

EUREKA ZONE

Dreyer

(X/F, FF/F, spanking, bondage, ENF, machines, clowns)

Camilla was as excited as any of the other Big Brats at Sunny Buns Day Camp when they learned that they'd be going to Eureka Zone. And why wouldn't they be? A massive indoor playground full of ball pits to swim in, bars and nets to climb, tunnels to crawl through and slides to slide on – just like the places where she used to have her big birthday parties when she was an actual kid, only with everything sized up for overgrown rugrats like them! Not only that, but they also had their own little pizza place, and there would be a stage show, too!

Camilla knew all this, of course, because unlike many of the other brats, this would be her second time at Eureka Zone. And this time, she had a goal.

The little bus pulled into the parking lot, and at their counselors' lead, all the girls disembarked and marched into the building single-file, each one of them wearing the uniform of a Sunny Buns Camper – a white T-shirt with the smiling sun of their camp's logo on the chest, and a pair of pink leggings with the word "BRAT" emblazoned across the bottom in big bubbly white letters! Once inside, all the excited, giggling girls were gathered in one spot so Counselor Tanya could lay down the ground rules: stay inside the building at all times, and no running outside the play area. With that established, the campers all started hurriedly walking toward the playground – except for Rhonda, who started to break out into a run in her excitement, only to be intercepted by Counselor Tanya and given a hard *slap* on the bottom as a warning!

Only, Camilla lingered behind the rest of the girls, her brow furrowed in thought as she scanned the area, planning her approach. There were two entrances to the tunnel maze: The one on the left could be crossed by hopping over a path of foam platforms over a plastic ball pit, the other she would have to clamber across the monkey bars, over a pool full of foam cubes. Either way, she would have to make it across without falling into the pit itself... before she could come to a decision, she was broken out of her reverie by a pair of arms slinging around her waist!

"Come on, Cammy!" sang the voice of her friend Mandy, as she squeezed her around the midsection and rocked her back and forth impatiently. "You're not just gonna stand here looking at it all day, are you?!"

"I'm comin', I'm comin'!" Cammy sighed, reaching around to pat Mandy on the back. "I was just planning something is all."

"Planning?" Mandy's eyebrows raised. "What're you gonna do?"

"I'm headin' all the way up to the top," said Camilla. She pointed up toward the very top of the structure, a big red rampart from which one could peek over the wall to see the whole facility, and from which the only exit was a trio of wavy yellow plastic slides, that led all the way back down to the ground floor. "And—" She looked at her friend with the smuggest of smiles. "I'm gonna do it without getting touched."

Mandy's eyes flashed and she drew in a quick breath. "Ooooooh... You think you can do it? This place is pretty tricky!"

"Of course I can do it!" said Camilla, flicking a lock of her blond hair back over her shoulder. "You wanna come along so you can see?"

"Sure!" Mandy chirped. "I mean, I probably won't be able to keep up with you, but I'd love to follow behind and watch!"

"That's fine! Just don't expect me to slow down to let you catch up." She hoped the self-awareness showed through in her self-satisfied smirk. "Come on, let's go!"

The two girls hurried over to the playground – at a brisk walk, not a run, as they both felt Counselor Tanya's stern eye on them! Without thinking, Camilla ended up leading the way toward the monkey bars – that way seemed more fun, and she was already aware of the trick behind it! "Now watch which bars you grab onto," she advised Mandy, as the two of them approached the padded steps leading up to the bars. "Some of them are actually rollers, and if you're not expecting it, you'll end up slipping and falling into the foam!"

"I know, Cammy," said Mandy, smirking and rolling her eyes. "I just never know which ones are gonna roll!"

"You just gotta feel 'em out first," said Cammy. "Reach out and give it a spin before you try and grab onto it." And just ahead, a little past the midpoint of the monkey bars, the two girls got to see what happens when you're not so careful: Wendy was making good progress, till she grabbed onto the wrong bar and started to swing! The sudden shift in momentum was too much for her, and with a yelp she slipped off of the bar and fell butt-first into the pool of cubes below! After only a moment of recovery, she scabbled back onto her hands and knees and started to crawl her way out of the pool to try again – only to pause as she felt something tugging on her leggings!

