

Fire and Rainbows

Chapter 2

By DandT

A month had come and gone since Rainbow Dash met Spitfire for lunch, which culminated in the pair spending the rest of the day flying together and forming the idea of adding individual displays to demonstrate each member's unique flying skills to the Wonderbolt's display routine. The other members of the team embraced the idea, agreeing that a bit of friendly rivalry within the group to see who could create the best individual routine could help make the displays even more spectacular.

True to her word, Spitfire made Dash her training partner. She would regularly spend several days at a time staying with Rainbow Dash, allowing the two pegasi to spend whole days flying together to discuss and experiment with new moves. Spitfire would work to perfect her display routine while giving Dash ideas what would look best in a Wonderbolts tryout.

It was late in the afternoon when the two ponies came to rest on the lone cloud hanging in the bright blue sky; the rest had been cleared by the pair as they turned the azure into their own playground.

"Wow Dash, it's been a long morning, why don't we go relax out of the sun for a while."

"Ok, let's go back to my place. Last one there's a foal!" She called out as a challenge before diving off the cloud.

Spitfire was left looking at a rapidly fading rainbow trailing off into the distance as the blue pegasus rocketed ahead, she knew Dash was possibly the fastest flyer in Equestria but she wasn't about to give up on a challenge that easily.

She leapt off the cloud with such force that it broke up behind her, leaving the signature Wonderbolt storm clouds in her wake as she chased along the rainbow path ahead of her. She caught up with Dash slowly, getting in her slipstream behind her ready to make a move at the last moment to get passed. The plan would have worked, however, her thoughts drifted away from winning the spontaneous race as she became mesmerised by Dash's rainbow tail, captivated by the constantly shifting colours as it flicked about in the wind. The high speed race over Ponyville was over as quickly as it began with Dash landing first shortly ahead of a rather flustered Spitfire.

"Yes! Winner and still undefeated champion of the sky, Rainbow Dash!" She cheered to herself.

"I almost had you that time Dash."

Dash stopped cheering to respond, "Almost isn't good enough to beat this pegasus. Hey, you don't look to good, you ok?" She noticed that Spitfire was looking quite agitated.

"I...err...yeah, I swallowed a bug," It was a bad lie but she wasn't about to admit she'd almost just been hypnotised by staring at her friend's tail.

"Ugh! I hate it when that happens."

Spitfire breathed a sigh of relief, "Well, I'm going to hit the shower, you coming?"

"What, no! I thought I told you to stop asking me that."

"Sorry, I'm just so used to showering with the other girls after displays," she said, turning bright red in the process.

"Alright, if you want me I'll be busy, napping."

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It was early in the evening when the pair woke up, Spitfire had decided to crash out on Dash's sofa after her shower rather than disturb Dash.

"Come on Spitfire, we can't just stay here all evening doing nothing," Dash was pacing about her lounge restlessly.

"Well, what do you have in mind? I still don't really know what's around Ponyville."

"There's a new nightclub that's just opened up, I hear the DJ they've got there is amazing."

"A nightclub? Ok then Dash; let's see if your dancing is as good as your flying, you better lead the way."

The pair dived off the clouds and glided serenely down into Ponyville, landing near the club which already had a queue of ponies stretching back from the entrance. Either side of the door stood a tall stallion wearing black jackets and sunglasses even though the light of the day was fading; between them a red velour rope was blocking the door.

"Oh horseapples, I didn't expect the queue to be this long, we'll be waiting ages to get in," Dash said dejectedly.

"You just leave this to me," responded Spitfire as she strode up to the door, skipping the entire queue.

The nearest bouncer held up a hoof to stop her as she approached, "I'm sorry ma'am, you're going to have to join the back of the queue like everyone else."

Without saying anything Spitfire pulled out her Wonderbolts ID card and showed it to the bouncer before she turned and beckoned Dash to join her, "She's with me."

