get to the ground floor of the hotel. Once in the lobby, he ran outside and hailed the nearest taxi cab to take him to Fashion Runaway Plaza, where the Fashion Week event was being held.

Stepping out of the cab, tipping the driver with the lone Bit he held on to, Spike looked around to find a small coffee shop next to the plaza with a few ponies coming in and out with their morning drinks in their bags. Running inside of the shop, the young dragon got in line as the baristas tended to the customers ahead of him.

"Oh, why does she have to be so mean?" a voice said behind him, soft-spoken and timid like someone that he knew.

"Who's mean?" Spike asked, turning around to meet the mare speaking. Twilight had always told him not to speak to strange ponies but something about her seemed like it wasn't a bad idea. The mare looked at Spike like she was looking at a three-headed dog, surprised that anypony heard what she said underneath her breath.

"Oh! Umm, I work for a fashion designer." The cream-colored mare trailed off, twirling her hoof in her light-blue mane.

"Really? I do too! Well, I don't technically work for her but I help her out all the time!" Spike said excitedly, moving up in the line. The mare bit her lip for a second before saying something to the young dragon.

"Can I ask you something?"

"Sure!" he replied, not taking the cue that she was pretty nervous speaking aloud.

"Does your mentor tell you to just sew and get coffee for her?" she asked, looking down at the ground as if she was going to get yelled at.

"Well, she's not really my mentor and she doesn't exactly trust me around a sewing machine after I sewed my claw into one of her dresses' fabric. And no, I'm getting her something because I want to, not because she told me to. But if she told me to, I would go and get it for her too either way."

The mare smiled at Spike. "It sounds like you're lucky. My mentor just bosses me around and yells at me when I don't do anything fast enough. I never get a 'thank you' or anything."

Spike looked down at his feet, feeling kind of bad for thinking ill of Rarity yesterday when clearly he's not being ordered around left and right without any sort of compensation like this poor mare is. The barista at the counter cleared his throat to signal that the young dragon was holding up the line.

"What'll it be, kid?"

"Oh! Right! Can I get an extra tall vanilla chai tea latte with blueberry syrup please?" Spike ordered, remembering one of Rarity's favorite drinks that she orders from the café in

Ponyville.

"That'll be seven Bits." The barista scribbled something on the side of a coffee cup, waiting for Spike to pay for the drink. The young dragon suddenly remembered that a pony needed money to buy drinks, especially in the big city. And to make matters worse, he didn't even have a gem to barter with at the time.

"Umm..." Spike began to stutter as impatient ponies began to murmur behind him, desperate for their morning coffees. Closing his eyes before he spoke, he heard the clatter of seven coins hit the counter next to him.

"Thank you, miss. Here's your drink, kid." The barista put the cup on the side of the counter in front of Spike, still somewhat lost in what had just happened.

"You..." Spike began, picking up the cup off the counter and getting out of the way for the line of other coffee-drinking ponies. The mare smiled at him with a wide smile, resting her hoof on his shoulder.

"Think nothing of it, little one. I want you and your fashion designer to be happy. Perhaps they could even win the fashion show."

"Wow. Thanks!" Spike said, being careful not to spill the drink in his shaky claws. He quickly ran out the door to go around the corner into the plaza, being met with a pony at the front desk.

"Excuse me, do you know where I can find Rarity?" Spike asked politely, barely able to see over the top of the desk at the receptionist.

"She should be in line with the rest of the designers over there." The mare pointed off to the side of the room, not looking away from the typewriter. Spike turned to look, but saw no pony that looked like Rarity.

"Umm, she's not there." Spike commented, looking worried as his claws tapped along the drink, getting colder and less delicious by the second.

The receptionist looked over, pushing her glasses up. "Well, maybe she went to the little filly's room. Do you need something from her?"

Spike thought for a second, remembering what the nice mare had done for him. If she can give willingly to him without recognition, then he could do the same for Rarity. The young dragon placed the coffee-drink in front of the receptionist, much to her surprise.

"If you see her, could you give this to her? It's one of her favorite drinks," he asked, bouncing back on his feet sheepishly.

"And who should I say it's from?" The receptionist asked, looking over the edge of the desk with her glasses at Spike.

"Uhh, a secret admirer. She'll know who it's from."

She looked at Spike for a second more before returning to her work. "Alright, I'll get it to her."

"Thank you so much!" Spike said before running out of the building, back on to the streets. Looking up at the large clock on the Equestrian State Building, he had figured that Twilight and the girls would be awake by now. Hailing another cab to bring him back to the hotel, Spike had noticed the mare that paid for the drink in the coffee shop talking to a pink pony with a curly-purple mane once getting in the taxi.

---

“What do you mean that you don’t have my coffee?! I specifically paid you enough to get me my double grande cappuccino macchiato!” the pink mare yelled, stomping her hoof on the sidewalk.

“I’m sorry Suri, but I learned that it’s better to help those less fortunate and-” the cream-colored pony replied, trying not to cry from Suri’s yelling.

“Those less fortunate? What is generosity going to get you in this city, Coco? It’s everypony for themselves out there, okay? And you just decided to give charity to somepony you never met?” Suri continued her tirade without so much as anypony on the street stopping to see what the matter was.

“Yes because-”

“You know how I get without my morning coffee, okay? After you took so much time doing such a simple task, this is how you repay me?!” Coco couldn’t help to break down in tears from all the yelling.

