

Cupcakes
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WARNING: This fanfiction is incredibly gory, and may ruin your appreciation of a certain My Little Pony character as well as the titular baked goods. READ AT YOUR OWN RISK!

The air was warm, the sun was shining, and everypony in Ponyville was having a glorious day. The town square was bustling and crowded and busy ponies filled the streets. All the pony folk seemed to have somewhere specific to be. All except Rainbow Dash; her place was in the sky. She tore freely through the air, speeding one way and the next, buzzing the tree tops and racing the wind. The blue pegasus swooped over a schoolyard, much to the delight of the children, then climbed several hundred feet and dove, streaking downward as fast as she could. Seconds before hitting the ground, her wings flew open and she pulled up back into the clear blue. Rainbow felt alive.

Suddenly, Dash remembered that she had somewhere to be; she was supposed to meet with Pinkie Pie in five minutes. Dash had gotten so caught up in her exercises that she'd nearly forgotten that Pinkie had asked to meet her at Sugarcube Corner at three. Pinkie hadn't said why or what they'd be doing, but Dash knew that with Pinkie, it could be anything. Dash wasn't sure if she really wanted to go, though. She was so engaged with her stunts that she thought about blowing Pinkie off to continue flying. But, Dash's conscience got the better of her. She knew that it would hurt Pinkie's feelings; after all, Pinkie had said it was going to be something special just for the two of them. Dash considered it and thought "why not?" What did she have to lose? Heck, it might be more pranking. Pinkie might have found a bunch more fun stuff to pull on folks, and they'd had so much fun the last time. Dash kicked into overdrive to make up for lost time, and sped to her appointment.

When Dash walked into the store, she was immediately greeted by her host, who was bouncing in excitement. "Yay, you're here! I've been waiting aaall day," said the jumping pony.

"Sorry if I'm a little late, Pinkie. I was doing my afternoon exercises and lost track of time," Dash apologized.

Pinkie giggled and responded in a gleefully reassuring tone, "Oh that's ok, you're here now. What's a few more minutes? I've been sooo excited thinking about all fun stuff we're gonna do, I haven't stopped bouncing since I woke up. I mean, I almost forgot to breathe I've been so happy."

Dash gave a slightly uncomfortable laugh. She had always appreciated Pinkie Pie's friendly, outgoing way of life, but Pinkie's overabundant enthusiasm almost creeped her out. Dash maintained a polite expression, however. If Pinkie was this worked up, whatever she had planned must be good.

"So, you ready to get started, Rainbow Dash? I've got everything all ready," the pink pony said.

Dash psyched herself up. "You betcha, Pinkie. So what do ya got planed? We gonna prank somebody? I got a couple of good ones I've been thinking about. Or maybe you've got some stunts you think I should try? Or perhaps..."

"MAKING CUPCAKES!" Pinkie happily announced.

"Baking?" Dash was disappointed. "Pinkie, you know I'm not good at baking. Remember last time?"

"Oh that's not a problem at all. I only need your help making them. I'll be doing most of the work," Pinkie explained.

Dash thought for about it for a second. "Well, alright, I guess that's ok. What exactly do you need me to do?"

"That's the spirit. Here you go." Pinkie handed Dash a cupcake.

Dash was puzzled "I thought I was helping you bake."

"You will be. I made this one just for you before you got here."

“So, is this like taste testing or something?”

“Sorta,” Pinkie said.

Dash shrugged and popped the pastry in her mouth. She chewed a bit and swallowed. Not bad.

“Ok, now what?” Dash asked.

“Now,” Pinkie informed her, “You take a nap.”

Puzzled, Dash opened her mouth but felt instantly lightheaded. A wave of dizziness washed over her, the world spun, and seconds later she collapsed to the floor.

When Dash regained consciousness, she found herself in a dark room. She tried to shake her head but found that a taut leather strap held it firmly in place. She struggled to move, but braces around her chest and limbs glued her to a rack formed from a series of sturdy planks, which spread her legs wide apart. Dash’s wings were the only part of her not tied down, and they fluttered frantically while she struggled to escape. As she writhed, Pinkie jumped suddenly into her line of sight.

“Goodie, you’re awake. Now we can get started,” Pinkie stated gleefully. She bounded into the darkness, and quickly reappeared pushing a small cart covered with a cloth.

