Delinquent Defanged
by TeikoInaba

Summary

A story set in Lurking Dragon's "Rejuve Universe" (google it for a good explanation!)

In which a rowdy young delinquent gets his comeuppance, and eventually learns the value of being good. Hopefully.

Notes

warning for: strictly nonsexual shota and loli, gratuitous spankings, minor mentions of diapers and them being used, de-aging, more spankings, and some pretty goofy dialogue i look back on and am embarrassed by.

if you're not familiar with the setting, PLEASE READ THIS FIRST: http://spankingart.org/wiki/Rejuve_Universe none of this will make sense otherwise

hahaha OH GEEZ i'm finally putting this up on A03. i've had it on wattpad literally for like a year but this might get me a new audience/spread the love for this weird and wonderful storyverse.

my version of the setting is inspired mostly by lurking dragon's original "melody stories" and red dragon/palcomix's "jade growing up again" comic series.

characters veeebery mildly modeled on ones from preexisting stuff but they're so far removed from the original i wouldn't call this a fanfic.
Prologue

Parker Oliver Pearson-- a young man largely unknown to most of the world, but infamous to everyone he met.

He was a babyfaced young man of just 23 years old, but beyond his cherubic looks lied a sense of reckless, unbridled energy. Parker wanted nothing more than for everyone to know his name, to hold him in high regard and treat him like a star, regardless of whether or not he deserved it. And deserve it he certainly did not. His complete lack of self-preservation was coupled with an ego about ten sizes too big, all culminating in a personality that many of his friends were surprised hadn't gotten him in hot water sooner than now.

But finally came the straw that broke the camel's back. During a night out drinking with a few close friends (read: the only ones who could stand being around him), Parker ran into a particularly rude individual on the way back from a local bar. In his booze-and-adrenaline-riddled mind, starting a fight with a stranger made perfect sense to the reckless youth. A few drunken scuffles were commonplace on this side of town, but things quickly got a little more heated as Parker reached into his pants pocket and pulled out a switchblade, clearly with the intent to harm his newfound opponent with a severity that went above and beyond the usual inebriated brawl.

Parker got in a few good swings at the other man before he felt his arm grabbed harshly from behind. As luck would have it, someone saw what was going on and had alerted the authorities. They hadn't even seen the weapon Parker had pulled out, but they knew things could escalate quickly...and they did.

Before Parker could say anything to the law official that had grabbed him, he was met with a spray of liquid in his face that made him lose consciousness near immediately-- artificial Delta wave induction spray, a powerful sedative used on particularly violent captives in situations such as this. As his awareness faded, Parker almost swore he saw an expression of relief on one of his friends' face. As if they had been waiting for this.

Truth be told, this particular incident wasn't all Parker was being held accountable for. The officer that had grabbed and sedated him also took the time to ask the young man's friends a little more about him for a better idea of what his sentence would be like. Somehow, Parker had gotten away with far more deeds than he should've-- drug abuse, driving while intoxicated, illegal acquirement of various weapons, disturbing the peace...he had usually managed to run out of whatever town he was in before they caught him. But everyone's luck had a stopping point, and he had finally met his.

The officer gave a stern nod to Parker's friends before loading the unconscious youth into the back of his vehicle. Once in the driver's seat, the officer turned on his communicator to speak with the corrections office.

"We found an...interesting one this time. Wanted for multiple offenses, though none of them terribly severe-- I'd say a Y-rep isn't in order. But this boy's tenacious. We'll need a particularly strong set of parents to 'tame' him. Prepare the rejuve chamber, we'll be there in a minute."

Parker was in for a rude awakening-- he had been sentenced to Judicial Rejuvenation, at least four cycles of ages 4-10, possibly more depending on the severity of his behavior, and all the 'lovely'
corporal punishment that came with such a sentence. He had only heard about this treatment in frightened whispers and rumors from his fellow troublemaker friends...a few of whom had later gotten caught themselves and were now serving their sentences as Penitatas. Parker was so sure he’d never suffer the same fate.

Karmic retribution was finally coming for the young man, in a way that would be sure to leave an...impact.
Chapter 1

Parker's eyes shot open and his body still seemed stuck in when he last was awake-- he was ready to throw a punch at the nearest bystander.

That is, if he could feel his limbs.

As he came to, Parker suddenly realized he was in a /very/ different place. A room nigh-featureless, sterile, and cold. And even more concerningly was the fact that, try as he might, Parker couldn't seem to will his body to move in the right way...and that he seemed to be lying on what resembled an operating table. In the nude.

"Oh, looks like our little troublemaker's finally awake!", a cheerful voice called out, its owner walking briskly towards the confused young man. "Don't bother trying to move," affirmed the young woman in a labcoat now standing next to him, "Your SecurBand is keeping you still-- for your safety and ours."

"J-just what the fuck is going on?!", the confused young man yelled, his blue eyes darting around wildly trying to take in his surroundings. Before he could utter another accusatory statement, the young woman placed her finger over his lips.

"You'd better watch that mouth of yours," she teased, "I don't think your new parents will li-- ow!"

In an act of defiance, Parker bit the woman's finger. Quickly, her cheerful countenance gave way to one of irritation, clearly not in the mood to deal with Parker's unruliness.

"You do know what's going on, don't you?", she said coldly, "You're not getting out of this one...your luck's run out, brat. You've been sentenced. Judicial rejuvenation, 3 cycles of--"

Before the woman could finish her explanation, Parker began to...for lack of a better word, freak out. His cockiness had disappeared, and his expression was one of utter panic. "Th-th-this is inhumane! I didn't do anything that bad, did I?! C-come on, please...anything but this!"

The woman gave him a cold-hearted smirk as she began prepping him for the rejuvenation process. Ignoring the young man's increasingly panicked pleas, she made sure his body was clean both inside and out, much to his humiliation.

"I'll let you enjoy these last few moments of adulthood..."

The woman slowly brought a small spray bottle up to Parker's face, making this the second shot of artificial delta-induction he'd been given that day. She sighed in relief as the young man lost
consciousness, and wheeled the table he was on into the rejuvenation chamber. "You're someone else's problem now."

The women who paid to watch the rejuvenation peered curiously at the young man's nude body--even at his current age, he still had a very youthful look to him. A lithe, flexible body, blond hair styled in an adorable pageboy cut, and although they were closed at the moment, his genetic markup noted his bright blue eyes, sparkling with an innocent look that betrayed his true nature.

So, needless to say, as the rejuvenation device ran and his body began getting smaller, his looks seemed to fit his age more and more by the second. As a little boy, he looked positively cherubic. The spectators smiled almost derisively, somewhat jealous of whoever the boy's new parents would be-- Parker truly made a very cute child, and with his rambunctious personality on top of that, made for an endearingly spankable little one.

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Elsewhere in the building, a young woman and her husband sat nervously in the waiting room. Well, the wife was more ecstatic than plain nervous, but both of them had a distinct feeling of anticipatory restlessness nonetheless.

Noel Patterson, the aforementioned wife, had only recently moved to this colony, alongside her husband. Noel was a bright young woman, but a rather peculiar one as well-- her appearance being only the least odd thing about her. And that was still pretty mysterious...it wasn't often you saw a pretty young thing in her early 20s with stark-white hair and dark, almost doll-like black eyes.

Though her countenance was rather ghostly, she had a generally cheerful disposition. Almost a little too cheerful...she could speak of the most uncomfortable subjects with the same kind smile she'd use for everyday frivolities. Beneath her serene visage beat the heart of a woman with...markedly strange taste in entertainment. A freelance artist in her spare time, she applied to be a penny parent after realizing she'd fit the bill quite well-- she enjoyed being in charge of others, especially cute children, and would gladly punish them if need be. Judicial rejuvenation was still not widely used in her area, so when an opening came up for a home in a penitetas-rated neighborhood the next colony over, she jumped at the chance to be a part of this, with her nervous husband dragged along behind her.

