

## LATE

by Dreyer

Camilla hurried down the empty hall, the soles of her mary janes clicking against the linoleum. The blue bowtie around the collar of her white blouse was haphazard and crooked, her white stockings were bunched up in places, her hair was a bit disheveled, stray locks sticking out here and there. She only had so much time to prepare herself that morning, since she'd slept past her alarm. She even missed the bus, and Mom had to drive her to the Academy herself, arriving only a few minutes before first period — and her classroom was on the far side of the building! Still, if she kept up her pace, she could make good time and not be *too* late, just as long as she didn't run into—

"Hey! No running in the halls!"

The hall monitor. Dang it. Camilla turned to face the older woman, dressed in a blue blazer and a pencil skirt, who gave her a stern glare through her spectacles as she approached.

"I'm sorry, ma'am!" said Camille with an apologetic smile. "I'm just trying to get to my class...!"

"That's no excuse," the hall monitor scolded, wagging a finger at Camilla. "What if you'd slipped and bumped your head on the way? You'd have a lot more to worry about than being late then! You'd be on your way to the nurse's office, instead of to your classroom!"

Camilla sighed in exasperation and rolled her eyes. "All *right*, ma'am. I understand, but I need to get going!" She turned on her toe and moved to leave — but the hall monitor reached out to grab her upper arm to stop her.

"Oh, no you don't," the hall monitor huffed. "You're clearly not taking my words to heart. We need to make sure this lesson sticks." She pulled Camilla over to the wall, and she drew a little wooden paddle from a holster at her hip. "Hands against the wall," she ordered. "Stick your bottom out."

Camilla scoffed. "Ma'am, come *on*—"

"Hands against the wall," the hall monitor repeated, more firmly and more slowly. "Bottom out."

Camilla took a big breath in and heaved out a dramatic sigh, her shoulders slumping. Still, she did as she was ordered: she set down her leather book bag, and she turned to face the wall, planting her palms flat against it, then scooting her feet back until her hips stuck out sufficiently. The hall monitor flipped up her plaid skirt, exposing her white panties, and the splotches of rosy pink peeking out from under the leg cuffs!

"Oh, my. Looks like someone got to you before I did, huh?" said the hall monitor with a little smirk. "Well, no surprise — Big Brats like you have to be spanked plenty!" And without another word, she raised the paddle up, and brought it down across the seat of Camilla's panties, shaking her round buns with a crisp *pop!* Camilla could only whimper and whine as the hall monitor smacked her bottom again and again, sending the sharp sound of wood smacking against skin ringing down the halls! She spanked and spanked and spanked until twenty swats had been landed, and the red in Camilla's bottom

shone through much more clearly! Then she smartly tugged her skirt back down over her bottom, and bade her to stand up again. “And let that be a lesson to you,” she chided. “Now off to class you go!”

Camilla simply sniffled and pouted, shouldered her bag and trotted off at a quick but careful pace, rubbing her sore hiney through the plaid fabric. She’d gotten in enough trouble for waking up so late, and now that she tried to make up for the lost time, she gets another spanking for it?! It wasn’t fair!



When Camilla finally stepped into her classroom, she discovered that class was even more underway than she’d hoped. The eyes of all the other students turned to her, including Mandy’s, who sat in the seat right behind hers. At the front of the class stood Cassie and Wendy, heads and hands on the blackboard and bottoms stuck out — even they turned briefly to look at her before turning their attention back to the board.

“Well!” Mrs. Fishburne piped up, arms crossed. “Normally I’d scold you for being so late, Camilla, but as it turns out, you’re right on time.” Scattered giggles chimed out from the class. “I don’t suppose you have the assignment that was due today, do you?”

