

N.T. CANON

Ridiculous Cake

A terrifying
triple-header



THREE CURSED PONY TALES

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1

RAINBOW DASH'S DREAM DINNER

The twisted images of horrible gnashing teeth and squirming sinew echoed all around. The feeling of saliva and a rumbling from the depths of an insatiable pit were all that could be perceived. The sense of impending doom was oppressive, suffocating, and sinister.

Then Fluttershy woke up.

Knock Knock.

Rainbow Dash stood outside of Fluttershy's cottage, shifting her weight from one pair of legs to the other. It was a lovely autumn day, and just perfect for a little lunch with her reclusive friend.

The door opened, revealing a tired looking Fluttershy. Her hair was a touch messy and there were noticeable bags under her eyes.

"Oh! Hey, Fluttershy. You uh, sleep alright?" Dash mused.

"...Hello Rainbow, um, no actually." The yellow pony lowered her head. "I honestly forgot about our lunch today. I slept in, and just woke up from a very strange dream..."

Dash waved Fluttershy's concerns away. "Ah it's all good!... What sort of dream did you have, though?"

"Well..." Fluttershy fidgeted, trying to fix her hair and compose herself. "I... well, we were hanging out, and for some reason you said

you were hungry and, just started trying to swallow me whole!”

Dash looked surprised, but only snickered in response. “Oh, really?”

“Y-yes! You swallowed me up, and I was s-stuck in your stomach, like I was trapped in a yoga ball or something. It was very um, strange...”

Rainbow Dash gave Fluttershy a little nudge, moving closer to her. “Man, that’s a crazy coincidence. You know, I had a dream just like that a few nights ago myself...”

“You did!?” Fluttershy gasped, before continuing in a hushed tone. “Who ate you in *your* dream?”

“Oh no,” Dash laughed “I dreamed I ate you too! It was pretty rad.” The meek pegasus gasped and looked a tad insulted, poking Rainbow in the chest. “Rainbow Dash, that’s not funny...”

“What? I’m not kidding! Maybe it’s a sign... you know, we could try it out, if you want to. I think you’d taste pretty good.” Dash licked her lips in a joking manner.

Fluttershy instantly turned red, and started stammering. She was getting flashbacks to her dream and all of its strange sensations and stimulants. For some reason she was getting a strong sense of déjà vu.

“Y-you’re just messing with me again... You can’t actually just swallow a whole pony...”

Dash gave her a lick on the cheek that sent Fluttershy panicking. “Wanna bet?”

Their eyes met and Fluttershy felt a knot form in her stomach. There was no ignoring that look in her friend’s eyes. Rainbow Dash was not joking. The shy pony knew she had to make a run for it. With a sudden jolt, she was running off towards town, with Rainbow hot on her tail.

Fluttershy was no star athlete, and while she could have flown away, she attempted to catch the attention of a passer-by on foot. Though there weren't many ponies out and about today.

“Where are you goin’, Fluttershy?” Rainbow Dash called, catching up quite effortlessly and gliding just behind her friend.

“Gah!” Fluttershy gasped, jumping into the air and flapping her wings, catching flight herself. “L-leave me alone, Rainbow! I-I don’t want any part of whatever prank you’re pulling here!”

“Then why’s your face so red? Worried you’ll like being a snack?”

“N-no! I just have other plans! I can’t be eaten today... M-maybe another time?”

“But I’m hungry *now!*” Rainbow teased, flying close behind. She chomped her teeth together, as if to take a bite of Fluttershy’s tail. The yellow pegasus yelped and flew ahead with a sudden burst of speed, rocketing towards Ponyville.

When the two mares reached town, Fluttershy took the opportunity to turn a corner at full-speed and slip into an alleyway. Rainbow Dash kept speeding ahead, crashing into a pedestrian. Fluttershy had to think fast and seize this opportunity for escape.

“Oh goodness... I can’t go back home, I need to hide! I have to be with to someone I can trust...”

She peered around a corner, seeing Sugar Cube Corner just a block away. She could lay-low with Pinkie Pie for a bit, just long enough for Rainbow Dash to give up on this bizarre, horrible prank.