From where they stood, Mandy and Cammy could plainly see what was giving Wendy grief, and they could only grin and giggle at the sight: a white gloved hand, like something out of a cartoon, had reached out from under the foam cubes and grabbed onto the waistband of Wendy's bottoms, and it refused to let go! She let out a squeal and tried to twist and wriggle away, but the hand's hold kept firm – and all her struggling achieved was to yank her leggings and underpants down, exposing her peachy round bottom! Immediately, another hand breached the surface of the cubes, and with its fingers splayed and palm flat, it swung down on Wendy's bottom with a loud, resounding *SLAP!* And another, and another – *SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP SLAP!* Wendy howled and squealed and wriggled and sent cubes skittering away with her fussy kicking, flopping down flat onto the foam and wailing as the machine relentlessly spanked her big brat butt!

Mandy and Cammy exchanged a knowing glance and a decisive nod. That was exactly the scenario they needed to avoid!

Cammy took the lead, hopping up to the top of the steps and leaping to grab the first bar! She swung across the first few rungs with grace, knowing just which bars were solid and which ones were fakes. Eventually she had to slow down just a moment as she entered unknown territory, but it was no problem for her: with her well-trained arms, she was able to hold herself up with one hand while her other probed at the bars in front of her till they found a solid one. By the time she passed over Wendy, the hands finally stopped spanking her and let go of her pants, allowing her to pull them back up over her reddened rump while she sniffled and hiccuped.

The further she got, the more bars turned out to be trapped, till she reached a point where all three bars in front of her were rollers! She anticipated this, and she decided to change up her strategy: she grabbed right onto the roller, released her other hand, and let herself swing through the air till the bar in front of her was in reach! She grabbed onto the next one – another roller – and swung on and on just like that, till at last she could let go and fall onto the padded platform, with the entrance to the tunnel maze right in front of her! She did it!

She turned back to see how Mandy was doing – only to see her hurriedly swimming across the foam cubes on her belly, panting and gasping, her leggings rolled down to her knees! "I fell off!" she said with a laugh – which gave way to a sharp yelp as hands snapped out from below to smack her on the bare as she passed! "Ow! *Owww!*" She pressed on all the same, and eventually managed to climb up onto the platform beside Cammy, her bottom lightly toasted but her spirit undaunted.

Cammy just laughed, bending over to pat her friend on the head. "You all right?"

"Mmmh...! Yeah, I'm fine," Mandy huffed, pouting as she sat up on her knees and rolled her leggings and panties back up over her pink hiney. "I'll get through the tunnels just fine, just you watch!"

"Yeah, the tunnels will be a breeze!" Cammy said. "Just gotta make sure not to go down any dead ends, right?"

The two girls climbed into the opening to the big yellow plastic tunnel, Cammy first, then Mandy shortly behind. On hands and knees they crawled along, the informative label of BRAT on their backsides waving from side to side as they shimmied their hips. The path ahead was quite simple, indeed – all they had to do was look around at corners and intersections, and make sure that whatever path they were taking didn't end abruptly!

At one three-way intersection, they happened to bump into another girl coming in from around the corner! It was Tamara, with her freckly face and her pigtails, but no glasses: she must have had to leave them with one of the counselors! "Whoa! Hey, what's the rush, Cammy?"

"Oh, hey Tam! We're headed up to the castle at the top! Mandy and me, I mean." Cam looked over her shoulder at her friend, who grinned and gave Tam a wave.

"Oh, all right! Got time for a quick game of tic-tac-toe first?" As Tam offered the invitation, she crawled over to a panel of plastic spinners marked with X's and O's – at the end of the dead-end path!

Cammy reached a hand out to try and stop her. "Oh–! Hold on, wait–!"

But too late. The moment Tamara crawled into the little plastic chamber, two foam blocks shot out from the top and the bottom of the tunnel to close it off – firmly squishing Tamara's trunk between them, locking her in place!

"Ack! Wh-!" Tamara's bottom waggled and her feet uselessly kicked, and at just that moment, a television set on the other side of a clear plastic window flickered on, to show Tamara's flushed and panicked face to anyone else passing by! "I can't get out! *I can't get out!*" she squealed!

"You have to win at tic-tac-toe!" Mandy called out, a big eager smile on her face. "Then it'll let you go!"

"Oh...! I just gotta win? Well, that's easy...!" Tamara swallowed and reached a hand out, to turn the center space to X. A picture-in-picture on the monitor helpfully showed

the state of the tic-tac-toe board, and Mandy and Cammy watched as the space on the bottom-right automatically turned to O. Tamara took a deep breath, thought for a second, then put an X on the bottom-left corner to attack. The top-right spinner turned to O, to block and attack. Tamara blocked on the right, the machine blocked on the left. Tamara attacked from the top, the machine blocked on the bottom, and Tamara took the only space left:

XXO
OXX
XOO

Bzzzzzt! A harsh buzzer rang out, and then a hatch slowly opened in the ceiling of the tunnel, just over Tamara's hips. And without any further warning – *WHAP!* A black rubber paddle swung down from the opening, and whapped Tamara right on her thinly-clothed behind! "Ohhh!" And again – *WHAP!* And again and again and again – *WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!* Tamara moaned and whined and wriggled her bottom as hard as her restraints would allow, as the hatch closed back up.

