

<http://meanlucario.deviantart.com/art/Art-of-the-Dress-514160223>

“I wonder why Rarity told me to meet her here?,” questioned Rainbow Dash.

A few days ago, after her and the rest of the girls helped Rarity after the fashion show, Dash asked Rarity how she was able to create the helmet for her “dress.”

“That thing? I made it at the boutique, with the rest of these... things.”

“But how?” replied Dash. “You’re a dressmaker, not a blacksmith!” Rarity seemed a bit annoyed at the remark.

“How about I show you? I plan on working on the head piece for your dress next week, I could show you then. It will be at Tuesday, two o’ clock. Sweetie with show you the way.”

How did Rarity create the helmet? Did she use a special type of unicorn magic to warp metal, or had a blacksmith work for her? No, Rarity said that she made it herself, so it isn’t a blacksmith. Twilight also mentioned that spells that warps metal were complex and difficult to master, so that wasn’t it. Maybe Rarity lied, and it was a blacksmith. But why would she lie? It wouldn’t make sense, since Rarity would have no reason to hide that she had somepony work on the metal parts of her designs. Dash was trying to figure out how Rarity could have created her helmet when Sweetie Belle came in the room wearing a brown apron.

“Hi Rainbow! Rarity told me to get you at two, but I kind of lost track of time. I’m sure you can be twenty minutes late. Let’s go!”

“What’s with the git up?”

“This? Rarity makes me wear this when I watch her work, for safety reasons.”

“Why? It seems a bit much for dress-making.”

“You’ll see.”

Sweetie led Dash to the back of the shop, to a room that she wasn’t familiar with. They arrived at an open doorway that had stairs leading downwards. Sweetie led Dash down the curved stairway. At the bottom, Dash couldn’t believe her eyes.

There was Rarity, wearing an apron and goggles similar to Sweetie Belle’s, as well as gloves and a manenet.

“Here you go,” Sweetie said as she trying to put a pair of goggles on Dash, who was too stunned at what she was witnessing to notice. “Rarity always says that eye protection is a necessity when it comes working with molten metal.”

Rainbow was trying to make sense of what she was seeing. Rarity, working with melted metal, to make a headpiece for a dress. Did this mean that Rarity was actually cool, despite that she was extremely girly and made dresses?

“Hello, darling,” said Rarity when she noticed Rainbow and Sweetie in the doorway. “I am so glad you could join us! Now assist Sweetie with your goggles and sit in that chair over there.”

Dash did as she was told, letting the reality of what she was seeing sink in.

“Rarity is a blacksmith!” exclaimed Dash once she accepted it. “That’s so cool!”

“I know, right!” responded Sweetie, “It’s a secret hobby of hers. She told me that it started a little after she discovered her cutie mark. Apparently, she needed to use metal for part of a dress and asked the local blacksmith for help. He rudely laughed at her and said that, since it’s her design, she needed to be the one to make it. He then offer to teach her, and she’s been forging ever since.”

Rainbow Dash and Sweetie Belle watch Rarity poured liquid metal into a mold, hammer metal to reinforce the frame of the dresses, and even what looked like armor the royal guards would wear. Dash, enchanted by what she was witnessing, tried to approached Rarity. She stopped after she glared at her.

This went on until Rarity wiped the sweat off her forehead with a chambray rag and told them to head upstairs while she cleaned up. Dash and Sweetie slowly made their way up, fangirling all the way.

“Rarity is so cool!” Dash gushed when she and Sweetie reached the ground floor. “I mean, I thought that Rarity was just some girly-girl that made dresses. I didn’t think she would ever work on something as awesome as blacksmithing! I have to tell everyone!”

“Don’t you dare tell anypony!” shouted Rarity. It seemed that they were too busy talking to notice the time. “If you tell anypony, I will be ruined! RUINED!”

“How would that ruin you?” Dash asked.

“When was the last time you heard of a blacksmith that makes dresses?”

“Good point, but then why did you invite me over to show me?”

“Well, can’t a girl show her friend that she can do more than make dresses?”

“Why me, though?”

“You were the first to ask.”

“What?”

“No pony was curious enough to find out how I was able to craft the metal, and just assumed that I had help or used magic. No pony ever expects an elegant designer to also be a hard worker.”

“You could be the first! That would be awesome!”

“Yes, because *everypony* knows that blacksmiths are also famous designers. Seriously Rainbow, if anypony beside you knew about this, my reputation would drop faster than during the fashion show last week. A lady doesn’t work in the forge and pound metal into reinforcement and head pieces, a lady design dresses for noble mares and the Princesses. How could I achieve my dream if I’m seen only as a blacksmith?”

“But what you did was awesome! Everypony would be impressed! Who cares about some noble-snobs and their opinions anyway?”

“I care. What if you had a secret that goes against the Wonderbolts and I wanted to share it with everypony? It would harm your chance of getting onto the team and prevent you from achieving your dream. Do you want me to go through that?”

“I suppose you have a point. I guess that royalty is boring that way. Fine, I won’t tell anypony. I promise”

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“I wonder how Rarity is doing.” Dash hadn’t seen her in years, not since she became a member of the Wonderbolts and left Ponyville. Since then, she had become an elite member and only stayed in contact with Fluttershy, and even that wasn’t very much. When Dash last checked, Rarity owned a shop in Canterlot. She had been to Canterlot a few times, but just for the races, and never stayed long afterwards.

Dash took the day off to visit her old friend. It was easy, since it was the only building in the city that looked like it was made of silk. Inside, she saw Sassy Saddles working the counter.

“How may I help you, ma’am?” Sassy asked.

"It's me, Rainbow Dash," she replied. "I'm here to see Rarity, for old times sakes."

"Rainbow Dash?" Sassy exclaimed. "I haven't seen you in years! Rarity would love to see you again. She's in the back. Follow me." A brief walk behind the counter led Dash to an important looking door.

"Rarity, you have an important guest," Sassy informed her.

"Let them in," replied a somewhat familiar voice behind the door.

Dash walked through the door and laid her eyes on her friend for the first time in years. Rarity appeared surprised and excited to see her. "Hello, daring. I haven't seen you in years. How are you?" Rarity gushed as she came over to hug Dash. "I hear that you're a member of the Wonderbolts. Congratulations! I heard that the other girls are doing great. What brings you here?"

"I was bored and remembered your secret, so I thought to visit you and see how things are going," she explained, just as excited to see her old friend.

"Secret? What secret? Wait, you mean *that* secret. No, not many ponies know about that. It's not very lady like. I still do it, just in secret."

"But why? You don't have to keep it a secret anymore. You are the head of this shop. You're probably the head of the of the fashion world. I am sure that you being a blacksmith won't harm your business," Dash encouraged, still unsure why Rarity felt the need to keep smithing a secret.

"You don't understand. I built an image for myself, and I won't disgrace myself now that I'm where I want to be. If I were to let ponies know about my blacksmithing hobby, it would destroy my reputation. I still forge as a side job, and even help with crafting armor and weapons for the royal guards. It just doesn't fit with the image I made for myself," Rarity explained with a great deal of patience.

"Rarity, you're the most "lady like" pony I know. I know that no pony worth your time would mind that you have an "unlady like" hobby. You might even gain new customers instead of lose them."

"That is something I can't risk. I need supporters to keep running this place. One wrong move could be disastrous for business."

"And them finding out by a random pony recognizing you would be better? You've been keeping this a secret for far too long. I'll see you around." With that, Dash left Rarity before she could reply.