Fluttershy cautiously crept towards the bakery and slipped in through the front door.

The scent of baked goods was overwhelming, as was the greeting she got from Pinkie Pie who hopped over to give Fluttershy a big hug.

“Hey hey, Fluttershy! It’s so good to see you! What can I get for you? Donuts? Cupcakes? Tiramisu?”

“O-oh, I need help, actually... You see, Rainbow Dash is trying to find me. I had this strange nightmare that she *ate* me, a-and she had the same dream! And now, she wants to gobble me up!”

Pinkie Pie was silent, though her mouth was curled up into a strange smile. “Oh ho ho ho! Don’t worry, I completely understand!”

“You do?” Fluttershy said, hopefully.

“Of course I do! I didn’t think you two were into ‘silly’ stuff like that! But I know just what to do!” Pinkie beamed, ushering Fluttershy into the kitchen.

“U-um, are you sure? Maybe I should explain...”

“There’s no need to explain! I know what you’re doing...”

At this, Fluttershy bristled and gave a concerned look. “I’m not doing anything, Pinkie. I’m just trying to avoid-“

“Avoid being *embarrassed!* I know! Just sit tight and I’ll set everything up!” Pinkie picked up her awkward pal, and plopped her right on the kitchen countertop.

“Eep! Pinkie, w-what are you doing?”

“Just getting all my knees-en-pause... I think that’s what it’s called, anyway...” Pinkie shrugged, before placing a bunch of seasoning and

butter and such on the counter.

“W-what’s that for?” Fluttershy muttered.

“*You*, silly! I know you’re playing hard-to-get, but if you want your ‘dinner’ with Rainbow Dash to be extra special, you need some extra special seasoning!”

Fluttershy felt her stomach sink. She could have sworn she was still in her nightmare. Was Pinkie Pie always this dense? Did she always ignore her like this? “P-p-P-Pinkie! I-I don’t-“

Before she could reply, Pinkie shoved an apple in her mouth, hearing only a squeak from Fluttershy. “Relaaaax, I got this! Let’s get you trussed up like a turkey!”

Pinkie pie was surprisingly efficient at tying up her feathered friend. She wrapped a length of twine around her legs, before looping it around Fluttershy’s waist and pinning her front hooves behind her back. With a sharp tug, Pinkie brought her knees up, as if to touch her chin, and rested her on her back before firmly tying the string off and cutting the excess.

Fluttershy could only stare in horror and embarrassment at the sight of Pinkie looming over her, with a stick of butter in her hoof.

“Gotta get you nice and slicked up too! Don’t want any of the seasoning falling off~.” Pinkie got to work kneading and massaging the butter against the ‘turkey’s’ body.

Fluttershy felt a chill run up her spine as she was flavored. She hoped that if this was a dream, and that she would wake up soon.

“Almost done!” Pinkie cheered, dusting her friend in salt, pepper, and various spices. Fluttershy almost sneezed as pepper went up her

nose, but the apple in her mouth prevented that, much to her dismay.

With the flavorings applied, all there was left to do was slide the meal onto a serving tray lined with vegetables and greens. Fluttershy winced at the cold metal on her back, wriggling slightly in protest, though she was trembling more than she was fighting.

“You look great! I’d have you for dinner myself, if Dashie wasn’t in the picture... Don’t worry though, I’ll give her a call in juuuust a minute!”

“*Mmmph!?*” Fluttershy mumbled, before being cut off as Pinkie lowered a metal cloche over the tray, enclosing the meek meal in total darkness.

Rainbow Dash sat at a little table in the back of Sugar Cube Corner, with a napkin tied around her neck. There was a candelabra lit beside a large platter covered with a metal lid on the table.

It was past closing now, the lights were dimmed and everyone was gone, except Pinkie Pie.

“Ready for your big dinner? It was a *special* request from a friend!” Pinkie grinned, wagging her eyebrows at Dash.

“Oh is that so?” Dash teased, knowing there could only be one thing under that huge cloche. Pinkie pie lifted up the cover, revealing Fluttershy, smelling strongly of seasoning, sweat, and fresh veggies.