Said husband, Victor Crowley (Noel had chosen to keep her last name even though they were a married couple), was far less an interesting character. A quiet, bookish man with a quiet, bookish life-- he was a librarian after all. He prided himself on being an intellectual, logical sort, an amusing contrast to Noel's free-spirited artistic eccentricities. Together, they were an interesting coupling of left-brained and right-brained sensibilities that, though dysfunctional, made for a surprisingly competent pair of disciplinary parents.

"I'm so excited we finally get to prove ourselves, aren't you, dear?”, Noel chirped happily, her eyes darting about the waiting room anticipatorily. All the response she got from her husband was a quiet nod; it was clear he was a bit less excited about this prospect. Crowley liked his life being calm and organized, free from chaos-- and from what he had heard about the penny that would soon be in him and his wife's care, chaos was very clearly on the forefront.

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The process had ended. Parker Pearson, once a hot-blooded delinquent, was now but a child. An angelic-looking little blond boy, still sleeping away under the delta waves' effect. As the rejuve
technician from before picked up his sleeping body and carried him out of the chamber, she couldn't help but laugh a bit. She had heard his new parents would be first-timers, so she certainly hoped they knew what they were getting into.

The room directly outside the chamber was a small, plainly-decorated area with a few beds and some racks of child-sized clothing. It was here that Parker would meet his family...as the woman set him on the bed and walked away, she heard a door in the opposite direction open behind her--right on schedule, the aforementioned parents entered the area.

"Isn't he just lovely, dear?"

Noel gleefully sauntered up to the sleeping boy and smiled, softly touching his face before picking him up, "Hard to believe a little doll like him could get into so much trouble!"

"Crowley? Be a dear and pick out an outfit for him while we finish up."

At her command, Crowley nodded and turned toward the clothing rack, occupying himself with this as his wife took care of other matters.

Resting the little boy on her shoulder, Noel carried him to the post-rejuve preparation rooms to clean him up and get him diapered, as well as get his nanoweb installed and the tattoos on his hands to mark his status as a penitatas.

Crowley had been diligently standing at the door upon her return, holding in his hand a simple yet cute-looking outfit for the boy. The clothing the rejuve facility provides never really differed much aside from color, the boy's clothing being a simple sailor-styled shirt and matching shorts. Crowley had pickrd out a set with a white and red color scheme and handed it over to his waiting wife, who set Parker's still-sleeping body onto the bed and got him dressed. No sooner had she finished putting the boy's clothing on as he began to fidget, finally waking up. His long eyelashes fluttered a few times before his bright blue eyes slowly opened and he sat up in a daze.

"W-what...", he mumbled in drowsy confusion, "What's...going on...?"

"Good morning, little darling!", Noel said to him with a beaming smile, "Did you sleep well? Your new father and I wouldn't want you to miss any of this exciting new day!"

"New...fathe--", realization struck Parker all at once and he awoke fully, now in a panic. "N-no, this can't be happening!"

He made an attempt to run away, but found his limbs moving rather clumsily. His muscle memory had been affected by the rejuvenation process, leaving him with far less control than he had before. His parents held him down before he could get off the bed, but he doubted he'd get very far anyway.

Crowley, his new father, finally spoke up-- "Calm down, please! You're going to h-h-hurt yourself if you keep that up!"

There was a clear tinge of nervousness in the man's voice. He looked back towards his wife in a panic, and was relieved to see she had come prepared; Noel reached into her purse and grabbed her "Mother's Helper" paddle, having had it at the ready the whole time. She knew her boy would be an unruly one, after all.
That tipped off yet another frenzied attempt at escape, Parker now wailing in fear as his little limbs wriggled in his father's grasp. He had always been emotional, and the nanoweb overriding his "adult" thoughts only made things worse. But all this drama was to no avail, and soon the little boy was over his mother's lap, his tiny legs locked firmly between her thighs to prevent any further escape attempts.

"Parker, I know this is going to be difficult to adjust to," Noel said calmly as she pulled down the boy's shorts and his diaper, revealing his pale little bottom, "but your father and I are prepared to do whatever it takes to improve your behavior. It's definitely not going to be easy on you, but you should've thought about that before you went and did so many naughty things! And to act up like this right after meeting us? Shame on you!"

Crowley held Parker's wrists and looked at him apologetically. Soon the little boy calmed down, resigning (at least for the moment) to his fate. Teary-eyed and silent, he waited for the inevitable...

[SMACK!]

He let out a pained squeal, his tiny body squirming pathetically despite his parents restraining him. Though the Mother's Helper paddle was lightweight and small, it was still horribly painful. The stinging pain burned through his backside, as Noel brought down her arm once more for another hard spank. After the initial two swats, she picked up the pace a little, the strikes being lighter now but in such a quick succession that the pain was a near-constant burn.

[THWAP! SWAT! SMACK! SPLAT! THWACK!]

The familiar sound of a well-deserved punishment echoed from the small room, and the woman working at the front desk smiled, knowing the little boy was in good hands. It wasn't long before Parker's last shred of dignity left him, and he was bawling helplessly betwixt his mother's knees.

After a minute or so more of this agonizing first spanking, Noel finally stopped. She breathed a little sigh of relief, the vigorous spanking having tired her out a bit. And judging by the soft, defeated whimpers coming from her little boy, he was pretty worn out as well. Crowley grabbed Parker and held him up weakly as Noel re-clothed the sobbing boy. Parker was far too worn out to resist at this point, but his body still tensed up a bit as the diaper met his sore, cherry-red little bottom.

Noel took Parker into her arms, resting him slightly on her hip and letting his head drape over her shoulder. She rubbed his back comfortingly, "I know it hurts, little one, but that's just how these things work...I suppose we won't need to turn on the delta inducer for your afternoon nap today, hm?"

Parker nodded softly as he felt himself fall asleep, carried out of the facility and into his new life.
Yet again, Parker had another odd situation to wake up to. He felt his shoulder being gently prodded, and his eyelids fluttered open, his crystal blue eyes gazing listlessly at who had awoken him. A nervous-looking man with glasses and dark, dishevelled hair looked down at him, smiling oddly. Parker quickly awoke once he had realized just where he was and what was happening-- he was strapped in a carseat, being woken by his new father. The boy gave a squeak of fear and wriggled indignantly in his seat as his father unbuckled him.

"I know it's an odd situation to wake up to," Crowley stated matter-of-factly as he fought his child's flailing arms, "but it's necessary for your eventual rehabilitation-- you'd at least prefer this over being incarcerated, wouldn't you?"

Parker shot him a puzzled look and tried to figure out what that strange word meant, "Incar...carsur...huh?"

Crowley took the boy's little moment of confusion as an opportunity to catch the boy off guard and pick him up, slinging him over his shoulder as he answered, "Jail. It's either this or you'd go to jail. Such a terrible, archaic practice, this one is fa-- hey!"

The man's habit of rambling cost him a rare moment of calmness as Parker once again began flailing his little limbs, this time accompanying his frantic movements with a terrified cry.

"I-I'd do just fine! This is what's the bad one! I'd take a death sentence over this! I don't...I don't wanna...WAAAAAH!"

Parker's emotions quickly overrode his thinking, and he began to sob bitterly-- the nanoweb was doing its job, overriding his adult thought processes. Crowley just sighed and walked through the front door of his home, his eyes twitching ever so slightly in annoyance at the screaming child almost directly in his ear.

Noel, meanwhile, had walked into the house far before her husband and 'son', choosing to go ahead and prepare what needed to be done to welcome Parker into his new life. She grabbed the frustrated child from her husband, giving the beleaguered man a sympathetic smile. This wouldn't be easy on any of them, but that's just how this goes.

"Don't squirm so much dear, it only makes this harder," she said and administered a small (yet sharp) warning smack on the boy's diapered bottom. Feeling an inordinate amount of 'give' on Parker's padded backside, she giggled a bit, "But I suppose a diaper change is in order before today's main event~"

Parker cringed at her words-- yet another layer of humiliation to this already-unbearable situation.
But being clean would at least provide a bit more comfort...if only for a moment. Parker surrendered quietly as his mother carried him to his bedroom, laid him down, and proceeded to expose his lower half and clean him off. His face burned in humiliation-- despite all the precautions taken to make sure his mind was in a more childish state, he still thought quite highly of himself, and to be treated like this was just mortifying.

