

The Empty Room  
Chapter 12  
By Wanderer D

“Spike!”

The little dragon froze. He hadn't expected to find Twilight Sparkle in her room of all places. Wait. Okay, that had been a silly assumption.

“Uh... hi, Twilight!” he said, forcing a smile and pretending to be cheerful. He took a good look at her and did a double take. He hadn't had a chance to appreciate the changes in her when he was in the courtyard, but now he could really see her up close.

She looked so different.

Her coat was darker, her horn longer, she had a scar, her hair was almost black except for the red streak on it, her eyes had changed a bit... but her voice was the same. And she had fangs. Cool.

He suddenly remembered the sense of loss he had experienced the day before when he had thought her gone forever. Sure, she had changed... who wouldn't, after being killed and resurrected?

Spike found himself hugging the unicorn. “I thought you were gone Twilight!” he wailed, dragon tears dripping to the floor. “I heard what happened, and...”

“I'm okay, Spike.” Twilight said softly. “I wouldn't leave my little brother alone, would I?”

Spike pulled back to look at her. “You have a brother?”

Twilight Sparkle shook her head and poked his head with her hoof. “You, dimwit.”

“Oh... oh!” Spike smiled.

“Good. Now that you get it, you have to help me with Applejack.”

The dragon blinked. “What?”

“Applejack.” Twilight sighed. “I know you've noticed it too!”

“Uh...”

“We were meant for each other, she and I!” Twilight Sparkle declared. Then she deflated. “But she

won't return my love!" she turned to the dragon. "What should I do, Spike?!"

The purple dragon stood gazing into space, a huge blush on his face.

"Spike?" no response. "SPIKE!"

"Huh?! Wha- sorry! Did you just say..."

"Yes. Me and Applejack!" she grinned at him. "Were you thinking dirty thoughts?"

The little dragon blushed even more furiously, looking down in embarrassment. He hoped he wasn't getting a nosebleed.

"Well, whatever you had in mind, young dragon... is probably going to happen. And more."

Okay. Nosebleed.

o.O.o

Lyra and Bic Macintosh sat in a cafe overlooking the castle, wondering what their next move should be, unaware that their current setting and the nervousness apparent in Lyra had drawn some attention.

"I... have no idea how to do this, Big Mac." Lyra whispered nervously. "Sure, I can get into the Castle, but I don't know what type of information, if any, I could get!"

She squeaked when the waiter placed a cup of tea in front of her. She grinned sheepishly when said pony looked at her confused. "Sorry, sorry."

For his part, Big Mac snorted. "Keep it simple, you can learn a lot by just listening." The draft pony shrugged.

Lyra stared at him as she slowly stirred her tea. "You make it sound so easy." she trailed off, thinking of all the mystery and spy books she had read as a young filly. She struggled for details. She had read them so long ago, way before she got her cutie mark and started playing the lyre.

She sighed.

She missed playing music and she missed Bon-Bon. She had just come over to visit family and 24 hours later she was part of the rebel alliance against Nightmare Moon, Nightmare Flare, a giant snake called the Guardian for some reason, a crazy resurrected Twilight Sparkle, a Council of Evil and for all she knew, everypony in the Castle.

She took a deep breath, trying to calm herself. Okay, so what *did* she remember from the books? Spies needed to dress well to be able to go into many places... well that wasn't a problem, since she was a minor noble, she was able to go where she needed to go. What else? Spies were always conscious of their surroundings.

She started looking around suspiciously while Big Mac watched, amused.

When she noticed a group of guards walking their way she panicked. "Shit! Guards!" she whispered. She looked around guiltily and wildly trying to figure out what to do. Okay, okay, what did spies in the books? Oh no... they were getting closer! Yes! She remembered now!

Stretching across the table she grabbed Big Mac. "Quick! Kiss me!"

She closed her eyes and pulled herself up to the stallion, kissing him for all she was worth, hoping against hope that the guards would think them a normal couple having tea.

She heard Big Mac's muffled attempts to say something but he hadn't seen the guards! She couldn't let him talk! How to stop him?! Wait... Hmm... apples.

The stallion's eyes went even wider when he felt the tongue. He was so surprised that he even stopped struggling as his brain shut down. He didn't even notice the guards marching calmly next to the cafe, ignoring them and the rest of the ponies in there completely as they carried on with their patrol.

Once they were gone, Lyra finally pushed him back. And started sputtering.

Big Mac just slowly slid down to a sitting position, eyes wide open, jaw hanging.