“Mm? Y-yes, of course! One sec...” Her heart thumping, Camilla quickly unshouldered her book bag and opened it up to rummage around inside. She may have been terribly late, but at least one thing she’d done right today! She’d read the chapters of *Paradise Lost* that had been assigned, and the paper she wrote on them was quite good, if she said so herself; she just had to pull out her little yellow literature folder and... wait... where is it... oh. She stopped, and she shut her eyes tight.

“Camilla?” said Mrs. Fishburne, tilting her head.

“...It’s on my desk at home,” Camilla groaned. She’d been in such a rush to get out the door that she forgot to put the paper in her bag.

“Mmh. Unfortunate.” Mrs. Fishburne picked up her yardstick and pointed toward the blackboard, to the spot right next to Wendy. “Hands on the blackboard,” she said. “Bottom out.”

“But, but Mrs. Fishburne, I swear I did the reading—”

“Camilla.”

“But I already got a spanking on the way here—”

“*Hands on the blackboard, Camilla.*”

Camilla let out another dramatic sigh, and she tromped over to the blackboard and took her position, hands on the board and butt stuck out. Behind her, she could hear Mrs. Fishburne’s footsteps making their way to the other end of the line, where Cassie stood, and then she could hear the firm but gentle tap of the yardstick against her bottom.

“Now, what are you going to do next time, Cassie?”

Cassie gave a sigh. "I'm going to remember to do my homework, Mrs. Fishburne."

"Very good," said the teacher. And then — *Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!* Camilla winced at the sound of thin wood whacking against Cassie's rump, and the grunts and clenched-teeth groans they elicited. Ten strokes landed on her bottom, and then she was dismissed back to her seat. Next came Wendy, and the yardstick gently thwipped against her stuck-out bottom.

"What are you going to do next time, Wendy?"

"Eep--! Yes ma'am! I'm going to do my reading and my homework, ma'am!"

"Very good." *Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!* The sound was much closer now, and Camilla's own buns clenched in empathy, while the student beside her pressed her brow into the blackboard and moaned! A full ten strokes for her, and then she was sent sniffing and swallowing back to her seat.

Next, it was Camilla's turn. She blushed as she felt her skirt being lifted up, her already well-toasted bottom being put on display.

"Hmm! You weren't lying about getting spanked already, were you?" said Mrs. Fishburne with an amused lilt. All the same, she laid the yardstick across the seat of her underpants, and she gave her bottom a gentle *thwip-thwip-thwip*. "What are you going to do next time, Camilla?"

Camilla shut her eyes and groaned. "I'm going to remember to pack my homework in my bag, Mrs. Fishburne."

"And?"

Camilla winced. "...*And* I'm going to show up to class on time."

"Very good."

*Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!* Camilla was no stranger to the yardstick, but on an already tender bottom it stung so much more! That, and knowing that everyone's eyes were on her behind, and they could see how hard she'd been spanked already before she even showed up — the shame of it made every blow all the more intense! She scrunched her face up, tensed her bottom, stuck it out for the eighth and the ninth and the tenth, and then relaxed...

Only to be caught off guard by the eleventh! *Whack!* This one nearly made her jump, and she howled out loud! Of course! *Of course!* Ten for forgetting her homework, and another ten for being late! Why would she expect anything else?! By the time the twentieth smack landed, she was whining and moaning, bouncing in a fuss and carrying on like a little girl!

Mrs. Fishburne draped her skirt back down over her glowing red rump. "All right, Camilla, you're all done," she assured her. "Go and take your seat now."

Camilla sniffled softly, rubbing her bottom as she quickly walked to her seat. Some of the students looked at her with wry smiles before averting their eyes; others elected not to look at her at all.

She gingerly set her bottom down onto the plastic chair, pursing her lips as her weight squashed down on the raw heat.

She did her best to pay attention to the lecture — unfortunately, she had left her copy of the book on her desk along with her homework, but she could probably share with Jessica or Jamie beside her when it came time for the read-along. There was a lot of lecture before then, though, and Camilla really tried her best to sit still through it... but oh, her bottom was so sore, and every few moments she'd feel a fresh reminder of it! She shifted and fidgeted in her seat, trying to find a comfortable sitting position, and every now and again one of her classmates would look her way and smirk or snicker at her plight. At least she could fight the urge to rub or pluck at her bottom; she'd made a fool of herself enough today!