He gazed listlessly around his room as Noel cleaned him, noticing the decorations were...sparse. Pennies didn't get the luxuries most kids did, after all. All he had was a bed, a closet and chest of drawers for clothing, and a rather tasteless nightlight-- one that glowed red, and was shaped like...well, an ass. Parker sneered quietly at his parents' sense of humor about his predicament...

As soon as his little bottom and boy-parts were clean, Noel stood him back up. Parker looked up at her, confused, "W-weren't you just gonna--"

"Weeeelll~," Noel smiled down at him to explain the situation, "even if we got you clothed again, it'd just be taken off again right away! We still haven't given you your proper welcoming..."

Parker gasped a little shriek of terror and tried clumsily to run away-- only to be met by his father's legs as he walked into the doorway, unintentionally blocking the way out.

"Sorry love, I thought I'd misplaced the-- oh my, what's this?"

Crowley peered down at the small boy trying to fight him off and sighed. This child was just asking for trouble with the way he acted...Crowley quickly stepped into the room and closed the door behind him before Parker could escape, "Terribly sorry, young man...it's the rules, you know?"

Parker charged at Crowley's legs, his tiny fists flailing. Noel just giggled, shook her head, and picked up the disobedient little boy. Sitting down on the bed, she placed Parker on his feet in front of her and gripped his shoulders sternly, looking at him with her usual calm smile-- one that belied the strength she held him with, creating an odd juxtaposition that frightened Parker enough to shut him up.

"Parker David Patterson," Noel began, "are you aware of what you've done, and why you're in this position?"

The little boy squirmed in her grasp, intimidated but still 'himself' enough to try and plead his case...

"F-fuck off!"

...or just make things even harder for him.

Noel's patience ran out, and she swiftly picked him up and placed him over her lap. Though her face still carried that same calm smile, there was a definite tone of anger in her voice, "Well, I see how it is...Crowley dear, start the camera, will you?"

A small *beep* noise activated, and Crowley walked nervously towards Noel and Parker, hologram held in his trembling hands. Oh, Parker thought, that's why he was late...figures, it'd just be something to make this situation more fucking humiliating...

"Now, where were we...?", Noel continued, brandishing in her hand a solid-looking wooden hairbrush, "Parker David Patterson, where do we even begin? You've caused so much trouble and done so many cruel things..."
Parker knew there was no getting out of this now-- he began to sob quietly, fearing the inevitable as his mother continued to scold him.

"Fighting, stealing, public disturbances, not to mention the drug abuse...you should've been caught and reprimanded a long time ago. Well, it's time to make up for your lifelong bad behavior, you little devil-- I hope you're ready for it!"

Crowley blushed a bit as he heard his wife's little 'speech'...her calmly domineering attitude was what attracted him to her in the first place. He gulped loudly in anticipation as he observed her readying up her arm to...

[SMACK! WHACK! THWAP! SMACK!]

The real punishment began-- this morning's little attitude adjustment had only been a teaser for the main event.

Noel's attack on Parker's bottom was swift, hard and merciless. She had hardly even begun and the despondent little boy was already flailing and crying loudly, just as any boy his age was wont to do. His defiance from just moments before had vanished, and with the nanoweb to back his emotional response, he was reduced to a sobbing mess.

"M-MAMA, I'M SORREEEEE!", he wailed through the rain of stinging swats on his poor little butt, "I'M-- OW!-- S-S-SO SORRY!"

Noel continued through his carrying on, smacking the little criminal's ass quite harshly...the hairbrush was a lot more painful than the Mother's Helper paddle from earlier was too...

After a few more minutes of gratuitous-seeming (in truth, this was just what he needed-- not that Parker would believe that) spanks, Noel finally stopped, and sighed in satisfaction. The child on her lap had stopped his dramatic pleas of remorse and was simply lying there face-down on his mother's lap bawling away...Noel giggled quietly as she noticed just how good of a job she seemed to have done, Parker's walloped little backside now a uniform blush of throbbing, burning red. She gestured towards Crowley to turn off the camera, and he did so dutifully, his expression still appearing rather flustered. In truth, he felt quite bad for the Penny now in his care...he just loved seeing his wife acting so domineering, so a little part of him couldn't bear to ask her to go easier on the poor boy. She had never gone easy on Crowley himself, who asked to be punished, so he knew she wouldn't hold back on someone who actually deserved it. Crowley bowed ever-so-slightly toward Noel and left the room to load the video onto a holo-chip and, in the meanwhile, get some lunch made for him and his wife. Parker would be put down for his nap soon, and probably would be too tired to eat until later that night.

Parker had tired himself out with all his flailing and crying, and simply lay there in quiet despair. He barely even reacted when Noel picked him up and set him back on his feet. His legs shook a little, but he stood before her dutifully still, just wanting this hell to be over already. Sadly, that was very far from the truth-- the 'fun' had only started...

"Now that we've given you your first welcome home, I believe it's time to do something about that foul little mouth of yours..."

A panicked "eep!" was all Parker could say before Noel grabbed his little wrist and led him into the bathroom. Noel almost appreciated how intense Parker's emotional responses could get, as he was far easier to deal with once he had tired himself out after throwing a tantrum.

"Profanity is not accepted in this household, young man!", Noel said as she grabbed a child-sized
toothbrush from the counter and applied to it a liquid that Parker couldn't help but notice did not resemble toothpaste, "Especially not from a naughty little Penny like you! Open up, it's time we cleaned that filthy tongue!"

Oh. Oh no. Parker's fighting spirit got a bit of a second wind and he shakily tried to back away, only to be met with a shock of pain as his butt hit the wall-- he forgot he was pantsless, and the throbbing pain in his well-spanked rear flared up when it collided with the bathroom wall, causing him to yelp and jump forward, right back into his mother's arms. She gently grabbed his tiny jaw and held his mouth open, and began brushing his teeth with what he knew now was soap.

Created specifically with Penitatas in mind, Penny Mouth Soap was hellish. It was bitter, weird, and just plain unpleasant-tasting, as well as ridiculously strong. He'd be tasting this for quite a while afterwards.

Still acting as limp and tired as he could manage, Parker waited until Noel had her guard down to bite at her finger. She was onto him, of course, and withdrew her hand quickly from his mouth as soon as he tried.

She shook her head in disappointment as she held the boy up to the sink to wash the foam from his mouth, "You could've made this easy for yourself, and yet..."

His mouth now rinsed thoroughly, though still tasting strongly of soap, Parker was grabbed by the ear and frog-marched back to his bedroom. Noel set him sternly down onto his bed, and grabbed her Mother's Helper paddle once more.

"Naptime could've been much easier for you, but you had to go and try to catch me off-guard...mommies always know when their bad little Penny is up to something, and never let them go unpunished."

Noel swiftly flipped Parker over so his backside was exposed once more, and gave a good few dozen smacks to his sore bottom. She was going somewhat easy on him for now, considering what he'd have in store after his nap, but to him it made no difference. Parker dug his fingers into the comforter on his bed and clenched it in trembling hands. But as soon as his punishment started, it seemed to end just as quickly. He overheard Noel walking away, and the rustling of plastic...oh, right. He was still pantsless. (And not yet potty-trained. Well, retrained, technically.)

But what Noel held in her hands as she approached the boy was not a plain, featureless diaper like the Rejuve facility had put him in. Noel held up the undone garment for a moment to let Parker get a good look at it.

The plastic on the outside was white, but there were two notable designs added on it-- the taping panel had a pattern on it, of little paddles and hairbrushes. And the back of the diaper, where his bottom would be covered, had two red handprints printed on it.

Seriously?, Parker thought. He was far too tired to deal with trying to delay it at this point, so he lied back and pouted as his mother powdered him and began putting the diaper onto him.