“Pinkie, what’s going on? I can’t move!” Dash said urgently.

“Well duh, that’s because you’re tied down,” chided Pinkie. “That’s why you can’t move. I didn’t think you’d need to be told that.”

“But why? What’s happening? I thought you said I was going to help make cupcakes.”

“You are helping. You see, I ran out of the special ingredient and I need you to get more.”

“Special ingredient?” Dash was now breathing heavily and starting to panic. “What special ingredient?”

Pinkie giggled and responded “You, silly!”

Dash’s eyes widened, and her face contorted in fear. Then she started to laugh and said, in a voice bordering on hysteria, “Woo, you really got me there, Pinkie pie. I mean, tricking me in to thinking I’m gonna get made into a cupcake? I gotta tell you, this the best prank yet. You win, you’re the best.”

Pinkie only giggled even more. “Aw, thanks Dash. But I haven’t done any pranks today, so I can’t accept your praise.”

Dash was struggling again. “Pinkie, come on, this isn’t funny.”

“Then why were you laughing?” Before Dash could answer, Pinkie grabbed the cloth and whipped it off the cart. On the cart was a tray containing various sharp medical tools and knives, carefully organized and wickedly sharp, as well as a large medical bag.

Dash was now in full panic mode. She was starting to hyperventilate. Her mind raced as she tried to reason with the pink pony. “You can’t do this Pinkie! I’m your friend!”

“I know you are and that’s why I’m so happy that I’ve got you here. We get to share your last moments together, just you and me.” Pinkie was skipping again.

“But, the other ponies will wonder where I am. When the clouds pile up, they’ll come looking for me and then you’ll get found out,” Dash cried in desperation.

“Oh, Dash,” said Pinkie. “Don’t worry, there are plenty of pegasus ponies to take care of a few clouds. And besides, no one will find out. I mean, how long do you think I’ve been doing this?” And with that ominous statement, the lights suddenly came to life and revealed the rest the room.

“Oh no.” Dash reeled in horror at the image presented to her. The room was decorated with a typical but twisted Pinkie Pie flair. Colorful streamers of dried entrails fluttered around on the ceiling, brightly painted skulls of all sizes were attached to the walls, and organs done up in pastels filled with helium were tied to the backs of chairs. The tables and chairs were made of bones and the preserved flesh of past ponies. Dash cringed upon seeing the center piece of the table nearest to her. The heads of four foals, their eyes closed as if they were sleeping, were wearing party hats made from their own skin. With a thrill of terror, Dash recognized one of them as Apple Bloom’s classmate Twist. Dash’s eyes darted back

and forth and then fell upon a patchwork banner hanging from the rafters. Made from several tanned pony hides, the words "Life is a party" were scrawled on it in blood red.

Dash's attention was brought back by a party horn unfurling and tickling her nose. She gaped at Pinkie Pie, who was standing right in front of her. The party pony was wearing a dress quilted from dried skin, emblazoned with cutie marks. On her back fluttered six pegasus wings, all of different colors. As the earth pony skipped in excitement, her necklace of severed unicorn horns clacked together loudly.

"Like it?" Pinkie asked. "I made it myself."

Desperately, Dash pleaded with the smiling pony before her. "Pinkie please, I'm sorry if I did anything to you. I didn't mean it. Please let me go. I promise I won't tell anybody."

"Oh Dash, you didn't do anything. It's just that your number came up and, well, I don't make rules. We can't turn back now."

Dash was tearing up. How could this be happening?

"Aww, don't be sad Dash," said Pinkie. "Look, this'll cheer you up. I brought you a friend."

Seemingly out of nowhere, Pinkie produced a brightly painted blue and yellow skull. It was about pony sized, but it had a very defining feature: a beak.

Dash gaped in shock. "Is...is that...is...that?"

