

# **WITH A HEAVY HEART**

***(Everything Goes My Way...)***

## ***Chapter II***

The library seemed vast, shrouded in darkness.

The cavernous room was eerie, and the motley assortment of books formed cold, unnatural shapes, juxtaposing the soft, gradual shapes of the clouds Rainbow Dash was so used to coming home to. She didn't like it.

Well, Rainbow didn't like spending much time in the library anyway, it seemed as though it was lacking in energy; lacking in life.

Twilight's addition of light wasn't much better, either. Long shadows of cast aside books littered the floor, making the library seem somewhat even more surreal. At least the shadows weren't definite anymore; they petered out into grey, slowly morphing back into the warm, flickering yellows of Twilight's candlelight. It was more like the clouds of her home, which settled Rainbow, but she didn't like the incessant flickering, it seemed far too uncertain, almost ethereal.

"Rainbow, do you want to sit down?"

She jumped, retracting away from what had seemed to be a bellowing noise, against the ambience.

Twilight may have noticed, but Rainbow tried her best to shrug it off, with a non-committal huff.

"Yeah, why not."

Rainbow slumped down onto the sofa that Twilight was gesturing to, and shut out the confusing half-light of the library. She couldn't let the strange shapes and shrouds faze her, she was supposed to be strong.

No, she *was* strong!

"Twi', could I get a glass of water?"

"Certainly, Rainbow."

Twilight turned around, rump facing Rainbow, wiggling as she slowly moved towards the basin, just out of the main library area. Just before Twilight moved out of earshot, Rainbow heard her mumble to herself.

“Oh, and a please wouldn’t go amiss, Miss ‘I’m too full of myself to be polite-”

Twilight went on, but Rainbow couldn’t care much, at least she was getting what she wanted; her body was crying out for hydration, and she knew Twilight was good enough natured to comply with her meagre demands.

“Miss Dash, here’s the water that you so eagerly await!” Twilight’s voice was a cusp above sarcastic. “I brought some painkillers as well, madam. That gash upon one’s forehead must be a touch painful.”

Rainbow chose to ignore the mock-royal treatment, and knocked back the small white caplets, gulping them down, with most of the water Twilight had brought for her. Even so, the clinical bitterness of the pills was persisting on her tongue.

“Thanks, Twi”

Rainbow looked into Twilight’s eyes, and did her best to smile, but it wouldn’t come through. She wouldn’t tell Twilight this, but she was putting all her effort into not letting the tears inside her well up from the gash on her forehead pulsing pain. She brought her hoof up to the wound, and brushed across it. Rainbow let out an audible gasp, her head was still tender.

“Don’t be a silly pony, Rainbow! Of course it’s still going to hurt!”

Twilight was being far too chirpy for Rainbow’s tired, pained head, and so she chose to remain quiet.

“Rainbow, we ought to get you cleaned up, you’re absolutely caked in blood!”

It was true; she could feel its dryness clinging to her face, stiffening her mane, beginning to itch.

“I’m going to run you a nice, warm bath! You just take it easy, okay?”

“Thanks, Twi’.”

Rainbow wasn’t really in the mood to talk; she’d rather be at home now, sleeping. Still, she was sure this was the only way to keep Twilight quiet, and it had worked; to an extent.

Twilight Sparkle turned around once more, this time heading towards the bathroom. She was once again wiggling her rump, swishing her tail side to side, almost as if she was trying to entice Rainbow.

She didn't want to admit it, but Rainbow was enjoying it. She hadn't meant to look, but the flick of Twilight's tail had caught her eye, and then that was it. She was thinking of Twilight in *other* ways. She was cute, Rainbow would give her that. It was the lilac colour; that hue painted Twilight in intense innocence, yet upon a rump so fine, Rainbow was wondering how she'd never seen through such an innocent veil.

Maybe it was Twilight's personality. She'd spent so much time thinking that, well, Twilight was quite frankly *boring*. Yeah, she was a good friend, and not bad to be around, but *books? Seriously?*

It's not like Rainbow was a stranger to the occasional book, she'd been to flight school, and there was no escaping the textbooks there. Of course, she didn't know that when she'd signed up, but that was beside the point.

It was then that Rainbow realised what she was doing.

She was slumped upon a sofa, in Twilight's library, fantasising about her, whilst staring at her rump.

*Thinking of another filly like that?! Rainbow, have you gone mad?!*

She checked her wings; they were up in the air too, along with her thoughts. Rainbow hated that about herself, the one thing she couldn't control. To be so excited that her wings manifest a life of their own. It just wasn't cool.

Rainbow could feel her face burning up, but she decided it was probably just due to the wound on her head; it definitely wasn't anything to do with her... 'feelings.'

Besides, if she was going to be with another filly, it would be with somepony else. Somepony she'd already shared her feelings with. She didn't like to think about it, though. That a pony like her; "**Rainbow Dash; The fastest flier in all of Equestria!**" would do such *things* with another filly. It just wasn't cool. However, Rainbow couldn't keep the two fillies out of her head. Twilight Sparkle, who was currently running a bath for her, and Rainbow's other, already established, albeit secret... 'Friend.'