"Rather cute, isn't it?", Noel mused, "Seems that company that makes normal punishment underwear finally realized what they had been missing...untrained Pennies are just as deserving of things like this!"

Wait, 'punishment underwear'? Parker tried to figure out what Noel was talking about, but soon it was clear-- something in the seat of the diaper was irritating the skin of his bottom, as if little plastic points were prodding at him.
"Consider this a preview of what's to come once you're potty trained...a naughty boy like you needs a set of Bee-riefs ASAP!"

Bee-riefs (the male equivalent to Pain-ties) were well known in Rejuve family culture—insidiously designed little undergarments that had rigid nylon threads sewn into the back designed to poke into a poor Penny's spanked bottom. The company behind these had recently come out with a line of diapers as well, with a similar function. There was only one 'level' to their intensity, but the sheer embarrassment of wearing one was a pain in and of itself, which Parker was feeling quite strongly.

Noel sat the boy up (earning another wince of pain from him) and swiftly removed his shirt, "It's a little warm today, I think this will be fine for your nap...sleep well, little dear."

With that, she smiled and activated the Delta inducer above his bed, which put the boy to sleep almost immediately. Noel left the room, and headed downstairs to meet her husband in the kitchen. Lunch would be a good time to discuss their newfound job as Penny parents...
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

uh? there's verrrryyyyy brief description of enema use in this chapter-- nothing detailed or gross, but still

By the time Noel had made it downstairs, Crowley was already at the kitchen table, having prepared lunch along with some coffee for the two of them. Considering today's excitement was far from over, they'd be needing it.

"I swear it's like you're the wife sometimes," Noel joked as she sat down and grabbed her mug of coffee, sipping it thoughtfully. "So, think you're ready for your duties later, dearest?"

'Duties' meaning the one thing Crowley hadn't done the entire day...he was to give Parker a spanking at the end of the day. Crowley was a very timid man, definitely not the disciplinarian type, but it'd be unfair to expect just one parent to do all the work, especially considering that their new little boy certainly seemed defiant. The man sighed and flipped through a book he had next to him on the table, reading its contents anxiously.

"The parenting manual does say we should both dole out punishments more or less equally," Crowley muttered, "lest Parker begins to fear one of us...t-to be honest, I'm afraid at this rate he might go past picking sides and just hate both of us."

Noel ruffled her nervous husband's hair to try and comfort him, "He's certainly a stubborn one, but not the worst case out there...it might be challenging at first, but we need to get the assimilation process going as smoothly as possible to prevent things going awry."

Parker had been an odd case sentencing-wise-- his crimes technically not enough to earn him a cycle as a Y-rep, but certainly enough to keep him in the younger years for a while...though most of his crimes were simply general delinquency, he has a tenacious attitude that matched the cockiness of someone who had done much worse. The stage from adult-mind to child-mind would be very hard on him, as he was the type to resist until the bitter end...it was a trait hard-wired into his personality from birth. This confidence in and of itself wasn't necessarily bad, it was the way he behaved that was the problem.

"Perhaps we should...hm...", Crowley thought as he looked through the pages of his beginners' Penny parenting manual for ideas, "The guide here says positive reinforcement and instilling a sense of obedience with emphasis on how it's for his own good may be helpful..."

"Don't go so fast, darling," Noel replied with a nonchalant sip of her coffee, "remember, we're dealing with a pretty assertive one here. Behavioral conditioning is the most important part of this stage, after all..."

Crowley nodded and set his cup down on the table, sighing, "I just don't think I'm ready to...you know."

"Dearest, don't worry so much!", Noel reassured him, "It's not like you could accidentally do any serious damage...and it's only the hairbrush, we don't have a paddle for him yet. Although that
should be our next priority..."

Several minutes passed without issue, the two parents spending the rest of their time chatting idly and discussing frivolous topics. Crowley's nerves seemed to have calmed significantly by the time he was to wake Parker from his nap, so that was promising. Maybe he could do this...

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Parker awoke to a knock at his door, delirious and confused. He was in an unfamiliar room...his body felt strange...he was almost completely nude except for--

Oh, right. That happened. He had been holding onto the quiet hope that it had been just a nightmare...

His father let himself in without knocking, and Parker glared contemptuously at him. It was going to take a while to get used to this-- Parker doubted he ever would, but his parents knew better. The nanoweb would do its job making his mind more flexible, and eventually the newly-sentenced Penny would be used to his new life and on the path to a better one.

But right now, the little boy was having absolutely none of it. He wrapped himself up in his blanket and scowled. Crowley walked nervously over to the bed where his little boy was, and reached out to him to pull the blanket off, "Don't make this any harder than it needs to be, young man...besides, don't you want a bath? I'm quite sure you need one!"

Parker blushed and nodded, making Crowley smile a bit. The boy was pretty cute once you looked past his attitude problem. He got up reluctantly, staring at the ground in shame as his father led him to the restroom.

In the bathroom, Crowley knelt down to undress his fidgeting child, but Parker pushed his hands away. "Lemme do it!", the petulant toddler insisted. Crowley sighed, grabbing the blond child's shoulder and giving him a sympathetic-yet-stern look.

"Parker, it's the rules. You have to let your parents do these things for you...in case you haven't noticed, you're...well, a child now. And you have to accept that."

Parker looked fearfully into the mirror and was gripped with the reality of his situation in a more concrete manner. Looking at his reflection, any former threatening aura had left him-- he was now a cherubic little boy, blushing and scowling in his daddy's grasp. This momentary distraction gave Crowley enough time to take Parker's diaper off (thankful he had only wet) and turn the boy up over his knee. Which, inevitably, snapped Parker out of his spacing-out and right back into flailing baby-rebellion. Crowley gingerly smacked the boy's bottom, which made him freeze up.

"No, no, we're not doing that right now...we've got to clean your insides before your bath."

Crowley left this statement rather matter-of-factly, and grabbed the enema bulb he had prepared. As the enema was administered, Parker squirmed and whined, but his father held onto him to keep him (relatively) still and explain the reason for what he was doing. "This isn't another punishment, it's necessary for your health-- I don't think you want to know what happens when a newly-rejuved person doesn't get the excess, erm...'matter' flushed out of their insides as quickly as possible. It's quite gruesome!"

Parker sighed in irritation-- both at the discomfort, and at just how much his father talked. He was so quiet before, but now he seemed to ramble endlessly...

"All right, time's up! I'll look away while you do what you need to do..."
Crowley set Parker down, put a child-sized seat cover on the toilet, and picked the boy up again to sit him on it. An awkward moment passed as the small boy relieved himself, scowling in abject humiliation the whole time. Crowley wiped him off afterwards and started the bath, not wasting even a moment of time. Crowley was rather 'mechanical' with his parenting, as he was very rigidly following the instructions he had read in the parenting manual. It almost made things seem just a bit impersonal...

After the bath, Crowley dried his pouting Penny off and diapered him again, using the same Pain-tee-esque diapers Parker was put in earlier-- more of a preemptive measure than anything. The nervous father grabbed his son's hand gently and led him back into the bedroom, where he picked out a pair of pajamas and dressed him. "You seem a bit less energetic than earlier...are you feeling all right, boy?"

Parker rolled his eyes and sneered, "Creep...how can I be okay with any of this?! L-look at me, I'm..."

Unable to contain his frustration in a better way, Parker wailed in anger and collapsed dramatically onto the floor, flailing his little arms and throwing a temper tantrum so stereotypical it nearly made his father crack up laughing. Stifling his laughs, Crowley booted up his communicator and discreetly sent Noel a text, telling her they probably wouldn't have time to settle in and watch a holo before Parker's bedtime...he regretted it, as he wanted to do something kind to let the boy feel a little more at home.

After calming down, Parker sulked up to his father and pulled on his sleeve, stating rather poutily, "'m hungry..."

"Ah, wonderful timing," Crowley replied and picked Parker up, "Dinner should be ready by now!"

All the way down the stairs, Parker whined and protested, saying he could walk himself. Crowley just sighed-- he wasn't prepared for such an insistently defiant child...

