

Overlord LC

Fanfic

My Little Pony: Friendship Is Magic

The Last Cupcakes Chapter

One Last Party Favor

It was a day like any other in Ponyville. The critters were stirring, the sound of day to day life dragged on outside. Twilight had not been outside for a few days, she was still researching the disappearance of Rainbow Dash. Books were piled high in her library and Spike was out and about trying to gather information in a secretive way at per the behest of Twilight. Up until now, Spike thought nothing of the happenings around Ponyville, ponies go away, but they always come back,, but he figured he'd humor Twilight anyway.

The small dragon wormed his way around Ponyville, talking to ponies most don't, and spying on ponies, all the while feeling sort of guilty for it. He had a great idea: ask Pinkie Pie, she knows everything...

Pinkie was happily baking away in the Sugarcube Corner bakery, another perfect crime...wait, she thought to herself, *Isn't a crime a bad thingy?* She pondered it for a moment until her over made a light "ding" noise. The smell of her latest cupcakes had cleared her head of the stray thought rather quickly, and she marveled at their look as she took them out, a fine batch of cupcakes, with white frosting and purple sprinkles all over them, the cupcake basket wraps all had diamond patterns on them. "Le Petite Four!" she beamed at the name she had given them. Suddenly there was a knock at her door. "Be there in just a jiffy!" Pinkie set the cupcakes on a tray and sprang to the door, "Heya! Oh! Spike, come on in! I have something I just know

you are going to LOOOOVE!” Spike got interested immediately, Pinkie always knows what he likes! “Oh cool! I can’t wait!”

Twilight sat in her pile of books, frustrated as could be, “This is so weird!” she frantically tried to put all of the pieces together in her mind, first, a few of the fillies had gone missing...then Gilda never came back, which was alright with Twilight, but even Dash said she hadn’t seen her since the time she came to town, and even begrudged friends still see each other rarely. Then Rainbow Dash went missing... is there some weird phenomenon? A very, VERY interesting vacation spot? Twilight’s head reeled with possibilities. Two days now, she has had Spike searching for clues, asking parents, teachers, friends... even digging for information and not getting caught. “*But what if something went wrong?*” She shook her head to clear the thought, ” *No, he will send me something if something goes wrong.*” She then turned to her latest point of interest, brought to her by Owlowski, a note from Rarity’s door, saying she’d be back after lunch, except, she never did come back.

Spike sat at the side table in Sugarcube corner smiling and watching Pinkie fluff away at her baking, he anxiously awaited what could possibly be so good that Pinkie was this excited for. She brought him a drink and a small plate, there was a cupcake on it, one of the ones she had just made. Spike marveled at it, the design, the decoration, it was stylized as a Rarity cupcake, he grinned like an idiot. “you did this for me?” Pinkie just smiled and watched the young dragon admire it while drinking his cocoa. “Of course silly!” She chimed as Spike began to sway a bit, but he didn’t go down, much to Pinkie’s surprise. She had laced his drink instead of the cupcake, he was too busy admiring that to eat it. “After all, you’ve been taking so much effort in snooping around!” her voice was a little angry as she smiled. Spike stood up and wobbled, dragons are

tough. “so, you...! What did you...?” it was hard for him to focus. Pinkie hopped around to the counter and grabbed a rolling pin, “I guess I musta *Spiked* the cocoa! Get it!?” She giggled gleefully and came back to Spike, ready to swing, Spike still stood though, and he swiped at her frantically, to little avail, he was too woozy to defend himself proper and the only thing he managed to get was a little cut on her cheek and a bit of her mane. The loud thud of the rolling pin brought darkness.