"Cat's games don't count!" Cammy called out. "You have to beat it!"

"Urgh, I *know!* Sheesh!" While Tamara huffed and pouted, the spinners all reset to neutral, except for the middle one, which turned to X. "Oh... guess I'm O this time," she grunted, and moved to block on the upper-left corner. X played bottom-left to attack, and Tamara played upper-right to block and attack. X blocked and attacked, Tamara blocked; X attacked, Tamara blocked, and once again...

OXO
XXO
XOX

"Wait... wait, wait, it counts if I stop the computer from winning, right?" Tamara pleaded. Mandy bit her lip and shook her head slowly – alas, were she only so lucky.

Bzzzzzt! Once again the hatch in the ceiling opened up, and the paddle came swinging down – *WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!* "Ohhhh-ho-ho-ho-hoooh!" Tamara jerked and bucked and thumped her feet against the plastic floor! "This isn't *faaaaair!*"

"Yeah, well..." Cammy smirked and shrugged her shoulders. "Good luck with that!" She giggled as she started to scurry away, Mandy crawling after her with a snicker!

"Wait! Don't just leave me here! Oh no- oh my gosh!" Tamara's pleas went ignored; Cammy and Mandy had places to be, after all! Besides, Tam would be fine: after enough rounds, the machine would stop playing perfectly and let her win – *eventually*, that is! Till then, the sounds of fussy whining and hard butt-smacking would fill the tunnel, as the two girls made their way to the next leg of their journey!

Soon enough, they reached the end of the tunnel, which emptied into a chamber with a net on an incline that they could climb up to reach the second floor. Both girls were plenty good enough climbers, and as far as they knew, there were no traps for them on the way up. It would be on the second floor itself that they would really need to watch out!

First a quick crawl down a plastic tunnel, and then came the hurdle room – a passageway too small to stand up in, with padding all along the walls and floors and ceiling, and every few feet was a padded bar stretched from wall to wall across the passageway. The idea was to climb head-first over the padded bars, but of course, if one wasn't quick about it, they'd end up bent over the bar in a very compromising position. And if they just got down on their belly and crawled under the hurdle, well, that would leave their bottom just as exposed, wouldn't it?

Cammy knew what she had to do. She got down on her hands and knees and stretched her back like a cat, pumped her knees to warm herself up, then crouched down like a racer – and darted off on all fours, like a leopard chasing its prey! She reached the first hurdle, and – leap! Leap! Leap! She deftly bounded over hurdle after hurdle, landing on all fours and dashing to maintain her speed for the next jump! She moved with surprising grace, but her heart was pounding – she couldn't stop or slow down, or she'd thump right into a bar and end up dangling over it! She just had to keep moving and not even think about it!

Mandy stared with bugged-out eyes – she knew her friend was athletic, but *wow!* There was no way she could get away with attempting that, so she settled with getting down on her belly and crawling under the hurdles, and taking her spanks as they came – and boy, did they come! Slappers snapped out from the walls as Mandy passed under the bars, and they each gave her a good lick for her trouble! *WHAP! SMACK! WHOP! POP! SLAP!* By the time they reached the end of the hall, both girls were flushed and panting, but for very different reasons!

After a moment's rest, the girls proceeded to the next section: the turnstile maze! When they got there, there were already several girls wandering around among the turnstiles, just enjoying the simple pleasures of being spun around – and that of getting smacked on the butt by a slapper, and watching each other get their butts slapped, whenever they hit a wrong spot! Cammy and Mandy took a moment to watch the other

girls and memorize the spots where they got spanked, and after that, it was only a matter of wandering their way through the spinners and not stepping into any of those spots!

At the other end of the turnstiles, there was another net for the girls to climb up, and a plastic tunnel for the two of them to crawl through. Mandy almost moved to climb the net, before Cammy grabbed onto her shirt to stop her – this, too, was a trap, one that she distinctly remembered falling for last time she was here. The net would only take you so far up, and then you'd have to take a tube slide down, down into another ball pit at the ground level – and guess what was lurking inside the ball pit! Cammy led the way through the plastic tunnel, and as they crawled through they got to look through the clear plastic windows on the sides, down at the other brats sliding down in the ball pit below. And indeed, they even got to see one of the girls get her pants yanked down by a robot hand lurking down below, and get her butt slapped hard as the others watched and laughed and made for the exit!