She looked up at Rainbow Dash, eyes meek and batting, having had a long time to dwell on what was to come. She wiggled modestly, and mumbled into the apple still stuffed in her mouth, hoping to state her case for not being edible.

“Oh hey, would you look at that, *just* what I wanted! Hah... Hey Fluttershy! Ready for dinner?” Dash teased.

She could only whimper in response and mumble frantically as Rainbow lifted up the platter, tilting it towards her mouth. There was no stopping Dash’s delicious dream from coming true now...

Rainbow let Fluttershy slip forward until her head pressed against her lips. She gave her a little lick, before opening her mouth wide to swallow Fluttershy’s head whole. It wasn’t too tricky, given all the butter she was drenched in, but it was still a slow and heart-pounding affair. Dash used the platter to leverage her meal forward as she swallowed up the meal’s shoulders.

“Mmph!” Fluttershy cried, wiggling and squirming all she could.

Dash wasn’t hindered by such struggling, and kept working at what was on her plate, gulping down Fluttershy’s soft stomach, wide hips, and twitching hind legs. She even slurped up her tail like a long strand of pink spaghetti. The last thing anyone saw of Fluttershy was her wiggling hooves, slipping into the throat of her famished friend.

Gulp.

When all was said and done, Fluttershy was now only a curled up and squirming shape inside of Rainbow Dash’s overstrained stomach, who’s gut sagged to the floor, as if she’d swallowed a water filled yoga ball.

Dash let out a belch, burping up a few yellow feathers. She began caressing her belly, satisfied and stuffed to the gills.

“Man, Fluttershy... I knew you’d taste pretty good, but that was the best meal I ever had!”

Only the faintest of mumbles and whimpering came from inside that blue balloon of a gut, and even fainter kicks and nudges.

Pinkie Pie giggled and gave Dash’s belly a poke. “Hehe, I always knew you two would wind up together, but this was a fun surprise!”

“Hey, what can I say? seems like it was destiny or something.”
Dash snickered, giving her gut a slap.

Pinkie stifled a laugh, placing her hands on the squirming stomach and wagging her tail. “Well, let’s just hope she goes to all the right places! She’d look better on your hips than on your gut!”

Fluttershy shuddered at the comments, hearing every word of her friends banter. She couldn’t believe that this had happened to her today. Her nightmare had come true, and no one but her seemed to find it the least bit odd. It couldn’t be real, right?

Surely, if she just shut her eyes and waited, she’d wake up, back home in her bed, waiting for Rainbow Dash to come over for lunch.

Any second now.

END

2

TWILIGHT'S TEPID REVENGE

There was no denying it: Twilight Sparkle could not take any more of Pinkie Pie's pranks.

Pinkie had made it routine to trick and tease the purple unicorn. Twilight had found herself slapped in the face with pies, tripped and squashed with cartoonish implements, and even transformed into various forms to be used by her pink friend. It was getting to be such a frequent and predictable occurrence that Twilight could count on being pranked at least twice a month.

"But this month will be different" Twilight said to herself, trotting through town, muttering under her breath. "I'm going to get Pinkie back when she least expects it! And when she's sat there, dazed and confused, I'll give her a thorough lesson on how to be a more considerate, and less-*obnoxious* friend!"

Pinkie Pie was doing her laundry in a small field adjacent to the bakery she lived in. Damp articles of clothing hung from a taut line, drying in the sun. She hummed a chipper tune as she worked, cranking the arm of a clothes wringer to the beat, feeding sopping wet fabric through the spinning rollers.

"Hmm... I wonder if laundry day would be more fun if you did it with a friend..." Pinkie mused to herself. "Even if you doubled the work,

it'd be nice just to have someone to talk to!"

As she reached to hang up a pair of socks she felt a tug at her tail. "Oh?" She gasped, turning around but seeing no one there.

With a shrug Pinkie clipped the socks to the line, before feeling a stronger tug. She shot around, her big blue eyes darting about the field. But there was no one in sight.

