

Chapter 6
([FiM Fiction](#))

"It's nice, this time of evening. Isn't it?"

"Yep! Quiet and peaceful. I always like walking home from my DJ'ing gigs late at night."

The two were making their way through the increasingly windswept streets, huddled together for warmth and affection.

"Vinyl?"

"Yeh?"

"Are we going to enter that festival? Fancy Pants's? It's in a few days, you know."

Vinyl turned. "Buck *yeah!* Why wouldn't we?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was just wondering." She smiled at the white unicorn. "Luckily, all we have to do to enter is show up with our music. We'd be far too late for any registration process. Fancy Pants certainly is a stallion of some class, to allow everypony in."

"Yeah, he seems pretty chill. We'll see for sure when we *win!*"

"Getting ahead of ourselves much?"

Vinyl gave her trademark shades flash. "Nah, we got it! If those two foals are our only competition?"

"Well, just keep in mind that we haven't heard their music."

The unicorn brushed this off with a smile and a mane toss. "Don't care!"

Octavia laughed gently. "I should have known better than to try warn you. This is a far cry from how you were when I first told you about them, though."

"I hadn't seen them yet."

"...Good point."

“Besides, we’re just about done!”

“Well, that’s splendid. And I’m glad I *finally* convinced you to take a night off.”

“Me, too! So what do you wanna do tonight?”

“Well, I have a few new records, and I thought-”

“Classical records?”

“Have you *met* me?”

“Oh, goody.”

“Are you insulting my music?” Octavia looked sideways at her favorite pony with a smile that *dared* her to answer.

“Never, Tavi!”

“I thought not. Besides, I have to crack that tough, contemporary-music fanatic exterior sometime.”

“Good luck. You’ll need all of Equestria’s help!”

“Oh, we’ll see about *that*.”

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“...Hey Tavi?”

“Mhm?”

“I really hate it when you’re right.”

“Ha ha.”

The DJ pony had discovered the pleasure of quiet classical music as background noise for two ponies enjoying each other’s company. At the moment, the two were snuggled

comfortably on the couch, intertwined and at peace with themselves and the world. There was a fire in Octavia's small hearth, and the room was pleasantly warm and cozy. Vinyl's hoof toyed gently with the earth pony's mane, and the latter mare had her eyes closed and was gently humming to the music. The white unicorn gazed down, captivated, at the grey mare. She felt exultant and blissful (a welcome feeling for the usually 'cool' unicorn) like this whenever the two of them were alone together like they were- nothing else around but the two of them. Vinyl was all of a sudden in a playful mood.

"Tavi?"

"Yes, Vinyl?"

"I think I'm falling asleep. Too much boredom."

"You just said you liked it!"

"I changed my mind."

"You're insufferable."

"And you're more fun when you're angry."

"Now really. Why do I even-"

She stopped as Vinyl ran her hoof down the full length of her dark grey mane, enjoying the feel as it rubbed her back and caressed her neck.

"I don't know, Tavi. Why do you?"

Octavia sat up slightly, and turned to face the DJ pony. Her full, deep purple eyes gazed into Vinyl's scarlet ones, and the unicorn found herself once again momentarily at a loss for words.

"Isn't it obvious?"

"What?"

"Why I put up with you. Don't you know?"

“Is it because I’m awesome?”

That one caused the cellist to laugh. “Not exactly.” She moved up and closer to Vinyl.

Octavia’s words drew a flood of anticipation the DJ. Yes, they had spent the night together several times already, but there was always something *behind* it. Their current relationship was a major part of both their lives, and neither of them were fillies, but it was not something they talked about often or even named. Vinyl certainly had had her share of... *encounters* before meeting the earth pony, and yet there had always been something missing in those relationships, something that *wasn’t there* that made the experience useless. Those bonds had all petered out fairly quickly, due to mutual eventual disinterest and lack of intensity.

Not so with Octavia. Vinyl couldn’t stand herself for it, but the emotion she let her usually hardcore self show with that particular mare was genuine and...*mushy*, she thought. But there was something there, something that enticed her and made her smile every single time she saw the other pony. The unicorn badly wanted to hear what the grey mare was going to say.

“Well.. what, then?”

“You really don’t know?”

Maybe Vinyl knew, but she was afraid to say it. She had never told another pony *that* in a relationship, had always been afraid of the commitment, of the word itself. It seemed so final, so trapping. It had the possibility to label her as held back, lame, and old-fashioned. Not something the on-the-rise DJ would say if she wanted to stay popular.

But right now she wanted to hear it. Wanted to say it.

Octavia’s violet eyes seemed to grow larger, encompassing Vinyl’s entire range of vision. Something was playing in the background, some other classical song, but the specifics were lost on the white unicorn. Her entire world was focused on those eyes, and the pony behind them. *The eyes are the window to the soul..* hadn’t she heard that somewhere?

Octavia was still waiting.

“Maybe I want a hint?”

The cellist smiled and shook her head. “Always the same. No slave to emotion, you.” Vinyl continued staring at her, waiting. She managed one word.

“...Tavi?”