"Hey, Dash lets hang together. These ponies are lame-os. Dweebs dweebs dweebs," Pinkie mimicked. "I caught her right before she left town. Remember when I left the party for about twenty minutes? That wasn't enough time to play with her of course; I had to wait till after the party to do that. But boy am I glad I did. It was worth it for the flavor alone. Griffons taste like two animals at once, it's amazing. I know she didn't have a number like everyone else in Ponyville, but when was I gonna get another chance to try griffon? I probably should have asked where she came from so I could have gotten more, but I forgot. I'll tell you what though, she was quite the fighter. She lasted a long time, which was a lot of fun for me. I got the chance to play with somebody other than a pony and try new things. It's too bad she had such a meanie mouth. She said so much bad stuff I just had to take her tongue out. You know, bad language makes for bad feelings, Rainbow Dash."

Dash didn't have anything to say. She just sobbed and writhed in her tight bonds.

"Well" said Pinkie with an air of finality, "that's enough reminiscing. It's time to begin."

Putting down Gilda's skull, the pink pony gripped a scalpel in the cleft of her hoof and walked over to Dash's right flank. Without any flair, Pinkie placed the blade an inch above Dash's cutie mark and began a circular cut around it. Dash shouted in pain and tried desperately to pull away, but the braces held her still. Finishing the incision, Pinkie grabbed a curved skinning knife from the tray. Screwing up her face in concentration, she worked it under Dash's skin and sliced the hide away from the muscle. Dash ground her teeth as she tearfully watched her flesh peel off. Pinkie then moved to the other side and repeated the process on Dash's left flank. Once she had finished, Pinkie held up both cutie marks in front of her friend and started waving them like pompoms. Dash just whimpered. Her thighs burned like nothing she had felt before.

Placing the ragged patches of skin down, Pinkie selected a large butcher knife and walked behind the blue pegasus. "Hope you don't mind, I think I'm gonna wing it now," Pinkie laughed. She grabbed Dash's left wing in her mouth and played with it for a few seconds, yanking it back so the sharp pain reignited the fire in Dash's flanks. Then, stretching the wing out, Pinkie brought the blade down hard at the base. Instantly, Dash screamed and thrashed her appendage. The movement threw off Pinkie's aim. She tried to hit the mark again but missed, and carved a huge slice into Dash's back.

"Dash, you gotta stay still or I'll keep missing," scolded Pinkie as her friend howled.

Pinkie took another whack and hit her target. She swung again and again. Blood sprayed into the air, but Pinkie realized she wasn't getting anywhere. The blade just wasn't going through the bone.

"Hmm, I guess I forgot to sharpen it. I'll try something else," stated Pinkie matter-of-factly as she tossed the knife over her shoulder, embedding the blade in the table. Through the haze of pain and tears,

Dash heard the sound of a metal box opening and closing.

“Got it! Say Dash, why do they call it a hack saw? It doesn’t hack; hacking is what I was doing with the knife. This is a saw. I don’t get it.”

Pinkie placed the tool over the mangled flesh of the last attempt. Standing on her hind legs, she worked the saw back and forth with her front hooves. It sliced effortlessly through the bone and skin. The feeling of the jagged teeth grinding into her made Dash want to vomit. She watched numbly as her wing flew over her head and landed with a fluff on the table. Pinkie moved to the next wing and started sawing. Dash didn’t struggle this time; she’d given up trying to fight and focused on choking back screams of agony. Abruptly, the sawing paused. Pinkie was only half way done, the wing hanging off by a sliver.

“Hey Dash,” Pinkie piped up. “Think fast!”

Suddenly, Pinkie yanked the wing as hard as she could. The bone snapped but the blue pony’s skin held, then tore away. The pull ripped away a long strip of flesh all the way down Dash’s back to her rump. Her body seized at the unexpected trauma. As her pelvis tensed up, Dash felt a warm release between her legs, and her loud, unending melody of pain filled the room. Unable to catch her breath, she blacked out.

Dash awoke with a gasp. The stench of her urine filled her mucus caked nostrils. As her vision swam into focus, she saw a very pouty Pinkie Pie removing a large adrenaline needle from her chest. Stomping her hooves, the frustrated Pinkie lashed out at her helpless victim.

“Didn’t anybody teach you any manners? It’s very rude to fall asleep when somebody invites you over to spend time with them. How would you like it if I came over to your house and went to sleep? ‘Oh I’m sorry Dash, you’re so boring I think I’ll take a nap.’ You think I like always doing this by myself? I told you how excited I got when I found you were next. I was excited to have a friend be here with me while I worked. But NOOOOO! You’ve got to be inconsiderate. You know, I thought you were tough. I thought you could handle anything. I’ve had foals stand up better than you! Do I have to baby you? Huh? Is that how you want me to remember you, as a baby?”