At the end of the tunnel, there was another net to climb, and Cammy's heart raced as she made her way up. They were so close now, she could feel it! They climbed up into a dome-shaped chamber with pale-yellow walls and a padded yellow floor, and a rectangular opening on one side that led into another narrow passageway. Through the clear bubble windows, they could see the red of the ramparts on the other end of the passage – this was the last stretch!

"Eeeee! Cammy, we're almost there!" Mandy squealed! "And you haven't gotten a single spank yet, right?"

"Nope!" Cammy said proudly, and she even tugged her leggings down a bit to flash her hiney at Mandy and prove it – not a single red blemish on that bottom of hers! "Just gotta crawl through that last tunnel, and we're there! You ready?"

Mandy gave her a determined nod, and the two girls made their way to the tunnel entrance and got down on hands and knees to crawl inside. As it turned out, it was one tunnel split into four with clear plastic dividers; Cammy and Mandy crawled into neighboring spaces so they could keep an eye on each other. Along they crawled through the apple-red interior of the tunnel, across the soft padded floor, and then – *shoop!* They both stopped and looked over their shoulders, to see only a wall of apple-red behind them. The entrances to the tunnels they were in had slid shut!

Cammy and Mandy shared a look through the clear wall between them, and the worry was clear on each of their faces. But regardless, there was no way to go but forward, so Cammy steeled herself and continued crawling on, Mandy following soon after. They would only crawl a short distance further before they found the floor beneath their hands to be a good deal less soft, and a lot more... roly. A belt of roller bars, just

like the ones on the trapped monkey bars, from there all the way down to the end of the tunnel. The girls had only a moment to think about how they would proceed, before there came yet another mechanical sound behind them! They looked over their shoulders again, and were each greeted by the sight of a wheel suspended from the tunnel's ceiling, with several black rubber slappers attached to it! There was a soft whirring, and the wheels slowly started to spin... and draw towards them!

"Oh, *come on!*" Cammy hollered, and she started to scramble down the tunnel in a panic! She only got so far before her hands slipped, and she belly-flopped onto the floor! She tried to scabble back up onto her hands and knees, and only managed to get herself an inch forward before she fell again! The smooth rolling bars were simply too slippery for her to get any traction on! And behind her, she could hear the whip-whip-whip of the slappers swishing through the air, drawing ever closer to her behind...! Darn it! She really thought she could get through here without getting a single spank! She would've felt so cool! But she's already felt the sting of the slappers here before, and she knew it wouldn't be so bad. It's the place of Big Brats like her to get spanked, after all...

"SLIDE, CAMMY! SLIDE!"

Cammy snapped up to attention, to see Mandy turned over onto her side, pawing and kicking at the divider to roll her way down the tunnel! Oh, Mandy, you're a genius! We don't have to crawl! Quickly, Cammy followed suit, twisting over onto her side, planting her hands against the wall, and pushing herself off – just in time for the slapper to miss her hiney! She could hear the whirring getting louder, like the machine was moving faster, but it didn't matter – the two girls' heads soon breached the mouth of the tunnel, and they scrambled out onto the mats, hopped up to their feet and wrapped each other up in a big hug!

"We did it!" Cammy cheered! "We did it!"

"*You* did it!" Mandy chirped. "I got my butt beat the whole way up here!"

"I woulda got my butt beat too, if it weren't for you!"

The two girls giggled and bounced and celebrated in each other's embrace, till at last it came time to head up the short stairway to the ramparts! Indeed, from the bright red walls of the little plastic fort, they could see everything – the ball pits below, the tunnels of the maze, the stage where the clowns would be performing at lunchtime, a counselor at one of the dining tables scolding another brat and threatening her with a real spanking! Cammy spied Counselor Tanya pacing around and keeping an eye on everyone, and she hopped up and waved eagerly to her! "Hey Tanya!" she called out. "I made it all the way up to the top! And I didn't get spanked once!"

"Oh, really!" Tanya called back, an amused smile on her face. "That's cool, Cammy!"

Cammy felt her heart swell with pride. That's right – that *is* cool. She's *very* cool!

"Ready to head down?" she asked Mandy.

"Mm-hmm!"

Together, the two of them headed over to the slides – three identical wavy slides beside one another, separated by plastic dividers, and flattening down at the bottom, where the rider would slide to a gentle stop. As Cammy sat down at the top of the middle slide, she looked over at her friend with a playful smirk. "Wanna see who can reach the bottom the fastest?"