"O-of course Ms Spitfire! Please, right this way, ladies," the bouncer moved the rope out of the way to let the two ponies in, causing several ponies to complain about the amount of time they'd been standing in line.

"Wow Spitfire, is there anything you can't do with that?"

"Well there are a few places in the Royal Palace that the guards won't let us into."

The pair walked through into the darkness of the large central room. The main lights were off, the only light being provided by the multitude of flashing coloured lights set around the DJ's booth, in which a white unicorn was happily bouncing to the beat of the music; from the various glow sticks constantly twisting and moving in the maelstrom of ponies on the dance floor and from the bar which was clearly lit up in the corner of the room.

"So Dash, you want to show me how well you dance?"

"Well, all the ponies there are going to...cramp my style a bit."

"Aww, you're just nervous because you're with the best dancer in Equestria."

"I am not!"

Spitfire chuckled at how easy it was to wind up her friend, "Come on Dash, you just need to loosen up," she led Dash over to the bar and ordered them both a whiskey and coke.

Dash gave the concoction an experimental sniff and stuck her tongue out at it, "Er, I don't usually drink whiskey."

"Try it; you'll like it I'm sure."

Giving it another sniff first Dash gingerly sipped at the dark brown drink in front of her before coughing at it's strength, "Oh yeah, that's good," she croaked.

Spitfire laughed at Dash's reaction, "Well, as it looks like you're going to be drinking that for a while, why don't you tell me how you got your cutie mark."

“Ok, it all started in Summer Flight Camp. My friend Fluttershy was there and she wasn’t a very good flyer so bullies started picking on her. Now I don’t care how good a flyer you are, you don’t pick on new flyers, we all had to start somewhere right and you defiantly don’t pick on my friends.”

Spitfire nodded silently while watching Dash intently, absorbed by Dash’s zeal to stand up to the bullies to protect her friend.

“They didn’t like me defending Fluttershy so they challenged me to a race. So we lined up at the start where we had Fluttershy drop a flag to for us and WHOOSH! All three of us shot off like rockets and we err, might have knocked Fluttershy off the clouds as we zoomed passed her. Now obviously I took the lead straight away and while trying to keep up with me one of the guys lost control at crash into a cloud pillar, he was stuck there for hours!”

They both laughed at the image of the young colt getting stuck in a cloud.

“Now it was a one on one but I lost sight of the other guy, I thought maybe he’d gone back to help his friend but what he actually did was fly up above me so he could come down at me with some speed and ram me out the way.”

Spitfire interrupted with a melodramatic gasp, “Whatever did you do?”

“I flew harder and faster than I’d even flown before. You see, I found out that I really, *really* like winning so I flew as hard as I could and I shot passed him and kept going faster and faster until suddenly BOOM! Equestria’s first ever Sonic Rainboom. It was awesome, I won the race, defended Fluttershy’s honour and done the impossible and that’s when this showed up,” she turned to show off her lightning bolt cutie mark, “It was also thanks to me that my friends got their cutie marks too. They all saw or heard that Sonic Rainboom and it led to them all getting their cutie marks.”

“No way, *all* of them got their cutie mark because of you?”

“Oh yeah, I’ll take you around to meet them so you can ask them about it and they’ll all say it was thanks to me and my amazing Sonic Rainboom.”

“Yeah, we’ll do that sometime but right now it’s time to dance.”

Dash was about to object but Spitfire was already walking onto the dance floor, “Fine, but I still think there’s too many ponies there,” she grumbled, following the orange pegasus into the sea of dancing ponies until they found a suitable spot for the two of them.

The pair danced together until the early hours of the morning, stopping several times to return to the bar. On more than one occasion while dancing, Dash noticed that Spitfire seemed to be rubbing up against her but put it down to Spitfire having a few too many drinks.

What she hadn't noticed was Spitfire had been watching the blue mare closely since they got on the dance floor. She'd been examining Dash's physique, her slender body, her strong, well preened wings, her deep magenta eyes and her rainbow mane and tail.

