

“A Rainy Day Re-Awakening”

The days passed by after the beauty contest and Bowtie went about her days building new kites or repairing them for her pony friends. Not a day went by when she wasn't complimented on the clever way she had won over Rainbow Dash.

“That was an adorable little outfit.” Sparkleworks had commented as she came in to pick up her kite, “In a head on contest with Rainbow it's hard to beat her. But you added a cuteness factor that just could not be ignored. It's little wonder that you got the blue ribbon and roses.”

Bowtie was polite and humble as usual, accepting the praise and making sure to give credit to Sew and So for her help in making the costume. Her friends accepted it for what it was and soon conversations turned to other happenings around Ponyville.

But for Bowtie thoughts of her “filly outfit,” as Sew and So had coined it, were never far from her mind. The afternoon of the contest, after Rainbow and Sew and So left her stable; Bowtie washed the cloth diaper and red ruffled plastic panties and hung them up to dry. The next day she took them down, folded them and hung them with the pretty party dress from a peg on the wall of her stall.

The outfit was quite pretty, there was no arguing that, which is why she took the time to hang it up and take care of it. It served as a reminder that with ingenuity and perseverance you can accomplish anything. It also reminded her of another feeling that she wasn't as sure of. She liked wearing it. It had made her feel like a filly again and brought forth all manner of old memories from her carefree years spent playing with her friends, now grown up.

On a particularly dreary, rainy day, a bored Bowtie found herself stuck in her stable without any kites to fix, or friends to stop by. She tried to occupy her time by reading a book but she was too restless to sit down. She attempted to busy herself with house work, but she kept her stable fairly clean and there wasn't enough work to keep her mind occupied long enough.

Finally, she found herself lying on her bed thinking to take a short nap. She sighed, looked across the room where her eyes fell once again upon her “filly outfit” and her restlessness seemed to find an outlet. The white pony slid noiselessly out of bed and walked slowly to the peg on the wall, holding the little red dress, the ruffled panties and the white diaper. She drew her hoof across the soft, silky fabric and goose bumps rolled across her foreleg and down her back.

She knew now that her restlessness was borne out of denial not boredom. The pony took the dress from the wall and laid it out on the bed examining each piece as if trying to will her body to take what she knew was the first piece that must be put on; the diaper. Her fore hooves moved as if in slow motion drifting over the bed until they took hold of the soft, thick, white cloth pony diaper.

She moved the cloth and laid it out on her bed as she had over a week ago before the beauty contest. She sat her haunches down upon it and pulled the back up, threading her tail through the elastic lined hole sewn there to accept it. Then she brought the right sides together, overlapping the front with the back and pinned it in place. She repeated the process on the left side until she was warmly encased in the thick, absorbent cloth.

Bowtie let out a sigh then. Not a sad sigh but, surprisingly enough, a sigh of contentment. She got back to her hooves and tested the thickness, feeling it brush at her inner thighs and make it

slightly difficult to walk without waddling a little. This made her giggle. It made her giggle like a little filly as a bright smile crossed her muzzle and she shook her mane happily.

The rest of the outfit went on much quicker. First the red, ruffled panties slid up around her hind legs and up to her tail. A brief moment to thread her tail through the specially designed hole in the panties and then they securely enclosed the diaper within and added a little more thickness to her haunches. The elastic around her thighs hugging her legs worked as a constant reminder of her diapered status.

She twirled around in glee and then worked her fore legs into the bottom of the dress, working it up and over her head and mane and into place over her body. She tied the wide pink belt of fabric in a bow around her waist and added a matching bow of pink ribbon at the base of her tail to complete the ensemble. Fully clothed now in her red party dress, panties and thickly diapered a smiling, happy Bowtie pony waddle-trotted over to the vanity to look at herself in the mirror.

She smiled at the reflection and began to feel more and more like a little filly. She grabbed her grooming brush in her hoof and began to brush out her mane. She thought about putting it in a braid or tying it with bows, but instead she left her mane natural and swept from the vanity to jump back onto her bed. She bounced around on the bed on her hooves and knees, looking around the room for something. She wasn't quite sure what it was, but she was certain she'd know it when she saw it.

The pretty white pony laughed and giggled out loud when her eyes fell upon the two items her mind was yearning for. She leaned forward and pulled from a shelf over her bed the only two things that had not been given away or packed up from her filly-hood: A well loved plush green dragon and a white unicorn plush with a mane of pink yarn and a soft golden horn. These she snuggled close her chest as she lay down and curled up in bed.

As the rain continued to fall outside, beating a constant rhythm on the roof and window panes of the stable, the warm happy feelings that her special clothes brought to the surface helped to lull the little pony into a state of sleepiness. With the plush secure in her fore hoof, pressed against her chest, Bowtie moved her free hoof over to her muzzle and began to suckle on its tip. She smiled, let her eyes close and gave herself over to her dreams.

Bowtie woke up with a start a couple hours later. She looked around in a panic as she was startled out of her dreams by a clap of thunder. She moved her hind legs and momentarily wondered at the strange feeling there before she remembered. A smile broke across her muzzle again and as she hugged her unicorn and dragon her chest she gave a little whinny of delight and said out loud, "It hadn't been a dream."