Octavia turned her eyes back on the white unicorn. “Yes, Vinyl. Yes. I love you.”

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“So I’ll see you later on?”

“Well, yeah, Tavi! I have to go get ready for my gig. I’m trying out a new set tonight, and I wanted to play through a few songs once on my own decks before I went.”

The two musician ponies were lingering in the doorway to Octavia’s flat as Vinyl was preparing to leave. The conversation passed back and forth, seemingly unable to find an end.

“And you stay away from that song. I don’t want you worrying about it!”

“Gee, Tavi. Except for what happened last night, I’d think you were my mother.”

“That’s quite a scary thought.”

“Except she was more easygoing than you are.”

“I cling to the hope that *one day manners* might penetrate your brain.”

“Yeah, yeah, and I wish that one day you’d lighten up and be as crazy as me!”

“Equestria couldn’t survive two of you, Vinyl.”

“I’m taking that as a compliment.”

“Just promise me. Humor me for once.”

“Oh, I always bring humor to you!”

Octavia looked at the DJ flatly.

“...Alright, alright. I promise. You’ll come over later, and we’ll finish things up. I won’t touch it until then.”

Octavia looked pleased. “Good. Best of luck with your gig!”

“Good luck with your rehearsal! Bye, Tavi!”

“Until later, Vinyl.”

The two ponies embraced tenderly. Octavia turned her head and whispered “*I love you*” into her paramour’s ear. Vinyl felt heat rush into her at those words, and a burst of happiness. She returned the same three words in a fierce whisper, and then turned and started down the street, happily humming the tune from one of the tracks she was going home to work on. There was bass to be dropped, and DJ P0n-3 was just the one to drop it.

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Across the street, rather well concealed in an alleyway, a pair of binoculars was lowered slowly with a blue aura of unicorn magic. Next to the owner of those eyes, a camera was lifted down, in a white glow.

All’s fair in love and war, Octavia, Lyrica thought. I won’t be denied that prize. And if I have to stoop to mudslinging to win, so what? I’ve got all the mud I could ever need.

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Vinyl was in her element. The crowd was raving, the ponies hopping and dancing to her beat like the world would end if they ever stopped. The bass pumped, the speakers were on the verge of blowing out, and there was not one old pony in sight. Life was good.

“YOU LIKE THAT?”

A resounding “YES!” followed. The DJ grinned hugely. She had them.

“DJ P0n-3 CAN’T HEAR YOU!”

“YES!!!!”

“WHAT?”

The following shout of affirmation devolved into wild screaming and cheering as a new track started in- *The last one of the evening*, Vinyl thought with regret. She had an earlier gig that night, and there was another DJ waiting to go after her. Somepony new, looking to ride off the fame of an already-successful performer. She didn’t mind. She liked to help out the new ones, help those with tastes akin to hers. She knew they could never be as impressive as her, so why not?

The song came to an end, and the lights came up a bit, signifying the end of her gig. She gave her signature record scratch.

“DJ P0n-3 OUT!”

This was greeted by a large amount of booing and shouts of ‘Encore!’ and ‘Don’t leave us, P0n-3!’ Vinyl looked around once, and then exited the stage, climbing down in time to see a familiar grey mare coming towards her through the crowd. She smiled happily and waited to be reached.

A few hairs in the earth pony’s mane were slightly askew, and she had a definite air of feeling out of place, but she was nonetheless happy to see Vinyl. She trotted up and reached her neck out to nuzzle her before remembering there were still other ponies watching. She pulled her head back, then put it forward again, then pulled back, slightly red. She looked like somepony trying to convince herself of something.

Vinyl decided to disregard the strange behavior for the moment and grinned at her. “Later on, Tavi. But what are you doing here?”

“Well, my rehearsal let out early, and I happened to know where you’d be, and I wanted to surprise you!”

The white unicorn was genuinely pleased. “Aw, aren’t I just the luckiest mare of them all! How long have you been here?”

"I caught those last two songs. I'd lecture you about the misuse of tempos and pitch, but I suspect I'd be alone in that argument here." She winked slightly.

The DJ laughed. "Yeah, that crowd was going crazy. If they had their way, I'd still be up there, mixing the night away."

"And enjoying every moment of the spotlight, hmm?"

"Yeah!!! But I had plans tonight, so no encore. Let me grab my stuff from the back, and I'll meet you out front. We'll blow this popsicle stand, and head for my place."

"I'll be waiting."

The cellist turned to forge her way back through the crowd, and Vinyl turned to the backstage door to collect her gear. She pushed through the door with her magic and had just rounded up all her belongings when the door behind her opened and another unicorn came in. She was young, wearing a black jacket over her dark green coat. Her mane was a nice shade of yellow, and her eyes were an unusual shade of gray. The shape of her saddlebags hinted at a collection of records inside, and the older unicorn correctly assumed that this was the new DJ. The green pony stopped moving when she saw Vinyl, and her mouth dropped open slightly in recognition of one of the top DJs in the area.