"You're on!" Mandy clambered up onto the slide to her left, wincing ever so slightly as her tender bottom pressed against the plastic.

"On three, ready?" said Cammy. "One... two... THREE!"

The two girls pushed off at the same time, and doooooown they slid, till they reached the first curve. They skidded a little bit, then doooown they slid again, cheering and giggling all the way! A slowdown and a gentle skid, and then doooown to the bottom, where–

Ker-chunk!

It hadn't occurred to Cammy, until just that moment, that there might be one last place they could put a trap.

Because as Mandy skidded to a gentle stop beside her, the plastic under Cammy dropped down into yet another slope, and she kept on sliding, sliding, down down doooown past the floor! She squealed in panic all the way, and she squeezed her eyes shut – and she dared not open them again till she felt herself slowing down and coming to a stop!

"Ooooooh! Is this the one?"

Cammy found herself in the middle of a pastel-blue room, with foam blocks of all different colors and shapes and sizes stacked up against the walls. And standing at the

end of the slide's landing zone were two ladies dressed up as clowns, one in red overalls and one dressed in blue, with matching bowler hats and ball noses!

"Yup! She's the one!" chirped the one in red. "The one who got aaaaall the way up to the castle, without a single spank on her silly little hiney!"

Cammy blinked. There's no way Tanya would have told anyone about that so quickly... Were they watching her the whole time? "Ummm... yep that's me," she says, gently thumping her heels against the plastic as she smiled up at the clowns. "Do I get a prize?"

"Oh, yes!" sang the clown in blue. "You get a very, very special prize: You get to join us up on the stage for today's show!"

"Really? Me?" Cammy sat up straight, her eyes aglow! She loved watching the clowns perform on stage last time she was here – she never thought she'd get to be a part of the show! "What do I – what do you want me to do?"

"Oh, you'll see," said the clown in red, as they both took a hand and helped her up to her feet. "Let's get you to the dressing room, and we'll have a little rehearsal~" Cammy happily followed them over to the door, her heart too aflutter with excitement to notice the two clowns flashing each other a conspiratorial smile.

"Hey, Tam!" Mandy sat down at a table across from Tamara, setting down her plate of piping-hot pepperoni pizza. "Sorry about ditching you in the tunnel," she said with an appealing grin. "How many games did it take you to win?"

"...Like fifteen?!" Tamara huffed. "My butt was so sore at the end, I was so distracted, I missed a winning move like three times!" She pursed her lips and rubbed at her haunch with the back of her hand. "It's okay now, though, I *guess*. What about you and Cammy? You went up to the top, right? ...Where is she, anyway?"

"I... don't know," said Mandy, looking around. All the Sunny Buns Brats had been called to the dining area for pizza, and there was plenty to go around – enough for seconds, even! Everyone was seated at a table, and many of them were squirming around in their seats, nursing sore bottoms from playing in the playground for so long. But Cammy still hadn't come back up from wherever that slide took her! "Tanya said she'd be back soon, but she wouldn't say when, or where she went."

"Well, she'd better get back quick," said Tamara as she picked up her slice and took a big bite. "Mmmh... dish pizza migh' be gone b'fore then!"

"Yeah, that's what I'm worried about," Mandy said with a frown, and took a bite of her own pizza all the same.

Just a few minutes later, flickering lights drew everyone's attention to the stage! "Gooooood afternoon, all you little explorers!" a cheerful voice sang out from the speakers overhead! "Are you all having a good time today?"

"Yeah!" the campers called back in chorus, many of them through mouthfuls of pizza!

"Well, that's good to hear – because the fun's just getting started here at Eureka Zone! We've got a wonderful show for you all today! So please, put your hands together for everyone's favorite pair of clown sisters... Bingooooo aaaaand Gotchaaaaaa!" As the crowd applauded, a pair of clowns came bounding onto the stage – one dressed in red overalls, and one dressed in blue, with bowler hats and ball noses to match, waving to all the brats with gloved hands!

"Thank you, thank you! Thank you everybody!" said the clown in red. "I'm Bingo!"

"And Iiiii'm Gotcha!" said the clown in blue, pointing to herself with both thumbs.

"And we're the Eureka Sisters!"

"Say Gotcha, do you know why they call this place the Eureka Zone?"

"Why's that, sis?"

"Because it's a place where Big Brats of all kinds can come to discover new things about themselves!"

"Yeah, that makes a lot of sense, Bingo! I discovered a lot about myself the first time I came here!"

