

Doctor and Ditzzy's Science Theater

by Rixizu

Episode 21 - Part 3

"What was that?" Trixie demanded as she got to her hooves,

Ditzzy: (Trixie) A horror escaped from Tartarus perhaps?

wondering if it was possible to overdose on adrenaline. She certainly felt like it after the shock she'd just received.

Doctor: (Trixie) Oh crap I think I'm having a stroke!

Lyra bit her lip. "That was Pinkie Pie," she explained, scuffing a hoof on the cobblestone street beneath her. "She moved here a little bit before I went to Canterlot. She's probably run off to throw you a party."

Ditzzy: Soooooo? I am not really seeing a problem here.

Doctor: Oh dear. I think I see where this is going.

Trixie blinked as she took in Lyra's words verses the tone of her voice. "Why are you saying that like it's synonymous with 'she's going to drag me into a basement and torture me?'"

Ditzzy: ...Really?

“She gives off that vibe, doesn’t she?” Lyra asked,

All: No.

Doctor: No, that is just silly.

stepping forward and putting a hoof on Trixie’s shoulder as though bracing the other unicorn for bad news.

Doctor: (Lyra) You’re going to be thrown a party and you are probably going to like it.

“It’ll be a surprise party. Probably when you least expect it.

Ditzzy: (Lyra) In the shower, while having lunch, going to the dentist, while getting groceries.

If you do see it coming, though, *don’t run*. She’ll just follow you and drag you there.”

Doctor: (Trixie) Please, how fast could she be?

Trixie was beginning to grow seriously concerned. “What?” she asked.

Ditzzy: (Lyra) And don’t try to skip the country. I tried that...it didn’t work.

“Just enjoy her party.” Lyra said. “They are enjoyable. And this is your first so you’ll get to have a lot of fun. Eat, drink, and be happy,

Ditzy: Trixie happy?

Doctor:: Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow we get another party!

but for the love of Luna do *not* mention any reason for her to throw you another party.

Doctor: (Trixie) Not really seeing the problem here. My birthday isn't until three months from now.

Ditzy: (Lyra) Poor naive foal.

Because she will. And then another. And another. And another. And...you see where this is going.”

Doctor: (Trixie) Not really.

The new representative of the Night Court raised an eyebrow. “That’s it?” she asked.
“Just more parties?”

Ditzy: (Trixie) Can I at least get special new themes for them?

“An infinite loop of parties.” Lyra said.

Ditzy: (Lyra) Every single day with no chance to rest. You try to get a few hours sleep? Bam!
Another party!

“Her special talent is making ponies smile, and she’s good at it, I guess,

*Ditzy: I guess? Are you kidding? She’s **great** at it! It even works on the crabby pants Doctor!*

Doctor: Ha ha.

but it is way too easy for her to go completely overboard.”

Doctor: (Lyra) Seriously, did we really need a ‘Lyra Found Her Lost Keys’ party!?

Ditzy: (Lyra) By the way, if Pinkie Pie does something crazy or seemingly impossible...don’t think about. The last pony that tried to figure it out now acts like a dog!

Trixie did not like the sound of that. “Okay...so go to the party and enjoy myself but don’t look like I’m enjoying myself too much.” As she thought about that, she smiled a little. “So basically like the Grand Galloping Gala, then. Easy.”

Doctor: (Trixie) It’s a valuable skill in any high society party.

Lyra’s eyes widened a little at the casual mention of the most prestigious social event in all of Equestrian society. “You’ve been to the Gala?”

Ditzy: The Gala must be really boring without Princess Celestia actively trying to sabatosh it.

“Five times,” Trixie responded with a nod, then grinned and pointed a hoof at her chest.

Doctor: You poor thing.

“Luna’s protégé, remember? Of course I’ve been.”

Doctor: (Trixie) Though for some reason I have never actually seen the Princess attend one.

Lyra pouted a little. “Lucky...”

Ditzy: You are going to eat those words.

Trixie shrugged. “Anyway,” Trixie said, stepping away from Lyra and consulting her mental list of destinations and ponies to see. “Last stop is music. Somepony named Fluttershy volunteered to – ”

Ditzy: To be the sweet rocking DJ!

Lyra looked surprised once more. “*Fluttershy?*” she interrupted. “She volunteered? You sure you’re remembering right?”