"Gah!" Lyra coughed. "Gross." she looked through watery eyes at Big Mac. "No offense, Big Mac but I'm not into stallions."

The draft pony didn't say anything but his eyes did look at something behind Lyra.

With a feeling of dread, the musician slowly turned around. She gasped in horror when she saw who was behind her.

The area around Bon-Bon seemed to shimmer with angry energy as the pony looked at her fillyfriend with unbridled anger. "Lyraaaa..." the earth pony growled.

"Bon-Bon! I..."

"Nothing!" the earth pony interrupted. "You and I are through! To think that I came all the way here to surprise you because I missed you and I find you..." throwing her hoofs in the air, Lyra's

filly turned around and marched out of the cafe.

“Wait! Bon-Bon!” the unicorn shouted, jumping up and running after her.

Big Mac shook his head and settled down to finish his drink. He sure was glad Trixie hadn't seen that.

He stopped. Or had she?

o.o.o

“I'm going out.”

Midnight looked up from the runes in the room that he was studying. “Are you sure? I just found this amazing magic equation...”

“The Great and Powerful Trixie is sure.” the unicorn said, glaring at him. “I spent all of last night and every time Big Mac went out studying runes with you. And, although I have learned a little bit, the Great and Powerful Trixie has... other things to attend to.”

“But...” Midnight motioned with his hoof towards the shrine.

“It's still going to be here when I come back.” Trixie said. “Besides, none of the runes actually have anything to do with it!”

“So far!” Midnight said indignantly. “But! Look at all the runes in the room! They're all over the place!”

“And we have eternity to go through them.” the mare said venomously. “But we don't for things we have to do *now*.” with that said, she turned around and trotted through the metal doors, leaving Midnight by himself.

o.o.o

**“Rainbow Dash.”**

The pegasus rolled in bed with a muffled “leave me alone!”

**“Rainbow Dash.”**

“Wuh?” Rose-colored eyes opened slowly. Her eyes focused bit by bit until she could clearly make out the face of Nightmare Moon.

The alicorn watched as the pegasus suddenly became a blur and followed it with her eyes as Rainbow Dash crashed into the bathtub in the bathroom. The showerhead activated and the pegasus was drenched in seconds.

Nightmare Moon carefully walked to look inside the bathroom as the pegasus gasped.

“Don't do that!” Rainbow Dash exclaimed as she tried to find a way to turn off the shower.

Barely restraining a smile, Nightmare Moon casually flipped a lever and the water stopped.

**“Well, Rainbow Dash.”** the alicorn said. **“It's good to see you are so excited to start your job as a Shadowbolt.”**

Sitting in the tub, the cyan pegasus just glared at her as her wings and mane dripped water.

**“When you are ready, get into your uniform. We are going to visit some friends.”**

The pegasus' eyes widened. “Do you mean...?”

Nightmare Moon just smiled and walked out of the room.

o.O.o

The house was not in the richest part of town, but it was still a step above middle class. It was big enough for sections of it to be called 'wings' and for it to have guest rooms (emphasis on the plural) and a front yard, and a back yard with tasteful decorations.

Trixie stood in front of the white gates, looking at a place she had not seen in... what, ten years? Fifteen? She shook her head and looked back towards the castle. She probably had better things to do... she could get into the castle itself and nopony would know... she started to turn but stopped, looking back at the gates with a pained expression.

Sighing she trotted through them and into the house.

“Moom!”

Trixie stood, paralyzed as a little emerald-green unicorn filly with a lavender mane shouted. She hadn't gotten her cutie mark yet, and couldn't be more than eight years old.

“W-what...” the showmare stammered.

The little unicorn trotted through her and yelled again. “Moom! Lunch is ready!”

"I'll be right there, dear!" a familiar voice emanated from upstairs. But, there was something strange about how it sounded. It was... strained, somehow, as if the pony answering was having a hard time talking.

Trixie frowned, noticing that the little filly had also caught the weird tone of voice. A door opened and shut upstairs, and a tired-looking, puffy-eyed unicorn wearing a saddle bag slowly made her way down the stairs.

"Mom..." the little filly galloped up to the rusty red unicorn and nuzzled her. "Is everything okay?" Trixie approached slowly, as her mother shook her head sadly, her salt-and-pepper mane swaying.

The door to the house opened and another unicorn walked in. His coat was white and he had a green mane, with hints of gray in it, his cutie mark was a golden cross with a scalpel across it.