“I’m sorry, Suri! It’s just your old friend from Ponyville helped you out and I figured it would be nice to pay it forward with helping out another one of the designers of the show.” she explained as Suri paced back and forth to let her talk.

“Wait,” she turned around, looking right at Coco. “You gave the money for my drink to an assistant for some other designer in the show?!”

She nodded as Suri groaned and growled, muttering to herself in the midst of her tirade. “I don’t want to see you right now, Coco. Get out of here until the show, okay?”

With Suri storming off in a huff, Coco was left on the street at the beginning of one of Manehattan’s various rainstorms, getting completely soaked in response to the good deed that she did for a young dragon.

---

When Spike returned to the hotel, Twilight and the others were up and ready to take on the city in another exciting trip around for sightseeing. Between going to Midway Park for a stroll around the trees and open grassy areas and Stallionson Square Garden to see the extravagant plaza with souvenirs and shops alike, the girls were galloping around all of Manehattan having a good time while Spike was left to carry the spoils of each and every one of the shops that they went into.

Laughing and reminiscing of the day they spent, Twilight and her friends returned back to their hotel room as they got ready for the night ahead. Spike, following behind with another mountain of souvenirs and gifts in his claws from the trip, left the goods in the room and retreated to his own room for a midday nap. He was quite exhausted from the day’s events that he didn’t even notice Rarity walk into the room, haggard and on the verge of tears for some inexplicable reason.

When the young dragon woke up, it was about an hour before the ponies were supposed to be at one of the highlights of their trip to the big city, watching an incredibly popular play on Bridleway by the name of “Hinny of the Hills.” Rarity was generous enough to offer a ticket to each one of her friends which also included Spike for once. Getting ready in a fancy

tuxedo that he had packed away for any special occasions, he heard a muffled yelling coming from the girls' room next door. Listening in closer, it was obvious that it was Rarity who sounded like she was in distress.

Heeding the call of the damsel, Spike quickly burst out of the door just as the girls' room swung open in Rarity's familiar light-blue magic aura, the unicorn galloping out and towards the end of the hall.

"Rarity! Wait up!" Spike shouted, giving chase to her as she tapped her hoof to wait for the elevator to open. Once the lift had arrived, Rarity stepped in and pressed the button for the highest floor, looking back down the hall at the young dragon running towards her. She turned away as Spike barely made it into the elevator before it closed.

"Rarity!" Spike began, feeling short of breath from the sprint to get to the end of the hall. "What's wrong?" The elevator began to rise as it headed towards its destination.

"I don't suppose that you're going to take Twilight and the others to that play as well, Spike." She said coldly, not looking at her passenger in the elevator.

"What? I thought you were going to take us all to the play tonight? What happened?"

"An old friend of mine took advantage of my generosity and completely stole my fashion line I had set up for the show tomorrow! Now I'm quickly trying to piece together something that can impress the crowd to beat out my unique fabric!" Rarity shot back, yelling into her reflection in the door to the lift.

"But, you're in here." Spike twiddled with his claws, not quite understanding what was going on. "If you're making a new fashion line, shouldn't you be sewing right now?"

The elevator door opened as the two found themselves on the roof of the hotel, caught in the chilling Manehattan wind as the clear skies stood above them, under a full moon. Rarity quickly rushed out, looking over the edge of the roof at the busy city streets below with taxi cabs going every which direction as the lampposts illuminated the road. Her perfectly styled mane seemed to flow back effortlessly as she removed the red designer glasses from her face.

"The others are helping me." She paused, looking back to see if Spike had followed her. "But they're all going to that silly play and I'll never get all the outfits done in time by tomorrow."

"No they won't." Spike comforted, resting his claw on her shoulder. "Rarity, they're your friends. They will do anything to see you succeed tomorrow. I know Twilight isn't going to just abandon you and your dresses to see some big-time play." He pulled out his ticket from his tuxedo, letting it fly out into the wind on the rooftops. Rarity looked over at the young dragon, her heart starting to grow softer from the rage she had felt earlier.

"I didn't want my generosity to be another mistake," she admitted, bowing her head down. "I do try to act my best for you and all of my friends. But you have to understand that as generous as I am, I think that my friends should try to help me out when I need them."

"And that's exactly what they're doing, Rarity." Spike explained, holding Rarity's hoof in his claw. "I know you didn't need my help earlier this week and you've been really busy trying to get everything ready for the show tomorrow, but your generous spirit whenever you want to show it makes me want to help you even more. And maybe it's me who learned the lesson that you shouldn't do something for someone to expect something in return, especially when they aren't asking for your help alone."

"That's a really sweet way to put it, Spike." Rarity caught the young dragon in a hug,

feeling bad for not showing her appreciation for Spike's efforts earlier. "Perhaps we should go and check on the others if they're still here or not."

"Are you kidding me? Of course they'll still be here." Spike broke away from the hug, still holding Rarity's hoof in his claw. "Plus, we would see them walk out below, wouldn't we? It's not hard to miss Rainbow's mane after all."

The young dragon pointed over the edge of the roof that they had been standing at right above the door to the hotel lobby with ponies coming in and out to get into the taxi cabs stopping at the curb. Rarity smiled and used her hoof to pet Spike's head on the top of his spines, making him smile wide as well. As the two waited in front of the elevator for the door to open, she turned to look at him as Spike blushed before looking down at his feet, grabbing at the coattails of his tuxedo.

"You will always be my dearest friend, Spike." she whispered as she leaned over his shoulder.