Vinyl grinned, and, with her magic, pulled a record from her saddlebag. Without looking at which one it was, she flipped it over to the younger pony, who managed to catch it in her own magic. She fumbled with it for a second before holding it up and reading the label.

"The Living Tombstone? Really?"

The blue-maned DJ smiled and nodded. "They're all ready for you, out there."

The green pony looked at the record again. "Can I really use this? Will I be okay? Oh, Celestia, I'm so nervous!!"

Vinyl gave a small smile, remembering her start as a DJ. She turned and began to walk towards the backdoor exit, stopping once more to glance at the still-shaking filly.

"Good luck, kid. You can't miss!"

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Vinyl exited the club, feeling even more exalted and on top than usual. Nothing could touch her. Nothing except what greeted her beyond the door.

“Whaddya mean? I’m perfectly qualified to DJ here!”

“I’m sorry! I don’t hire DJs on no credentials. And I certainly don’t hire thugs, so intimidating me isn’t going to work.”

The club owner was up against the wall of the alley, but wasn’t backing down. Vibrant Beats was standing over him, staring at him in an obviously unsuccessful attempt to browbeat his way into employment. Both turned when they saw Vinyl standing in the doorway. The club owner easily recovered his dignity and, disregarding Vibrant completely, addressed her.

“...Ah, Vinyl. You finished your set? Excellent. The new kid should be on after you, she seemed promising.”

The white mare stared, fazed for a moment by Vibrant’s appearance. “Uhh... Yeah. Yeah, she did.”

“Good.” He turned back to Vibrant. “This is my best DJ. She’s got references and acclaim from all over Manehattan.”

Vibrant looked like he’d swallowed something distasteful. “She can’t *possibly* be better than I am.”

The club owner sighed. “Look. Fancy Pants’ music festival is coming up. You want in? Win that contest, and I’ll consider it. Now if you’ll excuse me, I need to tend to my club. It’s freezing out here, anyway.”

He brushed past Vibrant, politely maneuvered around Vinyl, and shut the door behind him, leaving the two white unicorns looking at each other. The mare moved first, walking up to the large stallion and attempting to move past him. Vibrant threw a hoof in her way.

Great, Vinyl thought. “Can you move?”

“No.”

“Get out of my way.”

“No.”

Vinyl looked up at him defiantly. “Get the *buck* out of my way before I have to hurt you.”

It was a fairly empty threat, and they both knew it, but the white mare knew she’d go down fighting. She was trembling with barely controlled rage that this *Celestia-damned son of a ****** would come here, come to her club, try to get her job, and intimidate the owner in the process.

Instead of moving, however, the stallion DJ looked down at her, and something changed in his eyes. He smiled lecherously, and the sight made Vinyl’s fur crawl.

“...You know, you’re not bad lookin’. If Lyrica doesn’t work out...”

The mare couldn’t believe what she had just heard. If she was angry before, she was nuclear now.

“You.. You..” She sputtered, too angry to even come up a clever retort.

However, the white stallion frowned. “Oh, I forgot. You’re a fillyfooler.” His face brightened. “Well, I *suppose* I could go two at once...”

Vinyl had had enough. She wasn’t even going to dignify him with an answer. Using her magic, she shunted Vibrant aside and walked past, unconsciously mimicking Octavia’s ‘dignified’ look. Her brain finally kicked into its usual wittiness, and she smiled wickedly.

“I don’t know about that. Looks to me like *that* part of you is just as small as your brain is.”

Being the pony she was, though, she couldn’t leave it at that. Within a second, she had scooped up a fair amount of snow in her magic, spit in it, and flung it backwards. She heard the loosely packed snowball hit and the growl that followed, and then she was gone, galloping full tilt for the mouth of the alley and emerging to see Octavia waiting for her with a smile on her face. Her face grew confused when she saw the white mare,

grinning wildly and running for all she was worth.

“Vinyl? What is it?”

The unicorn gestured with a hoof. “No time! Come on!”

Octavia, getting caught up in the laughter coming from the blue-maned mare, smiled, confused, and began to follow her. The two ran off into the city in the direction of Vinyl’s apartment.

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[<Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 7>](#)

*** Author’s note:

I have Mixing- er, mixed feelings about this chapter, myself. It’s certainly more emotional and d’aww inspired overall than the last one. Those of you who feel that you’d rather have laughs than emotion, I apologize. I’ll be funnier next chapter, I promise. :) To the rest of you, I hope you enjoyed Vinyl and Tavi’s sweet moment. I know it’s been done before in other fics, but I wanted to write it myself, put my own spin on the scene, and I really enjoyed writing it. Hope you liked it! :D

One more item of business: I’m not dealing with any of that canon stuff here. I don’t care what happened in the season finale. Vinyl’s eyes are RED. (Especially in this fanfic, where the color has already been established.) I don’t think that should bother anyone enough to stop reading, but I just wanted to let you all know that they’re going to stay that color. Sorry if you’re offended. :/

Thanks for reading! I want to shout out again to everyone who reads, and everyone who makes a point to comment and tell me they’re enjoying this story or what they think of it. It’s what makes me edit my chapters 2-3 times each and put my all into it. Thanks! :D***