Ditzy: Ugh. Here we go again!

Doctor: (Sighs)

Trixie’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Completely. I have a photographic memory.”

“Really?”

Ditzy: (Lyra) What did I snack on during our train ride here to Ponyville?

Doctor: (Lyra) How many steps is it from Sweet Apple Acres to Carousel Boutique?

“Well, no. But there’s a spell that lets you perfectly remember something for twenty-four hours, and I used it on my list of ponies I needed to see.”

Doctor: (Trixie) It does, however, have the unfortunate side effect of me forgetting the entire week later, but I don't think that should be much of issue if you ask me.

"Useful..." Lyra said, tapping one hoof to her mouth as she thought.

Ditzy: (Lyra) Why couldn't I be the Princess's protege?.

"Fluttershy is...well, shy. Incredibly shy.

Doctor: Hence the name.

I don't know her very well...which means that if you and me show up at her cottage she'll probably just hide under her bed and wait for us to go away."

Ditzy: ...Really?

Doctor: At...least she isn't a jerk?

Ditzy: That's yet to be determined.

Trixie's eyebrow arched at that. "Then...why did she volunteer to do music?"

Doctor: The author needed to contrive a reason for her to be in the fic.

"I don't know, it's not very in-character for her..." Lyra said as she continued to consider.

Doctor: (Lyra) I think the author is starting to slip.

“She barely even comes into town, usually just mail-orders stuff straight to her home – *ha!* Got it.”

Ditzzy: (Lyra) She wants to impress a colt!

Doctor: (Lyra) She’s trying to advance the career of Tim the robin!

Lyra looked around a moment, getting her bearings, before pointing down one of Ponyville’s streets.

Doctor: (Trixie) We’re going to the red light district?

“Okay, this way. We’ll probably have to recruit some help on this one.”

Trixie blinked. “Help?”

Ditzzy: (Lyra) They are called the Confidence Squad. They help ponies during moments of self doubt. No self hating thought can get past them!

“*Help!*” a panicked voice came from inside of Ponyville’s post office. The unicorns spared each other a glance before dashing inside, horns glowing and ready to face just about any problem that might confront them.

Doctor: (Trixie) Here I come to save the day!

Except this one, “this one” being an impossibly large pile of envelopes, boxes, loose paper, stamps, mail bags, mail carts, at least one overturned shelf, and, for some bizarre reason, a half-eaten tray of muffins.

Ditzzy: What did they expect? This is a post office.

Doctor: Who would have guessed postal workers like muffins?

Just barely poking out from the pile was a single hoof, waving frantically.

Doctor: (Trixie) That's it? Come on Lyra we have better thing we could be doing.

The two unicorns once again paused, this time in utter confusion as to how such a gigantic mess could have been caused.

Ditzzy: Let's see....aliens, creature from the everfree forest, warlock, changelings, robots from the future, robots from the past, robbers, disgruntled postal workers, mind control, freak weather, supervillain attack, or somepony tripped.

They quickly went to work, however, magically hefting and lifting the piles of assorted mail and mail-related things off of the pony who was trapped beneath it all. After several moments of working together, they finally pushed aside enough for the trapped pony – a gray pegasus with a yellow mane and tail, wearing the navy uniform and cap of a mail mare – to break free from her papery prison and get her hooves on a solid wooden floor again.

Doctor: You have a surprising tendency to show up in these fics we do.

Ditzzy: (Facehooves) Oh no. I don't want to know what this fic is going to do to me too!

“Ugh,” the pony groaned, rubbing her head a few moments. She opened her eyes and looked to Trixie and Lyra. “I just don’t know what went wrong...”

Ditzy: Ha.Ha.Ha.

Doctor: There there.

Trixie realized she was staring, tried to stop, and failed miserably.

Ditzy: Trixie was in love!

The pegasus pony had yellow eyes, quite vibrant ones at that, but the two of them refused to focus, with her left eye focused mostly on Trixie, while the right one was pointed out and upwards, towards the ceiling. “Um,” Trixie said, extending a hoof mechanically, “hi.”

Ditzy: (Trixie) Trixie-bot 3000 is happy to meet you.

The pegasus took it with both hooves, fumbling slightly as she did, and shook it. “Thank-you!” she said. “I don’t know how I would have gotten out of there without you two.”