Suddenly she felt a *very* strong pull, and saw a shimmer of purple magic surround the tip of her tail, as if a ghostly hand had its fingers wrapped around the curly length of hair.

"*Eep!* Hey! What's the big idea?"

The swirl of magic replied by pulling firmly, dragging Pinkie towards the clothes wringer and wrenching her tail between the damp metal rollers. Pinkie yelped, trying to wriggle free, but it was no use.

"Hey! Help! Somepony?" She squeaked, grasping at the ground with her hooves.

With a quick jolt the crank of the device began to turn, drawing Pinkie's tail further into the wringer, crushing the poofy appendage like a pressed flower. The metal rollers made quick work of the tail, before biting down on Pinkie's rump, drawing it through the narrow gap like a wad of pasta dough.

"Y-yowch! Hey, knock it off, I'm not even *wet!*" Pinkie whined, starting to slow her efforts to escape as she felt her body slip into the mechanism, being spread out and squashed like a pastel-pink pancake. The sounds of her flattening flank nearly drowned out the squeaking of the wringer. It was a sort of scrunching, squeezing, rubbery noise, like stepping on balloon full of strawberry gelatin and crunchy peanut-butter.

Pinkie Pie let out a whimper and wiggled her legs as the rollers flattened her up to her neck. Only her head and the tips of her hooves remained three-dimensional, but that would not be the case for long; one final, hearty crank of the wringer was all it took to squash Pinkie's pretty little head into a doofy looking flap-jack. Her eyes were crossed, her tongue stuck out, and her expression: that of bewilderment and shock.

"How's THAT for a prank?" A voice called out.

Pinkie's eyes looked around, landing on a purple figure in the distance. Twilight's horn was glowing with a familiar magenta shine, and a wide grin was plastered on her face. "Did you really think you could mess with me so much, and never get pranked back?"

Twilight paced around her floppy friend, her chest puffed out, eyes half-lidded. She felt pretty pleased with her practical joke, and even more pleased to see Pinkie in such a pathetic state for once.

"You see, it's not nice for pranks to be so one-sided. True friends prank in moderation! Am I wrong?" Twilight smirked, leaning in towards Pinkie.

"Mmph... Oh... Totally!" Pinkie chirped, a big silly smile lighting up her face. "You shoulda' just told me you wanted to have some fun, Twilight! I didn't know you had such good taste in practical jokes!"

The triumphant unicorn's shoulders sagged a bit, as her mood shifted from proud to perturbed. "I mean, I'm not having *'fun'*, Pinkie. I'm trying to teach you a lesson. What I'm trying to get at is: we should tamper-down on the constant pranking, right? You don't like it when it happens to you, *right?*"

“Oh no! I *really* like this! You know, I always wondered what it’d feel like to be a pony-skin rug, and now I know! It’s all tingly!”

Twilight grumbled and nudged Pinkie with her hoof, as if to kick at the edge of the ‘rug’. “You’re not taking this seriously. You *need* to quit it with these pranks! I can’t study or do my duties if you’re always messing with me!”

“Hah! Oh lighten up, Twilight. It’s always fun when we hang out, right? Even if you’re not exactly *yourself*. Hehe!”

Furrowing her brow, Twilight stepped on top of the pink carpet splayed out before her, grinding her hooves into the giggling material, and reaching down to bite into Pinkie’s mane. She reared back and tugged, stretching Pinkie out, warping her from the neck-up like a sheet of pony-shaped rubber. Even Pinkie’s eyes looked stretched, as if they were scribbled onto a wide elastic band.

“How about this? Is this ‘fun’? I could do a lot with a sheet of dumb pony-rubber you know!” Twilight huffed.

Pinkie only snickered and cooed in response. “Woooah, my vision is all *vertical* now! You *gotta* try this!”

With a grunt, Twilight let go, causing Pinkie’s face to whip back down to the grass, slapping against the floor. Pinkie chortled with a snort.

Twilight would have to take more extreme measures.

“Alright Pinkie Pie, you leave me no choice. If you aren’t embarrassed or annoyed at being flattened, maybe you’ll change your tune if everypony in town can *see* you being humiliated!”

