

My Little Hangover - Part 8

by Mousetrap

NOTE: This being the Chow chapter and all, expect a good bit of cursing and raunchiness up ahead. You have been warned!

I didn't even know pandas had names.

That was the only thought Twilight Sparkle's mind could process as she surveyed the wreckage. Mr. Chow stood at the window of their shattered carriage... *probably totaled*, she thought, *wonder how much that's going to cost with the rental company?* His three colt thugs stood behind him in a short V formation – one of them had a baseball bat in his mouth, another a sharp, glistening point that she could only assume was a knife. The third, a unicorn, held what was unmistakably a gun the air in front of him. All three glared at the carriage like they were about to eat it for dinner.

Mr. Chow shut his eyes in an exaggerated blink, and took a long time to clear his throat. "Let's make this simple," he said, his words syrupy with that peculiar accent. "I want what I am owed. Give it to me... *now*."

Rainbow Dash stomped a hoof and pushed her head out the window. "What is your problem, you jerk? You just ran us off the road!"

"Oh, stick a pussy in it, fillyfooler."

The pegasus' muscles tightened. "*What* did you just say?"

"Eh? What was that? Mr. Chow can't hear you through the sound of all that candy vag in your mouth. Didn't yo mamma teach you not to talk with your mouth full, fillyfooler?" He giggled, and it sounded absurdly flamboyant.

"That's it." Rainbow Dash's wings flared out, and she puffed, ready to shoot out the window like a bullet. "Nobody calls me *that* and gets away with it!" She looked like she wanted to charge at the panda and tear him apart, flesh and fur ripped away with hooves and teeth. Twilight had seen her friend upset before, but never this... angry. Dash looked like she wanted to kill him.

Twilight bit her tail just before she could take flight. “Rainbow!” She tugged back, and whispered. “*They have weapons.*”

“And they don’t seem nice at all,” said Pinkie.

“I don’t care, I’ll tear those idiots apart.” Her nostrils flared in anger, and she let out a fierce, hot breath. “It’s not true. *Damn it*, Twilight, it’s not true! You gotta believe me.” For a moment Twilight could have sworn she heard a sharp rising panic in her friend’s voice.

She let her mind ponder the implications of Rainbow’s words for half a moment. But then Mr. Chow started giggling again, which snapped her concentration back to him. “Not a gay girl, eh? Tell that to your marefriend from last night. She gon’ be *pissed*.”

Dash’s pupils grew to the size of plates, and Twilight saw her mouth the word *marefriend* through soundless lips, as if bubbling poison were spilling out of her mouth. “You’d better explain yourself right now.”

“Sure thing, *man*.” He drew out that last word for two seconds too long. “But first, you ponies get out of the carriage. Right now.”

“You don’t tell us what to do!” That was Applejack. She and Rarity had gotten to their hooves outside, and slipped off the harnesses on their backs.

Fear. Twilight felt fear bubbling up in her chest, her head pounding. It made her want to wretch again. But she held it in. *Weapons!* Nobody carried weapons in Equestria, especially not guns. Only the Royal Guard and local police forces had access to that kind of equipment. If this panda could bring that much force to bear... “Maybe we should do what he says, guys.”

Twilight stepped out of the carriage, trying – and failing – to keep the fear out of her eyes. She couldn’t make eye contact with the three colts. She could only glance up at Mr. Chow, quickly dropping her eyes when he turned to her. Pinkie Pie followed. They assembled next to AJ and an exhausted, well-lathered Rarity. It took the unicorn a moment to realize that Rainbow Dash wasn’t moving.

“Get out, fillyfooler,” the panda said, his voice a screech.

Dash put a hoof on the crook of her neck, and shot it forward in a surge of motion. It was a gesture even Twilight knew was crude. “Screw you, panda man. You can’t tell me what to do.”

Twilight closed her eyes and sighed. *Rainbow Dash, you’re making this impossible.*

But Mr. Chow didn’t seem that upset. Instead he giggled, an adorable high-pitched little girl sound... *my stars, I know he’s threatening to kill us, but he is just so CUTE!* Twilight forced back a smile as Chow turned to his unicorn thug and said, “Get the homo girl out.”

“You can’t-” Dash was suddenly enveloped in a swirling purple membrane, her body yanked forward and roughly shoved through the window. She roared – yes, the pony *roared* – and struggled, hooves flailing in multiple directions. One whacked Mr. Chow’s adorable little black nose. The panda yelped. He grabbed Rainbow Dash by her back legs, and threw her fifteen feet into the alley, where she crash-landed on two empty trash cans.

“Hey, easy there!” Applejack said, kicking the dirt.

Mr. Chow, giggling throughout, pointed and screeched at the dumbfounded pegasus. “*Hahahaha!* It’s funny because she gay.”

Rainbow shook her feathers. “Everyone wants a piece of me today, huh? I gotta say, getting pretty tired of being thrown into stuff.”

“Alright, enough fooling around.” Mr. Chow shot Rainbow a grin. “Or should I say *fillyfooling* around? *Hahahaha, Chow made funny! Chow made funny!*” He descended into giggles again. Twilight waited patiently. “Okay, serious face now. You gimme back what you stole, and maybe Mr. Chow won’t have to give you a *dick* in the *face*. Got that, little bitches?”

