

Sweetie Belle didn't know what she was looking at. It looked like a machine of some sort, but it wasn't like anything else she had ever seen before.

This was Rarity's "secret" room, which was totally off limits to anypony else. But today, Rarity was going to be gone for almost the entire day, which meant that Sweetie Belle was finally able to look at what was on the other side of the door.

And now, all she could say, was "Huh?"

The room was not very big at all, but it had the strange contraption tucked away in the corner. It was far away from the window, too. Sweetie Belle saw that it had one little step up to a big, flat bench that stretched vertically away from the bottom step. The top of the bench was padded with red cushions, with one little cushion that stuck out a little further up than the rest right at the base. Next to the base, a short pole stuck up like a flag pole, and attached to that horizontally was a piece of flat, oval... plastic?

Sweetie Belle closed the door to the room and walked over to it. She lowered her eyebrows with curiosity, not knowing what to make of the weird looking machine. It looked like somepony was supposed to lay down over the top of it, with their back hooves on the step.

It was a massage table, maybe? But it was plugged in, so maybe a massage machine? The pole with the oval piece on it was supposed to be what gave you the massage, was her guess. Just like a hoof, probably.

Sweetie Belle's eyes opened wide. That sounded pretty neat! Maybe this was where her sister came to unwind after a long stressful day when the spa wasn't open.

Sweetie Belle hesitated to check the thing out, a part of her saying that this wasn't a good idea and that Rarity would be mad at her, but the other more

curious part of her dismissed it. She was going to be gone all day long! There was no way she could know that her little sister used her massage machine if she didn't tell her!

Sweetie Belle made her decision, and she stepped up on the little platform at the bottom and laid down over the top of the padded table. Her back hooves dangled over the back.

Nothing happened. Sweetie Belle waited for a second, disappointment growing, but then the realization hit her. It must need to be turned on! She looked over the sides on both sides of the machine, and sure enough, she saw two knobs all the way toward the bottom of the sides. Sweetie Belle had to lean pretty far down to reach them, probably because the massage machine was meant for full size ponies, she assumed. But that didn't mean a filly couldn't use it too, did it?

She looked at the knobs closer, and saw that one of them simply said "on/off" on it. It was set to off. The other one had way more numbers, from 0 all the way to 15. The knob was set to 5.

A five minute massage? Sweetie Belle thought about it, and frowned. Rarity got way longer massages at the spa, she was sure. But maybe she only used this machine when she didn't have time to go to the spa? No wonder it was so short.

Sweetie Belle thought that, if she was going to use the machine, she might as well go for the works. She turned the knob all the way to 15 and turned the other knob to "on" and then, she pulled herself back up onto the bench and laid down over it with her four legs dangling off the back and sides. She relaxed her whole body and prepared for the machine to give her a relaxing massage.

But then, suddenly, the middle of the bench, right below the padding, two halves of a big, metal ring clamped down over her back, and slowly, they tightened down until she was held in place.

Sweetie Belle yelped, surprised that the machine had clamped down over her back. She also heard the machine coming to life, the sound of turning gears from inside of it. She was relaxed before, but now she was tenser than ever. This didn't feel right.

"Umm, hello? What is this thing doing?" Sweetie Belle heard something moving behind her, but she couldn't see it over her back and shoulder. Now spooked, Sweetie Belle tried to reach back down to turn the machine off, but now that she was trapped on the bench she couldn't reach the knobs. Sweetie Belle's heart beat faster with terror.

"Umm, ok, not good, not good, umm..."

Some more gears turned in the bench, and then, she felt something else clamp around her tail, about half a foot about her dock, and pull it up into the air. Then, something awful happened. Sweetie heard something whistle in the air, and then, a sharp, echoing crack rang out in the room.

Then, Sweetie Belle felt the searing, burning hot pain in her bottom. She gasped.

"Ahh! OWWW!" Sweetie screamed with shock and pain. More sounds of gears turning, and only seconds later, a second crack landed on her butt, sharply. Sweetie Belle kicked her hindlegs out with the second strike to her rear. She was just now starting to process what was happening to her, and when the realization sank in, Sweetie Belle began to cry with horror.