She's perfect for flying, there's no doubt why she's the one that could pull off a Sonic Rainboom. She mused. And she's got beauty to match her skills.

"Hey Dash, let's go find somewhere a bit quieter than this, I've got a...surprise for you."

"Oh, I love surprises!" She said excitedly.

The pair walked out of the throng of ponies still dancing to the beat of the music to a quiet corner of the club, "Ok Dash, close your eyes while I sort out your surprise," she hoped that the darkness of the room was hiding the fact that she was shaking with a mixture of nervousness and excitement.

There was one thought going through her mind as Dash closed her eyes, *This is it, she's been so impressed with me recently that she's going to present me with an invite to join the Wonderbolts or maybe my own Wonderbolts ID card.*

A couple of minutes passed while Spitfire worked up the courage to enact her plan that would show Dash the growing feelings she'd been harbouring from the time they had been spending together recently.

Dash however still had her eyes closed and was growing slightly impatient with the lack the Wonderbolts ID card she was sure to be getting, "Come on Spitfire, give it to me already."

So she did.

Dash's eye shot open to find the orange pegasus directly in front of her with her own eyes closed and her wings flared out either side of her, their lips locked together. The shock at the situation stunned Dash, unable to think straight or move until she was overcome with anger and confusion and shoved Spitfire away.

"What the HAY do you think you're doing Spitfire?" She was almost shouting.

"I...I just...thought that...that" she stammered, not quite sure what to say at Dash's explosive and unexpected reaction.

“I’m not a filly-fooler if that’s what you were thinking!” she yelled before storming off towards the exit, leaving an utterly dejected Spitfire alone, crying in the darkness of the nightclub.

Spitfire staggered out of the club, her wings dragged listlessly by her sides while tears streamed down her face. She sat in the cool air of the dawn while she considered her options, in the distance the sun was starting to rise, giving an orange tint to an otherwise purple sky.

She couldn’t stay in Ponyville, not with the way Rainbow Dash might react if she ran into her again later in the day and there was only one pony she could think to turn to. So with tears still clouding her vision and with more effort than usual she took off and headed to Cloudsdale.

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It was still early in the morning when she arrived at Cloudsdale, the golden light of the early morning sun softly illuminating the city as it reflected off the clouds. She headed straight to a large house on the upper side of the city, straight to Soarin’s house.

She knew that Soarin’ would still be in bed this early in the morning so rather than knock on the door in a futile attempt to wake him up she decided to commit a pegasus faux pas and flew up to knock on his bedroom window.

“W-what, who’s there, what time is it?” He turned on the light to find Spitfire hovering in the window, “Spitfire, what are you doing here? Oh Celestia you look terrible, come in. What happened to you?”

That simple question caused her to burst into tears again as she flew in through the window, “Oh Soarin’, I’ve ruined everything, now she’s gone and she hates me,” she sobbed before collapsing to the floor, exhausted physically and mentally.

“Come on, lets get you to bed, you can tell me all about it once you’ve had some rest,” he picked up his weary friend and led her to his guest room.

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The sun was blazing through the window when Spitfire finally awoke with a pounding headache, in a bed she didn’t recognise. Looking around she gathered no clues to the owner of the lightly decorated room. There was, however, an unmistakable aroma of warm apple pie drifting into the room. Dragging herself out of bed, she stumbled towards the source of the inviting scent which led her into a large kitchen being tended to by a pale blue pegasus.

“Soarin’?”

“Yes? Oh, you’re awake!” He trotted over and offered his guest a chair at the kitchen table.

What am I doing here?" She groaned, holding her head in her forelegs.

"You showed up in my bedroom window at 4 o'clock this morning crying a river and rambling about how you'd messed everything up."

"I did what! Oh Celestia, I'm so sorry Soarin'."