Twilight’s horn lit up once more, enveloping Pinkie in a thin film

of magical energy.

“Oooh... Really? What are you gonna’ do, huh, huh?” Pinkie sounded quite curious and excited, which only elicited a groan from Twilight.

“Oh you’ll see...” The unicorn growled, as she concentrated on her secretive spell.

Pinkie could feel something welling up inside of her stomach. A slight pressure was building, as if she had swallowed a whole apple, or would a watermelon be more accurate? a pumpkin? It was certainly growing larger, whatever it was.

The flat equine watched with a smile as her body began to fill out, inflating gently like an air mattress, growing in thickness and then becoming taut and recognizable once more, though she was hollow and rubbery. “Oh gosh, this is a new one! Where’d you learn this spell? Do ponies at the circus use this one when selling balloons?”

Twilight only quickened the casting in reply, gritting her teeth at Pinkie’s enthusiasm. “You’ll be as big as a blimp in no time, and then the whole town is going to be able to see your big balloon butt bobbing in the sky! How are you going to explain *that* one to everypony, huh?”

Pinkie merely giggled at the idea. “Oh, easy! I’ll tell them my friend *Twilight* turned me into a balloon! It’s a pretty good gag. You should be proud!”

The annoyed mage ignored her now floating friend. Pinkie was indeed hovering a few inches off the ground, nearly spherical, and as wide as a covered wagon. As Twilight filled her further her rubbery hooves slowly sank into her rotund form, nearly disappearing from sight.

Pinkie's neck was then absorbed, leaving only her chubby and full face poking out from a divot in the front of the balloon, still smiling and looking about excitedly.

A cacophony of rubbery, groaning balloon noises echoed through the area, though they were not loud enough to drown out Pinkie Pie, who was now as large as a cabin, and feeling just as cozy.

“Am I a big enough blimp yet, Twilight? If your magic isn't strong enough, we could always get out the helium tanks!”

“*AUGH!* That's *IT!*” Twilight snapped, letting a sudden burst of magical energy flow from her horn, and into the ditzy dirigible.

“*YIPE!*” Pinkie gasped, as she swelled a whole yard wider in a split-second, her rubber skin pushed past its limits.

POP!

The field was overtaken with a stream of rushing air and the sound of Pinkie squealing. The party pony was flying through the air, zig-zagging to and fro, looping and careening past trees and fence posts before flying up into the air and crashing back down, landing with a hefty ‘flop’ onto the clothes line, now nothing but a dizzy pink tarp of rubber folded in two, with a small hole in her side.

“W-woah... You should have gone with *that* one from the start!” She grinned, looking at Twilight from the line, her flattened face hung upside-down.

Twilight rolled her eyes and let out a defeated sigh, rubbing at her temples with a hoof, exhausted. All her attempts at revenge had failed.

“Alright Pinkie, you win. I guess there’s nothing I could do to prank you as hard as you have pranked me... You.. you’re just too... too *comfortable* being ‘abused’ in this way.”

Pinkie couldn’t help but smile in a somewhat cocky manner, wiggling her eyebrows at Twilight. “What can I say? I can bounce back from *anything*.”

“...Well... I guess I’ll take your word for it then. I’ll leave you be. You were in the middle of doing laundry, right?”

“Yup! Just hanging stuff up to dry.” Pinkie beamed.

“Alright then. Give a shout if you need any help, and I’m sure someone will come and give you a helping hoof, right?”

Twilight plucked a few clothes pins off the ground and clipped them on to the deflated Pinkie Pie tarp, holding her firmly in place.

“Uh, totally! I mean, I may need just a teensey-weensey bit of help, heh...” Pinkie stammered, looking at the pins digging into her squishy, helpless body.

“Yeah, I have a feeling you might...” Twilight gave a wry smirk as she clipped one more pin right onto Pinkie’s lips, shutting her mouth closed like a coin purse.