"Oh really!"

"Sure! For instance: I discovered that my butt isn't nearly as tough as I thought it was...!"

The girls laughed as Gotcha grabbed her butt and hiked up her hips, while Bingo scoffed and rolled her eyes. Mandy laughed too, but her laughter quickly faded as she looked around the room again. Cammy was missing the show!

"Well, speaking of which!" Bingo raised a gloved finger. "I'll have you know that we've got a very special guest today!"

"Oh, do we now!"

"You see, girls, there's a secret about us Eureka Sisters that you might not know," said Bingo to the crowd. "And that's that there's a third member of our troupe!"

Gotcha gasped and raised a hand to her mouth. "Ohhhhhh....!"

"But this third Eureka Sister is very special," Bingo went on. "She only ever makes an appearance whenever a special, remarkable, *ex-ceptional* brat comes to visit us! And as it just so happens, one such brat has decided to do just that! So, it is with no small amount of pleasure, that we introduce you to..."

"Bottoms the Clown!"

Both sisters struck a pose and held their hands open toward the center of the stage, as a hatch opened up in the floor between them! The girls watched with wide eyes to see who would be coming up from below... and then all at once, they broke out into raucous laughter! And understandably so – not one of them could have expected that the first thing they'd see would be *an ass!* Not just an ass, but a bare ass, with a big silly eye drawn in black marker on each buttock, a dopey clown-mouth scrawled across the sit-spots, and a big bulbous ball nose situated between the cheeks – and only one good explanation for how that nose was staying in place! Next came a well-toned pair of thighs, a smooth belly and a pair of B cup breasts – and after that, a pair of feet and a pair of hands locked down to the rising platform in fuzzy pink cuffs, and a face hanging upside down and peeking between her legs, as red as a tomato, with a big fat pacifier in a slightly redder color stuffed firmly into her mouth and held in place with a leather strap around her head...

Mandy's eyes bugged out, and she nearly hopped out of her seat! "Cammy?!"

"So good to have you with us again, Bottoms!" said Gotcha, leaning over to rest her elbow on the small of Cammy's back – and pointedly addressing the crude face drawn on her butt, not her! "Are you happy to be back?"

Cammy squeezed her eyes shut and sucked in deep, belabored breaths through her nose, gurgling into her pacifier. Since the time she started her life as a Big Brat, she's been through her share of embarrassment, and she's been no stranger to punishments both big and small, for reasons both fair and unfair. But she can't think of a single time – a *single* time – that she's been more humiliated than this!

"I saaaaaaid... are you happy to be back, Bottoms?"

Cammy softly groaned: she knew just what she had to do. They'd rehearsed this, after all. She planted her hands and feet firmly on the floor, and she started to wag her tushie up and down in the air – to make Bottoms the Clown nod her head yes!

The crowd of girls roared with laughter, while Mandy winced and squirmed in her seat and dragged her palms down her face. She couldn't believe this was happening to her! She didn't know whether to feel sorry for her or laugh right along with the rest of the camp!

"Well, we're happy to have you back!" Gotcha chirped! "But I gotta ask, what brings you back our way?"

"Well, what I've heard," Bingo interjected, "is that we've had a special little brat come to see us! She goes by the name of Camilla, and from what I understand, this little brat made it from down here on the ground floor, all the way up to the fort up at the top—" She pointed her cartoony gloved finger up at the ramparts, just as Camilla did earlier that morning! "And she did it, without getting spanked—" She raised a finger in the air. "*Once!*"

Gotcha gasped in disbelief! "Once?!"

"Once!"

"Not under the monkey bars?"

"Nope!"

"Not in the tunnel maze?"

"Nope!"

"Not by the tic-tac-toe machine?"

"Nope!"

"Not at the hurdles, or the turnstiles, or the roller-treadmill?"

"Nope, nope, and nope!"

Gotcha blinked at her sister, flabbergasted. "*Well!* I guess she's got some catching up to do, doesn't she!"

"Well, that's what I thought too!" said Bingo over scattered laughter from the crowd. "Buuuuut from what I've been hearin' around the Eureka Zone, this Camilla is a real cool girl. Perhaps even..." Bingo clasped her hands behind her back and leaned over to get a good look at Cammy's flushed face. "Too cool to be spanked?"

"Oh, now that's just crazy talk!" Gotcha sputtered. "Ain't no Big Brat out there who's too cool to be spanked! Ain't no such thing! Do we have to have that talk again? I swear if we have to have that talk again—"

"We don't need to have the talk again!" said Bingo, holding a hand out to stop her! "What I really need to hear right now, is I need to hear Bottoms' opinion!" Bingo leaned over to address Camilla's marked-up butt. "Bottoms? What do you think of this Camilla? Is she the kind of girl who's too cool to be spanked?"