Soarin' served up the apple pie and joined his colleague at the table, "So what have you done?"

"You know I've been spending time with Rainbow Dash, the pegasus from Ponyville that won the Best Young Flyers competition right, well..." She knew what she wanted to say but she didn't want to admit it, not to herself or her friend.

"Well what?"

She sighed; it was now or never, "Well, I might have...sort of fallen for her."

"What?"

"I've fallen for Rainbow Dash."

Soarin' dropped his pie in surprise, "Are you...are you telling me you like mares?"

"Yes Soarin', I like mares, I like Rainbow Dash."

Soarin' sat silently while he thought about what his friend was telling him.

"I guess this means there's no chance for use to get back together?" He said with a grin on his face.

"Soarin'!" She snapped.

"Heh, sorry."

"So now you know the real reason I broke up with you, I didn't want to be a...a filly-fooler and I thought that maybe it was just a phase I was going through and that if I dated stallions it'd pass but..."

"Hey, it's okay you don't have to apologise to me because of who you are," Soarin' rested a hoof on Spitfire's shoulder, "Because I know how you feel."

"You do? You mean..."

“Yes, I didn’t want to say anything but I like mares too,” His grin returned.

“Soarin’! You’re not helping.”

“Sorry, I couldn’t resist that one. So what happened last night?”

Spitfire sighed, she just wanted the memories of last night to disappear as if they never happened, “I kissed her, I got drunk and I kissed her. Oh Soarin’, I was sure she felt she same way about me but she got so angry,” Tears started to roll down her cheeks once more, “I could see it in her eyes, I betrayed her trust and her friendship, now she hates me and I’ve messed everything up.”

“Whoa now, are you listening to yourself? This isn’t the Spitfire I know. The Spitfire I know doesn’t stop and sulk when something doesn’t go right, she pursues her goals with a fiery passion, she gets results because she works hard for it, she doesn’t become apathetic when things don’t go her way.”

“But Dash now hates me and never wants to see me again,” she sobbed.

“Did she say she doesn’t want to see you again?”

“Well no but...”

“Just think about this, if she’s ‘the one’ then you need to go there and tell her because moping at my kitchen table isn’t going to help anything.”

She thought about Soarin’s little speech, sure it wasn’t going to help but wallowing in self pity seemed like a good plan right now. She sighed again, “You’re right Soarin’, I should go over there and talk to her, I should apologise to her for what I did at least.”

“Alright, you know I’m here if you need some support, just try and come at a more sociable time in future.”

“Heh yeah, sorry again about that.”

“Oh! Can I just ask for one tiny little favour?”

“Er, sure.”

“If you work this out with her and you get together, can I...” he paused while he struggled to stop himself grinning again.

“Can you what?”

“Can I watch?”

“Soarin’!”

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The flight which seemed to take hours earlier that day now passed in the blink of an eye as Spitfire returned to Ponyville with a renewed vigour, heading straight for the elaborate cloud house that hung in the sky above the town, eager to see the owner. Eager to speak to Rainbow Dash to apologise for what she did earlier, to explain how she felt for her. She landed heavily on the clouds with a muffled thump before knocking heavily on the ornate door.

“Who’s there?” Asked a fatigued voice.

“Rainbow Dash, it’s me, Spitfire.”

“Go away; I don’t want to talk to you!”

“Please Dash; I just want to talk...”

“I said leave!” The now noticeably distraught voice interrupted.

She admitted defeat for now, “I’m not going to give up until I’ve spoken to you face to face Dash,” she called out as she took to the air once more.

As she left, Spitfire could just make out the sound of Dash quietly weeping drifting out from a nearby window. She realised how selfish she had been earlier that day when she had drunkenly acted on her own desires without considering Dash’s feelings and in doing so possibly destroyed what had been a good friendship. She promised herself that she would sort this mess out for Dash’s sake even if Dash didn’t have feelings back for her.