This wasn't a massage machine, and that oval plastic piece wasn't massaging her. This was a spanking machine, and that oval shaped piece of plastic was a paddle.

And worst of all, Sweetie had turned the knob all the way up to 15.

A third spank landed on her butt, right across both of her cheeks. Sweetie Belle wiggled her rump and kicked her hooves, all four of them, as hard as she could, but the ring around her back was too tight to let her go. She tried again to reach down and turn the knob to off, but her front leg was too short by several inches. Now, if a fully grown mare was laying on this machine, they would have been able to turn the knob whenever they wanted to, but since Sweetie Belle was a much smaller filly and barely able to even use magic, there was nothing she could do to stop the spanking machine from whacking her butt.

Another hard, loud crack across her white bottom cheeks, and Sweetie Belle howled in pain. The gears made the same sound underneath her every time right before the paddle arm on the back swung forward, sending the paddle crashing into her butt. Every time she heard it, she knew what was coming. She tried to fight, but there was no way she could move her vulnerably tushy away from the spanking paddle. Crack!

"OWWW, nooo! No, I'm sorry! Stop! Aaaaow!" Sweetie Belle begged the machine desperately, but of course, it couldn't hear her. It did what it was designed to do, turning her white bottom dark red.

The terror of her situation was just now sinking in for real. Sweetie Belle had never been spanked before, not even once, but there was one time she had overheard her friend Apple Bloom getting it from Applejack when she went over to ask if she could come outside and play. Apple Bloom's bottom had been very red and sore, and that hadn't been fifteen minutes!

Sweetie Belle cried and cried while the spanking continued without pause. Why did Rarity even have this horrible machine? Why did she have to come into this room? It hurt so much!

“Nooo! Oww! OWWW! Whyyy!” Sweetie Belle cried loudly. The paddle never stopped thwacking her rear, turning it from white to pink to crimson red. Sweetie Belle tried to wriggle away, kick her hooves and pull away from the paddle, but she was helpless. It spanked down so hard, and her bottom was in so much pain. She cried and sobbed guiltily.

Rarity told her not to go into her secret room, but she didn’t listen. Now, she was paying the price.

“Owwwwwowwwaaaaoowwww!” Sweetie Belle’s loud cries became one loud wail of sorrow. The gears turned again, the air whistled, and the paddle thwacked her butt. Gears turn, whistle, thwack, gears, whistle, thwack...

(Some time later...)

Rarity could not believe she had forgotten it. The hat was the most important part of the whole outfit, but she had left it at home! And even worse, she did not even realize it until she was almost there, so even more time was going to be wasted.

“Ohh, I’d lose my head if it wasn’t attached to my shoulders!” She groaned. She ran briskly down Ponyville’s road and kept her eyes fixed on the front door to her Carousel Boutique. When she got there, she opened up the door and trotted inside.

The sweat messed up her fancifully swirled mane, but she didn’t slow down while she ran up the stairs to go and get the hat. She yelled up the stairs.

“Sweetie, don’t worry, it’s Rarity! I know I said I wouldn’t be back until tonight, but I forgot something for my ensemble at the show and---”

Rarity stopped talking immediately when she heard something faintly from down the hallway. She froze in her steps at the top of the stairs when she heard it.

It sounded like a sharp, echoing pop, like a burst balloon. Following that sound, she heard what sounded like Sweetie Belle cry out in pain. Rarity’s eyes widened with revelation.

“Oh, no. Is that...? No, it can’t be. She didn’t. I told her no.”

Another loud whack sounded out from down the hallway, and this time she knew she heard Sweetie Belle crying. Rarity gasped in shock, and her legs sprang forward to action. She ran up the last few stairs and down the hallway, to her secret room.

A third thwack, and “AAAOW!” went Sweetie Belle. There was no doubt in her mind anymore. Rarity used her magic to throw the door wide.

“Sweetie Belle! Hold on, I’m coming!” She ran inside, and the horrifying sight that awaited her made her heart feel like it would burst.

