

Turntable Turnabout

Part 2

“Ow! Hey, watch it with that!” Rainbow Dash winced at the cotton ball being applied to her scraped cheek, the result from her attempt to fly while under the effects of a potent beverage consumed at the Frenzied Foal earlier this night. Vinyl Scratch stuck her tongue out at the pegasus, her horn aglow with a subtle, deep violet light, almost like a blacklight, as she maneuvered the alcohol swab back a bit. “Pfft, wimp. It’s just a little sting, suck it up.” Dash huffed and crossed her forelimbs across her chest, doing her best to not make eye contact (or was it goggle contact?) with the blue and cyan maned pony before her. “You didn’t...you didn’t have to walk me to your home, you know...I could have made it back to mine just fine!” She grumbled under her breath. Scratch just shook her head, levitating a bandage and sticking it upon the small scrape of Dash’s cheek, reaching up and giving it a pat with a hoof to secure it (a move which made the pegasus pony fight to hide a furious blush). “Nuh-uh. The weather ponies have a windstorm scheduled for tonight, and I know you, R-B-D. You’d take off into the sky the moment I took my eyes off of ya. And then we’d all wake up tomorrow and find out you’d been slammed into a tree or knocked out by a flying limb or something and I’d feel absolutely terrible about it!” The DJ grinned, turning about and pulling her goggles off, hanging them up upon the coatrack sitting by her door. “It’s the least I can do for my number one fan, no?”

Dash blinked, looking like a deer caught in headlights as she stared at Scratch, the DJ pony turning around, revealing a pair of stunning, crimson ruby eyes hidden behind those goggles. The pegasus stammered, the combination of the giddykick flowing through her system, and the incessant aching of her heart for the white-furred pony throwing her body for a loop, the poor sky blue pony nearly hyperventilating. She managed a small smile, looking around nervously. “Er, whaddya mean? I’m not...I mean...I like yo-your. Your music, but uh...number one fan? Please...” Scratch shook her head, taking a seat down next to Dash and leaning back against the pillows of the sofa. “Come on Dash, just because I wear goggles doesn’t mean I’m blind. I’ve seen you, almost every time I’m there at the club. Sitting in the same shadowed booth, sipping the same drink. Always looking like you just found out you failed your entry test for the Wonderbolts.” Dash swallowed, giving a little whimper as her ears drooped. “Y-you’ve seen me? Every time?” Scratch gave a nod, flashing that characteristic grin of hers. “Hard not to miss a cutie like you.”

The pegasus froze, looking at the DJ pony with mouth agape. “Wh-wha...who...I mean...what?!” Scratch gave a little sigh, running a hoof through her mane. “Yeah. I think you’re cute. You’ve got a strong heart, never afraid to take a chance...” Those crimson eyes refocused on the pegasus. “...so it’s really confusing as to why you’re tiptoeing around this crush of yours.” Dash gave a little eep of surprise, shrinking back a little. *Oh no oh no oh no she knows she knows!* She took deep breaths, looking around wildly for something to move the conversation on to, but finding none. “I...I...I...” The pegasus looked ready to burst into tears, but finally squeezed her eyes shut, giving a groan and flopping back. “...oh what’s the use. I don’t...I don’t know what

my friends would say! I mean...we're mares! We're not supposed to like other mares, it's not normal! If anyone found out they'd be all 'Oh did you hear about Rainbow Dash? Turns out she's a Fillyfooler! And here I thought she was cool! I mean how would I handle that!? That's not cool! That's not cool at all!" Tears welled up in her eyes, bottom lip trembling. "And I could kiss any chance of getting into the Wonderbolts goodbye, they'd never take a Fillyfooler...it'd be bad publicity for them...and, and..." She was silenced by a hoof pressing to her lips, Scratch uttering a soft ssh at the nearly flipped out filly. "Hey, hey. Chill. First off, if they're really your friends, they'll understand. Second, you're in Ponyville, hun. They might worry about that stuff in Alabamhoof but not here. You should know that." Dash stared at Scratch with wide, nervous eyes, chest rising and falling with deep breaths as an ever present blush stained her cheeks. "But...but I don't...I mean..." Another shush, Scratch's muzzle drawing close to Rainbow Dash's, those crimson eyes lidded halfway in a sultry gaze. "Hush, hun. Just do what feels right." Vinyl Scratch leaned forward, snagging the shivering pony before her in a passionate embrace, Dash's eyes going wide as dinner plates, before the conflicting thoughts surging through her mind faded away to nothing at the DJ pony's gentle caresses, soon wrapping both hoof and wings alike around the punky unicorn upon her. The embrace lasted until both were nearly out of breath, Scratch breaking the kiss with a gasp, softly panting as a rosy tint spread across those white cheeks of hers. "Mhm. Fruity." She gave a gasp as she suddenly felt teeth nipping at her neck, grinning wide and looking down at the pegasus filly beneath her. "Ohoho, there's that cocky mare I saw on stage..." Dash merely gave a huff of indignation, pulling Scratch back upon her as she laid out on the couch cushions, grinning like an idiot as she gave a lick to the DJ pony's chin. "Cocky, huh? I'll show you cocky~" And with that, the two descended into their passions, neither caring about anything but the moment they were wrapped up in, as two kindred souls shared the comfort of each other that night.