Doctor: (Trixie) Good. We expect a 300 bit reward for saving your life or else you’re going back under there.

As she said this, she released Trixie’s captured hoof and turned to Lyra, shaking hers as well. “I was climbing a shelf to get to my muffins but then everything just started falling...”

Ditzy: (Ditzy) I really need to lay off the muffins!

Trixie blinked a few times. "Climbing?" she asked, looking to the pegasus' wings. "Why didn't you just fly?"

"Oh," the pegasus said, grinning as she scratched the back of her head with one hoof. "I...forgot. Yeah."

"You forgot you could fly?" Lyra asked incredulously, though obviously believing the pegasus despite the question. Trixie, on the other hand, was fairly adept at recognizing lies when she heard them.

Doctor: The backstabbing nature of Luna's court taught her very well!

"Yeah," the pegasus said sheepishly. "Forgot I could fly." She turned to look at the mess she had made. "Uh...I think the post office is going to close early today,

Ditzy: (Shakes head) Neither rain, nor sleet, nor gloom of night, nor tentacle horror stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.

so if you were hoping to get something mailed you'll have to wait,

Ditzy: Or use the drop off box.

um...?" She turned to look at the two mares.

"Lyra Heartstrings," the mint-green unicorn introduced herself. "And this is Trixie.

Ditzy: Lou-lou-skip-to-my-Lulamoon!

And no, we weren't here to have anything mailed.

Doctor: (Lyra) But we would like to get some Star Swirl the Bearded stamps.

We were actually hoping to speak with the mail pony who makes deliveries to a cottage on the edge of the Everfree Forest – ”

Ditzy: Do you mean Me, Mr. Zippy, or Post Haste?

“Fluttershy's?” the pegasus asked. At a confirming nod, she tapped her chest. “That would be me. Oh, I'm Ditzzy Doo.”

Doctor: Ditzzy, you're crying!

Ditzy: It's so beautiful! I never thought a fic would ever get my name right!

“Great!” Lyra exclaimed, turning to Trixie. “Like I said, Fluttershy would probably hide under a bed if too many ponies showed up at her doorstep,

Ditzy: (Sighs)

Doctor: That must make Hearth's Warming caroling awkward.

so it should just be you and Ditzzy Doo here who go and see her.”

Ditzy: Who better to put a pony at ease than Trixie!

Trixie raised an eyebrow at that. “Are you ditching me?” she asked.

Doctor: (Lyra) Well duh, I have better things to do than foalsit you all day!

Lyra opened her mouth to object, thought better of it, and instead nodded. "Yes," she confirmed. "I have some things I need to do. I'll meet you at your place later."

Doctor: (Trixie) But, you've barely shown me around town!

Lyra didn't wait for confirmation before leaving the post office,

Ditzy: (Lyra) Screw you, I'm outta here!

a noticeable spring to her step and swing to her haunches as she did. Trixie wasn't certain how she felt about the mint green unicorn leaving,

Ditzy: There there. Don't cry.

but her contemplations on the matter were interrupted as she noticed a pair of yellow eyes focused on her. She turned, surprised to see that Ditzy Doo, apparently, could lock both eyes onto a subject if she wanted.

Ditzy: Trixie assumed Ditzy was a clutz that can never get anything right!

Doctor: Now now.

"Hmm," Ditzy Doo thought. "Don't think I've seen you around town before, and I thought I knew everypony."

“You didn’t know Lyra,” Trixie pointed out.

Ditzy: Well, ponies seem to forget she even exists for some reason.

“I didn’t know her face,” the pegasus corrected, turning around – one eye lingering on Trixie for slightly longer than the other one as they became walled once more – and beginning to dig through the pile of letters she had previously been trapped underneath, searching unerringly despite the utter chaos.

Ditzy: (Ditzy) Oh hey! I found a letter that should have been delivered thirty years ago!

After a few moments, she held up an envelope, stamped with the magic academy’s sigil. “Lyra Heartstrings, 12 Hayseed Lane. Moved away three years ago to attend Luna’s school of magic on a music scholarship, just before I started my job here. I’ve been delivering her mail to her parent’s house because she never got a new mailing address.” Ditzy Doo’s eyes both narrowed at that. “I *hate* it when ponies do that.”