Rarity, her purple mane glued to her neck and back with sweat, cleared her throat and stepped forward. “Easy now. We’re here to help each other, right? And, *language*. Let us all be respectful, and have a civilized conversation. Like adults.”

Mr. Chow sneered. “Okay. Yeah, man. We calm. We civilized. We *cool*. We talk about this like adults... but first, Chow needs a quick bump.” He made his way back to his undamaged carriage and procured a glass vial in his hand, filled to the top with something white and powdery. He poured it out in a long, neat row on his arm.

Twilight blinked. “Is that...”

“Salt,” AJ said, confused.

“...salt,” said Rarity, her voice quiet as a mouse.

“*Salt?*” Rainbow’s head perked up. She sounded just a *little* too eager.

“SALT!” Pinkie Pie leaped into the air, grinning. “Ohmanohman, I haven’t had salt in *ages*. It’s the good stuff, right? Not that iodized junk they sell you back in Ponyville.”

The panda raised a fist into the air to silence them. “Shut up. This is Mr. Chow’s salt. Let Mr. Chow do his lines in peace. Then we talk. *Okay?*” He grinned in anticipation...

...and snorted the entire line in one grand and cavernous breath...

“*Buck yeah,*” he whispered

Twilight stared at each of her friends. She studied the confused look on Applejack’s face, the absolute horror on Rarity’s. The curious glint in Rainbow Dash’s eyes. The bubbling enthusiasm of Pinkie. Then she looked at Chow, whose furry face was quickly flushing red. “Uh... did I miss something here? What’s so special about salt?”

“Don’t... don’t worry about it, Twilight.” Rarity let out a nervous giggle. “It’s, *ahem*, nothing.”

She pondered it. *Mental note: do some research on the non-culinary properties of salt when we get back to the library. If we get back.*

Then she said, “Look, Mr. Chow, we don’t remember anything from last night. You say we stole something from you? We have no idea what you’re talking about. Maybe you can help us. Tell us what you remember. I’m sure it’s not as bad as it sounds, right?”

“Yeah, man. It’s not so bad.” He sniffed loudly. “All you did was steal my purse and *twenty thousand bucking bits of Maynn casino chips you assholes I will EAT YOUR LITTLE HEADS AND TURN YOUR HOOVES INTO JELLY AND MAKE A DELICIOUS PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICH.*” He roared, and it took all three of his colt friends to hold him back when he raised his hands and *lunged* at Twilight Sparkle. The unicorn squealed and leaped out of the way.

Twilight curled herself into a ball. “Oh, my.”

“You leave Chow hangin’? *You leave Chow hangin’?* I buckin kill you!”

His friends held him in place until his anger subsided.

“Ugh. That was the line talking. Now Chow will talk.” He turned to the unicorn with the gun in the air in front of him. “Talk for Chow, Thirty-Eight. I’m too salty right now.”

From her pile of trash cans, Rainbow Dash chuckled. “Your name is Thirty-Eight? What kind of a name is that?”

“Name o’ the gun that’ll cap your rainbow ass if you don’t shut up,” said Thirty-Eight. Twilight took a second to observe the unicorn now. He was crimson red, almost the same color as Big Mac, with a milk-white mane and tail, both of which were styled into pointed spikes. In the darkness she couldn’t quite make out his cutie mark. A coin? A dinner plate? A wheel? Something round, of that much she was sure.

With a grunt, Thirty-Eight began to tell the story. “You all met Mr. Chow at the Maynn Hotel casino last night. He was on a hot streak. Won about twenty thousand bits on the roulette wheel.”

“Twenty grand?” Applejack let out a low whistle. “Dang, that’s about what Sweet Apple Acres

takes in from the whole crop, and that's on a good season."

"When Chow rolls, Chow rolls hard," said the panda with a shrug.

Thirty-Eight continued. "Mr. Chow headed to the poker tables next. That was where he met you." He pointed a hoof at Rainbow Dash. "You don't remember blowing all your chips at the blackjack table?"

The pegasus mumbled something.

"Right. Mr. Chow felt bad for you, so he gave you a few extra chips. You lost those too."

Chow giggled. "Felt bad? Nah, man. I was trying to get under that filly's tail... until she started lickin' up her marefriend ten minutes later."

"*What* marefriend?" she demanded.

"You know, the cute one with the pink mane." Chow smacked his lips, and grinned knowingly. "Why so shocked, gay girl? Cat's outta the bag now. Half the casino saw you shove your tongue down that little filly's throat."

Twilight turned her head so fast that her neck muscles cringed. Rainbow Dash stood with mouth hung open, eyes gaping wide. "Are you saying I made out... with Fluttershy?"

"Fluttershy. The pink bitch. Whatever her name was. Yeah, fillyfooler, you best believe you did."