“M-mmph?... Hm hm hm! Fmmmny! Gmmd owm Twmmlmmt...” Pinkie gave an anxious and muffled giggle. A bit of sweat was forming on her brow. She attempted a weak sort of wriggle, though it wasn’t even enough to lift up a corner of her deflated body.

Twilight Sparkle just nodded, not saying a word. The little smile she wore and the wink she gave to Pinkie said enough. She turned around and with a flick of her tail, left Pinkie to her laundry.

Pinkie continued to struggle somewhat, though a breeze blowing the clothes on the line animated her more than her own attempts at movement ever could.

Twilight sauntered along, humming a tune to herself. It may not have gone exactly as planned, but she felt quite satisfied with her revenge.

When she was a ways away from the field she had left Pinkie Pie in, Twilight looked back, just to make sure her friend was staying put.

Funny, from even just a block away, all of the clothes and towels on the line looked like completely normal laundry.

END

THE SEAMSTRESS'S CURSE

There was a chill in the air, the full moon was out and a spectral fog hung low on the ground, bathing Ponyville in an eerie atmosphere. It was the perfect mood for Nightmare Night.

Equines of all ages were out and about, trick or treating and making their way to their friend's homes for festive parties and gatherings. Applejack was no different. She was eager to spend some time with her friends, and the holiday was the perfect opportunity. She trotted along, dressed up in a comical cow-girl outfit, making her way towards Rarity's home and dress parlor.

Rarity was busy adding some final touches to her own costume: levitating a sewing needle in and out of the fabric with precision only rivaled by that of a sewing machine.

She nearly pricked herself though, when she heard someone knocking at the front door.

"Coming!" Rarity called, putting down her work and briskly trotting to the door.

Applejack stood in the doorway, striking a dramatic pose. "Howdy, Rarity! What do ya think?" She gestured to the costume. AJ had on two pairs of cowboy boots, a matching jacket, and holsters with plastic six-shooters hanging from her hips.

Rarity was surprised, but looked a bit wary. “Oh! Well, it looks... impressive!”

“Ain’t it?” Applejack beamed, before reaching over to grab a paper bag she was balancing on her back. “I got yours right here. Since your coat is white, I figured it could be fun if we painted some spots on ya, and *you* could be the cow, and *I* be the cowgirl!”

Rarity bristled at the idea, furrowing her brow and looking down her nose at her farm-raised friend. “Oh please, Applejack, you’re not *serious* are you?”

“Aww c’mon, Rarity. I still brought a cowboy hat and some other stuff for ya. Give it a shot!”

“I don’t believe I will, *but* for good reason! I’ve been working tirelessly all day on some *fabulous* costumes for the two of us!

Applejack cocked an eyebrow at that. “Huh? But you said you were way too busy with work, and that I should pick out the costumes...”

“Well yes, but I finished ahead of schedule and whipped something special up!” Rarity smirked. “Just *look* at these!”

The white unicorn gestured to a pair of mannequins illuminated by jack-o-lanterns. One wore a fantastically ornate and sophisticated outfit, covered in cobweb patterns and bejeweled spiders. The other wore a similarly fancy, but more professional, reporter’s outfit, with a camera around its neck.

“I decided that we could go as a runway model and a fashion photographer.” Rarity cooed, pleased as could be with herself.

“What? Y’all just wanna show up in a fancy dress with me snapping photos of you?”

“Oh no, Darling. *I* would be the photographer; *you* would be in the spider ensemble.”

Applejack winced and furrowed her brow, noting the corset on the outfit and the heels stuffed on the mannequin’s hooves. “I don’t know if I’m cut out to wear something like this...”

The orange earth pony trotted over to the extravagant costume, poking at it like it was some sore that had appeared on her leg overnight.

As she nudged it, the mannequins rocked to and fro, before suddenly toppling over and onto one of the jack-o-lanterns surrounding the outfits. In a flash, the candle flame caught the costumes, and the delicate fabric burst into flames.

“Woah nelly!” AJ cried, jumping on the fire and stomping it out with her hooves, smothering the flames, but leaving nothing left by a smoldering mess of ash and singed sequins behind.

Rarity was not exactly pleased by this turn of events.