She was hungry and thirsty and she sat up and shook her mane out again. Clutching her plush to her side she stood up and wandered out to the kitchen when an idea for dinner hit her. "I know the perfect meal for a dreary, rainy day." She lifted the unicorn up, looked into its glassy eyes and said, "Warm oats with brown sugar and cinnamon and a tall glass of milk. How's that sound?" Bowtie made the unicorn nod its head up and down which caused the pony to break out in another fit of laughter and giggles.

The white pony put a kettle of water on to boil as she pulled down a bowl and a few containers containing ground oats, brown sugar and cinnamon sticks. She paused a moment, strangely disappointed that she didn't have a bowl and a cup that would fit her young frame of mind. She shrugged though and dismissed the thought. "Surely I don't need those." She said to herself, but in the back of her mind she knew better. She just wasn't ready to admit it yet. Just as she wasn't

ready to admit that she needed this bit of role play. So she went back to mixing the dry ingredients together so they'd be ready for the boiling water.

She poured herself a tall glass of cold milk just as the kettle began to whistle. Very carefully she portioned out just enough water into the dry mix that when stirred with a table spoon was slightly soupy. With bowl and glass in hoof she walked to the dining room and set them down on the table. She sat down, reached for the spoon and stopped.

“This isn't quite right.” She said out loud to herself. She stood back up, moved the chair out of the way and then walked into the living room and brought back the padded foot stool from in front of her reading chair. When she sat down to the table again, she was seated a few inches lower than before changing the whole scale of the scene.

“Perfect!” Bowtie nickered and then started to dig into her sweet oats. She had to reach up and across her bowl to get to her glass of milk. Holding it in both hooves she tipped it back carefully to her mouth so she could take a drink. A milk mustache was left behind when she put the glass back which was cause for more girlish giggles. This cycle continued through dinner until she had taken her last spoonful of oats and finished the last swallow of milk. Wiping her muzzle with the back of her fore leg, she rose and walked into the kitchen again, taking her dishes and placing them in the sink.

Bowtie acquired her plush toys again and wandered into the living room where she plopped on the floor to played make believe. She looked from the dragon to the unicorn, random memories floating back to her consciousness. The little pony grabbed hold of one memory and suddenly she found herself as a beautiful damsel in distress, filly-napped by the mean and disagreeable, green dragon.

“Oh dear!” she giggled, “I'm just a poor little pony, filly-napped by the big mean dragon. Who, oh who will save me?”

But of course, she'll be rescued by her fair prince, the dashing, white unicorn. She let out a whinny as she made him gallop in. Head down she has the unicorn charge the dragon with his magical golden horn.

“Roaaar!” She made the dragon roar deeply, “You may have won this time, but I'll be back again for Princess Bowtie.” With that she made the dragon run under the chair.

The pink mane unicorn trotted up to her and she gave him a big hug nickering, “My hero!”

Lying back, the unicorn plush being hugged tightly, Bowtie sighed contentedly, “Ahh. I never thought I would have remembered that again. I forgot how much fun...” She paused, a new bit of enlightenment entering into her thoughts. She gave voice to them, “...how in love with that fantasy and my unicorn prince I was.” She lifted the unicorn up and looked at him again. She kissed him on the muzzle and then broke out in a fit of giggles as she hugged the plush to her chest again.

The white pony sat back up, catching her breath after several minutes of rejuvenating laughter. She reached for her dragon and pulled it over, kissing it on the muzzle too and saying to it lovingly, “Thank you Mr. Dragon for being such a good sport, and a most gracious filly-napper.” Bowtie turned the dragon and the unicorn so they faced each other and whinnied, “Now you two make up and be friends again.” She moved both plush until their muzzles touched and she made a kissing sound followed by more giggles as she hugged them both yet again.

Her play time was cut short when she realized, she needed to go to the bathroom. Bowtie frowned, got up, and bringing her plush along with her, toddled down to her bedroom. She laid Mr. Dragon and the unicorn prince on her bed and lovingly took off the red dress. Then came the ruffled panties and finally she released the diaper pins and took off the diaper. She left the room for a few minutes to take care of business. When she returned she placed her “filly outfit” back onto its hanger and hung it back up on the peg on the wall across from her bed.

Bowtie was still filled with the warmth of her few hours of playing filly as she brushed out her mane when there was a knock on the door. She cantered to the door and opened it up to find Minty and Rainbow Dash on her stoop. The rain had stopped and the clouds were clearing off.

“Hello Rainbow. Minty.” The white pony smiled and welcomed them.

“Hello Bowtie darling.” Rainbow greeted her.

“Hi Bowtie.” Minty replied.

“Looks like the clouds are going away.” Bowtie commented.

“Yes darling. It’s been a truly dreadful day.” Rainbow Dash lamented, “What have you been doing all day?”

“I spent the day...uh...re-discovering some old things that I...I thought I had lost.” Bowtie answered.

“Rainbow and I are going down to the lake to watch the sunset.” Minty interjected quickly, “Do you want to come along.”

“Would I!” Bowtie brightened, “I love sunsets. All the colors...”

“Exactly Bowtie, darling.” Rainbow agreed, “Exactly.”

Shutting the door to her stable behind her, Bowtie joined her friends on the road to the lake. They met many others there with the same intent and that’s when she suddenly realized that there were still things they all did that they learned to love when they were fillies.

Rainy days for Bowtie would never be dull, dreary or boring again.

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