Spike awoke rather quickly compared to the ponies and gryphon that she had dealt with previously. Pinkie was astonished at Spikes reaction to sedatives and drugs. “hooeee Spike, you sure are dragin right along, ha, get it?” Spike looked up to see Pinkie standing a bit away from him; it took his eyes a moment to adjust to the new light. He gasped as soon as he realized he was strapped to a table, though, his mouth wasn’t bound. The cold metal table seemed to smell something vile, and as Spikes senses, which were more acute than ponies, returned, he broke into tears from the scents that were filling him, his friends, his friend’s friends...and...no... Spike’s eyes went wide in shock as he realized what had been presented to him upstairs in the bakery. He didn’t yell, he didn’t cry out, instead a single tear ran down his face. Pinkie stared at him curiously, “what is it Spikey?” He tugged at the bindings to no avail, the straps weren’t close enough to his claws to shred, “how? How COULD YOU!?” spike yelled at her in rage over what she had done to his first love, Rarity. Though nothing had happened between the two, spike still cared for her as deeply as his little heart could.

Pinkie was taken aback by Spike’s sudden outburst but only sighed and smiled caringly, “silly dragon, just how cruel do you think I am?” Spike looked at her with a black anger, his senses had figured out what she’d been doing, and he wanted badly to stop her, but he couldn’t.

“Are you gonna tell me you didn’t bake Rarity?!” He strained at his bindings again fruitlessly. Pinkie blinked in surprise, “why would I lie to you! I’m your friend silly!” Spike froze as his rage turned to horror, not at her confession, but at the look in her eyes and the sincerity of her words... she was doing these horrible things, and still perceived all of them as her friends. Pinkie shrugged off Spikes change of emotion and continued, “I laced your drink so you wouldn’t have ta eat her. Come on, I’m not that much of a meaniepants!” She turned to a drawer he couldn’t see and rummaged around. Spike frantically looked around while her back was turned, his mind made him envision things he never wanted to as he saw the various macabre décor of the room. Pinkie finally turned to him and smiled, “I have a huge surprise for you Spikey!” she seemed too cheery to him, a little frightening even. He hesitated for a moment his head flowed with ideas of what it could be, “w-what? Are ya gonna hurt me?” Pinkie frowned, “no, that’s not the surprise, but now the moods ruined!” She tossed what she had in her hands at him, it was Rarity’s mane, Spike wretched on the table and almost hurled because of what it was, his eyes then filled with tears, the poor little dragon cried hard and heartfelt for Rarity as the last of his doubts were removed. He watched miserably as the rolling locks fell off of him and landed next to his leg on the table, it still felt so silky, there was no doubt in his mind anymore that it was Rarity’s.

Pinkie got a concerned look on her face as he cried so sadly, “Spike...?” The baby dragon just wept for a few minutes as the thought of what she had just done sunk into Pinkie. Was this guilt? Did she actually feel bad about it? Pinkie sat for a moment and pondered the situation. Then she turned to him, “I’m sorry.” The words crept out of her mouth with a heavy burden. She closed her eyes. Spike stared at her for a few moments and tried to find words to

throw at her, but then she turned to him and smiled, “I really am, because your number hasn’t come up yet, but I still have to think of what to make you into since you know too much.” She fiddled with instruments in various draws as Spike froze from her words. “because ya know, its just not right to go against the flow Spike, but I can make an exception after your heartfelt outburst!” Spike cringed at the metallic sounds from where Pinkie was rummaging, “What? What do you mean!?” Pinkie stopped rummaging for a moment and turned to look at him, “well, when I saw your reaction to that mane, it broke my heart, and I figured it wouldn’t be right to keep you two separated!” she went back to the drawer. Spike looked down at Rarity’s mane, he forced himself to look at it, he needed the courage, he knew he would die here, but he had to think of a way to stop her. Suddenly there was a chime, and Pinkie got a frustrated look on her face, “now you wait right here Spikey, I have a visitor.” She left the room and turned off the light.

