

The Wheel and the Butterfly

A Dan X Pinkie Pie saga

Part 12 Dan Vs. Couples

Chapter 102 Dan Vs. Roundup

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Dan squinted into the distance as blood from a gash on his forehead began to trickle down his head. Behind Dan, the sun had just touched the horizon and casted a warm orange and red glow over the California street.

*--I'm gonna fight 'em off*

Dan's shadow stretched far in front of him as he continued to stare down the road. The blood from his wound traveled down his face. It created a small red stream that forked left at the bridge of his nose and pooled about his lips.

*--A seven nation army couldn't hold me back*

Dan brushed the back of a hand against his mouth, wiping away much of the blood but causing a faint red smear across his face in the process. Still holding Jason's free beard in one hand, he reached into his pocket with the other, pulled out his smartphone, and hit the screen a few times.

*--They're gonna rip it off*

A picture of Chris attempting to consume about a dozen strips of bacon simultaneously showed up above a message that said 'Calling'.

*--Taking their time right behind my back*

Dan rose the phone to his ear and glanced at it with an irritable expression on his face as it rang on and on. "Come on... Come on..." He mumbled to himself.

*--And I'm talkin' to myself at night --Because I can't forget*

"Answer the phone!" Dan growled out through gritted teeth.

*--And the message comin' from my eyes says leave it alone...--*

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Chris glanced across the bed to his phone as it rang out on top of a nightstand and frowned. "It's Dan," he announced.

"Oh, just let it ring," Elise's voice replied. "He can leave a message."

Chris looked down at his lap and frowned. "Yeah... Dan gets *really* upset when I let his calls go to voicemail."

"Dan's *always* really upset. He'll get over it," Elise insisted.

"What if it's an emergency?" Chris asked in a concerned tone.

"Don't *worry* so much!" Elise said. "He's got Pinkie to help bail him out of trouble! Besides, I'm *really* enjoying this..." Elise cooed.

"Well... alright..." Chris said with a small smile. "I *guess* it can wait for a little bit..."

"You're the best, sweetie..." Elise said. "Do you think you can brush my tail next?"

Chris smiled down at the ashen-colored pegasus whose maroon mane he was currently running a bush through. "Sure, honey," he said with a smile.

"Awesome," Elise replied. She glanced across the room to a large, wood framed mirror that was hanging on the wall. Instead of a reflection, Twilight sat quietly in her library with a content smile on her face and an open book floating in front of her. "Twilight," Elise began, "you should *really* get your boyfriend to do this sometime."

Twilight frowned slightly as she stared off into space. "I tried."

"Oh?" Elise replied. "What happened?"

Twilight turned to face Elise. “Unfortunately, Flash did **not** adjust to being a human as well as you adjusted to being a pony. There was quite a bit of screaming, for one.”

Elise frowned. “That seems a bit extreme.”

Twilight shrugged. “I actually reacted the same way the first time I transformed into a human... It’s not like we actually *have* humans in Equestria, so it’s probably a bit more of an adjustment for us ponies.” Twilight’s frown increased as she squinted. “You guys have a lot more... *uh*... fine manipulators than us ponies... it’s actually a bit creepy at first.”

Chris lifted up one of his hands to eye level and wiggled his fingers slightly. “Huh, I never thought about hands being that creepy...”

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“Hi! It’s Chris! Leave a message!”

Dan shot a death glare at his phone and pulled it away as he began screaming at it, “YOU WORTHLESS EXCUSE FOR A HUMAN BEING! LETTING YOUR VOICE MAIL PICK UP WHEN I NEED YOUR HELP! THAT IS **IT!** WE ARE DONE! CONSIDER OUR FRIENDSHIP *NULL AND VOID!* I **HATE** YOU WITH THE VERY CORE OF MY BEING! WHEN THIS IS OVER I WILL FIND YOU AND **I WILL END YOU...**”

*--Don't wanna hear about it*

Dan paused and brought the phone up to his ear and mouth once more. “Call me when you get this. It’s Dan,” he said nonchalantly.