“*APPLEJACK!* What did you *do!*?”

“Hey now, ah didn’t do that on purpose!” AJ stammered, feeling quite stupid for knocking the dresses over in the first place.

Rarity was fuming, gritting her teeth and getting quite frustrated with the whole ordeal. “You snub my beautiful costumes, you insist I should go as a *COW* to Pinkie Pie’s party, and now... *now...*” Rarity flung herself on a nearby fainting couch, placing the back of her hoof against her forehead. “What *ever* will we do *now?*”

Applejack pursed her lips, feeling quite guilty. “Well, if you like, I could give you my costume, and I could just go just, not dressed as anything... You could just wear what I’m wearin’.”

At this, Rarity was struck with an idea. She let out a gasp of pure inspired shock. “That’s *IT*, Applejack, darling! We can still do a matching costume after all!” She jumped up, getting in the farm pony’s face. “We’ll match *perfectly*, if we turn *you* into the costume!”

For Applejack, the temperature in the room seemed to suddenly drop. She felt a chill run up her spine. Something about Rarity’s eagerness and the impossibility of the idea filled her with dread. “You want *me* to be the costume? But... Hah, real funny, Rare. Look, maybe we can just go as sheet-ghosts and call it a night?”

The anxious pony was suddenly levitated off the ground. Rarity’s horn shimmered with a magical twinkle, moving AJ over to her work station. “Nonsense dear, this is the perfect way for you to pay me back for the dresses you ruined, *and* for us to both look fabulous!”

“Y’all can’t be serious! You’re gonna stitch me into a f-frilly blouse or something!?”

“Oh don’t be silly, Applejack. There’s no time for any sewing, but I know just what to do. Don’t worry one bit.”

Rarity pulled out a large Victorian-styled clothes wringer from a closet, wiping away a bit of dust and cobwebs. Her orange friend began to break out into a sweat at the sight of it.

“Rarity! Hold up, let’s uh, talk about this?”

“Nope! I have made up my mind. Trust me; you’ll look far better this way than you would be as a tacky *cowgirl*.”

With that, Rarity began to crank the handle of the wringer, and slowly lower her poor friend feet-first into the rollers.

The sensation of being flattened was strange to say the least. Applejack felt her hooves being squished as effortlessly as tubes of clay, spread thin and wide into a uniform sheet. Her legs came next, followed by her ample backside, forcing Rarity to crank a bit harder to get it all through.

“Huff... You know, dear, you could stand to lay-off the apple pies every now and then...” Rarity grunted, giving the crank her all.

“I-I can’t believe this... Rarity, c’mon, this ain’t funny!” AJ yelped, wincing and sweating more and more with every crank, watching from above as her body was extruded out of the lower rollers like a sheet of orange pasta.

The exhausted unicorn huffed in reply. “Oh come now, you should see yourself. I’d say this is *quite* comical...” With a sly smirk, she cranked twice as fast, delighted to see her crass friend slip through the rollers up to her neck.

Applejack squeaked, feeling her head start to slip between the stainless steel cylinders, being squashed as effortlessly as a bag of pudding. “S-slow down! I’m feeling dizzy.”

Rarity only snickered. “Take a deep *deep* breath, Applejack.” There was hardly time for another gulp of air before AJ’s head was fed through the winger. She slipped out the other side, folding into a messy pile of freckled fabric. She was about two feet wide and eight feet long. She was so disoriented that she hardly even noticed Rarity placing her lower end back into the wringer for another pass.

“We simply must get you more narrow and long, dear. But I know you’re up for the challenge.”

AJ responded with a groggy groan, unable to collect her thoughts,

let alone wriggle or move. The feeling her body being so easily morphed was pretty eerie. She only hoped this would be over soon.

After ten minutes or so of stretching and shaping, Rarity was left with a dozen yards of six inch wide orange ribbon. Somewhere along the length of fabric was a very dizzy and stretched out face, previously belonging to her friend, and unfashionable polar opposite.

Applejack felt worn out, like she could fall asleep and not wake up for a week. She could barely shiver and flex her body at this point, and talking felt unnatural. Her voice sounded distant and shallow.