"Daisy Sprout." the unicorn stallion's smile was shaky. "Let your mother come down the stairs."

"Dear... I'm sorry, I know you had a lot of appointments today..." the elder mare started to say, but the male unicorn shook his head.

"Don't... your note seemed very urgent."

The mare nodded, her eyes going hesitantly to Daisy Sprout, who looked at her and her eyes widened. "No! Uh-uh! No way I'm going away for this!"

Trixie smiled. She remembered that look and she had acted the exact same way whenever her parents wanted her out of the room so they could talk about 'adult' stuff.

The old mare sagged as her eyes watered. She sat down on the stairs and held her daughter close, crying.

"W-what is it dear?" her dad asked, slowly making his way up to her.

Without speaking, her horn glowed a little and the saddle bag opened. A piece of fabric covered in stars slowly slid out with the aid of magic, until it was draped on the stairs. It was in a very bad state. Pieces were missing, edges torn as if something had bitten through it. It had dark splashes of red on it.

"What... what is it?" Daisy Sprout asked when the sudden silence hit like a thunderbolt. "Mom? Dad? What is it?"

The male unicorn had sunk to his knees, staring at the torn cloth in horror.

Trixie took a couple of steps towards it, completely baffled. "My... cape..."

o.O.o

It took Rainbow Dash about ten seconds to get ready. She walked out of the room, primed and eager to get things going.

"So, what's the mission, your majesty?"

Nightmare Moon watched servants skitter past them, and guards flinch. "**I will tell you momentarily.**" she said, as they walked towards the courtyard.

"Hey, and where's Jade? Is she coming with us?"

Nightmare Moon shook her head. "**No. She has her own mission to attend to.**"

"Oh." Rainbow Dash looked away.

It took them a couple of minutes more to get to the courtyard. Nightmare Moon looked around, nodded and with a flare of her horn both she and Rainbow Dash disappeared.

o.O.o

"No..." the little filly said. "No!"

Trixie tore her eyes from the cape to see her parents trying to hold the little filly as she struggled. "Trixie is not gone! She'll come back and show me all her magic tricks!" the tiny unicorn was crying. "She's not gone! She's not gone!" she finally freed herself and ran up the stairs, leaving the two parents and the invisible ghost of her sister behind.

The two unicorns didn't seem to have the energy to follow her. Trixie's father just stared at the torn cape. "How..."

"They don't know." he mother answered. "They think it might have been an Ursa... an earth pony she had bought a map from got worried when there was no news of her and organized an expedition... they found..." she couldn't finish. "Trixie's saddle bag had some of our letters... they sent the cape."

Trixie's father gently took the cape with his hoofs. "Oh... my Trixie." he pulled it to him, his head lowering into the folds of the cape. "My brave little Trixie..."

His body shook as his wife held him also crying, while to the side Trixie herself was getting teary eyed. She walked up to them. "I- I'm here daddy..." she whispered hoarsely. "I'm here... please..."

don't cry..."

"It's my fault..." the stallion said. "I... should have... I should have stopped her. She was too young..." his voice was so full of guilt it dug at Trixie's heart like a knife.

"You couldn't have..." her mother whispered, rocking them both softly. "You know how she was... how stubborn and proud."

"I should have been a better father." he whispered. He looked at his wife. "Cinnamon... I should have told her I loved her before she left. I should have told her I loved her every letter I wrote, every exchange we had during the years..." his eyes held so much guilt. "Why didn't I? Why..."

Trixie was crying now. She tried to touch her parents, but her hooves went through them. The joke that she had played on Soarin' didn't seem so funny anymore.

"I'm sure, wherever she is... she knows you love her." her Cinnamon said. "I'm sure she knows we all love her..."

"I do!" Trixie cried. "I do mom! I'm so sorry dad! I'm sorry I never told you!" she closed her eyes. "I'm sorry I ran away! I'm sorry I was such a... such a brat all these years! I'm sorry I never gave you the chance you wanted!"

The pair of unicorns seemed to have calmed down a little bit. Cinnamon was slowly rocking Trixie's father.

"What about Daisy Sprout?" he whispered.

"Let her be for now..." Cinnamon answered. "Let her calm down, and then we'll talk to her."

Her husband nodded, but Trixie was already all the way up the stairs.

o.O.o

The courtroom was made of gray stone and was completely devoid of life. Silence permeated every inch of the room as if no pony had ever set hoof there at all.

A dark cloud suddenly materialized in the center and slowly coalesced into two winged figures.

