

Author's Note:

You may have noticed that in Chapter 7 of Reconnection, I did not show what Rarity got up to when left alone with Twilight. The following is what might have happened.

Warning: Semi-graphic Violence is in this one.

Rarity and Twilight were finally alone. Applejack was on her way back home with Rainbow Dash and Big Macintosh, to rest.

Rarity would finally get what she deserved.

She magically levitated the ball-peen hammer which she had dropped earlier, and turned to face Twilight, who still had the large bit in her mouth and couldn't speak. Twilight didn't look like she wanted to say anything. Rarity paused for a moment. She didn't give much thought to it really, but she decided she would not let Twilight say anything.

Quickly, she magically slammed the hammer down hard on Twilight's right hind knee. Following the sound of bone cracking, Twilight merely grunted loudly. Rarity smiled at her, pleased that her captive had enough fight in her to hold back screams. It'd be a lot more fun this way.

She wasted no time in slamming the hammer down again on the other hind knee. She hit it again, and again, each slam of the hammer accompanied by a corresponding crunch as bones splintered into ever smaller fragments.

Still, Twilight had made no attempt to scream, although tears were streaming down her face.

Her eyes filled with malice. She almost looked like she thought she was the victim here. Rarity didn't want to look at them anymore.

She had spent several hours making this room neat and tidy, putting everything she had bought in its proper place. And so she didn't have to look at all when she dropped the bloody hammer on the floor and magically picked up a set of sewing needles and a spool of thread

With a practiced motion she took out the smallest needle and threaded it. She took a deep breath while staring into Twilight's eyes, and grinned.

To Rarity's annoyance Twilight only fidgeted as Rarity sewed her eyelids shut. When finished, Rarity growled to herself before taking all the remaining sewing needles dividing them into groups of two, and jabbing them haphazardly into Twilight's closed eyes.

She left them there.

Still Twilight did not scream.

"What is wrong with you!?" Rarity demanded. "Why can't you scream for me?"

She grabbed a nearby candle she was saving, and magically lit it. She placed it on its side, so that the flame was kissing the side of Twilight's stomach. She could hear the singing of fur, before Twilight squirmed out of the way, knocking the candle over.

"Damn it," said Rarity. She was starting to get frustrated. Good thing she brought lighter fluid.

She didn't want Twilight to burst into flames, no, that could kill her. So she took care to only douse half of Twilight's midsection with the liquid, before picking up the fallen candle and re-lighting it. She placed the candle next to Twilight again, and watched the pony light up like a small, contained bonfire.

It was glorious. Or at least it was, only for a moment.

Rarity saw Twilight's mouth open, but it slammed shut with only a small squeak of pain. Twilight was biting her lip hard enough to draw blood in order to stop herself from screaming. Rarity had had enough. She hadn't even really started, but already this wasn't going like she had planned.

As Twilight's stomach continued to burn, Rarity grabbed her knife.

"Why won't you scream?" she said, before plunging the blade into Twilight's flank. No scream. Not even a gasp. "Why?" she shouted again, and again the knife entered Twilight's flesh. Blood began to pool under the table, making a mess.

"Why can't you just be like a normal pony?!" Her eyes were watering. She was crying. She didn't care. "Why?!"

She started to hack away mindlessly.

"Why couldn't you just be our friend?! Why did you have to do it?! Why can't you be sorry?!"

She let the knife drop as she slumped to the ground. She'd gone overboard. Twilight's intestines were slopping out of a large gash in her stomach, and the flames on the other side had begun to peter out, leaving an island of blackened flesh in its wake.

Twilight had died. She died without giving Rarity any satisfaction at all.

Rarity wondered why she couldn't have let Twilight talk first? Maybe then she would have gotten something out of this. Instead of the righteous vindication she was hoping for, she just felt sick.