Noel met her boys at the foot of the stairs, smiling brightly as she removed her apron. "How lovely of you two to join me," she joked, "but I'm afraid we've got a bit of a delay...Parker, dearest, did you really think I couldn't hear you upstairs being so difficult?"

Parker cowered as Crowley handed him over to his mother-- who somehow seemed far more intimidating than her rather timid husband. The kind-faced woman quickly bent her whimpering son over the kitchen table and grabbed a nearby wooden spoon. Swiftly yanking down his pajama pants and his diaper (the Pain-tee brand had a stretchier waistband particularly for situations like this), and began to reprimand her boy.

"Now Parker, I know this is all very strange, but that's no excuse for how you've been acting! Throwing fits like that is not accepted in this house, and you will learn to behave, even if it takes weeks and weeks of rigorous spankings on your naughty little tushy!"

And so the punishment began, three dozen strong swats on his bottom and Parker was squealing and flailing in pain as his tiny backside burned.

And afterwards, Parker ate his dinner sitting despondently in the kitchen corner. Though his parentd hadn't bought an actual CornerStool yet, on a walloped little butt even the plainest wooden chair was torture-- especially in punishment underwear.

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And then came bedtime. Crowley sat waiting at the edge of the bed while Parker said 'good night' to his mother...well, more like he mumbled it after the threat of another punishment spanking, but still.

"G-grab your hairbrush," Crowley instructed the small boy, "and just stand in front of me for now..."

Parker followed his instructions, sulking and pouting all the while. He stood before his new father, tiredness and wanting to just go to bed and forget all this madness for a while were making him a bit more obedient.

"Parker," Crowley stated sternly, putting a slightly trembling hand on the boy's shoulder, "you know just as well as I and mommy do that you've been a terribly naughty boy. I don't just mean today, but your entire life you've been a terror without ever thinking of the consequences. And I think it's about time those consequences caught up to you...we don't do this because we don't like you, young man. We just want you to grow up with a better conscience so you can succeed. Now, please come here..."

The guilty little 4 year old sighed and stepped forward, draping himself over his father's knees and handing him that dreaded hairbrush. Crowley's words had almost...touched Parker in a way he didn't expect-- Parker almost liked all this attention. But he certainly didn't like the...

[THWACK! SMACK! FWAP!]

The wooden hairbrush-back fell strongly onto Parker's little bare bottom, and in no time he was bawling and pleading like a proper little boy, "D-DADDY, I'M SOWWY! I-- WAAAH! I A GOOD BOY! PWOMISE!"

But his cries weren't convincing his father. His first bedtime spanking was meant to be memorable, and not in a good way. After a few minute of more vigorous spanking, Parker went almost limp over his father's lap and couldn't even speak anymore, now just crying in long, heartbreaking wails. As Crowley finally stopped spanking the poor thing, he ran a hand through the boy's hair apologetically.

"I know it's hard, young man," he said comfortingly, "but punishment is rarely ever easy. At least this one's over, right? Now let's get you to bed, little boys like you need plenty of sleep!"

Parker didn't respond with anything but a few noncommittal mumbles as Crowley lifted him up onto the bed, pulling his diaper down and applying some nano-cream to Parker's burning red behind. This caused a bit more of a stir in the child's movements, as the lotion did itch quite a bit while the healing nanobots did their thing, but he was once again re-diapered before he could do anything to stop the itch.

Crowley patted Parker's head and whispered a little "good night" to him before activating the delta-wave inducer on his bed's headboard, sending Parker almost immediately into a deep, restful slumber.
Chapter 4

About a week had passed since Parker arrived in his new home, and so far things hadn't gotten any easier for either the boy or his parents. Although said parents openly accepted such a challenging task, Parker himself was far less enthused. Although his grip on his adult mind slipped more and more every day, he still hadn't fully assimilated, and it showed in various behaviors, some quite worrying--

Such as the time where he woke up early from a nap and frenziedly began scratching at the back of his hands, as if he was trying to shed the markings on them that indicated his status as a Penitatas. Crowley was at a loss as to what to do, and Noel wasn't quite sure either...the rest of that day was spent with Parker in a pair of locking mittens to keep himself safe, and alternating either sitting in the corner or across the lap of one of his parents. But they were a bit lighter on him that day, and to Parker's surprise, he readily accepted the cuddles his mommy and daddy offered after each spanking.

Noel and her husband decided the first order of business would be a doctor's appointment. And that's what they were heading to on this balmy August morning-- with Diaspora Day the very next month, it would be a good idea to get Parker as accustomed to this lifestyle as soon as they could.

Parker gazed boredly out the window, until he saw where they had stopped-- and yet another fussy tantrum began. He never remembered fearing doctor's appointments before (and god knows he did end up in the hospital a lot as an adult), but in his little child-brained mindset this was the worst possible thing. Noel just sighed and shook her head as the family stepped out of the hovercar, picking up the wriggling boy and trying to subdue him.

Once they were inside, Crowley went to the front desk to confirm their appointment while Noel sat down and, predictably, had Parker over her knees with his little shorts down ASAP.

"Parker David Patterson!", Noel exclaimed, "I can't say I'm surprised, but I still need to correct this atrocious behavior..."

"B-b-but mama," whined Parker, "th-there's people here...they'll...th-they'll..."

"See you? That's the point! You need to set an example for the other children, to show them what happens when naughty little Penitatas try and fuss their way out of something!"

All the other children (mostly rejuves) turned their attention to Noel and Parker. Partly out of obligation, but partly out of curiosity too...the other Pennies in particular liked watching others 'getting it', grateful it's not them for once.

Noel yanked Parker's pants down with her usual swiftness, and in no time at all her little 'Helper' paddle was working a steady burn into Parker's tiny backside. The waiting room was soon filled with those familiar sounds of wood hitting bare boyflesh, and the resounding wails from the boy himself. After a couple minutes of this cacophony, Parker's embarrassing situation abated, and he was lifted off Noel's lap.

"So, Parker...are you going to be a good boy and wait quietly now?"

Parker nodded and answered his mother between humiliated sobs, "Y-yes, mama..."

The little boy's pants were pulled back up, and his bottom was given a playful pat (earning yet another small yelp of pain) to direct him towards a small area in the waiting room where a few
other children were playing. Parker scowled and sat down, shakily grasping a nearby toy truck and
listlessly wheeling it back and forth-- he was going to play like a good boy, but he would make
damn sure his parents could see he wasn't enjoying it.

...that is, until he glanced towards his mother and saw her brandishing that wicked little paddle
again. She wasn't actually about to spank him again in such a short time, but Noel figured it'd make
a good motivation for her defiant little Penny to behave a little better.

After a while more of this awkward waiting, another family departed out of the doctor's office,
meaning Parker's turn had finally come. He steeled himself and stood up, giving a frightened
glance as he saw the child leaving, red-faced and sniffling...she looked to be a Penny too, and thus
Parker realized what he had to look forward to...

Visions danced in Parker's mind of scary, decrepit-looking examination devices and intimidating
doctors...only to have those fears dashed as the family entered the checkup room and were met by a
kind-faced young woman in a labcoat. She was just a bit shorter than either of Parker's parents, and
she had short black hair that framed her face adorably. Most notable, however, were her hands--
little 'C's adorning them, showing she was a Completas. This means she had been a Penny before,
but completed her sentence...Parker had a silent hope that this meant she'd take pity on him...

"Oh, you must be Parker!", she said with a smile and kneeled down at the boy's level, "I'm Dr.
Kana, and I'll be the one making sure you're all nice and healthy!"

Parker nodded and took the woman's hand when she offered it to him, shaking it precariously. Noel
and Crowley watched happily as Dr. Kana began the examination. Her pale, dexterous hands
undressed the frightened boy, and she giggled a bit noticing Parker had apparently been spanked a
few minutes ago. "I thought I heard some commotion in the waiting room," she said with a wink
towards Parker's mother and father, "I trust there won't be any more of such unruly conduct?"

Noel giggled happily, "I certainly hope not! You'll be a good boy for the doctor, won't you
Parker?"