Ditzy: No kidding. All you have to do is fill out a single piece of paper. It isn’t that hard!

Trixie blinked a few times. “You know all that?” She asked. “How?”

Doctor: (Ditzy) I have files on everypony in Ponyville. Mind if I ask you a few questions?

“I read her mail.”

Ditzy: (Ditzy): Don’t you? It’s a great way to learn about ponies!

Trixie stared.

“Kidding!” Ditzzy Doo said with a laugh as she used her head as a plow to begin shoving all the fallen letters away from the post office’s door. “I talk to her parents when I’m on my route sometimes.”

Doctor: (Ditzzy) They’ve told me so many embarrassing stories about Lyra’s childhood. Wouldn’t you like to hear some of them?

“Oh,” the blue unicorn said, chuckling slightly in relief.

Ditzzy: She didn’t want Ditzzy to know about her erotic penpal.

“Well, yes. I’m new. I’ve been appointed as the new representative – ”

Ditzzy: (Ditzzy) New representative of the Ponyville Birding Society! You’re early! Fluttershy told me about some piping plovers earlier today! If we hurry we might just catch them!

“ – of Luna’s Night Court and official festival overseer,” Ditzzy Doo interrupted,

Doctor: (Ditzzy) I hope you last longer than the last one. He only last a year and half before he fell into crippling alcoholism and had to be booted out!

pausing a moment with her tongue clenched in her teeth in concentration as her eyes wandered – independently – over the pile of mail before her, before diving once more into it and coming out with a trio of envelopes in her mouth, one midnight blue, one white, and one plain brown.

She trotted over to the surprised-looking Trixie. “Feef ah fah yoo,” the mail mare said, as best she could with a mouthful of mail.

Doctor: (Trixie) This is just junk mail! I don't care that I may already be a winner!

Trixie paused a moment before grasping the envelopes with her magic and looking them over. The midnight blue envelope was from Princess Luna, and bore the royal seal proudly on its back. The brown envelope also bore the royal seal and claimed to be from Luna,

Doctor: The fact it was addressed Princess Luna gave it away.

but given the color of the envelope it was more likely that it was from somepony who had been delegated the task of sending it in Luna's name.

Ditzy: Or they ran out of blue envelopes.

The final envelope bore no seal at all, instead simply being addressed to her in elegant, flowing script – most likely a unicorn's writing, as earth ponies and pegasi, lacking telekinetic magic, rarely had the mouth-and-tongue dexterity necessarily to write Equestrian with such elegance.

Ditzy: That is racist bull!

Doctor: Obviously someone that writes with their mouth all their life would write in scribbles at best.

“How did you...?” Trixie began, looking back to Ditzy Doo.

Ditzy: When you're good you're good.

The pegasus shrugged, pointing at the two from Canterlot. "Those two arrived just a few hours ago," her hoof moved to the white envelope, "and that one's been sitting here for weeks waiting for you. It's from the last representative."

Ditzy: (Trixie)(Reading) "I hear it's amazing when the Purple-stuffed worm in Flap-jaw space, with the tuning fork, does a raw-blink on Hari-kiri Rock! I need scissors! 61!"?!"

Doctor: (Ditzy) He was under a lot of stress.

Trixie had actually meant *how did you find these in all of that, and by the way how did you know unless you really do read ponies' mail,*

Doctor: Trixie assumed that postpony witchcraft is involved.

but decided to let that slide.

Ditzy: If she picked apart every little thing we would be here all day.

Instead, she turned her attention back to an earlier point of interest while tucking the envelopes away into her cape for now. "You can remember all of that," she accused, "but you forgot that you could fly?"

Ditzy: Look, sometimes you don't feel like flying alright. Why are we still talking about this?

"Yes," Ditzy Doo responded evenly.

Ditzy: And in a way that leaves no room of discussion.

Her tone changed just slightly, however, to be noticeably defensive, as her eyes managed to come into focus on Trixie once more.

Doctor: Trixie couldn't decide if this made her cute or super cute.

Trixie stared, gaze switching from one of Ditzzy Doo's no-longer-wandering-eyes to the other. She put two and two together pretty quickly:

Doctor: (Trixie) It's five! I've been trying to solve that equation for years!

wandering eyes would make even walking around a chore, never mind attempting to move in three dimensions, even just to get muffins on top of a shelf. After a few moments, Trixie nodded. "Okay," she said.