Spike searched around him frantically, his panic had clouded the realization that it was dark. He struggled for a few minutes until his mind settled and he stopped to think, “*ok Spike, what can I do...!*” it dawned on him, he had cut Pinkie, her mane no less, now he needed light... He quickly realized what he had to do but had a hard time bringing himself to do it. The baby dragon looked down to Rarity’s mane, it was a treasure in every right, to Rarity and to him, but like this, it was an atrocity. “*Please forgive me Rarity.*” The dragon looked upwards while thinking it and took a breath, then set the mane on fire. He turned his gaze quickly to his claw, it still had a few strands of pink mane on it, he took another breath and used his fire to send it to Twilight. Then he got a brilliant idea...

Twilight sat, looking out her window in worry, Spike had not returned home. As she sat,

a spiral of green flame spun in the air in front of her, only a few curly, pink strands of mane dropped to the ground. Twilight picked them up and ponderously studied them, then she sniffed lightly, her eyes widened as she got a whiff of bakery and sugar. “Pinkie!” Twilight raced out of her house and stopped when she got a few feet away, *“wait, if it really is Pinkie, I have to be prepared for anything.”* The thought crossed Twilights mind as she started to prepare spells back in her tree. She did not take the time to wonder why, or how, or any of the other questions that seemed logical, Spike might be in serious trouble!

Pinkie had gotten caught up in the lunch rush for the bakery, though a few ponies asked about the cut under her eye, she made excuses for how it was a baking accident. They all seemed to enjoy the new cupcakes she had made; she cheerfully told them it was a special recipe called Le Petite Four. The ponies happily ate and Pinkie happily watched, she always did enjoy when ponies loved her baking, and now, another one of her friends was joined with the rest of the ponies, it made her feel warm inside. After the last of them left, blissfully unaware of what they had eaten, she locked the door, and hung the closed sign on it. She then proceeded to open the basement door; she stopped for a moment, thinking she smelled something burnt... *“ohhhh how clever of you.”* She got a strange smile on her face and flicked on the light, but only one of the four bulbs were working, so it was rather dark still, she frowned and closed the door behind her and started to walk down the stairs, “Spike? Where are you?” she spoke out in an amused sing song. Spike was no longer strapped to the table; he had burnt the pony skin straps off, and was nowhere to be seen. “Well, we’re gonna play hide and seek plus!” she said it with a sadistic glee, “It’s not every day I get to do this!” She walked over to a dresser and opened the top draw, she pulled out two things, an air mask, and a cylinder.

Spike did not respond, he did not come out from wherever he was hiding, and Pinkie noticed the burning smell she smelled the whole time. It was Rarity's burnt up mane...she twitched a little at this and suddenly got angry, "Do you know how hard it is to get one of a kind party favors!?" she cleared the whole table of utensils in the seep of a hoof. Still nothing from Spike. Pinkie raised an eyebrow, "oh, you're good...but it's time to start our little game! Hope you can hold your breath!" she turned a nozzle on the cylinder and tossed it to the floor, it started to hiss erratically and let out a strange green gas. She laughed through her mask and made a cheerful statement, "Don't worry Spikey, it won't kill ya, it'll just make ya laugh."

Spike held his breath as hard as he could; he was curled up in the worst place he could imagine, under all of the "supplies" that Pinkie had piled up. He was only a few rooms away in her big basement, and he could hear her threats and the hiss of the laughing gas, he knew he was done for if he started to laugh. He listened intently as he took another breath, he didn't move at all unless Pinkie was making some kind of noise, and what he was hiding in was tempting him to vomit. *"Hurry up Twilight! I swear, if I live through this, I will never disobey you again!"* He could faintly start to smell the gas where he was, and he had to do something drastic quickly to save himself. He looked over the things he was sitting in and, with tears in his eyes, he grabbed a piece of Rarity's stripped coat, and used it as a filter, he closed his eyes and prayed that Twilight would come soon.