“Are you all right, Cammy?” Mandy whispered behind her. “She didn't get you that hard, did she?”

Camilla looked to make sure that Mrs. Fishburne wasn't looking their way, and then she looked back over her shoulder. “Nuh-uh,” she whispered back. “Not by herself. But Mom already spanked me this morning, twice. And then the hall monitor caught me running in the halls and spanked me again.”

“Aw, geez...! You didn't stay up all night working on that paper, did you?”

“No, I got done with that pretty early. But... I might have stayed up a little late grinding out mats for that Vitalium Lance in KHS.”

“Ohhhhh... Did you finish building it?” asked Mandy with an eager grin.

“Almost,” Camilla said, a satisfied smile on her own face. “Just need a few more Vitalium shards, then I gotta clear the Odin raid--”

“Mandy! No talking in class,” Mrs. Fishburne sharply scolded. Mandy squeaked and clammed up, straightening up in her seat. “Camilla! You've been fussing and squirming in your seat this whole time. If you're going to be such a distraction for the rest of the class, I should just dismiss you.”

“I'm sorry, Mrs. Fishburne!” Camilla whined, still squirming despite herself. “My butt hurts so much, I can't help it...!”

“You can't *help it*?” said Mrs. Fishburne, raising an eyebrow. “Then I guess there's nothing else to be done, is there? Come up to the front of the class.”

Camilla sat with mouth agape for a moment, as the realization came to her that she'd said exactly the wrong thing. With a defeated whine, she rose up from her seat, taking her bag with her, and marched up to Mrs. Fishburne's desk. Mrs. Fishburne sat down in her chair and quickly filled out a carbon-paper form in black pen, and she tore off the top layer and handed it to Camilla.

“You'll be spending the rest of this period in Room 303. Bring this form with you,” said the teacher. “I'll be calling ahead to let them know you're coming, so make sure you don't dawdle.”

Camilla's eyes widened, and a chorus of 'oooooh's came from the class. Room 303...?! That was one of the discipline rooms! She looked at the piece of paper in her hands. Notice of Disciplinary Action... disrupting class...!

"You don't have to read it, Camilla," said Mrs. Fishburne. "Just go."

"Mrs. Fishburne, I can sit still!" Camilla pleaded, fussily bouncing even then. "I'll try to control myself, I won't talk in class anymore—"

"Camilla Rutherford." Mrs. Fishburne stood up, staring pointedly at Camilla with arms folded. "Do I need to give you a personal send-off?"

Camilla flinched and bowed her head. "N-no ma'am."

"Then off you go."

Camilla grumbled and groaned as she marched out of the classroom and back into the empty halls. She could hear the other students muttering to each other, until the heavy door closed. Spanked for being late, then spanked for forgetting her homework because she was so late, and now sent off to be punished some more because she couldn't sit still because she was spanked so much? She sighed loudly and marched off toward Room 303. It just wasn't *fair!*



Now that she was out of the room, Camilla had time to read the form that she'd been handed. Notice of Disciplinary Action. It described how she'd been late to class, how she'd forgotten her homework, how she'd been talking during lecture and been a general disruption to the class, and it directed that she should stay in Room 303 for the rest of the period, to be disciplined as deemed appropriate...

*As deemed appropriate?!* That could mean anything! But most likely it would *at least* mean another spanking, on top of the ones she's already gotten. She'd been to the discipline rooms before, after all, and the ladies in charge of them were always so strict! Why did she have to go there just for being a little fidgety?! She wasn't even that loud—

"No stomping in the halls!"

Camilla cringed. Of all the rotten luck, Camilla just happened to cross the hall monitor *again*. "I'm not stomping!" she insisted, stomping her foot.

