

RAINBOW DASH'S DREAM DINNER

Knock Knock.

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

The door opened, revealing a quite 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 had 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.

“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 the shy pony knew she had to make a run for it. With a sudden jolt, she was running off towards town, with Rainbow dash 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, it didn’t appear that many ponies were out 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 are you blushing so much, huh? Worried you may 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. The sound of Rainbow crashing into a passer-by followed, and let Fluttershy know she had a chance to escape.

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

Fluttershy peered around a corner, seeing Sugar Cube Corner just a block away. She could lay-low with Pinkie for a bit. Just long enough for Rainbow Dash to forget about this prank. Fluttershy cautiously crept towards the bakery, and slipped through the front door.

The scent of baked goods was overwhelming, as was the greeting she got from Pinkie Pie, who lept from behind the counter 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 hiding, 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 knowing smile. “Oh ho ho ho! 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, and her face burn as pink as the baker’s hair. “P-P-P-Pinkie! I-I don’t-“

Before she could reply, Pinkie shoved an apple in her mouth, eliciting only a squeak from Fluttershy. “Relaaaax, I got this! Let’s get you trussed up like a big fat 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 Shy's 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's flustered demeanor wasn't helped by having her friend caress and rub her curves. The yellow pony wasn't as thin as she wished, and the feeling of butter being mashed against her wide rump made her feel as self-conscious as she was objectified.

“Almost done!” Pinkie cheered, dusting the porky pony 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 mouthwatering 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, placing 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?”

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

Rainbow let Fluttershy slip forward until her head pressed against Dash’s lips. She gave her a little love-peck, 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 sensual affair. Dash used the platter to leverage her meal forward as she swallowed up Shy’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 were her wiggling hooves, slipping into the throat of her famished friend.

Gulp.

When all was said and done, Fluttershy was simply a curled up, squirming mass inside of Rainbow Dash's overstrained stomach. Her 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 could only blush at such comments, hearing every word of her friends banter. As mortifying as the whole day had been, she had learned a few things.

For one, she should never leave a crucial sentence unfinished.

And two... being eaten alive is far more lewd than it is painful.

THE END

