Before the BLU Spy could do anything, including starting to train his new apprentice, he first had to have a cup of coffee. He smiled as he sipped it and glanced over at the picture in the next room. It was in fact a picture of his student, taken by the security camera in the base at the time of the ponies’ arrival. The strikingly glamorous unicorn Rarity had been oddly familiar to him, as if he had seen her before from somewhere and so the Spy had hacked the security camera in the room and used her picture to try and match her up with some of his recent enemies and their agents. Unfortunately, the Spy had no luck and so all he had gained from his endeavor was her picture. Not a terrible tradeoff he thought to himself as he gazed at the lovely white pony in the picture.

“Ah, Mon petit chou-fleur…”

With a sigh, he grabbed his hat and coat.

“Well, off to visit my dear friend.”

He finally reached Rarity’s room only to find it locked. He knocked on the door, but there was no answer…

Rarity sat on her couch, completely board, flipped the channels on her television with nothing remotely interesting to watch. There seemed to be nothing on but terrible rock music and substandard comedy acting. How she longed to get the next shipment of supplies so she could outfit herself and her friends properly. At one point she could have sworn she heard a knock at her door. But paid it no mind as a rather interesting Spy movie started…

The Spy had had it. He had been knocking on her door for hours, and even with the assistance of a sledge hammer, nothing seemed to capture Rarity’s attention and get her to open the door. Without thinking, he strapped a large amount of dynamite to the door and lit the fuse. However, being only two feet away caused him to get thrown forward through the doorway and into Rarity’s home.

This had better be good she thought as she turned around at the sound of the explosion. “Whoever you are, I demand you be quiet NOW!”

Rarity froze as she realized who her noisy intruder was.

“Oh darling, you must not enter my home like that, you could scratch up the floor and even destroy one of my dresses, not to mention the door and-”

She stopped as the Spy all but shoved a newspaper headline in her face.

“**Breaking News**: There is a super cool briefcase in 2Fort with stuff in it or whatever. And in other news, the Pyro was found dead at his birthday party.”

Rarity looked up at the Spy in confusion. He grinned wildly and proclaimed,

“Let’s steal the briefcase!”

It took only a moment for Rarity to begin to fantasize about the large amount of money and other riches that could be inside.

“Yes!” She screamed with glee at the chance to make a quick fortune. He chuckled and led her upstairs to the chalk board so they could plan their heist. There was one problem however; Rarity did not know a thing about infiltrating somepony’s home. The Spy sighed.

“Ok we are going to start here, and make our way through the RED idiots until we reach the brief case that is our objective.”

Rarity smiled in understanding. This was much easier to understand than his other plan involving crows that caw at midnight (especially because staying up that late interfered with her beauty sleep) and doing other peculiar and rather obscure tasks. He then gave a quick tutorial on the use of each weapon and device at their disposal. The Spy then displayed his wide array of weapons and other devices. After testing the various items out, she decided it on taking the kunai knife, a stylishly designed and modified electro-sapper, the gun labeled Ambassador (as she was an excellent diplomat) and a makeup/disguise kit that she personalized to double as her mobile sewing machine. Smiling at each other, the realized they were ready.

 They made their way to 2Fort without incident and before continuing on decided to take a break, and leaned against the wall for a time.

“You remember the plan?”

Rarity nodded as they started to walk toward the RED base.

 “And remember, the most important thing is to-”

He was cut off as a sniper round went straight through his head. Rarity could swear that she heard the Sniper’s laugh, even from here. Suddenly the Sniper’s voice rang out on the intercom, “Stupid, bloody spy, you had best keep lying down.”

Dragging her unfortunate companion back over to a medical kit where she healed his fatal wounds, she wondered aloud,

“What ever shall we do?”

The now healed Spy turned to her, “Simple, we kill the Snipers…”

Rarity looked fearfully at the area where the Spy had almost died.

“But how?”

“With this,” he replied, tossing her a watch.

“This watch shall make you invisible for a short time.”

“Alright, are you ready Spy?”

He nodded and smiled. Then quickly pressed a button on his watch and disappeared.

The Spy uncloaked and after backstabbing the sniper, kicked off the roof for good measure. He wondered how darling Rarity was doing…

Rarity was having a very difficult time in comparison to her teacher’s effortless feat. Not only had she gotten lost, but she had forgotten where the sniper even was. Suddenly a loose plank gave way under her instantly wrapped her legs around another one. She found herself hanging upside down. And not five feet away from her was the Sniper! She slowly aimed her gun at his head and was about to pull the trigger when it slipped out of her hoofs and fell to the ground. She followed soon after as the plank that had been supporting her gave way. Rarity yelped in surprise as she decided then froze and cursed herself for not keeping quiet. Somehow the sniper had not heard her and she remained undetected. Inch by inch she reclaimed her gun and once again aimed at his head. Rarity was nervous, as this was the first time she had ever killed anypony. Granted, this Sniper was not a pony but still… Her mind panicked and turned to the only thing it knew better than anything else, fashion. The Sniper wore a sweat stained red shirt and a patchwork vest that looked several sizes too small for him. Glaring in disgust, the unicorn pulled the trigger. As she tossed the body out the window, she whispered to herself,

“Some of us DO have standards.”