As Pinkie stopped to catch her breath, Dash blinked and sobbed softly. Her back was in agony, her sides were on fire, and there was an intense pain in one of her legs. As she blinked again, she saw Pinkie pop something red into her mouth and began to chew. Noticing Dash’s stare, Pinkie quickly gulped the morsel down.

“What?” Pinkie asked. “Oh, this?” She held up another piece. “Well, while YOU were asleep, I got a little impatient and helped myself to a small sample. I got it from your leg; you’re not bad. Wanna try some?”

Without waiting for a response, Pinkie shoved the strip of meat into the revolted pegasus pony’s mouth. Dash gagged, and immediately spit it out. Pinkie frowned, and picked up the chunk of flesh. “If you didn’t want it, you could have said no.” She contemplated the discarded snotty morsel, then gulped it up. “It’s not like you haven’t had my cupcakes before.”

Swallowing, Pinkie turned her attention to a small can on the tray. She removed the lid, revealing that it was filled with red-hot coals. Lying on top of the coals were several large nails. As the adrenalin filled her veins, Dash began to panic again. Picking up the can, Pinkie walked over to Dash’s left. Holding some tongs with her mouth, Pinkie carefully picked up a nail and positioned it at the seam between her victim’s front left leg and hoof. She then grabbed a hammer and took careful aim.

“No Pinkie!” Dash screamed. “NO! NO!”

The hammer came down and the nail punctured Dash’s skin. The white hot burning was too much. Dash screamed as she pulled and thrashed at the braces, causing her raw skin to rub and tear. Pinkie tried to line up another nail, but couldn’t find her aim, and let out a frustrated grunt. When Pinkie brought the hammer back to take a wild swing, Dash burst out crying and begging.

“PLEASE STOP! PLEASE, PLEASE STOP!”

Pinkie rolled her eyes. Putting down the hammer and tongs, she walked back in front of her friend and stared pensively at the broken pegasus. Gilda didn't even cry this much when she had a live parasprite stuffed down her throat. Pinkie thought for a minute about what to do next, then had a sudden spark of inspiration.

Rotating a wheel on the rack, Pinkie laid Dash on her back, then moved to Dash's hind legs, bringing the can with her. Picking up her tools, Pinkie drove a searing hot spike of metal directly into the bottom of Dash's hoof. As Dash yelled in pain, Pinkie moved around and drove a second nail into the other hoof. Next, Pinkie went back to her cart and located an enormous battery and controller, which she dragged over to where she was working. She tied copper wires between the terminals and the nails driven into Dash's hooves, then gave Dash a wink and flipped the switch.

Electricity rocketed through Dash's body. The blue pony reacted immediately; her body seized, and her muscles snapped taut. Dash's hips thrust skyward, her eyes rolled back, and she let out a deep, throat shredding cry. Pinkie giggled and danced in place, then reached down and turned up the juice. Dash convulsed uncontrollably, and her bladder emptied once more.

After about five minutes, Pinkie shut off the power. Wisps of steam rose from the singed fur around Dash's hooves, and the area reeked of cooked flesh and burnt enamel. Pinkie rotated Dash upright again and tried snap the drooling, delirious pony back to attention.

“Dash? Dash! Rainbow Dash, wake up!” Dash moaned and managed to give a modicum of weak acknowledgment. Pinkie studied her handiwork, then reached into the medicine bag and produced a large syringe. “Alright, time for the last round.”

Dash focused blearily on the needle, which Pinkie took as a question as to what it was.

“This is a little something to take the pain away,” Pinkie informed Dash as she walked around to her victim's ruined back. Dash flinched as Pinkie jabbed the needle into the lower part of the blue pony's spine. Moving in front of her friend again, Pinkie leaned down and elaborated.

“In a few minutes, you won't be able to feel anything below your ribcage. Then you'll be able to stay awake to watch the harvest.”

Dash started to cry again. “Pinkie?” she choked out.

“Yeah?”

“I want to go home,” Dash sobbed.