Sweetie Belle lay bent over the spanking machine bench, crying her little heart out. Rarity’s first thing she saw was just how badly spanked her little sister’s poor bottom now was. It was deep scarlet red, and across the middle of her bottom cheeks she could see spots of violet and brown where it had bruised her. When she turned her head, she saw Rarity, and her voice cracked with sheer joy upon seeing her.

“Oww, Rarity! Please, please turn it off! WAAHH!” The paddle thrashed her cheeks right in front of Rarity, spanking the poor filly’s butt with enough force to leave a visible dent in both side of her rump when it landed.

For a second, Rarity just stood in the doorway with shock, but she quickly got a hold of herself and ran over to the plug on the spanking machine. She used her magic, grabbed the off switch, and flipped it off.

The paddle swung forward, but with the power gone it stopped barely before it could spank its target. Sweetie sobbed and cried in sadness, guilt and agony, but also relief now that the gears were not turning anymore.

“Owww, aaahh! Rarity, I’m so-sorry, I’m sorry!” She weeped. Her butt was on fire, and she still couldn’t move or rub it, but at least she wasn’t being spanked anymore.

The metal clamps on the ring around Sweetie Belle’s back came away, and went back into the terrible machine. Once she realized she was free, Sweetie Belle scrambled off of the bench, and fell on her side on the floor. Rarity ran over to her, eyes wide with fright.

“Sweetie Belle! Oh my gosh Sweetie, are you ok?”

She picked up Sweetie Belle by the shoulders and gave her a hug. Sweetie Belle’s soaking wet face burrowed into her underside, and the poor little filly’s hooves went back to her bottom. She cried with her eyes closed, breathed rapidly, and sobbed while Rarity held onto her.

Neither of the two sisters said anything, and they sat there on the floor for a long time. When Sweetie Belle calmed down, Rarity tried to ask her a question, but it was hard for her to say the words.

“Sweetie Belle..... h-how long were you there? Oh my gosh...”

Sweetie Belle sniffled and sobbed some more, but she was conscious enough to answer her big sister's question. "I don't know... I s-set it for 15 minutes 'cause I thought it was a massage machine, but it wasn't---"

"Oh my gosh! Sweetie Belle!" Rarity gasped and covered her mouth with her hoof, which made Sweetie Belle flinch. She began to cry herself. "That wasn't 15 minutes! That was the strength knob!"

The revelation made Sweetie Belle's heart stop. Her red, weepy eyes almost popped out of her head. If that wasn't the time knob, then that meant that the machine would have kept...

Feeling the shock of her sister's words, Sweetie Belle began to cry hysterically. This time, Rarity cried with her.

That day, Rarity never visited her client.

The End... for now.,

Alternative ending

Neither pony said anything, and they sat there on the floor for a long time. When Sweetie Belle calmed down, Rarity tried to ask her a question, but it was hard for her to say the words.

"Sweetie Belle... why in Equestria did you come in here? You could have gotten... no, you did get hurt! What in Equestria were you thinking?"

Rarity sounded like a mix of angry and worried, with more of the latter. She looked at Sweetie Belle eye to eye. The little filly flinched, and said, "Because... you were gone, and I w-was curious--"

"Sweetie Belle, I told you not to come in here! I didn't want you to see the... thing in the corner! This place wasn't for anypony else!"

Rarity hugged Sweetie Belle harder. She held onto her like somepony else was trying to take her away.

Sweetie Belle cried quietly. Her bottom was still aflame with pain, but Rarity's scolding was just as painful. "I'm sorry, Rarity! I should've listened to you, I'm sorry! I won't come in here ever again, I promise!"

"And just what were you doing laying on the thing? Why in Equestria would you... Sweetie Belle?" Rarity suddenly asked with her voice quiet and very serious. "I never thought that... did you WANT it to spank you?"

Sweetie Belle shook her head no. "No! I-I thought it was a m-massage machine, so I... since you were gone I thought you wouldn't ever find out if I, you know, used it. Owwww..."