Parker nodded frantically, forcing a smile. Dr. Kana directed the little boy to the scale where she
measured his height and weight, and then picked him up to set him on the examination table.

What followed were a few uncomfortable minutes of poking, prodding, peering, and some
ominous-sounding phrases traded between the doctor and Parker's mommy and daddy. Something
about "correctly sized implements" and "regularly-scheduled correction."

Dr. Kana placed a pillow on the examination table, laid some sort of absorbent-looking pad over it,
and finally turned Parker over the top so he was lying on his tummy. He feared for the worst and
began to struggle, but his mommy and daddy had grabbed his little wrists and ankles before he
could get far, and strapped them to the bed with the little loops of fabric on the corners made for
just this purpose.

Parker's eyes welled up with tears as Dr. Kana walked to the front of the exam table. She patted his
head and explained, "Parker, sweetie, I won't sugarcoat this...it's not going to be pleasant. But when
you were rejuved, you lost all your immunity to certain diseases, and that means..."

Even Parker's little 4-year-old-tuned brain could put 2 and 2 together on this at least...tears welled
up in his eyes, "B-b-but you guys stopped using needles a long time ago, r-right?"

Dr. Kana sighed and shook her head, "We did for the most part...but for Penitatas, we still use
them. Have to make things as difficult as possible, you know?" she said sympathetically, "But I
was in your place before, and look how I turned out! You've just gotta be a super-extra-good boy for your mommy and daddy, and your sentence won't be...well, it might be bad on your first few cycles, but that's the point."

Predictably, Parker wasn't really listening. He sobbed quietly with his head down as he heard the doctor preparing her needles, and his little body jolted as she sterilized the area on his bottom that the first shot would go in.

The moment seemed to go on forever as he waited for the inevitable. There was a small bit of pressure on his backside, and then...

"Ah...a-ah...WAAAAAH!"

Oh god, it hurt! Parker had been no stranger to syringes in his previous life, but this was way worse...the needle was thick, it wasn't nearly as sharp as it should've been...and the medicine BURNED! Parker wriggled and bawled for several seconds while the first shot was injected, and when the needle finally left him he whined quietly, soaking the cover on the exam table with the tears and snot of a guilty little Penny very sorely regretting what he'd done...

And to make things worse, it wasn't over with just one! Three more shots followed, each one burning and stinging and feeling like it didn't even move into his circulation but just stayed there in one spot, throbbing pain into his bottom.

"Parker," Dr. Kana addressed the sobbing little boy, "I'm sorry for this too...the medicine needs a little more warming up to work it into your body, and the best course of action for that would be..."

"Y-you...g'onna 'pank me?", Parker whimpered, tired out by all the carrying-on and tantrum-throwing he had been doing. Dr. Kana nodded sympathetically and answered him, "Trust me, it'll feel a lot better after I do! I know the spots where the medicine was injected hurt really bad..."

And with that, the spanking commenced. Parker began wailing again as Dr. Kana's gloved hand swatted at his backside. As she was a Completas, she had experienced enough spankings herself to know just how to make them burn evenly...Parker didn't know it, but he should've been grateful she was just using her hand. If she had, say, a hairbrush or a paddle, this would've been awful. Well...more awful.

Parker's cries had long since turned into desperate, drawn-out howls, his bottom burning twice as hard due to both Dr. Kana's expert spanking, and the irritant that meant the medicine injected to him was working. His dignity was even more eroded by the fact that he had wet himself-- which was natural for such a small boy under so much stress, but it still made the cheeks on his face burn as well from the abject shame.

His voice quieted as Parker slowly gave into the tiredness that was wracking his small body. He relented as his parents re-dressed him, listening idly to the doctor's assessment.

"He seems perfectly healthy, but his attitude might be a concern-- I'd say to start him off as a three-per until his behavior improves. This may sound harsh, but I don't mean it as if you should break his spirit or anything. He has a lot of energy and a powerful sense of independence, he just needs to channel it into better behavior."

"Yes, we've certainly noticed his tenacity," Crowley nodded as he picked up the exhausted little boy and draped him over his shoulder, "he has a lot of potential."

Dr. Kana reached into a nearby drawer and pulled out a small slip of paper, handing it to Noel,
"Here's your slip to hand in to corrections. Your paddle, cane and switches should arrive soon, as well as the Bee-riebs once he's potty trained. Have a lovely day, you three!"

As the family turned to leave, Parker noticed Dr. Kana looking at him and mouthing an encouraging "You'll be ok!"

Inspired by the Completas girl's words, Parker drifted off to sleep on his father's shoulder despite the throbbing pain in his little tush.
Chapter 5

It had been about a week since the doctor's visit, and things were going surprisingly smoothly. Parker had been very receptive to the idea of potty training (mostly to save himself an extra bit of humiliation), and in that regard things weren't too bad. Parker was still a rebellious little terror otherwise, but the lack of wetting himself at random intervals made things somewhat easier on both his parents and the boy himself.

School season was beginning soon, and Parker's parents decided it was best to let him have that one year of preschool as a 4 year old before starting Kindergarten next year-- he was still quite belligerent about his situation, and the sooner he assimilated and embraced his life as a child the better.

After the scheduled morning spanking, the family boarded their hovercar and made their way to the local preschool for Parker's evaluation. Preschool evaluations weren't usually as big a deal as the older grades, so they were done in groups of two or three-- to save time, as well as see how well each child behaved with their peers. Parker's mommy dressed him in the nicest outfit they had, a white dress shirt and little burgundy shorts with matching suspenders and bowtie, for a good impression. Predictably, Parker hated this. Fancy clothes were so restricting and itchy!

The boy tugged at his bowtie, trying to loosen it a bit-- until his mommy Noel turned her seat towards him and gave him the "don't do that or you'll regret it" look, that it. Parker pouted, lamenting his uncharacteristic outfit.

"All the other kids are gonna laugh at me," he griped, "I look like a dork..."

"You look fine, dear," Noel comforted him, "in fact, you look very handsome! It's not like this is your actual uniform or anything...and it was your father's idea!", she replied with a soft chuckle.

Crowley, who had been quietly driving the entire time, blushed and laughed a bit himself, "I suppose it is an unfitting look on our boy, though..."

This calm moment of light-heartedness actually calmed Parker down a bit. His mind being more susceptible to changes in demeanor now, he had begun resenting his adoptive parents less and less. They were kind people, just a little...strange. But they didn't want to hurt him, this was just the job they (well, mostly Noel) were best suited for. So as much as Parker was still an unruly, bratty child, he didn't show an adult level of contempt anymore. The nano-web was finally doing its job, to the betterment of him and his family's mental health.

The family hovercar pulled into the parking lot at the same time as another family did, and Parker made brief eye contact with the young girl in the backseat of the other car. A bit surprised at his own enthusiasm, he beamed a friendly smile and gave a small wave at the other kid, who grinned at him in return. The two families met on the sidewalk, and the little girl held out her hands, which bore the markings classifying her as a Penitatas, to introduce herself.

"Nicolette Yarborough, convicted of aggravated assault. First cycle of 3, 4-8. Call me Nico!"

Nicolette was an adorable young girl, with bright ruby-colored and silky black hair tied up in pigtails, with little ribbons that matched her eyes. Her parents dressed her nicely for today as well, in a frilly, ridiculous pink dress covered in lace and bows.

Parker fidgeted awkwardly, not having practiced his introductions. Noel smiled and nudged him
forward.

"U-uhh...Parker Patterson, delinquent. F-first cycle of either 3 or 4, 4-10. Nice to uh...meet you?"

"See?" came a kindly voice from behind Nicolette, "I knew you wouldn't be the only first-cycle here!"

A curvaceous woman with long violet hair shook Noel's hand. "I'm Desiree Yarborough, Nico's mama, and this," she gestured behind her to a blond, blue-eyed young woman, "is my wife Erin. We just moved in a few weeks ago, it's nice to meet you!"