"I could hear you stomping from the other end of the hallway. Didn't I just have to teach you not to run in the hall earlier?"

"Well, I'm not running, either, and you didn't *have* to teach me anything!" She held up the paper in her hand. "Look, I have to go to Room 303..."

"And with the way you're fussing and talking back right now, it's no wonder," the hall monitor remarked. "Hands on the wall, young lady, and bottom out."

*“Ma’am! I’m already on my way to get punished, I don’t need—”*

*“Hands on the wall, and bottom out.”*

*“Ugggggh...!”* Camilla’s shoulders slumped, her eyes rolled, her head lolled over to the side... but she obeyed. Back to the wall she went, hands against it, bottom stuck out. The hall monitor flipped up her skirt, and chose not to remark on how much redder her bottom had gotten since she’d last seen it. She quietly pulled out her paddle, and she went right to business — this little lady had somewhere to be, after all!

*Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack...*



Camilla’s pout was stuck on her face now, and it was all she could do to keep from crying as she entered the discipline room. She was greeted by the familiar shade of sky blue that colored the walls, presumably for its calming effect. In the middle of the room there was a large cushioned bench, and near that was a wooden cabinet, filled with instruments of the trade, no doubt. In one corner, the disciplinarian, a woman with curly brown hair wearing a dark blue dress and a white apron, sat at her desk; and in another, there were several stalls set up with wooden dividers, for students to stand in time-out. One of these stalls was already occupied: Camilla could see another girl’s mary-jane-clad feet under the divider, her skirt lying in a heap around her ankles.

“Ah, there you are! Miss Rutherford, yes?” the disciplinarian chirped. She stood up from her desk and made her way over to greet Camilla, a gentle smile on her face. “Can I see that little paper you’ve got there?”

Camilla was a little surprised: this woman’s attitude was a lot different from the one she had to visit last semester. With a sheepish look on her face, she held out the form for her to take.

The older woman pulled it from her hands carefully, then took a moment to scan over it, making sure it all lined up with what she was told over the phone. “Mmm... mm-hmm. All right. You’ll be spending the rest of first period with me, then,” she said. “Nothing to be afraid of: We’re just going to give you a little bit of an attitude adjustment, and talk about what you can do to be a better student in the future. Then you’ll be standing in one of those little stalls over there, and you can take some time to relax and think about what we discussed. Does that sound good?”

Camilla wanted to sulk about it, but the woman spoke with a gentleness and a warmth that made her want to go along with her. “Yes, ma’am,” she said softly.

“Good. And you can call me Mrs. Bell, okay, dear?” said the disciplinarian, holding a hand to her chest.

“Okay, Mrs. Bell.”

“All right. Come on over here and let’s get you situated, okay?”

Mrs. Bell took Camilla’s hand, and she led her over to the bench in the middle of the room. She took a seat upon it, and Camilla remained pliant as she guided her to lay over her lap, belly-down. Her

heart thrummed as Mrs. Bell folded her skirt up over her back, then hooked a finger into her panties and wiggled them down, to bare her bright-red cheeks completely!

“Oh...!” Mrs. Bell’s eyes widened. “Well, how did this bottom of yours get so red already?”

“How? *How?!*” Camilla twisted to look back over her shoulder. “Because I slept through my alarm this morning and Mom had to come wake me up, and she gave me a spanking for sleeping in so late, and I missed the shuttle so Mom had to drive me to school, and she was upset about that so I said ‘hey, at least I’m well-rested’ and she didn’t think that was very funny so she gave me *another* spanking, and then I tried to hurry to class and the hall monitor stopped me for running in the halls and gave me *another* spanking, and then I was late to class and I forgot my homework so the teacher gave me *another* spanking, and then I couldn’t stop squirming in my seat ‘cause my butt was so sore so she kicked me out of class and sent me here to get *ANOTHER* spanking, and on my way here the hall monitor stopped me again because she thought I was stomping my feet even though I *wasn’t* stomping my feet but it didn’t *matter* because she’s the grown-up and I’m just a Big Brat so she pulled me over and gave me *ANOTHER* spanking! It’s been nothing but spankings, spankings, spankings, since the second I woke *up!*”

The room was silent for a moment. Mrs. Bell’s eyes fluttered as she looked at her, unsurprised, quietly understanding. Camilla’s cheeks flushed, as she started to feel embarrassed at her own outburst.