*--Every single one's got a story to tell*

“Pinkie’s been kidnapped by couples.”

*--Everyone knows about it*

Dan pressed the phone’s screen and terminated the call.

 *--From the Queen of England to the hounds of hell*

He hit the screen a few more times and placed his phone to his ear as he began tapping the foot on his good leg impatiently.

*--And if I catch it comin' back my way --I'm gonna serve it to you*

"Pick up, you damn cookie Ninja, PICK UP!" Dan growled at his phone.

*--And that ain't what you want to hear --But that's what I'll do--*

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In a dark movie theater, Ninja Dave and Becky sat next to each other surrounded by other moviegoing patrons as the light from the screen illuminated their faces and the collection of snacks they had.

Dave frowned as he felt a vibration from his jeans. He reached his into his pocket and pulled out his smartphone. The screen lit up as he stared at it. "It's Dan..." he said.

"He's probably just upset that you closed up the cookie shop while we're at the movies," Becky suggested. "Just shut your phone off. He'll get over it... *probably*..."

Dave pressed a button on the side of his phone and put it back in his pocket. "I just hope he doesn't smash up the store while I'm away..."

Becky smiled. "Eh, he's probably with Pinkie. I'm *sure* she'll make sure he doesn't go crazy, or anything."

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*--And the feeling coming from my bones says find a home...*

"You've reached Ninja Dave's phone, I'm not available—"

"**GAH!**" Dan cried in frustration.

"—at the moment. Please leave a message."

Dan pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger. "Dave? It's Dan Maybe you can explain to me the point of having friends"—Dan pulled the phone away from his face slightly—"IF THEY'RE NOT EVEN AVAILABLE ON A MOMENT'S NOTICE IF YOU NEED THEIR HELP IN CASE,"—Dan rolled his eyes—"OH I DON'T KNOW, YOUR GIRLFRIEND GETS KIDNAPPED BY COUPLES?!" Dan returned the

phone to his mouth and ear. "And by 'your', I of course wasn't being rhetorical and meant *my* girlfriend. So uh... call me back when you got a chance. P.S. You're dead to me."

Dan sighed as he terminated the call and put his phone back in his pocket. "Guess it's just *me* who has to fix this mess... typical." He began limping back to his apartment, grumbling to himself as he went. "Stupid injured leg... Stupid friends who don't pick up the phone..." Dan furrowed his brow and frowned. "I bet they're busy doing couple stuff... Stupid couples..." Dan paused. "... in general..." he added. "Stupid couples who *specifically* kidnapped Pinkie Pie."

*--I'm going to Wichita*

Slowly, Dan pulled himself up the apartment stairs, keeping his hand on the railing as he made his way up and across the walkway to apartment '8'.

*--Far from this opera forevermore*

He opened the door where a mangy grey cat greeted him with a concerned sounding "Meow."

*--I'm gonna work the straw*

Dan looked down at Mr. Mumbles and grinned. "Hey there Mr. Mumbles."

*--Make the sweat drip out of every pore*

"Pinkie Pie has been kidnapped by couples. Are you a bad enough cat to rescue Pinkie Pie?" Dan asked.

*--And I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding, and I'm bleeding --Right before the lord*

"Merrow!" Mr. Mumbles replied in a happy tone.

Dan nodded and bent down slightly to stroke Mr. Mumbles's head.

*--All the words are gonna bleed from me --And I will think no more*

"Alright, let me quickly treat these wounds and we'll get you into your ski mask. We've got some breaking and entering to do!"

*--And the stains comin' from my blood tell me "Go back home"...*

"Merrow!"

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Dan slinked through the dark night as he approached the elementary school simply labeled 'Elementary School'. Dan had put on a black sweater as well as a black ski mask that he had pulled down around his face. He also carried an aluminum baseball bat with him. Mr. Mumbles bounded alongside Dan, a matching black ski mask also pulled down around his face.