Rainbow Dash looked frozen in time. Twilight's own mind raced. *He saw Fluttershy, maybe she's okay... Rainbow and Fluttershy made out? How did Lucky Draw forget to mention that detail? But they were both drunk, and we all did enough stupid things last night, I guess it's not that big of a deal. Girls try this stuff out all the time, right? Wait a minute... was Fluttershy drunk? No way, Fluttershy never drinks. Which means if what Mr. Chow says is true, she must really feel that way about...*

OH.

Twilight bit back a gasp.

“Point is,” said Chow, “I gave you some free chips. And how did you repay me? By stealing my purse, that’s how! I went to the men’s room for a quick bump, and when I came back, my shit was gone.”

“How do you know it was us, then?” Rarity asked.

He chuckled, but this time it was too bitter to be cute. “Yeah. Good question, marshmallow. I know because I saw the gay girl dump the contents of my purse onto the poker table. But then when I went to confront her about it like *a civilized, rational adult*,” his voice slipped into mockery with those last words, “some dumb unicorn decided I was *sooooo* cute that she just had to keep me.”

Rarity looked around, sheepish. “Did I do that?”

“Yeah, marshmallow. You did that.” He squealed. “*Oh he’s simply marvelous with his black and white coat I need to base my next design off it so adorable with that cute little wet nose and those ears he looks like a little baby doll*. I’m not cute, damn it. I’m Chow. I buck up bitches and snort ten lines a day. I am not a toy.”

Rarity said nothing. She looked away.

“So I guess you thought it’d be cool to take me up to your hotel room after that. Palace Suite, huh? Chow is flattered, but you could have at least bought him dinner first, ya know?” He paused, scratching his chin with a sharp nail. “Then... next thing I remember is waking up in that bed with a buncha ponies staring at me. Shit. What you do, marshmallow? You give me a loaded drink?”

“I would *never*...” Rarity gasped. “Maybe I heated up some milk for you. Hmm, yes. That sounds about right. Even you have to admit that a panda drinking milk is the most *adorable* thing.”

Twilight’s curiosity got the best of her. “If you don’t mind me asking, how did Rarity manage to drag you up to that penthouse against your will?”

“Unicorns, man.” Chow shook his head. “That magic is buckin’ crazy. Wish I had that shit

sometimes. Could you picture unicorn Chow? *Magic user baby!*”

Twilight could most definitely picture unicorn Chow. And as dangerous as this creature would be with a tank of unicorn magic in his repertoire... by the stars, he'd be adorable!

“Hold on a sec,” said Rainbow Dash, trotting slowly back to rejoin the group. “Something’s off here. You said I stole your purse, but I won all those chips last night fair and square. Lucky Draw said so, remember?”

Point, thought Twilight. Had Lucky Draw lied to them? The gambler would’ve had no reason to do so. None she could think of, anyway. And she found it hard to believe that Mr. Chow would leave all his chips on the table to go to the bathroom. The panda didn’t strike her as particularly smart, but *come on*. Who would be foolish enough to do something like that?

Chow waved a hand over the group. “I don’t care what some other asshole says. You stole those chips from Chow! You gimme back my twenty k, and we can talk about giving back what’s yours.”

“What’s... ours?” Twi’s head perked up like a spooked squirrel.

The panda’s eyes wandered slowly across the group, briefly stopping over each of them. “One, two, three, four... five pony. But where pony number six?” He giggled. “That’s right. *Chow* has her. Chow has the pink bitch.” He gave Thirty-Eight a nod.

The big unicorn kicked at the dirt with his hooves, then bucked Mr. Chow’s carriage *hard*, an impact strong enough to make the vehicle shake on its hinges. And she saw it. Tied down in the back compartment, she saw a pony with a sack over her head, belting out a muffled scream and quivering as the carriage shook.

For a second, *just one*, there was a flash of a silky pink mane, darkened by the shadow of night.

Twilight Sparkle’s heart not only jumped, but did a full-on lateral spin with three somersault flips. “You have Fluttershy? You have our friend?” This was it! They’d finally found her. The others cheered, yelled, breathed long sighs of relief. “Oh, thank Celestia you-”

“*Shut up.*” Chow spat. He put a hand to the air to silence them. “You wanna see your marefriend again, gay girls, you bring those twenty g’s back. *Quid pro quo*, mothabuckas.”

Twilight let out the breath she’d been holding. “You want your money? We still have it back at the hotel room. We’ll get it for you. We’ll get it right now! That’s not going to be a problem... *right, Rainbow?*”

“For Fluttershy? No price is too high.” Dash stomped the ground in determination. “Let’s go get those chips.”

Mr. Chow and his friends quickly loaded back into their carriage, with Thirty-Eight and one of the others pulling. The panda let one furry arm hang out the window. He snapped his fingers, and the two colts brought the carriage back around, putting their boss face-to-face with the five ponies. “Bring money to old abandoned train station near armadillo farm in the desert, tomorrow at dawn,” he said, grinning a half-maniacal grin as the carriage took off. “Toodaloo *muthabuckololololololololol.*”

The wailing of Mr. Chow echoed into the crisp Las Haygas night as the black carriage sped away.

Huh, thought Twilight.

What more was there to say?

NOTE: Home stretch, folks! As always, send correspondence to mousetrap9261@gmail.com.