“Well... this just isn’t your morning, is it, dear?” said Mrs. Bell, smoothing a hand up and down Camilla’s back. “It’s okay, dear: We all have bad days sometimes.” But even as she comforted her, her hand lifted up into the air, and she started in with a volley of brisk, firm slaps against Camilla’s red and tender buns, bouncing them and jiggling them and reddening them even more! “But you just have to think about what you can do to make the next day better, don’t you?”

Camilla squeaked and whined and whimpered, crossing her ankles and pressing her face into the cushions, to try and stop herself from squirming as Mrs. Bell spanked her butt hotter and hotter! “Yes ma’am...!”

“That’s right. Now, you said you woke up late this morning?” Mrs. Bell asked, as she kept on smacking her bottom all over. “Do you know how that happened? Did you go to bed late last night?”

“...Yes...!”

“You did? What were you staying up late for?” *Spank, spank, spank!*

Camilla groaned and started to twist to one side. “...I was trying to get an item in a video game...!”

“You were getting something in a video game,” Mrs. Bell patiently repeated. “Did you manage to get it?”

“Mmmh...! I got close!”

“You got close. Okay. Did you miss out on it, because you didn’t get it in time?”

“Nnn-no...? Ooh...! I, I can still get it!”

“You can still get it. So you probably didn’t have to stay up so late trying to get it in the first place, did you?”

“*Ohhhh...!*” The heat in Camilla’s bottom was rising. Mrs. Bell spanked steadily, firmly, not too hard and not too soft, hard enough that she could feel the sting, soft enough that she could keep her here getting spanked for a good long time! She kicked her feet a little, but then crossed her ankles again. “No, ma’am!”

“That’s what I thought. Video games can be fun, Camilla, but sleep is a lot more important. If you don’t get your sleep, it ruins your mood, it hurts your performance at school... it even makes your video games less fun! So I want you to make sure you’re going to bed on time from now on, okay? Do your mom and dad set a bedtime for you?”

“Nnnhn! Yes!”

“When is your bedtime?”

“N-nine o’ clock on school nights! Ten on the weekends!”

“Nine o’ clock, okay. And I bet you were staying up well past nine to get that item, huh. Did your mom or dad come in to make sure you were in bed?”

“Mmm...! Once. But- but then I got up to play some more...!”

“Oh, I see. So you knew you weren’t supposed to do that, didn’t you?”

“Yes, ma’-haaaam! Owwww...!”

“And this is what happens if you do, isn’t it?” *Spank, spank, spank, spank, SPANK!* “So next time you wanna stay up past your bedtime playing video games, you can just think back to all these spankings you got today, and that’ll help you remember the right thing to do, won’t it?”

“Ohhh-ho-ho, yes ma’am! I’m sorry, ma’am!”

“It’s okay, dear! You don’t have to apologize to me,” Mrs. Bell said sweetly, as she spanked and slapped and swatted and smacked! “You just have to lie there, and take your spanks, and think about how to do better from now on, okay?”

“Ow, owh, ow, yes ma’am, ow, ow, oww, owwh-h-hhh...!”

“Good. And you can fuss and whine and cry as much as you like, it’s perfectly fine. Just as long as you keep that bottom right there where I can spank it!”