The Spy soon found her and together they proceeded deeper into the RED base. Up ahead they saw the RED Heavy, Demoman, and Solider. Rarity thought for a moment before exclaiming

“Ideeaaa!”

She pulled out two throwing daggers and said,

“Darling I have a plan, how about we throw these daggers at the Demoman and Solider and then they will think the Heavy attacked them.”

Spy grinned impishly.

 “And while they are busy fighting, we can slip away into their inner base, excellent!”

They silently launched the knifes, each hitting their target’s side and making them jump. At the moment, the Heavy had just reached for his sandvich, but to the others, he had been recoiling from hitting them both. They leaned in closely and nodded in silent alliance. The Heavy looked nervously between the two, wondering what was going on. They leaned closer and smiled wickedly and raised their fists into a fighting position. Finally realizing their intent, the Heavy called out in surprise,

“Oh Nooo!”

 But it was too late and they all collided into a massive brawl. Rarity could not help but giggle at the spectacle as they entered the RED base. The Spy stopped when he noticed the rambling cheers of the RED Engineer, guarding the briefcase just ahead.

“Be careful my dear, there is a sentry ahead.”

Rarity rolled her eyes as she applied her disguise.

“Please, you make like it sound as if it is going to be hard…”

She slowly walked in to the room, disguised as the RED Spy, tripped and fell onto the ground and silently slipped her modified sapper (which had an override that disabled the alert message to the Engineer, giving the illusion that it was not being sapped) under the sentry.

The RED Engineer blinked, for a second, he thought he had seen a white unicorn, but when he looked again, it was just his team mate, the RED Spy.

“Well, howdy there Spy, something ya need?”

The Spy nodded, and walked over to the briefcase.

“Yes, I just need to examine the briefcase to make sure that the intelligence is still intact, and then I will be out of your hair.”

The Engineer suddenly took in his comrade again, scrutinizing over every detail. It looked like the Spy… but the accent was slightly off, almost like it was being forced to occur. And there was a slight… way that the spy moved around the room that was distinctly feminine. The spy had also taken a regal pose, like that of a noble. But the thing that really did not click was the way that he seemed to want to use his hands to help him walk. He currently was leaning against a table to hide this, but the Engineer could tell the desire was still there to use his hands to support himself more. The Spy edged closer,

“You wouldn’t mind that would you? After all, we are the best of friends are we not?”

He thought for a moment, and answered, “Nope.”

 And fired his pistol at the false RED spy.

Rarity was able to dodge the shot, but it forced her to fling herself against the wall, at least the sapper did its job, she thought as she noticed the nearly destroyed building across the room. Turning back toward the Engineer, she announced with a determined look,

“It is on!”

As Photo Finish would say, it is time to make the magics! She focused on her magic and produced six spinning kunai knifes, which randomly teleported around her in a circle. Grasping three she readied herself to throw the knifes.

“Nope.”

The Engineer said again as he directed his sentry to fire one last time before it exploded. The shot only glazed the side of her head, but it was enough to break her concentration. Rarity felt very weak as the fatigue of using powerful magic far beyond what she was used to doing over take her. Now she could barely raise her head, and could only watch as the Engineer moved toward her.

“Sorry ma’am…” he began with a gentlemanly tone.

Rarity smiled and put on the most desperate expression she could muster. Then the Engineer had a dark look on his face.

“I’m gonna blow that stupid look right off your-”

He froze and fell forward, with a knife sticking from his back. The BLU Spy stood behind him scowling.

 “I think not…”

Then he turned and smiled at Rarity and offered her his hand.

“You have done well, Mon petit chou-fleur.”

She took his offered hand with a grateful smile and they slowly made their way over to the briefcase. The Spy opened the briefcase and smiled with glee. Rarity was however, not very happy about the find. Inside the brief case was a recording of what the broken teleporter’s camera had taken before and after Twilight had discovered it. She grew enraged at the notion that she had risked her life for footage of what she had already experienced in life.

“Nooo!”

She screamed. The Spy chuckled.

“Come Rarity. Let us return to the base.”

 Rarity followed, fully disappointed at the lack of the funding she could have used for her next clothing line…