Just thinking of the situation made Rainbow burn up, so much so that she couldn't even bare to name the other damn pony. If she'd known that it was going to turn out this way, well, she might have changed things. Just a bit, at least.

Rainbow Dash realised that her wings were up, yet again.

“Damn things!” She uttered.

Rainbow folded her wings away, and laid down upon her back. That ought to keep them in control, she thought, as another wave of heat cascaded over her face.

“Why won’t my wound just stop burning me up? It’s just so…”

Rainbow exhaled a long breath, wavering.

She’d beaten her self into a corner, and she knew it. So what if she was embarrassed? It was probably just the alcohol taking its toll on her, she thought, although she knew that she didn’t believe it. Rainbow wavered yet again.

So there *wasn’t* just one thing she couldn’t control, Rainbow thought, to her annoyance. Maybe that’s just how it works.

Of course, she still wasn’t going to tell Twilight that.

*It just wasn’t cool.*

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Twilight slowly swayed towards the bathroom, watching her hooves blur before her.

“Heh, it’s like I’ve got, like- I don’t even know how many hooves!”

Then Twilight then realised what she’d done; she’d used ‘like’ in a sentence, *and twice at that!*

She trotted into the bathroom, still ‘tutting’ at her literary disregard; she was beginning to sound too common for her liking.

Twilight cranked the faucet on the bath over to hot, and watched the water flow out of the old, chunky library pipes. At least it was functional, she thought to herself. Some of the newer designer bathroom suites had stupid twiddly, nonsensical handles on the faucets. *She didn’t have time to put up with such gimmicks!* Well, she was a busy pony, what with all the studying and all.

Twilight winced, as she realised she’d blatantly disregarded the English language *again!* That didn’t even make sense!

Maybe it was down to the alcoholic intoxication, she thought. She'd definitely read books about it; there was a section in her copy of 'Slumber 101' labelled 'Adult', which touched on Alcohol, amongst other things, but that wasn't the kind of book she was thinking about. Twilight needed something more academic, really.

All of a sudden, the quote she was searching for surfaced within her brain:

“The first few beverages **will** affect judgement, reaction time and brain activity, regardless of a Pony's metabolism, tolerance to alcohol or BMI. As alcohol consumption increases, reactions **will** become even more sluggish and delays in physical and mental coordination will become far more pronounced.”

Twilight was pleased with herself; she'd remembered the quote with such ease, although she was a bit disappointed that she'd turned to 'Slumber 101' before the acclaimed yet controversial thesis; “Alcohol: The bane or father of Equestria?”

Twilight sat down on the cold, tiled floor of the bathroom, and brought her hoof over her fringe. It felt matted, rough to the touch. It was odd, she thought, having another pony's blood upon one's self, especially that of Rainbow Dash. Twilight wasn't sure why it was so odd for Rainbow in particular; it just didn't feel quite right.

Maybe it was because she was too *cool* to bleed?

Twilight knew this was complete nonsense, the moment she thought it, but she entertained the thought, if only momentarily, just out of mild humour. Anyway, the cocky pony would probably insist that she was too cool for bleeding, regardless of the facts.

Condensation began to form on the tiled floor. Twilight slid her hoof half-heartedly, causing a light, traced line to form across a few tiles. The line, however, was only definite for a couple of seconds, as condensation began to incur upon the divide she'd drawn.

Twilight didn't like this lack of certainty; it was as if as soon as she'd created the definite, perfect line, the boundaries were blurred. It was as if the condensation was disobeying her rules, trying to overwhelm the change, trying to remain the same.

However, Twilight still felt a sense of victory over the constantly condensing tiles: Even if it covered up the lines she'd created, there was still presence. If you looked, ever so closely, you could see that there was indeed

a line there before;

It'd merely just... changed.

Twilight thought back to the events of the evening, and realised that she didn't actually know *why* Rainbow was bleeding so much. Well, she knew that it had some relevance to a collision between them, but nothing like a straight up collision could have caused such a deep gash as the one Rainbow had acquired upon her head. To do something like that, somepony would have to use something sharp, something *piercing*.

A wave of realisation overwhelmed Twilight, and she leapt to her feet, leaving wet hoofprints upon the floor, soon to be consumed by the condensation. She staggered over to the sink, snagging a towel en route. However, it wasn't the sink Twilight was after, but the mirror above it.

She slowly brought the towel up to the once reflective mirror. Shaking, Twilight slid the flannelly material across the surface, and she was presented with a fleeting look at her own face.

It may well have only been distinct for a couple of seconds, but she saw it. Her horn was red.

However, it wasn't a sort of jolly red, not the kind of red you'd associate with whimsical, happy things.

No.

It was a horrible red. A dark, accusatory crimson.

Even though the outline was no longer visible, it was still there. Twilight could see the marks on the mirror, from where the condensation hadn't quite healed over properly, and within that, she saw herself.

She was only a smudge, when viewed through the veil of the condensed mirror.

She was a Purple smudge; Indefinite.

Dashed with crimson.