And spank she did, on and on and on and on and on, never once breaking her rhythm. There were no more words; nothing else needed to be said. All there was left to do was to spank Camilla’s big bratty butt until she was sure that the lessons of today had sunk in! Her other hand pressed down on Camilla’s back, holding her firmly in place, almost assuring. There was no break, no sending her to



fetch a paddle or a cane – just a nice, long, slow roasting of Camilla’s red rump, with nothing but the palm of her firm hand!

After what felt like forever, the spanking stopped, and Mrs. Bell took Camilla by her shoulders and guided her up to her feet. Camilla was sniffing and hiccuping now; her tears were flowing; her face was a mess. Mrs. Bell ran a hand down her back to soothe her, and she offered her some tissues to help clean her face up. Then she took her by the shoulder and ushered her to the other side of the room, guiding her into an empty stall. She took her wrists and moved her hands up to the top of her head, then tugged her skirt down till it fell to her ankles.

“There. Now you’re going to stand there and think about what we talked about today, okay?” said Mrs. Bell. “I’ll let you know when you can come out.”

Camilla sniffed and swallowed. “Yes, ma’am...!”

With that, Mrs. Bell left Camilla to do her time in the corner. Camilla kept as quiet as she could, save for the sniffing that she couldn’t help, and even that faded off into silence as the minutes passed. With nothing to do now but stare at the sky blue wall in front of her, she actually began to think about what she had done. She realized that a lot of what had happened today was her fault after all. If only she could’ve just quit the game and gone to bed when she was supposed to! But still, getting spanked, how many... six times in a single day, over one little mistake? It just wasn’t fair! It just wasn’t...

It wasn’t fair. And that was the point, she realized. If she had wanted fair, she would have just applied to a normal university or gotten a normal job, just like everyone else. She wouldn’t have moved halfway across the country, to live in a new town, a new house, to live with a couple who would treat her just like a little girl, who would turn her over their knee and spank her the moment she stepped out of line. Who would send her to a school full of teachers who would spank her just as much, and then in the summer send her to a day camp full of counselors who would also spank her! This blazing red bottom of hers: it’s what she wanted. It’s what she asked for. It’s what she would get, every single day, whether she liked it or not. There was no such thing as ‘fair’ for a naughty, dirty, bad little brat like her...!

It took her a moment to realize that her hands weren’t on her head anymore. One was on her bottom, squeezing her glowing buttocks to reignite the fire. Her other was between her legs, fingers gently kneading at the swollen flesh around her lips. She bit her lip to hold back the sound, but her nostrils flared as she took deep breaths. She wondered if that other girl was still in the stall near hers, if she could hear what she was doing. She wondered just how she kept from doing the same, or for that matter, how *any* of the Big Brats in this town keep from doing the same, when they get spanked and humiliated and treated so shamefully every single day without end...

“Camilla? Are you playing with yourself?”

Camilla squeaked as she heard Mrs. Bell’s gentle voice behind her! Quickly she straightened herself up and put her hands back on top of her head.

“Now, now, none of that. I saw that your hands weren’t where they needed to be. I told you to keep them on your head, didn’t I?”

Camilla gulped, a deep red blush spreading across her cheeks. “Yes, ma’am...!”

“I sure did. Come on out of that stall, dear. I think you need another round. Step out of your skirt, just leave it where it is.”

Camilla mewled and slipped her feet out of her skirt as ordered, and she kept her head bowed in shame as she shuffled out of the stall. She looked back briefly over her shoulder, and saw that other girl’s feet under the divider still — her cheeks blazed in embarrassment! Back over to the bench she went, and Mrs. Bell bent the wayward girl right back over her lap — and then spanked, spanked, spanked that naughty red bottom once again, without a moment of lead-up!

“The corner is for meditation, Camilla,” Mrs. Bell gently scolded. “Not for masturbation. Can you repeat that for me, dear?”

Camilla winced and squeaked, her heart pounding! She couldn’t believe she would make her say such an embarrassing thing! Worse still, that tingle between her thighs still remained from moments before... and with each stern swat against her bottom, it was only becoming more and more pronounced!