The door bell suddenly dinged again, and Pinkie let out a scream of frustration, "I'll be right back, again!" She quickly trotted upstairs, but locked the basement door. She went over to the door to realize that nopony was there. *"Weird. Maybe they saw the closed sign plastered in front of their face!"* Pinkie turned around and gasped. There stood Twilight, looking quite

furious. Pinkie looked at her puzzled “Twi, the door, I coulda opened it.” She falsely giggled at her. Twilight did not change her fierce look, “Where is Spike?” Pinkie let her happy go lucky look fade. “ohhh, does poor little Twilight miss her itty bitty dwagon?” She didn’t hesitate to hit Twilight with the mask she’d been hiding in her poofy mane. Twilight reeled and Pinkie put the mask on, and opened the basement door. Twilight caught a hint of the odd scent of the gas and braced herself as Pinkie pushed her down the stairs. Pinkie frowned again as she walked down the stairs, she was not amused, and who knows how many rules she is breaking right now....seriously, none of their numbers had come up, and she was getting sloppy and caught. Not good at all. Twilight stood up amidst the haze and quickly cast a spell to swirl the air around and away from her constantly, but she had still breathed in a bit of it and it was getting hard to concentrate. But she stood fast, knowing that everything was resting on her. She made her horn glow to make up for the difference in light, but she had already lost track of Pinkie. Then she felt a prick, just a small one on her neck, she looked down to see a small needle sticking into it, she gasped right before passing out.

Twilight awoke, strapped to the table and her mind reeled out in pain as soon as she was aware, she let out a shriek that pierced even Spikes hearing, but he did not come out. Pinkie was Sawing through Twilights horn, and she could vaguely hear Pinkie talking, she tried to focus on Pinkies voice to avoid the pain. “...first, right?” Pinkie looked to Twilight, “oh, you’re awake.” Pinkie stopped sawing; she was halfway through the horn. “What I said was...” and Pinkie was cut off by a blinding light and crack of thunder. Twilight let the pain overcome her senses and she passed out as well.

Twilight awoke in a hospital bed, Pinkie was watching her worriedly, and the Princess

herself was overlooking her as well, with Spike by her side looking uneasy. “Pr-Princess!?”

Twilight sat up and looked at them bewildered but there was still an intense pain in her horn.

“Please leave us be Pinkie, I shall call you in when I am done speaking to Twilight.” Pinkie looked at Twilight worriedly and then to the Princess, “okie dokie lokie...” she said it with a concerned tone and lightly sprang out of the room. Twilight looked at the Princess confused.

“But, Princess, I, how?” The Princess quickly hushed her and placed a hoof over hers. “I saved you my dear. As for Pinkie, I have removed those memories from her head. She has no idea what has happened. Right now, she is just a concerned friend lacking the trauma that she has forced upon you and your friends.” Spike said nothing. Twilight leaned to the Princess haunches and whispered, “But that’s not right Princess...what about everything she’s done?” She started to tear, “what about Rarity, and Rainbow Dash?!” The Princess sighed deeply, “I know my dear, I know, but, what can I do? She no longer possesses the knowledge of what she’s done.” Twilight looked at the ceiling in disbelief, she felt as though the Princess had let her down. “I can’t, Princess, I can’t look at her anymore.” Celestia sighed and nodded, “I understand my dear, and I shall have her sent back to her family’s farm, that way she will not come here often.” Celestia felt bad about doing so, but did command the Pink pony to the exile of the rock farm again. And it took some time for Twilight to feel at peace.

Twilight looked to Spike after the others had gone, “How did the Princess find us?”

Spike just looked out the window and quietly responded, “I guess she’s always looking out for you.” His voice was so cold, so full of sadness. Twilight stepped out of bed and went over to him, “what is it Spike?” She was concerned. He looked up to her with very sad eyes,

“Twilight...” He looked up at her with tears starting in his eyes. “Yes Spike?” She put a hoof on

his back, “She...Rarity...She saved me...” He started to cry harder than he ever had before, and Twilight held him as tightly as she could.