

"Disgusting! Absolutely disgusting," I moaned while pacing up and down my room. "Such shameful behavior, and that coming from me!"

I was at my absolute worst today and couldn't quite believe it. I was just glad Sweetie Belle wasn't there to hear my self pity. I felt so horrible for what I had done and it was eating me up inside.

I threw myself on the bed in desperation. "Oh why me?" I wailed to no one in particular. "And to think my friends shrugged it off as nothing, even assuring me it was alright!" It was true, my friends never berated me or criticized me, even though I expected them to do so... or even punish me...

I blushed slightly at the thought. The last time I 'punished' myself for acting so unladylike wasn't quite so bad...I even enjoyed it after a while. This last session with my mannequin was still very fresh on my mind and I could basically still feel the enormous length of that massive— I digress...

"No! This would simply achieve nothing," I declared. I needed something else to make me feel less guilty... something I wouldn't enjoy. Deep in thoughts, I remembered a distant memory from my foalhood where I had snuck out to go to a party. Feeling very embarrassed by the thought of it, I began considering.

"Well... I surely didn't feel so bad anymore afterwards... even though that positively hurt!" I sat upright on the bed again and tapped my chin. "Hmm, too bad Father isn't here to do that kind of thing to me," I said in a somewhat reassured manner. It may have worked out some unresolved guilt issues, but by no means I wanted to submit myself to such foolish punishment.

Already dismissing the thought and moving to the next topic, I suddenly jumped up started as the window on the far end of the room slammed shut from the wind. I looked into the direction of the noise and my gaze fell upon

the very mannequin I had in my room...the very one that had granted me such an eventful 'punishment' once.

"Maybe you could..." I mumbled before slapping myself across the cheek. "Rarity! What are you thinking? Surely you aren't considering—" And yet, I was...

I galloped over to the unmoving figure and placed my hooves on its face. "Oh, Quinn... Quinny! You don't judge me, you always listen to me. What EVER should I do?" I asked the inanimate creature of wood. I could've sworn it was my imagination but I saw its head briefly moving up and down. I rubbed my tired eyes and looked again. Surely it was still standing there, stoic as ever.

I began considering the idea even more. Like the last time, the spell needed to bring it to life for a few minutes would utterly drain my magic and leave me vulnerable like a filly. But still... it'd have my consciousness and never seriously hurt me. I bit my lip and felt my thoughts racing. The idea was alluring: a simple way to help me clear my conscience, but at the same time reducing myself to a little naughty schoolfilly. No pony would ever know, though...

I took a deep breath, calming my nerves. "Rarity," I started to myself in an attempt of pep talk, "you simply must take responsibility for your actions... even though your friends forgave you with no consequences."

I took a step back and wanted to start the spell, but felt my nerves getting the better of me. "I just can't do this! It'll hurt, it'll really really hurt and there won't be ANYTHING I can do about it." I wanted to call this silly idea off and move on, but a flashback from what happened that day suddenly struck me and I once again felt so horrible.

"No, I simply cannot live with this anymore. Someone has to set me straight again!" I took another few deep and slow breaths, steadily calming down and collecting my thoughts again. Then it was time to act.

I summoned up the magic on my horn required for the spell. I could feel the power surging through me before it all focused on the tip of my horn, gathering and growing in intensity. Then I let it all go, hitting the mannequin with all the concentrated magic I had. It shone brightly, radiating with energy, before everything became white.

When I opened my eyes again, Quinn stood before me, still pulsating with that blue aura my magic gave him. I nervously licked my dry lips once before carefully considering my next words. I already felt so much younger again...and weaker.

"Y-you know what to do... right?" I asked anxiously. He gave simple nod of his wooden head, staring at me directly even though he had no eyes. Then to my great surprise... and dread, he took a big step forward and grabbed my right ear in a surprisingly strong grip. Oh, Celestia, it was already like ages ago with Father again. The same straight-to-business mannerism when it came to punishment. He dragged me along with such determination, only one goal in mind: my big soft bed in the middle of the room.

I squealed and struggled against the grip, not like the mare I was, but like a little filly about to get spanked... and I wasn't sure if I should've felt happy or horrified about it. On the one hoof, that was what I wanted, but on the other; it was what I feared. While I had to walk along involuntarily I moved one hoof back to my white bum to tenderly rub it in dreadful anticipation.