Ditzzy: (Sighs) No, I can get around just fine. But my poor depth perception causes problems sometimes.

Doctor: Just don't ask her to pitch for you.

Ditzzy Doo's smile returned at that, this time looking grateful. "Okay," she echoed. "Just give me a few minutes to clean this place up and

Ditzzy: (Ditzzy) And pick up my dry cleaning, get materials for dinner tonight, buy a birthday gift for Berry Punch, drop them all off at home, water the garden, and check up on grandma at the nursing home.

then we'll go to Fluttershy's."

Doctor: (Trixie) Why didn't the Princess hire you? You actually know what you are doing!

"I think it's going to take more than a few minutes," Trixie observed – although even as she did, she found herself stepping forward a few paces, horn glowing and lifting up a large pile of letters and separating them out for Ditzzy Doo to look over.

Ditzzy: Huh, that's nice of her.

"Maybe a little," the gray-coated pegasus conceded, as she used a hoof to slide her tray of muffins along the floor and over to in front of Trixie. "Muffin?"

"Not unless you've got one with peanut butter, hay, and – "

Doctor: Horseradish sauce?

Ditzzy: Blue cheese?

"Pumpernickel seeds?" Ditzzy Doo asked, pointing to one with a hoof absent-mindedly as she collected the levitated letters and began sorting them. Trixie nearly dropped them all on the pegasus as she stared at a muffin that she had thought any other pony would consider absolutely inedible.

Doctor: Trixie's heart started beating faster.

She'd had to practically threaten the chef's family back in Canterlot to get him to make them for her,

Ditzzy: (Trixie) It would be shame if something happened to your family if you don't make me crackers topped with whip cream and raw eggs!

Doctor: Okay, we get it. No one in Trixie's previous life liked her. I think you have beaten that point into the ground.

and yet...here one was, sitting next to an otherwise normal blueberry muffin.

Doctor: Ditzzy had thousands of different types of muffins for just such an occasion!

Trixie decided that she and Ditzzy Doo were going to be *best friends*. At least until she found out where Ditzzy got her muffins from.

Doctor: Trixie was determined to find out who her dealer was.

Lyra could not, for the life of her, understand why she was so nervous as she sat outside of the candy store, staring at its door as though it was holding her family hostage.

Doctor: (Lyra) Door, I'm on to you!

This is stupid, the unicorn thought. *I should just go in there. Right now! Get in gear! Pony up! Move, you silly filly!*

Ditzzy: Go Lyra! Don't let the door win!

Lyra stood still.

Doctor: The day Lyra stood still.

It's not like I haven't seen her. I saw her plenty over the last three years.

Ditzzy: (Lyra) Usually at a distance with binoculars.

Yeah, it was just for a few hours whenever she came to visit Canterlot or I went to visit her on the weekends...but come on, I saw her last – no, wait, that was finals week. Okay, but I saw her...no, I had an audition. Didn't get it. Then there was...no...but...no, not then either...Holy hay, how long has it been since I've seen her?

Doctor: (Lyra) It's been twenty years at least!

Lyra's eyes widened as she realized. Oh...it's been, like, a semester. A semester and a half. Eight months easy. I guess I got so busy that...aw, she probably hates me...

Ditzzy: (Lyra) Time to go mope about it on Ponybook!

The mint-green unicorn turned and walked away, dejected.

The mint-green unicorn turned and walked back, determined.

All: (Singing) You're the best!

Around!

Nothing's gonna ever keep you down!

You're the Best!

BonBon could never hate me. She's the one who said I should take advantage of that scholarship!

Doctor: (Lyra) My Wacky Hut scholarship!

I wasn't going to, but she convinced me!

Ditzzy: (Lyra) I was fine with scrubbing toilets for the rest of my life!

And...well, and then I haven't seen her for eight months.

But there were still letters! We wrote each other all the time. So there. We'd write about...

...oh, Luna, I don't know.

Ditzzy: (Lyra) Our letters have been about nothing but the weather!

I can't remember what was on BonBon's last letter to me! What was on mine to her? Stars above, what if it was something major? Lyra hit herself in the head a few times. Think, Lyra, think! This is important! This is –

Doctor: (Lyra) I remember now! She wanted me to give her money for her aunt that I never met that's losing her home and needed 100 bits to get by.