The smaller stumbled and barely caught herself. "Wow. What a ride." Rainbow Dash said.

Nightmare Moon smirked. **"Teleporting is always uncomfortable the first time. You'll get used to it."**



The pegasus shrugged. She'd rather not. "So... where are we?"

**"My palace for the last thousand years."** Nightmare Moon intoned. **"I built it with my magic as I stared at Equestria, just outside my reach."**

"Oh."

**"But we are here for a reason."** the black alicorn continued. **"Your friends, Rarity, Fluttershy and Pinkie Pie have been my guests in the rooms bellow the surface. They have been asleep ever since I was turned into Nightmare Moon... to protect them from going mad in here. I... we need their help, I have specific missions for them, but we need their trust... and that is why you are here."**

Rainbow Dash suddenly looked nervous. "I guess there's no helping it, huh?"

Nightmare Moon shook her head and the pegasus sighed.

"Okay then. Let's get this show on the road."

o.0.o

Trixie walked past her parents' room and several others until she stood directly across from her old room. In the room across from hers, a little flower-decorated wooden sign said "Daisy's Room" the showmare's own room had a sign with little stars declaring it "Trixie's Room".

She felt ashamed. She had a little sister, and she never heard about it. It probably had been mentioned in one of those letters her parents had sent her that she never opened. And now, her little sister needed her and she couldn't be there for her.

Hay, she didn't even know what Daisy Sprout liked, what her favorite food was, if she loved any stories in particular, or what games she liked to play.

In short, she now stood in front of the door of somepony she should have gotten to know a long time ago, that somehow had really cared for her despite her failings as a sister.

As she was about to step through her sister's door, she realized that while she could hear her crying... it was not coming from Daisy's room. It was coming from her own.

o.0.o

Fluttershy woke up when she felt somepony shaking her shoulder.

"Fluttershy... come on dear, wake up."

Her eyelids fluttered cutely as she slowly rose. “W-what happened?”

“...”

“Rarity?”

“Sorry dear... I... thought I had to be dreaming at first... but my mind would not conjure up such a dreadful place like this.” She motioned at the gray walls. “Whoever designed this clearly has no idea of how Gothic themes are supposed to work, why, there is absolutely no light to contrast the shadows!”

“Pinkie Pie!” Fluttershy saw the pink earth pony groaning in the corner of the room. She flew up to her friend and helped her up.

“Oooh...” the party pony shook her head. “We’re alive!” she started bouncing. “Yay! The big meanie Mclousy Black Snooty failed!”

**“I don't like that moniker.”**

Rarity's eyes followed an arc over her head as she followed the trajectory of Pinkie Pie as she jumped from fright by the sudden appearance of Nightmare Moon.

She caught the alicorn's eyes and held them for a moment before shuffling self-consciously. She went to join Fluttershy who was trembling in the corner. “Calm down, Fluttershy dear, let's see what this...” Nightmare Moon gave a warning cough. “...Dark Alicorn wants.”

**“I want you to join my cause.”**

“No way! Nope!” Pinkie Pie said. “You couldn't convince me with all the chocolate in the world, mixed with all the sugar in the world, mixed with all the vanilla in the world, mixed with...”

**“I get the idea.”** Nightmare Moon growled. **“Which is why I will let somepony else talk you you.”**

“And who might that be?” Rarity asked with a defiant smirk. “A conjured up pony? Or perhaps a...”

“Nah, nothing that fancy...”

Fluttershy gasped and Pinkie Pie stopped bouncing. The three ponies stared as Nightmare Moon lifted her wing, revealing a nervous Rainbow Dash in a uniform they had not seen for a year and hoped to never see again.

“Dashie?” Pinkie Pie squeaked.

o.O.o

The room was mostly how she had left it. The small desk, her few story books, even her bed was made, with the stars and moons-themed sheets on top. However, something was different. In every possible surface of the walls or areas where her old belongings were not taking space, were pictures of her during her shows. Posters, news articles, even a map with little star-shaped pins placed on cities she had visited.

She walked towards the map. It was up to date! There was a little pin in the last city she had visited, where she got the map and...

The sniffing made Trixie turn to the little filly curled up on her bed, holding a little plush doll that looked remarkably like her. She silently sat down next to the filly, her body not even pressing down on the bed.

Somehow her sister had kept track of her, all through the years of not knowing her. She had been a dedicated fan, in secret and never even acknowledged by Trixie... but she had really admired her sister.