Erin smiled and stepped up to shake Crowley's hand, "Little Nico was worried she'd be the only new kid here...I'm glad she'll have a buddy!"

Noel and Crowley introduced themselves in turn, while Parker and Nicolette talked idly.

"You've got two mommies?", Parker asked her in surprise. Although LGBT couples were more commonplace in this day and age, Parker's immature mind still took it as a bit of a novelty, "I only gots a mommy and daddy...and my daddy's a DORK!", Parker exclaimed with a giggle.

Upon overhearing this, Crowley's face went red and Noel covered her mouth with her hand, stifling a fit of laughter. Flustered, Crowley grabbed Parker by the wrist and pulled him to a nearby bench.

"Parker David Patterson," he scolded, "I don't know what you were thinking being so rude in public..."

With sudden swiftness, Crowley pulled down Parker's shorts and underwear, and gave him a brisk handspanking.

[SWAT! SWAT! SMACK! SLAP!]

"D-daaaaddyyyy! OW!! N-not in front of-- YOWCH!"

Nicolette stood smugly by her mothers as she watched her new friend get punished. After Parker was set back down, the seat of his shorts were unsnapped and pinned to the back of his suspenders, showing off the unruly boy's well-reddened bottom beneath his underwear. He sniffled despondently as his mother led him into the preschool building, the Yarboroughs following closely behind them with Nicolette giggling at her friend's plight.

Both families made it to the evaluation room with little difficulty, and the parents hugged their children before seeing them off.

Once they were sure their respective children were out of earshot, the mothers took a few steps before bursting out laughing. Crowley himself couldn't help but find the predicament pretty amusing, even though Parker's snide comment was directed at him.

Small talk commenced between botb sets of parents as they sat in the waiting room, looking forward to this bit of peace while their children were being watched by another adult.

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Upon reaching the evaluation room, Parker and Nicolette were met with another child, who had gotten there a bit early and was under careful watch from the teacher.

The girl stood a bit taller than the other two, and had a ghostly aura about her. Her skin was white
as ivory, and her long, straight black hair reached down to her waist. She walked towards the other two with a serenity that seemed more than a bit unfitting on a girl her age. She held out her hands and spoke softly...

"Lynne Alabaster. Former cult leader and kidnapper. Suffering from dissociative episodes and delusions. For my first set of cycles, I will be serving time as a dual-sentence Psycholos and Penitatas. Sentenced to five cycles 3-6 as a dual sentence, and three 7-10 as a regular Psycholos."

Parker marveled at the otherworldly young girl, and peered curiously at her hands. Her left had the traditional 'P' mark of a Penitatas, but her right had one he didn't recognize-- the mark of a Psycholos.

Nicolette and Parker were at a bit of a loss as to what to say, until the teacher walked calmly up to them and smiled, "Lynne's nothing to be afraid of. She had a problem that caused her to do bad things, but she's getting her treatment alongside her sentence, so she's not going to hurt anyone."

The two confused children introduced themselves in turn, and then all three sat down at the small table that had been designated for them.

Their teacher, a tall brunette woman, wrote her name on the blackboard.

"I'm Miss Evans, and I'll be your teacher today...and your teacher starting next week, as well!"

She continued, while passing small worksheets and crayons to the three children, "This evaluation isn't as difficult as those for kindergarteners, but it's still a good idea to get you first-cyclers used to being in a group...think of it as easing you in a bit, I suppose."

The worksheets were all easy stuff, identifying shapes and colors and such. But Parker quickly found himself unable to concentrate, and began doodling on the back of the page instead.

After drawing a particularly unflattering picture of Miss Evans, Parker snickered and handed the worksheet to Nicolette, who also began laughing. Lynne just looked silently at her classmates with a feeling of panic. She didn't want to tell on them-- her former cultist ways made her guard secrets with utmost seriousness.

At the sound of her students' laughter, Miss Evans stood up and shook her head. This definitely wasn't the first time she'd seen this happen, so she could handle the situation easily.

She tapped the giggling children on their shoulders, making them freeze in fear. With an amused smile, Miss Evans regarded them, "Something funny, you two?"

As Parker and Nicolette shivered in anticipation, Miss Evans took the paper from Parker's hand. A half-done worksheet and a drawing of herself as a fire-breathing dragon. Funny though it was, Miss Evans knew she had to punish all three of her students, Nicolette and Parker for slacking off and being disrespectful, and Lynne for not saying when her classmates were doing something bad.

"All three of you, stand up. Lynne, please see me first. I need to write you a permission slip to see the counselor, who will also be the one giving you your spanking."

Lynne's eyes widened and she went into a sort of 'auto-pilot' mode as she walked up to her teacher, softly muttering frightful mantras, "Don't betray...secrets must be kept...double-crossers won't reach paradise..."

She quietly took the note and walked to the counselor's office with shaking steps, her strange behavior only making her classmates more and more nervous.
"Now then...", Miss Evans began, "I know you two are both first-cycle, but that doesn't excuse and kind of disrespect in my class! Parker, please come to me and sit on my lap."

Nicolette exchanged a terrified look with her friend as the guilty little boy approached his teacher, teary-eyed and trembling. Miss Evans grabbed a small (preschooler-rated) paddle and sternly eyed Parker as he laid his body over her lap.

"This will be the first of many punishments if this behavior continues," she continued reprimanding as she lowered Parker's shorts, "so if I were you I'd make sure to be a good boy!"

Parker remained silent, trying to seem brave to impress Nicolette, but after the first hard [SMACK!] of Miss Evans' paddle, he was yelping and flailing like he always did. If it weren't for the fact that she was next, Nicolette would've been giggling at Parker's situation.

After 30 firm swats, Parker's bottom was glowing red and his face was streaked with tears as he stood up sobbing.

"Don't move yet Parker, we're not quite done," Miss Evans said as she removed the boy's shorts and underwear entirely, placing a pair of level 2 Bee-riefs on him instead and pinning up the back of his shorts to put his well-spanked ass on display. "Hands behind your head dear, and be sure to watch Nico's punishment closely-- it was your misconduct that ended up in a punishment for both of you."

Nicolette didn't go nearly as easily as her friend-- she had no one to impress, so the moment Miss Evans had her hands on her she kicked and screamed like no tomorrow. Even being put up over her teacher's lap and having her bottom bared didn't stop her protests.

"B-but Miss Evans!", she whined, "He started i-- YOWCH!"

[THWACK! SMACK! SWAT]

"WAAAAAH! I D-DIDN'T-- OW!! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING!"

As her punishment ended, Nico was placed next to Parker and given the same treatment, level 2 Pain-tees and her skirt pinned up.

The two of them stared at each other silently for a moment, before both of them broke out in long, drawn-out sobs, occasionally slipping in an apology to one another when they could find the coherency to. It was at this point that Lynne returned to the classroom, looking far less nervous but still very well-punished herself although she handled it with a silent sort of dignity, tears streaming down her doll-like face as she attempted to steady her breathing.

Parker and Nicolette took one look at Lynne before running towards her and trapping her in a frenzied, tearful hug. They blurted out apologies to her as well, all three children apparently well aware of their wrongdoings. But whether or not this lesson would stay with them was dubious-- they still had a long way to go.

The rest of the evaluation went off fairly quietly, all three prospective students fidgeting quietly in their seats as the biters from their Pain-tees did their job. But the resounding burn and occasional sting in their bottoms kept the three focused and alert, and soon they had finished their work and handed it in.

Miss Evans dismissed each child with a note that served as both a confirmation of their enrollment, as well as a report of their behavior. Bedtime spankings were to be particularly difficult tonight, but
the next day would be worth looking forward to-- suffering alone was never good, so each new student was happy to make new friends.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Parker goes to school, new characters are introduced thusly.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The start of a new school year meant many things for a Penny. Particularly for first-cyclers, it was always strange starting the process of re-learning things you swore you already knew.