Rarity had been waiting, and when she heard Sweetie Belle answer her she had to sigh with relief. For only a moment, she thought that Sweetie Belle was somepony who was cursed to have her interests, too. But Sweetie made her relief go away instantly when she asked, "So, why do you... have it? Do you want it to, you know? S-s-spank you?"

Though Rarity was happy that Sweetie Belle was ok, she was also more than a little mad. She answered her angrily. "If you didn't come in here like you were supposed to, I wouldn't need to explain anything, you know."

Sweetie Belle flinched. She regretted asking that question right away. "I'm sorry, Rarity... you don't have to answer me---"

"Oh, I'm going to answer you, Sweetie Belle. What's happened today is not going to be forgotten, no matter how much we try to pretend it never happened." She said sharply. "But everything stays in this room, and we never speak of this to anypony. Do you understand?"

Sweetie Belle nodded her head like a bobblehead. "Yes, Rarity! Promise!"

"Good. Now, to answer your question, Sweetie Belle."

Rarity sat down on the floor. Sweetie Belle chose to stand for obvious reasons. Rarity took a deep breath.

"The reason why I have that machine is because-- how do I explain this to you? It's because, ever since I was a little filly, I just... was obsessed with it. Spanking. Did I ever tell you that one time where I made a huge mess in the kitchen when I was an older filly, and daddy spanked me for it?" She asked Sweetie Belle.

Her filly sister nodded. "Yeah, you told me. I was at school."

"I actually... did that on purpose."

"What!" Sweetie Belle looked at her like she was crazy. With her hoof rubbing her blistered bottom, she couldn't imagine why Rarity would want that. "Why? Didn't it hurt?"

Rarity smiled at her with a blush on her face. "Yes, it did... but I don't know why, I just did. And I can't explain it, but after that, I felt so much better after. That time I just did it because I wanted to feel what it was like again, since I had only been spanked once when I was a filly and I forgot what it

was like. But after that I just, you know, kept doing it. Not making messes, but spanking.”

Sweetie Belle still stared at Rarity like she had two heads. She was listening, though, and that was good enough for Rarity. She pointed at the machine. “And now, I have this machine I bought. It helps me, a lot. When I’m feeling guilty, or too stressed, it just helps. I can’t explain it, Sweetie Belle. It’s ok if you think I’m weird...”

Rarity turned away. Sweetie Belle saw how ashamed she looked for telling her all of this heavy information, and it made her feel even more guilty that she ever came into this room in the first place. She didn’t know what to say, but she eventually said something.

“No, I don’t think you’re... weird. I don’t get it, but if you like it... I won’t tell anyone. I promise!”

Sweetie Belle tried to sound supportive, feeling bad that she had learned such a deep, dark secret from her sister today because she didn’t obey. She almost thought she might get another spanking, for some reason, but she also knew that Rarity would never do that to her. Would she?

Well, if she would, then it wasn’t going to be today! Sweetie Belle’s bottom was hurting so bad that she didn’t think she would be able to sit down for a week! She sniffled.

Rarity hugged her warmly. “Good. I thank you, little sister. And for your information, there’s an icepack I keep in the freezer downstairs. Please, use it for your rump. And don’t ever, ever come back into this room again, ok?”

Sweetie Belle heard the word “icepack” and nearly had a heart attack. She smiled, painfully because of the horrible spanking she had endured, but she smiled. “Ok...Thanks, Rarity. I’m going to just go and get that now...”

Rarity’s little sister turned around and walked quickly out of the room, as quickly as a pair of spanked bottom cheeks would let her. When she turned, Rarity saw her bottom again, reminding her of just how severely Sweetie had been, accidentally, punished for coming into here without permission.

Rarity saw her client that day and showed up late. She explained that she had forgotten the hat to the outfit, something which wasn’t a lie, but not the full truth either.

Walking back home, she bought a padlock from the store for her secret room door. Later, that night, when Sweetie Belle was asleep on her tummy, Rarity went into her secret room, cast a noise proof spell she learned from Twilight, and shut the door.

The End