“Yeah, I can see wanting to do that,” replied the party pony. “Sometimes, I just wanna give up, just say ‘I'm done with this mess’ and go to bed. But you know what? You can't shrug off your responsibilities. You got to pull yourself up and meet the challenges head on. That's the only way you're gonna get ahead in life.”

Dash hung her head and cried.

Minutes passed as the drug took effect. Eventually, Dash was completely numb from her chest to her flanks. At this point, Pinkie approached with a scalpel. Glancing at Dash and smiling, Pinkie made a long horizontal cut across the pegasus pony's pelvis, just above her crotch. Moving up Dash's body, Pinkie made a similar incision under her ribs. Finally, Pinkie made a long vertical cut down Dash's stomach, connecting the first two.

“Looks like I got my ‘I’ on you, Dash,” Pinkie giggled.

With a moist, gooey sound, the flaps of skin opened. The sight of her own organs and the lack of feeling caused Dash's breathing to intensify. Pinkie carefully sliced open Dash's abdominal sac and grabbed her large intestines. As she separated the organ from the rest of the digestive tract and pulled it out of the new cavity, Pinkie grew jovial. Laughing as she gutted her friend, Pinkie began to make jokes. Dash, growing weaker from this new source of blood loss, tried desperately to shut out the macabre comedy act.

“Look at me, I’m Rarity!” Pinkie laughed, slinging the intestinal tube around her neck and spraying blood in all directions. “Isn’t my new scarf soooo pretty?”

Reaching back inside, she sliced the smaller intestine off from the bowls. Squeezing out the excess excrement, Pinkie filed the slimy organ through her teeth and dragged it back and forth. “Dentists say you gotta floss every day, Dash.”

Dash was barely aware of what was going on anymore. The shock was causing her to fade. Disappointed, Pinkie dived back into the blue pony’s guts, ramping up her routine.

“Aw, don’t go yet Dash.” Pinkie started pulling out the rest of Dash’s organs, pausing with each removal. “I know I can be a real pancreas, but you know I’m just kidney with you. You really got to learn to liver it up. Boy, these jokes are getting bladder. Guess ya gotta develop a stomach for them.”

Pinkie placed the discarded body parts into a bucket, keeping the last one for bit longer. “Ooo, bagpipes.” she said, placing the end of Dash’s esophagus in her mouth and the stomach in her armpit. She squeezed, and a spurt of acid hit her tongue. “Eww! Oh hey look, there’s your cupcake, Dash!”

Dash didn’t hear her tormentor. She had slipped from conciseness minutes ago. Pinkie, not yet satisfied, hit Dash with another adrenaline shot. Dash woke up for the last time, her heart pounding. Warm blood flowed out from the wound in her chest in great spurts. It wouldn’t be long now.

Pinkie brought Dash around onto her back again and straddled the blue pony’s chest, scalpel at the ready.

“Ya know, Rainbow Dash, I’m disappointed. I thought you would have lasted longer. I really wanted to spend more time with you before we got here. But I guess it’s my fault; I should have taken it a little slower. Oh well. It was really was nice knowing you, Dash!”

The blade sunk into the blue throat and worked its way up to Dash’s chin. Coming back down, Pinkie’s scalpel then circled Dash’s neck. The last thing Rainbow Dash felt was her skin being cut away from her skull, and the metal of the blade scraping her teeth.

Then she was gone.

Pinkie Pie stared into the mirror. She had done a really good job, even keeping the eyelids. She winked, and Dash winked back. Pinkie smiled.

But still, she was sad that her friend was now gone. Dash had only lasted fifty minutes, not nearly as long as Pinkie had wanted. She looked back at the cadaver hanging in the center of the room, the last of her friend’s fluids draining into a pan. Yup, no more Rainbow Dash.

As she looked, Pinkie cocked her head. She began to take notice of the fact that there really wasn’t much damage to the corpse. “It fact,” the pink pony mused, “I think…” An idea exploded in her head. She was good at sewing and she had all the pieces, all she had to do was put them back together. Yeah, she just had to get some stuffing and bingo, she’d have Rainbow Dash forever. In fact, thought Pinkie, that’s what she’d do for all her best friends when their numbers came up. She was so excited, she skipped right over to the body with her skinner to get started. The cupcakes could wait; Pinkie Pie had a friend to make.