“Oough... Are y’all finished yet?”

“Almost, dear, there’s just one last thing to change.”

“Oh yeah?... And what would *that* be?” AJ grumbled woozily.

“Your color, of course.” Rarity smirked, grabbing up all of the material and carrying it over to a plastic tub.

The fabric began to panic all over again, smelling the strong scent of hair dye or cleaner. She couldn’t exactly look around, but she could hear her domineering friend filling the tub with some sort of liquid.

“You don’t mean you’re gonna dunk me in...”

“Close your eyes dear, bleach isn’t good for them.”

With that, the ribbon was dipped into the solution and swirled around with an old wooden spoon. It only took ten seconds for the orange fur of the flattened pony to shift to a stark white. Aside from the color change, AJ wasn’t any worse for wear, coming out just a bit damp and grumpy.

“Blegh!... This better wash off, Rarity!”

“Don’t fret, darling. Worse comes to worse, later, I can dye your hair purple, free of charge.” The white unicorn snickered, running a hoof through her own luxurious lavender-colored mane. “I believe you’re ready to put on now. You seem just *perfect* for this application. Perhaps it was meant to be...”

Applejack was lifted up and levitated around her friend. Rarity started by wrapping one end of the white ribbon around her back leg, working her way up her soft thighs and around her rear, and then back down to the other hind leg. She wound AJ around herself like this until every inch of her was covered, Though her face was covered more loosely, acting more like a bandana or sweat band than a mask. When she tucked the free end of the fabric into place, she was a very convincing, freshly bandaged, and beautiful looking mummy.

“There! Don’t we look incredible, Applejack?” She posed in front of a large mirror, getting a good look at herself from every possible angle. “The girls are going to be very impressed with our creativity.”

There was pause. AJ didn’t reply. Rarity poked at the fabric and looked over her shoulder.

“Did you hear me, Applejack? *Hello?*”

AJ of course, did not wish to speak. She was red in the face and breaking into a flustered sweat. In the process of being wrapped, her flattened face had found itself wedged between the butt cheeks of her fabulous friend. Speaking and revealing her location was an absolute non-option. While Applejack was compulsively honest, she could still bite her tongue when needed.

“Hmm... No matter. It’s getting late! We don’t want to miss the start of the party, do we?”

As a little final clean-up, Rarity swept away the ashes of her burnt costumes and put away her supplies before trotting out the door, making her way to Pinkie Pie’s place. Every stride caused her costume to ride up a little more and tighten against her frame, cutting into her flesh slightly. It wasn’t uncomfortable, but it was certain to torture her AJ as the night went on and the costume rode up further.

The poor bandages wrapped around Rarity could only hope that the party did not go on late into the night, and pray that no one would ask why she was absent. The last thing she needed was Rarity to start bragging about the material of her costume. Applejack knew that if her friends learned about this, they may encourage Rarity to pull this stunt again *next* year.

Though AJ did have her own plans for the near future. The cold of winter was on its way, and she could use a fuzzy white and purple sweater for those long, frosty months.

END

Written by RidiculousCake, Cover art by RidiculousCake, 2023



FRIENDSHIP IS FRIGHTENING.

Everyone says that a relationship requires sacrifice, but some friends may ask for more than you can give.

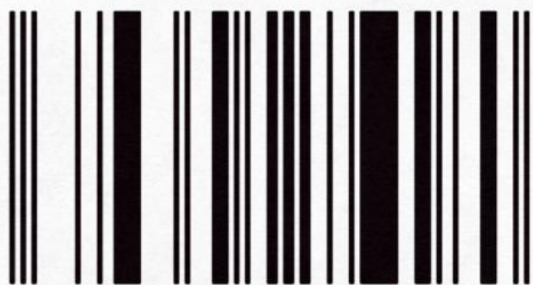
Here are three stories of twisted companionship and comradery. Fluttershy, Pinkie Pie, and Apple Jack all learn a particularly valuable lesson:

Don't let your friends take you for granted, otherwise you may get taken by your friends.

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