After a vigorous morning spanking, Parker was sitting as despondent as usual in the backseat of his family's hovercar. This morning had been a bit of an ordeal, with Parker insisting he absolutely did not need to start school again, only to be proven wrong as Crowley presented him with a nearby history book and asked him to read a paragraph, which (to only his surprise) Parker couldn't do. For this petulant attitude his morning spanking was much harder, and the drop-seat of his shorts had been pinned down to show off his reddened bottom in a pair of level 1 Bee-riefs.

If there was one thing Parker missed about his old life, it was having friends. So in a way, he was almost grateful to finally be less isolated, even though he knew it wouldn't be any easier-- he was just happy to have others to confide in, like Nicolette. (Whom he was overjoyed to be sharing a class with as well!)

"I don't think I need to tell you what's in store for you if you act up today," Noel explained as the family exited the hovercar and walked to the school building, "your father and I will hear of any misbehavior faster than you'd think!"

"Yes mama...", Parker nodded glumly. In his former life he hadn't been a particularly good student, so he already had an inkling that today might end...badly. But just as quick as this thought came, it left him once he noticed Nicolette and Lynne at the school's entrance. The boy gave a jovial wave towards them and they reciprocated, though Lynne's greeting was far more subdued being just a gentle nod and a smile.

Noel and Crowley saw their boy off with hugs, "you'd better behave" warnings and a playful smack on the bottom as he and his friends scampered into the school building.

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"Good morning, my new little students!"

Miss Evans gave all the children in the room a warm greeting, excited to see so many fresh faces. (And a couple returning students just starting a new cycle.) Because there weren't many in the class at this point, kindergarten also included 4 year old rejuves as well, marked by a different color on their uniform's nametag. The uniform itself took inspiration from Japanese preschool and kindergarten uniforms-- a simple shirt with either a blue or pink smock-styled shirt over it, and a pair of shorts or a skirt underneath.

"How about we all come up and introduce ourselves? Pennies come up last, you'll be getting your
first school spankings after introducing yourselves."

Parker and Nicolette looked at each other with a fearful expression-- they should've seen this coming! Lynne's usual stoic expression remained unchanged, but her body language shifted a bit, now seeming a tad less assured of herself.

The first two students to come up were a pair of Jalaxian identical twin sisters with pink fur. They smiled brightly as they introduced themselves simultaneously.

"Nami and Mina Crane, Medicalos! It's nice to meet mew!" the two catgirls exclaimed. "Nami is here," the sister on the left chimed in on her own, and her sister replied, "And here is Mina!"

Their awkward way of speaking was due to their newly-juvenile brains' tentative grasp on the Panglish language. The pair had a distinctive feline-sounding 'accent' to their words as well.

"We were rejuved 'cause of...um...", Mina trailed off, leading her sister to finish her sentence, "Big scary plague on our home planyet! We coulda' died if not rescued!"

Miss Evans smiled and directed the two to their seats, realizing they'd probably talk through the whole class if given freedom to-- Jalaxians were an exuberant and outgoing race.

The next to introduce themself was a calm-looking dark skinned boy, who held out his hands to show the markings on them; 'V', a Voluntaras.

"Asa Baker, Voluntaras. I chose to be rejuved so as to further my education while my brain can retain information easier," he said with a good-natured smile and a mature tone that belied his current age, "I hope to be a quantum physicist!"

The rest of the class looked at each other in confusion, causing Asa to go back over his words in a way more palatable for his classmates who didn't quite retain an adult of a mindset as he did. "I want to learn more about how the world works, and all the stuff that makes it that way!"

The other kids nodded, understanding a bit more now.

"Very impressive, Asa!" Miss Evans said as she led him to his seat. "If you ever need a little more intensive motivation, I'll be right behind you with a solution!"

Her little joke made Asa's face go bright red, and the rest of the class giggled. They all didn't quite know what to think of him, considering his distinct lack of assimilated behavior, so seeing him in a situation that was easier to relate to was refreshing.

Continuing in this way, a few more non-Penny students were introduced-- Yume Hoshino, a gentle-faced Medicalos boy, and two more Voluntaras; Alice Cross, a sharp-eyed Draconian girl, and Shion Lightfoot, a short and scrappy-looking boy with a bright smile. (Alice had rejuved for personal reasons, and Shion to take language courses from an earlier age.)

Parker shuddered as he noticed the only ones left to introduce themselves were other Pennies...including two he hadn't seen before-- an antsy-looking boy with an oddly familiar face, and a bashful girl with glasses.

Lynne, ever the mature one of the group, stepped forward quietly, holding out her hands.

"Lynne Alabaster. Former cult leader and kidnapper. Dual sentence Psycholos and Penitatas for five cycles of ages 3-6, and then three of 7-10 as just Psycholos. Currently in treatment for delusions and dissociative episodes."
Psychologs were very rare, even rarer a dual-sentenced one who was also Penitatas-- Lynne seemed like an enigma to her new classmates. Her terse way of speaking and ghostly countenance made her appear almost untouchable. But as Miss Evans gestured toward her to climb up onto her lap, the sudden wavering of Lynne's stoic expression reminded the rest of her class that she, too, was a kid just like the rest of them.

Lynne took her spanking without much more than the occasional whimper, though tears streamed down her face the whole time. As she shambled off of Miss Evans' lap and faced the blackboard, hands on her head as was customary for after a public spanking, she could be heard muttering something barely audible, a mantra to keep her from losing her grip on herself for the timebeing.

Up next to introduce herself was the shy girl with glasses. She was a chubby, mousy-looking girl, with dark hair in low pigtails and an expression of embarrassment and fear on her face. Holding out her small hands to show the Penitatas symbols on them, she began...

"M-my name is...Teiko Ushida...convicted for...f-for...indecent exposure and p-p-prostitution...I'm on my s-second cycle of six, ages 5-12...I'll be serving hard time for one more cycle after this...i-it's nice to meet you all!"

Parker had to hold his tongue-- this nervous wreck of a girl used to be a prostitute?! He dare not say it out loud for fear of an extra spanking, but he was dumbfounded by this. He had forgotten just how many crimes could result in judicial rejuvenation in this day and age.

Miss Evans gently guided Teiko onto her lap, but delivered her 'welcome' spanking just as briskly and mercilessly as she had Lynne's and would continue to do with the rest of the new Penny students. Bashful and afraid though she may have been, Teiko was still a criminal like the rest of them. A criminal that, after her spanking had ceased, was left a quivering mess of remorseful squeaks and sniffles as she took the same position as Lynne at the front of the classroom.

Up next was the familiar-faced boy. He steeled himself, holding out his hands and clearing his throat.

"Jack Monroe, P-Penitatas. Former...d-drug dealer. First cycle of five ages 4-8, then three 8-12. I was just rejuved last month...n-nice to meet you all."

As Jack was hoisted up over Miss Evans' lap, Parker finally put two and two together in his head--Jack wasn't just a former drug dealer, he was the one Parker trusted and bought from the most! His blue eyes widened in shock. He must've gotten caught shortly after Parker himself, maybe the relation between the two of them led the police to Jack after Parker was sentenced? He stared at the other boy, not noticing until Miss Evans had to say Parker's name three times to get his attention! Parker's face blanched as he saw Miss Evans' stern expression.

"That's an extra five swats for you young man...with the ruler!"

A collective 'ooohh' came from the sitting students, and a look of sympathy from the other Pennies. Parker was in for it now.

Scowling and holding back tears of frustration, Parker introduced himself.

"Parker Patterson...Penitatas. Delinquent, also charged with...d-drug possession and aggravated assault. First cycle of...uh...th-three to four, ages 4-10."

As Miss Evans guided him to her, Parker barked out a "NOOO!" and turned away from her. His attempt at running away was futile, as he tripped and stumbled, letting Miss Evans catch him
before he fell.

"...make that an extra ten swats, mister Patterson."

And he felt every last one of those swats, burning into his rear as he kicked and squealed.

Chapter End Notes

A/N: AAAAA IM ALIVE. to whomever is still interested in this story, thank you for sticking around ;u; not much going on in this chapter but i wanted to try and have it not uh...meander, i guess. (one of these characters is my self-insert but shhhh don't tell nobody)

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