Lyra felt hooves on her back, shoving her forward. She stumbled and ended up with her face planted firmly against the candy shop's door.

"Ow..."

"Oops," a magenta voice said. Lyra wasn't certain how voices could be magenta, but this one was.

Ditzy: I think you have been hit in the head harder than you thought.

"I thought it opened inwards..." the unicorn felt herself being picked up and brushed off, and realized she was staring at Cheerilee.

Doctor: (Lyra) When did you grow three heads?

"Wha...?" Lyra asked blearily as she struggled to clear her head. "When did you – *gah!*"

Ditzy: (Cheerilee) Get out of my way! They are having a clearance sale at Canterlot and Company!

The exclamation came as Cheerilee opened the door and shoved Lyra inside of BonBon's Confectionarium.

Ditzy: Right into a table, ouch!

By the time she got her hooves under her, she was aware of a half-dozen sets of eyes on her.

Ditzy: (Lyra) Uh, hi! (Thanks a lot Cheerilee!)

Two pairs belonged to a pair of fillies, an orange pegasus and a white unicorn who were standing by the rock candies; one of a brown-coated stallion with an hourglass cutie mark who had been on his way out with a bag of jelly babies;

Doctor: Cute.

a blue unicorn stallion with a long horn and a safety pin cutie mark;

Ditzy: Yes yes, we know. He's heard that joke a million times.

Doctor: No mention of what candy he is getting?

a fifth set were claimed by an earth pony with a dark blue coat and blue eyes and a star cutie mark...

Doctor: Again no mention of candy he's getting.

Ditzy: How could you?! We have to know! You can't leave loose ends like this!

...and the final, dark teal set belonged to BonBon, a cream-colored earth pony with a mane and tail striped in navy and bright pink, and who was the most beautiful creature that Lyra had ever laid eyes upon. She was standing behind the counter, mouth hanging open.

Doctor: (Bon-Bon) Who are you!? Get out of my shop! You're disrupting my customers!

"Uh – " Lyra began, before being thrown a third time; in this instance, it was as a cream-navy-and-pink blur moved with speed that would have impressed the Wonderbolts from

behind the counter, past the customers, and straight into Lyra, throwing her to the ground and knocking her Gatsby cap off, with the blur landing on top of her and revealing itself to be – unsurprisingly – BonBon.

Ditzy: Dang it! I thought it was going to be Pokey Pierce!

Lyra was frozen for a moment, before her body moved of its own accord, wrapping BonBon in as tight an embrace as the earth pony was currently giving her, burying her muzzle in BonBon's mane and breathing in deeply.

Doctor: (Bon-Bon) That's...really creepy!

She smelled of sugar. She always smelled of sugar – she was a candy maker, after all.

Ditzy: Lyra started licking Bob-Bon.

The smell was subtle, not overpowering, a faint background scent that brought with it thousands of memories of the two growing up together in Ponyville, best friends as fillies, something so much more than that as they grew older. It was the sweetest smell in Equestria.

Ditzy: It also didn't hide how sweaty she was and really needs a bath!

"Hi," Lyra finally managed to say as she opened her eyes, and found herself staring into BonBon's. "I'm back."

Doctor: (Lyra) And could you get off me please. Your knee is in my kidney.

"I noticed," BonBon responded, before leaning up and pressing her lips firmly to Lyra's own.

Doctor: Er, what?

Ditzy: That was quick.

The unicorn's heart stopped beating for a few moments before plunging into overdrive, and she sank into BonBon's kiss.

Doctor: She unfortunately went into cardiac arrest and died.

She was vaguely aware of the dark blue mare and brown stallion ushering the fillies and other customers out of the shop,

Doctor: (Pony) We need to get the foals out of here. They might catch the gay!

knowing smiles on their faces and switching the sign on the shop's front window from 'open' to 'closed.'

Ditzy: I doubt Bon-Bon appreciates losing so many customers.

Doctor: Can't you save this until after you close?

Like all things, the kiss had to end eventually. In Lyra's case, it ended with BonBon pulling away, offering a smile, and then hitting the unicorn rather firmly on top of the head.

Doctor: Is this turning into a Three Stooges Act?