He let me go right in front of the bed, where I instantly sat down and started tending to my abused ear. "How dare you!" I huffed angrily, looking up at him. But my anger quickly turned to terror again at what I saw. While I was

distracted with my sore ear, he had taken a seat on the bed and grabbed my beautiful oaken hairbrush off my nightstand. I was about to get the same awful hairbrushing as years ago from Father.

I looked to the floor but could feel his eerie gaze on myself. "I-I... can we maybe talk about... all this? I'm n-not so sure anymore," I stammered and fearfully glanced back up. He only shook his head curtly, patting his lap to send me the message.

I still felt so very conflicted suddenly, not a trace left of my prior resolve to go through with this. I wanted this, but at the same time I didn't want this anymore. Sadly it wasn't my decision now, but rather that of the small part of me I transmitted to the puppet waiting on the bed. He wasn't really waiting anymore as he, or rather I, knew time was running out and so the power of the spell. He chose to speed things up a little and grabbed me by my ear again, making me stand up on my hooves again and ignoring my complaints...

I was really starting to regret my decision by then, having myself degraded to a naughty foal, about to get her fanny spanked quite thoroughly. I shivered inwardly at the thought.

After some more, but useless struggling, I found myself face down over his hard lap, and staring at the floor of my bedroom. I gasped when I felt him moving my long and elegant tail out of the way, securing it on my back. He wasn't wasting any time from what I could tell.

"OWW!" I yelled when I felt the flat-backed brush connect with one of my gorgeous cheeks, and again, and again, always the same spot. He MOST DEFINITELY wasn't wasting any time. I didn't quite expect the force behind the smacks and couldn't help but trying to move myself off his lap, as he attacked the opposite cheek with the same vigor. Sadly, that little escape attempt did me no good. Quinn just pulled roughly on my tail, he still had in

his grasp, and lifted my wiggling bum inches into the air. He was so surprisingly strong and it was another reminder of my past spankings from Father. I couldn't reminisce much about it, however, because Quinn used my slightly stretched out bottom to give me a few very firm penalty spanks across both cheeks.

"Ahaaa! OWIE!" were some of the pained sounds I gave off in reaction, before he dropped me on his lap again and pressed my tail very firmly into my back this time. The mannequin effectively reduced my squirming with his strong hold on me then.

I was granted no respite, no pause, no break as I felt the brush cracking down on my poor defenseless rump at a fast pace. I couldn't suppress the tears from forming in my eyes, and surely not the shouts of agony from my mouth, while the panic started to rise inside my chest. What had I done? My magic still wasn't working and it started to sting so much I couldn't bear it anymore.

"Please STOP!" I begged him, yelled at him, but it was to no avail. I got no acknowledgement and only felt the steady beat of wood against sensitive flesh as he continued to spank my beautiful bottom oh so soundly.

Of course it was no use, it never helped when I was younger, so why would it have helped then? I would only find out way later that the part of my consciousness that took control of the mannequin were the memories of Magnum... my father. It was this fact that sealed my fate at that time, I wouldn't leave this lap until my rump was a blazing red... because that's what Father would've done.

When I felt the assault moving lower to the plump sit spots, I couldn't hold it in anymore. I cried out and felt the tears trickling down my face. The pain was intense, like holding candles to my behind.

“No moreeee! S-stop alrea-dyyy,” I half-demanded, half-pleaded, but it changed nothing. Crack after crack fell down onto my upturned bottom, biting into the most sensitive spots and leaving me writhing and crying.

I couldn't take it anymore, that creature was under my control and had to obey me, even if I changed my mind half-way through. Between wails of anguish I tried to call upon my magic again, only to realize it was still a measly dripping faucet instead of the torrential current it used to be. I couldn't even concentrate on what little magic I had with the continuous spanking, let alone do something with it.

Desperation overtook me and I reached back with my right arm, if only to shield my burning fanny for a while. “No m-more...I learned m-my lesson...I-I'm SORRY!” I wailed frantically, breathing heavily and trying to control the occasional sobs. Indeed it worked, the spanking had stopped and Quinn even let go of my back and tail. Elation was an understatement, I felt so incredibly relieved.