“Repeat the words, Camilla,” Mrs. Bell insisted. “The corner is for meditation, not for masturbation.”

Camilla blushed back to her ears — how does she say it so casually?! She swallowed and opened her mouth to speak, drawing in a quick breath. “The... the corner is for meditation,” she stammered. “Not for m-m-mas-turbation!”

“Exactly,” Mrs. Bell said with a sage nod, as she swatted at Camilla’s sit-spot. “Say it again, and keep saying it until I tell you to stop.”

“Ohhhh...!” Camilla’s face scrunched up, and she took in another deep breath, which hitched as she felt a surge in her loins. “The corner is for meditation, not for masturbation!” she squealed! “The corner is for meditation, not for masturbation!” The spans kept coming. “The corner is for meditation, not for masturbation!” Her bottom was so hot, so sore. “The corner is for meditation, not for masturbation!” And it only kept getting hotter, and sorer. “The corner is for meditation, not for masturbation!” She squirmed, and she arched her back, and she lifted her bottom up into Mrs. Bell’s hand. “The c-corner is for meditation, n-not for masturbation!” She deserved this spanking. “The corner is for mmmeditation, not for masturbationnnh!” It’s what she gets for being such a filthy, naughty, sassy little brat! She quivered and shook. “The co-horner is for med-meditation, not f’r masturBA—!”

Mrs. Bell leaned back in the seat, and she lifted her hands away from Camilla’s body. She kept an eye on her, watching as she shuddered and shifted and squirmed in her lap, sucking in stuttering breaths through clenched teeth, her hips stuck up and quaking and jerking up and down, until at last, she let out a heavy breath and slumped down, panting and gasping, limp as a doll.

“...Oh, my.” Mrs. Bell carefully picked her up off of her lap, turned her over and laid her down on her back. She went to fetch a terry towel and slid it under Camilla’s sizzling bottom.

“It’s okay, Camilla. You couldn’t help it. No one’s upset with you,” Mrs. Bell assured her. “But if this is the way it’s going to be, then I think it’s best that we send you home for the day. I don’t think

you're in any condition to be learning right now." She gave her a little pat on the collar, then started back toward her desk. "I'll call to have your mother come pick you up."

In her haze, it took Camilla a moment to parse what the disciplinarian had said. "...Wai... Wait...!" She started to sit up, holding her hand out toward Mrs. Bell. "You, you can't send me home! If you send me home, Mom's gonna spank me again for sure...!"

Mrs. Bell stopped just in front of her desk, and she regarded Camilla with a knowing smile. "Well, you've been getting spanked all morning anyway, haven't you? You said so yourself. And at this rate, you're just going to get sent back my way over and over again. Best we just dismiss you so you can get your spankings in the comfort of your home. And then you can come back tomorrow, refreshed and ready to learn."

Camilla moaned and buried her blushing face in her hands. It was pointless: plead as she might, she had no say in the matter. All she could do was sit there, while Mrs. Bell picked up her phone and put in the call. The remainder of the day stretched out plainly before her: Mom would come to the discipline room, and find her bratty daughter sitting there on the bench, bottom even redder than it was this morning, with a towel under her to soak up her dribbles — and if she didn't take her over her knee and spank the bejezus out of her right then and there, she'd surely do it when she brought her home! And then she'd be sent to her room, no TV, no video games, just sitting on her bed bored until Dad came home and heard all about her day, and he'd come up to her room and spank her again! And then another spanking before bedtime for sure, just to make the lesson stick. And then later that night, Mom would open her bedroom door and catch her grinding against her pillow, her apple-red bottom bouncing up and down in the air, and she'd march right over to her bed and spank her and spank her and spank-spank-spank her, and it wouldn't be fair, it would never be fair, thank god, thank god, it just wasn't fair...