Ditzy: (Bon-Bon) Numbskull! You didn't give me enough tongue!

“Ow! What was that for?” Lyra demanded, rubbing the spot where BonBon had hit her.

“Because,” BonBon explained as she put her hooves on Lyra’s barrel and forced her firmly to the floor,

Ditzy: (Bon-Bon) I love slapstick!

leaning down and touching muzzles, “you haven’t written me in more than six weeks!”

Doctor: (Bon-Bon) 47 days, 2 hours, 13 minutes, 53 seconds, and 547 milliseconds to be exact!

Ditzy: (Bon-Bon) It’s been so long I barely remember your face!

“Oh,” Lyra said, and looked away. “I’m sorry, I lost track of time, these last few weeks have been – ”

Ditzy: (Lyra) Playing Bloodborne!

“You’re not sorry,” BonBon accused, before a grin split her features and she gave Lyra a peck on the nose. “Not yet, anyway.”

Doctor: (Bon-Bon) You are going to scrub this place spotless!!

With that, she got off of the unicorn and began trotting towards the stairs that would take her to her apartment on the second story of the candy store. She paused only to glance at Lyra, eyes half-lidded, and nodded her head upstairs.

Doctor: (Lyra) Oh, you want to watch a movie? Do you have Frozen? That's my favorite!

*Ditzy: (Bon-Bon) Actually I was thinking about doing something more **intense**.*

Doctor: (Lyra) You want to play Street Fighter? I'm a master at playing M. Bison!

Ditzy: (Bon-Bon) No! I mean something more intimate?

Doctor: (Lyra) Oh! You want to play Ponycraft!? Great idea! Want to make a castle?

Ditzy: (Bon-Bon) No! Er, just...just come upstairs and I'll show you.

Lyra blinked a few times before offering a full-toothed smile of her own, getting up quickly and prancing after the love of her life.

Doctor: I guess they're a couple now.

Ditzy: Already? But this the first chapter has shown up in! This is a little quick.

Doctor: I guess the author didn't want to waste our time with little things like build up, conflict, or character development.

Ditzy: You can't just have them be a couple already! We barely know them! And really? Bon-Bon just forgives her just like that? Come on! There is some dramatic potential there!

Doctor: And waste of time.

Fluttershy's cottage was about as far away from Ponyville as Sweet Apple Acres, but in a different direction, a route across the unclaimed, snow-covered fields that almost seemed to serve as a kind of buffer between Ponyville and the dangerous Everfree Forest.

Ditzy: Monsters hate snow.

As Trixie followed Ditzzy Doo, the blue unicorn noted that the skies over the forest were noticeably darker than over the rest of Ponyville. In the far distance, she could even see large thunderhead clouds forming.

Doctor: (Trixie) Hey! That one looks like a bunny!

“Yikes,” Ditzzy Doo said as she noticed the storm clouds herself, though she had to bend her head at an odd angle to get one eye to focus on them. “The weather ponies are going to have their hooves full...”

Ditzzy: (Ditzzy) I would hate to be in the hooves of the Representative of the Night Court right now. The Longest Night Celebration is probably ruined! Their future prospects are most likely in complete irrecoverable tatters now.

“So I hear...” Trixie intoned. She realized after a moment that she was staring, once more, at Ditzzy Doo’s eyes –

Doctor: Those beautiful sexy eyes.

and that the pegasus was staring back. Caught in the act, Trixie felt her face heating up in embarrassment as she quickly looked away. “I’m sorry – ” she began.

Ditzzy: (Trixie) Those eyes, the way you move that flank, I just can’t keep my eyes off of them!

“Just go on and say it,” the mare interrupted, her tone insistent and surprisingly patient, rather than bitter.

Ditzy: (Trixie) Why are you not angry and bitter at the world with a desire for revenge on all that wronged you!?

“Your eyes are crooked and I don’t know which one to be looking at when talking to you which is really awkward because you seem nice and there is definitely nothing wrong with you

Ditzy: Aw, thanks! I’m tired of ponies assuming I’m stupid or worse when they look at me.

but it’s just awkward for me but it has to be worse for you but I don’t mean mean anything by that I’m sure you’re a perfectly normal member of Equestrian society

Doctor: (Trixie) I’m sure you’re not a dirty stinking commie in disguise or some such.