But it all came crashing right down again when I felt that lifeless hoof gripping my own and roughly yanking it away. It was pressed firmly into my back and tail again, which I still hadn't moved, held in a vice grip.

“Please n-no...” I sniffled, cursing myself again for coming up with that idea in the first place. Next I felt the hairbrush being tapped at my bottom a few times and I imagined the disapproving look of my father along with his words the last time I reacted like this, ‘You know better than to reach back and block, Rarity. All it's getting you is a longer spanking.’

The brush smacked my flank again sharply, I noticed the difference right away. It was much harder than before, I must've upset the magically moving puppet a lot. But there was nothing anymore that I could do now, and believe me, I tried. No matter how much I struggled, neither my hoof

nor my tail came loose. My free hoof clutched the bedsheets tightly as if only to do anything to take my mind off the unbearable fire in my haunches.

Those, by far the hardest, smacks had me bawling and blubbing for real. I felt a constant stream of tears and snot flowing down my face as I lost every last shred of dignity I had in this situation. Each contact with the brush felt like an explosion of pain in my very sore rear. I wouldn't have been surprised if it was beet red by then, but there was still no end in sight and that was what really terrified me.

"P-pleaseee! PLEASE, I'm sorryyy!" Those were about the only words I could still form in the midst of my bawling. I felt so much like a filly again, a naughty filly that would have a lot of trouble sitting the next day.

"AHOWW! I'm sorryyy DADDYYY!" I screeched, flailing my legs as much as I could. I choked on my sobs a few times, but there was nothing I could do, nothing else but to focus on but the inferno in my fanny.

The whacks were slowing down although they still carried the same amount of force, not that it mattered at all. Such bits were lost on me then. I felt myself getting more and more exhausted by the ordeal, while still wailing every time the brush impacted on my cheeks again, never where I'd expect it.

Then suddenly after what felt like an eternity, it was over, the brush fell down on the bed before me. I could still make it out through my blurry eyes. It was over, at last, I told myself. No more fresh pain with each crack of this dreadful hairbrush, only the still burning wildfire in my poor, poor rump. The pressure on my back had also faded and I was free to roll off the lap of my puppet and just laid on the edge of the bed with my bum pointed into the air and my hooves furiously rubbing the sting out. "Owowow!" I hissed at the faintest contact, but it didn't matter, it started to feel better after a bit.

Seconds, minutes, hours passed, I don't know. I was just laying there, trying to get my sobbing and crying under control, staining my sheets with drool and snot. I finally managed to look up at my tormentor and saw him looking back at me unsure what to do. He may have been a mannequin and not as soft as a pony, but I needed some comfort right then, so I didn't care. I lifted my fore hooves, silently pleading him to pick me up. He seemed to hesitantly comply, as if aware of his own shortcomings for this task, but still embraced me tightly in his arms.

The tears I just got under control were back in an instant, as I let out all of my sorrow, sitting there in his lap on my sore bum. After a while I calmed down once again, reaching down with one hoof to gently caress that tender flesh; it still hurt so much, and would continue to do so for a while.

"I'm sorry..." I muttered for a final time in the embrace. As I looked into the wooden face of the puppet, I could've sworn it was somehow smiling at me, even though it had no facial features. It must've been my imagination then.

It was also then, that I noticed his arms retracting from me and reaching over my head, coming close together and staying there. Same for his legs... Before I even realized it, the mannequin fell to the side, drained of its magic, while I fell down on the bed, feeling the fabric of my sheets pressing into my behind. Even though it was the softest material I knew, it was feeling so scratchy on my fanny.

With my regained magic I moved the puppet back to its holder by the window and prepared to go to sleep myself. I decided to spend the night on the sheets rather than under them for...reasons. With a last burst of magic I opened up a window while laying down fully on my belly and feeling the cool evening breeze wash over my exposed cheeks.

"Never again," I told myself, closing my eyes and thinking of my now clear conscience. This had to be the single most painful experience in my whole

life so far. And yet, I felt a lot better about myself already. A small part of me thought that it wasn't as horrible as I've felt before the spanking.

"...well, maybe again... if I deserve it," I mumbled sleepily. Those were the last words coming from me before sleep embraced me gently for dreams without a worry in the world.

THE END