Trixie felt like crying more. She looked around the room until her eyes settled on a small box which had some glitter dust and magic glue. She had spent so many hours as a young filly decorating things, making them 'sparkle'. She chuckled. She looked up at the poster right next to the bed. It had been from one of her shows before Ponyville.

An idea formed in her mind.

o.O.o

Lyra had finally cornered Bon-Bon in an alley. The cream-colored mare glared at her 'ex-fillyfriend' “How could you, Lyra?! I thought that you weren't into colts!”

“I'm not! I promise!” Lyra said desperately.

“Right.” Bon-Bon huffed. “I saw you look around before you kissed Big Macintosh! You even looked my way and ignored me! What am I? Just a background pony? I can't believe you didn't see me!”

Lyra flinched with each word.

“And don't tell me you aren't into colts! I got a good look at you two going at it! Tongue and

everything!”

“No! I had no choice! Besides, Big Macintosh is taken!”

That stopped Bon-Bon. “He is?” her gossip sense started tingling, but then her anger returned. “If he is its even worse! That means you were both cheating!”

“But... Bon-Bon! I had no choice! If the guards had caught us...”

Bon-Bon's eyes narrowed. “What is this about the guards? What type of trouble have you been getting into?”

Lyra looked around wildly. They seemed to be alone. “I... got dragged into a rebel alliance to defeat Nightmare Moon and Nightmare Flare...”

Bon-Bon's eyes widened. She hadn't seen what had happened at the courtyard, but it had been the whispered talk of the city. She looked scared.

“Lyra... why... you could be killed!” she whispered.

“I know! That's why I was so nervous! I remembered all those novels I used to read as a filly about spies and complicated plots and then, when I saw the guards I remembered this one scene where...”

She stopped as Bon-Bon dragged her in for a very passionate kiss. She felt herself melt against the earth pony, all worries, all fears dissipating as the familiar embrace of her lover held her.

Suddenly, Bon-Bon let go and Lyra slumped to the floor with an “oof!”

The earth pony looked out the alley to make sure the guards had passed them by and were not returning. “Well... it seems to work.”

Lyra shook her head then looked up at Bon-Bon. “Does this mean I'm forgiven?”

“No.” Cyan eyes glared at her then softened. “But... give me some time... this is a pretty big shock.”

“Oh.”

“Were you eating apples?”

o.o.o

Daisy Sprout looked down at the little doll in her hooves and sniffed. Her big sister was gone. She had wanted so much to meet her! She had even asked her parents many times to take her to one of the shows, but they wouldn't. She wrote and wrote to Trixie, sending her letters and notes along her parent's mail, but for the longest time there was no reply, until one day her mom and dad had read her a letter from Trixie, telling her to study hard and to be a good filly. She was very busy with her trips so she couldn't write much, but she loved her regardless.

That had been three years ago. She was old enough now to recognize the writing in the letter as that of her mother, but, back then, it had meant so much to her that she had started following her sister's career, finding articles praising her, and pictures and even interviews. She had framed them and put them in her sister's room, hoping that one day Trixie would return and make everypony happy.

But now she was gone... Daisy Sprout sighed. Who was she kidding? Trixie probably didn't even know she existed.

A reflection caught her attention and she looked up in wonder as glitter-dust floated out of Trixie's desk.

She was slightly afraid, but the dust spiraled through the air and she had to turn to look at it. The glitter-dust seemed to gather in front of the poster she had bought with her savings. She gasped as small words formed of glitter-dust attached themselves to it. The handwriting was very different from her parents.

"Mom! Dad!" she shouted.

Both unicorns ran into the room at the urgency in their daughter's voice. They stared as the glitter-dust kept writing.

The three unicorns were teary eyed as they read the upper left corner of the poster.

*Dear Daisy Sprout,*

*I love you little sister, be good, be strong, and make me proud. I will always watch over you.*

And then, on the lower right corner...

*Mom, Dad... I love you both and I know you love me. I'm sorry for being so selfish.*

*-The Great and Powerful Trixie*

As the three unicorns cried together and held each other, they never knew that right behind them a fourth cried alone.

## o.0.o End Chapter 12 o.0.o

---

Hello readers, just would like to give note that I accidentally forgot to put the settings right and let my pre-reader actually... uh, edit ^\_^ smart huh? So, typos, errors and a (hopefully) slight decrease in quality are all me. Sorry. Don't forget to comment!

Liked the story? Why not add to its Tropes page?

<http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/FanFic/TheEmptyRoom>