I mean you do have a government job

Ditzy: So she’s into government workers?

and all plus you gave me that muffin and...” Trixie trailed off there, catching her breath and looking *more* away, focusing very intently on the dirt path beneath her hooves.

Doctor: (Trixie) This is so embrassi- Hey a bit!

Ditzy Doo blinked a few times at the rapid pace of Trixie’s exclamation.

Ditzy: (Ditzy) Something about the government wanting muffins?

“Feel better?” she asked.

Ditzy: (Ditzy) Do you want a hug?

Trixie didn't want to answer. She used her magic to turn up the collar on her cape, hiding her face from Ditzy Doo's. Frankly, she was surprised at her own actions.

Doctor: She should be berating the pegasus every moment.

Back in Canterlot she would have had no problem keeping her thoughts on Ditzy Doo's wandering eyes in check.

Doctor: Trixie had no idea why she was she was blushing all time and couldn't stop thinking about this particular mare.

She chalked it up to the day not going so well – the conflict at the Apple's, the oncoming storm from the Everfree, being assaulted by Rarity,

Ditzy: It's just a dress.

Doctor: Even Rainbow Dash doesn't act that way about dresses.

being scared witless by Pinkie Pie and threatened to be put in a perpetual party loop,

Doctor: You act like you couldn't just ask her to stop.

and with a very distinct feeling that somewhere in Canterlot right now was a certain midnight blue alicorn princess with a knowing grin on her face as she watched Trixie suffer using a crystal ball or mirror or pool of water or telescope or something.

Doctor: I'm sure that's totally it.

Ditzy: (Luna) This is so much fun! We can already see her sanity cracking!

For her part, Ditzy Doo let Trixie stew, which was exactly what the unicorn wanted to do.

Doctor: It's probably best to leave Trixie in her deep personal shame.

She only broke her out of it about half an hour later, tapping Trixie on the shoulder to indicate that they had arrived at a thatch-roofed, picturesque cottage near the Everfree forest, surrounded by small, hoof-crafted animal homes and even a chicken coup.

Ditzy: Trixie shuttered. She remembered being attacked by a ninja chicken the last time she was in one.

"Fluttershy's," Ditzy Doo said, as the two trotted up to the front door. "We'll have to go easy on her," the pegasus explained in a soft voice.

Doctor: (Ditzy) I've brought puppies with me to win her over.

"Let me do the talking. And if she hides under something, just let her stay there until she wants to come out on her own."

Doctor: (Ditzy) It might take hours, but we'll get her out of there eventually.

Trixie blinked. "If she hides under something?" she echoed.

*Ditzy: **Metal Gear!?***

Ditzy Doo nodded as they reached the door. Taking in a deep breath, the pegasus knocked softly on it three times. From inside, Trixie heard a high-pitched, panicked *eep*, then the sound of several things being knocked over and hooves pounding on wood, retreating from the door.

Doctor: (Trixie) Gee, what would have happened if you announced our presence?

To her surprise, she also heard another voice, this one somewhat scratchy.

Ditzy: Snips?

“Aw, *no!* Fluttershy, it’s probably just – agh,” the voice said with surprising intensity, at least compared to the volume that Trixie had been expecting. The sound of angry hoof-stomps began approaching the door.

Doctor: (Voice) Why do you order some many things from the home shopping network if you are going to act like this every.single.time?

“Oh,” Ditzy Doo said. “I guess that Fluttershy has – ”

The door flew open, and Trixie found herself staring at a cyan-coated pegasus with the most vibrant mane she had ever seen on a pony – it was literally all the colors of the rainbow,

Doctor: Ahem, except indigo.

the 'hot' ones on the top of her head and the 'cooler' ones running down her neck. Her tail was similarly polychromatic, and on either flank was a cutie mark of a white, fluffy cloud with a rainbow-hued lightning bolt arcing from it.

Ditzy: (Rainbow) Eyes up here! I'm trying to talk to you!

"Okay, what gives?" the pegasus pony demanded.

Doctor: (Rainbow) Didn't you see the keep out sign?

Ditzy Doo pointed at Trixie. "Rainbow Dash, this is Trixie." She turned to Trixie. "Trixie, this is Rainbow Dash."

All: Hi Rainbow Dash!

[Part 4](#)>