Dan focused on one of the windows as he quietly drew closer to the school, noticing it was broken open. "Huh, that's lucky..." Dan murmured. He crawled up to the window and slowly stood up, peeking into the trashed classroom as he kept his head down. "Eesh, those five really did a number on this place," he said as he looked down at the overturned desks and broken pieces of pencils. "I'm amazed those four got away from Amber... She was even madder than when Chris littered all over the school..."

"Meow!" Mr. Mumbles called from the ground.

Dan leaned down, let go of his bat, and picked up Mr. Mumbles with his free hand. He moved her past the window frame and lowered her slowly into the classroom.

"Hmmmm..." Dan hummed to himself as he stared at the broken glass along the window frame. He quickly took off his sweater and placed it over the top of the frame. He grabbed his baseball bat and, with a pained grunt, he pulled himself up and attempted to slowly lower himself into the classroom. "AAAH!" Dan cried as his sweater slipped and fell into the classroom with a 'Thud!' as more glass broke underneath his body and his bat rolled away into the room with a "Clangaaangaaangaaang..."

"Meow!" Mr. Mumbles mewed as she bounded up to Dan and began licking his face.

"...aaaangaaaangaaangaaang..."

"Uhhhg..." Dan grunted out. "I'm fine," Dan said to Mr. Mumbles. Dan slowly rose up to his knees as he brushed broken glass from his clothes. "Just keep watch and make sure..."

"...aaangaaa—"

"You've got a lot of guts coming here, after what you pulled!"

Dan sighed. "No one sneaks up on us." He turned to the doorway and saw Amber's silhouette in the doorway.

Amber bent down and picked up the bat. She held it one hand and slapped it lightly against her open palm. "Hey, Dan," Amber said. "I hope you came looking for trouble, because you just *found* it."

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"That seemed extreme..." A male voice called out.

... *Who... Flynn?*

"Well, this is an extreme situation!"

... *Jean?*

"I don't know..." Another female voice said. "I mean... if we want to show her Dan has her in an abusive relationship, we certainly aren't setting a much better example."

... *Jennifer?*

"Yeah!" A new male voice said out. "And Dan even saw us! If he doesn't call the police on us, he'll come after us for sure... and he's out of his mind! Who *knows* what he'll do?!"

... *Jason?*

"Don't worry," Jennifer said. "I brought my gun along *just* in case..."

"And if Dan attacks us with flaming logs fired from a nearby building?" Jason asked.

"Uhhh..." Jennifer nearly trailed off.

"Shhh..." Jean hushed. "She's coming to."

"Wha... what...?" Pinkie murmured as she slowly opened her eyes. Her vision slowly focused on her surroundings. A colorful living area full of different colored throw pillows and veils that hung from the ceiling.

"Uhg..." Pinkie attempted to move her limbs but found both her arms and legs held fast. She looked down at herself and pursed her lips. Her arms were bound behind her back and her legs were tied to the legs of the chair she was sitting in.

"Hello, Pinkie," Jean said. "How are you feeling? Anything I can get for you? Water? Some chamomile tea?"

Pinkie's eyes darted fearfully across the group. "Please don't hurt and/or take advantage of me!" she pleaded.

Jean looked back at Pinkie in surprise. "No one is going to hurt you."

"Oh..." Pinkie replied. "Uh... then why am I tied up?"

"We just need to talk to you and make sure you listen," Jean explained.

Pinkie stared at Jean with a blank expression. "Talk? Talk about what?"

"Dan," Jean said.

"Huh?" Pinkie said in a confused tone. "You don't need to tie me up for that! I LOVE talking about Dan! I mean... I can go on for hours, and hours, and—"

Jean shook her head. "No, I mean... we want to help you understand why you should leave Dan."

"Oh... okie... dokie... lokie..." Pinkie said as she processed what Jean had just told her. She smiled nervously. "Are you *sure* I can't convince you to hurt me or take advantage of me, *instead*?"

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Author's notes: Sorry about the plethora of short installments lately. Just hitting stopping points a bit quicker than usual. I'm trying to get these out a little faster as a result, depending on other things going on and allergy attacks, that is...

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