Cindy drew in another deep breath and swallowed. Of course, she knew what answer they were expecting – so she started wagging her plugged-up tushie from side to side, making Bottoms the Clown shake her head no!

"She's not? Well, what kind of girl is she?" asked Gotcha.

"Slow down, there, Gotcha!" said Bingo. "Now you see girls, Bottoms here is a very clever clown – only problem is, she doesn't talk very well! So when we need to ask her something harder than just yes or no, we gotta ask her real simple-like, and then we give her time to spell it out for us! And here's where you all come in – you watch real close, and tell us just what letters she's spelling, so we know what she's got to say! So, with that said –" She gestured to Gotcha again. "Your question, sis?"

Gotcha nodded her affirmation, and looked to Bottoms again. "What kind of girl is Camilla, Bottoms?"

The knot in Camilla's throat tightened. Here came the trickiest part. She'd have to put her weight down firmly on her hands and knees and count on them to support her, as she raised her hiney up and swayed it to the left. She dragged it down in a straight line,

then back up, to swish it right and make a quick curve back over to the left, and then one more, going just a bit lower!

"B!" the crowd cheered!

Cammy raised her hiney to trace the next letter in the air with her butt, her whole body trembling and flushed with heat as she swished and waggled her hiney in the most embarrassing ways, for everyone to see! A swipe down, a curve, a jerk to the corner – "R!" A jerk up, a jerk down, a swish from left to right... "A!" And thank goodness, the last one – for now! A quick swipe from left to the right, and then a firm downward thrust – "T!"

"B, R, A, T... Ohhhhh, she's a *brat!*" Gotcha marveled!

"Well, if that's what Bottoms says, then it's gotta be true!" said Bingo. "Guess little Cammy's not quite as cool as she's made out to be~"

"Oh, I mean she sounds pretty cool," Gotcha countered. "But certainly not too cool for you-know-what!"

"Mmmmmh.... no, I don't think I do know what, Gotcha," said Bingo. "But if there's anyone on this stage who does know – well, that's gotta be Bottoms, right?"

"You are *so* right!" Gotcha said. "So if you don't mind, Bottoms, tell us: What do you think Cammy needs right now?"

Oh gosh, more butt-writing...! But it was only the one word, right? She could do it! She was tough enough, she was dexterous enough... and it wasn't like she had a choice! She raised her hips up and to the right, and she started to trace the letter in broad and readable curves.. "S! ...P! ...A! ...N! ...K!"

"Spank? Ohh, a *spanking!* You're such a genius, Bottoms! That's exactly right! Brats need spankings!" Gotcha reached behind her back and pulled out a rubber-coated ping pong paddle, and she cast it up into the air in a tall arc, right over Cammy's stuck-up butt and into Bingo's waiting hand!

"But you know," Bingo said, "I'm not sure if I can spank a bratty bottom like this."

"You're not?!" said Gotcha as she pulled a second paddle out from behind her back. "Talk to me, sis, tell me whatcha need!"

"Well..." Bingo furrowed her brow and tapped her paddle to her chin. "I'm not sure I can spank without... music."

"Ohhhhh. It's music you need, is it? Well how about... this?" Gotcha snapped her fingers, and Mozart started playing.

"No," said Bingo, shaking her head. "Too posh."

"Oh. How about this?" Another snap of her fingers, and dubstep started blaring!

"Too noisy!" Bingo cringed, covering her ears!

"Okay, okay, okay! How about... this?" She snapped her fingers one last time, and a poppy beat started to play.

"Ohhhh, I like this. I like this... I can spank to this!" Twirling their paddles in their hands, Gotcha and Bingo danced their way over to Cammy and stood on either side of her, lining up their paddles with her buttcheeks! Just as the song's intro came to its close, Bingo stroked her gloved hand along the small of Cammy's back, and she whispered to the trembling girl as she gave her a kind and gentle smile: *"You're doing a really good job."*

And then up their paddles went, high into the air – and they started spanking to the beat, and singing:

*You gotta spank bratty bottoms when they start actin' out,
You gotta spank bratty bottoms till they holler and shout,
And when a brat starts annoying you and pullin' your crank,
You gotta take that bottom and just give it a spank!*

*Now tell me whatcha gotta do when a brat won't behave?
When she thinks she's the master and the world is her slave?
When she's too big for her britches? When she fidgets and fusses?
When she needles, when she wheedles, when she curses and cusses?*

*Do you give her what she wants? She'll just do it again!
Do you ignore her till she stops? She won't learn nothin' then!
It's a fact as old as time, and we're tellin' it true,
When you're dealin' with a brat, only one thing will do!*

*You gotta spank bratty bottoms when they start gettin' proud,
You gotta spank bratty bottoms till they're cryin' out loud,*

*And when she thinks she's unstoppable and tough as a tank,
You gotta take that bottom and just give it – a –
Spank, spank, spank, for a naughty bratty girl!
Gotta take that bottom and just give it a spank!*

"Yeeeeeeeah!" The clowns ended the song, and Cammy's spanking, with a flourish of their hands, while the laughter and applause drowned out the sound of Cammy's groaning and whining and moaning and bawling! They spanked her so much! They spanked her so hard! Her butt was so, so hot, and she could feel it throbbing along with her heartbeat, and she just knew it was red red red red red! And everyone just watched her get her butt spanked so hard and so red and they laughed and they cheered and they loved it – oh gosh! Oh gosh!

"Thanks for all your help, Bottoms the Clown!" Bingo chirped! "But if you don't mind, I think we oughta hear a few words from that little brat you came along with! Gotcha, if you'll do the honors?"

"Gladly." Gotcha stooped down beside Cammy, and she reached around to unfasten the leather strap behind her head and pull the thick rubber bulb out of her mouth. "How do you feel now, little Cammy? Do you feel like a super cool girl?"

Cammy sucked in a deep, wet breath, her face all wet with tears, and her voice cracked as she shouted out her answer: "*Noooooooooo!*"

"Well, what do you feel like?"

Cammy snorted another hard breath, and she bobbed her bottom up and down as she answered: "*Like a big, silly, stupid baby brat, with a red, red, spanky bratty butt!*"

Bingo blinked and smiled in approval, then turned to address the audience: "We didn't even tell her to say that!"

"Well, you know what?" said Gotcha, giving her a firm and loving stroke across the back of her head. "You *are* a super cool girl, and you *are* a silly baby brat, and you did *such* a good job up on stage today! Everybody give Camilla a big round of applause!"

The girls all cheered and clapped and whistled, as the clowns unlatched her from her restraints, then helped her up to her feet and escorted her backstage. With all that done, the clowns continued their performance – and it was a few minutes before Camilla came to sit down beside Mandy with her own plate of pizza, dressed back up in her T-shirt and leggings, face still flushed but freshly washed.

Mandy was quick to wrap her arms around Camilla's trunk and squeeze her so tight. Camilla simply smiled and wrapped her arms around her in kind, patting her back. "I'm okay," she assured her. "I'm fine."

"I just... I just can't believe they did all that!" Mandy sputtered. "They spanked you so red... they drew on your butt...! They made you do all those moves...!"

"You should've seen the size of the plug," Cammy huffed, with a smirk and a roll of her eyes. "'s what I get for thinkin' I could get away without a spanking the whole day." She picked up her slice of pizza, and she took a big and hearty bite. Delicious.

Mandy let out a little whimper of assent, and took a nibble from her own slice. "...So what now?"

"Mmmh..." Camilla chewed up her mouthful and swallowed. "Whaddaya mean, what now?"

"I mean, the wildest thing that's gonna happen to you today just happened," Mandy said. "What're ya gonna do after that?"

Camilla paused to think about it while she took another bite. Her attention drifted to the sizzling heat in her bottom, to the dull ache in her anus... to the smoldering heat in her loins. This was the life she chose. The life of a Big Brat. The life of a Spanked Girl. It was silly of her to ever think she could get away from it for a moment, even as a playful little challenge to herself. Regardless of what she wanted, or what she thought she wanted, she got spanked today. And when she went home to Mom and Dad and told them about her day, they'd laugh and call her a silly little girl, and probably spank her again. And then she'd go to bed with a hot bottom, and wake up in the morning, and get spanked, and then she'd go back to day camp and get spanked, and then on the weekends she'd go to her neighbor's house and get spanked, and then summer would end and she'd go back to school and act up in class and get spanked... This heat, this pain, this endless humiliation... it's what she wanted. It's what she needed. It's what she *deserved*.

"Well... first, I'm gonna rest for a bit," said Camilla. "Then when I'm ready, I think I'll wade through the ball pit over on the other side. And then have another little crawl through the tunnel maze." Her thighs squeezed together, and she started to shift in her seat. "Check out some of the dead ends, maybe play some tic-tac-toe..."