

YOUR FAVORITE OUTFIT

by Dreyer

~ April 20th ~

You arrive at the tailor shop of your town in *Dragon's Junction* about a minute before it opens. You can see in the display window that they finally have the purse that you've been waiting for, the one that'll complete the outfit you've been putting together for weeks! It's a cute one, too: a little brown bag made to look like a teddy bear's face, with a thin leather strap so you can carry it over your shoulder.

Not that the outfit you're wearing right now isn't cute. A red baseball cap on your head that you're wearing backwards, a bandage across your nose, blue corduroy overalls over a white long-sleeved shirt with blue stripes around the sleeves, white high-top sneakers spattered with flecks of red, blue, and yellow paint. (Plus a pair of rocketship-printed underpants on underneath, but only you know that!) You love running around the town in this outfit, but the one you're about to finish is going to be even better!

While you're waiting for the little atelier's lights to turn on, you notice a few stray weeds popping up between the violets you planted along the side of the road. In your capacity as Chief Officer of Human-Monster Relations for this little town, you've been given the power to make this town the most beautiful and livable place that you can — including building roads, planting gardens, funding public works projects, even deciding on placement of houses and buildings. A lot of responsibility to be given to the only pure human in town! And right now, part of that responsibility involves puttering into that flower garden and plucking up those nasty weeds — making sure to position yourself just right so you don't yank up your flowers by mistake!

As if on cue, once you've plucked out the last weed in your field of view, the windows of the tailor shop light up. Careful to *walk* out of the flowerbed before you start running, you hurry through the door. Inside the cozy little clothier, a cute, demure blue dragon in a gingham dress approaches to greet you.

Bruvelle 😊

Good morning! Welcome to Bell & Bunny Tailors!

You dispense with the pleasantries, not even going to the back of the shop to speak with her twin sister Bruvanni behind the sewing machine, like you usually do. You make a beeline straight to the shelf where the teddy bear purse is sitting.

Bruvelle 😊

Oh! Are you interested in a **teddy bear purse?**

Bruvelle 😊

That's selling for **1,280 Gems. Will you be buying?**

- ▶ Yes.
- Try it on.
- No.

You don't even need to try it on. And at this point in the game, money is no object!

Bruvelle 😊

Thank you very much!

It's yours! It's yours at last! You hurry right out of the store and run straight back to your house, your heart all aflutter!

Your living room is decorated just the way you like it: cityscape carpeting spread across the floor, just like an old kindergarten playroom; walls covered in a jigsaw puzzle pattern, each piece painted in a different pastel color. A wooden table covered in drawings and toys sits in the middle of the room; teddy bears in various sizes sit in a row against the left wall, and a plush sofa sits against the right wall. And on the far wall to the left, a wooden changing table with drawers serves as your wardrobe, which you head directly towards to assemble your long-awaited outfit.

You strip off everything — your cap, your overalls, your shirt, your socks and shoes, even your rocketship undies! You want to start from a blank slate. The first thing you put on is your underwear — a pair of puffy cream-colored pumpkin pants, with brown ribbons around the waist and the leg cuffs. Next comes a white shirt with puffy sleeves, and a pair of knee-high socks with white and beige stripes, also sporting brown bows around the cuffs. Then on top of that, the main piece: a brown pinafore dress with a picture of a teddy bear's face on the chest! The shoulder straps fasten on with brass buttons hidden under a pair of flaps made to look like a bear's ears, and on the front of the skirt are a pair of pockets, with little white triangles drawn under them to make the pockets look like paws.

Next comes the shoes, a pair of brown leather mary-janes, each sporting a cute little bow on the back! You're almost done now: you equip the teddy bear purse as your bag, and you turn yourself around to see how cute and sporty it looks. As an accessory, you clip a little brown hairpin into your hair. And then comes the final touch: a brown pacifier that goes right into your eagerly smiling mouth!

You spin yourself around a few times and admire your outfit. It's adorable. It's perfect. You've had it on for less than a minute, and it's already your favorite outfit.

Nothing left to do but to wear it around town!

You head out the door and start on your errands for the day: shaking trees for fruit, watering flowers, plucking weeds, digging up suspicious spots on the ground to unearth unidentified artifacts. You stop by Magnam the gold dragon's shop and pick up a few bags of marigold seeds to beautify the space by the museum, and a funky little garden gnome that they happen to have on sale. You chat up a few of the villagers on the way: Eiffel the cyclops, Gordon the manticore, Priyanka the garuda. Mostly all they have to talk about is the nice spring weather, and how fun it is to shop for clothes or catch fish and bugs.

You're on your way to Town Hall to speak with your assistant Cornette, when you hear the ding of a villager noticing you! It's your favorite villager: Basque, a beautiful red dragon with a gold piercing in her eyebrow, who dresses in all black leather. She strides right up to you, and you oblige her with a conversation.

Basque 😊

Hey there, **cutie!** Can I talk to you for a second, toasty?

Basque 😊

Lately, I've noticed that you like to dress up in **kiddie** outfits a lot...

Basque 😊

Not that there's anything wrong with that, of course! This is obvi a judgment-free zone, toasty!

Basque 😊

I was just curious... What is it that you like so much about **kiddie** outfits?

- I just think they're cute.
- I just think they're comfy.
- It's an expression of who I am.

You have to think about the answer to the question a little longer than the developers probably intended. Sure, you think they're cute — heck, you *know* they're cute, and you know *you* look cute *in* them! But you don't *just* think they're cute. And saying they're just comfy feels like a cop-out — so is your cotton bathrobe, but that's not what you chose to wear out of the house today, is it? The game has so many different clothing items to buy and wear, so many different styles to choose from, and this is the aesthetic that you settled on.

There's only one answer here that feels genuine to you... and honestly, you're curious how the game is going to react to it.

- ▶ **It's an expression of who I am.**

Basque's eyes widen, and a little surprise mark appears over her head.

Basque 😊

Oh...! Well, you know, I wasn't gonna say it first, but I do think the style really suits your personality, toasty!

Basque 😊

I'm really happy you could share that with me! Thanks a lot, cutie!

Without another word, Basque turns away and goes back to her business of wandering around the immediate area aimlessly. A little anticlimactic, you think. You go on with your own business, and you forget about the exchange. For the moment, anyway.

-April 21st-

You start the game a little later in the morning than yesterday. You step out of your front door still wearing your teddy bear ensemble, and you see that there's a letter in your mailbox. When you open it up, there's only one letter: one from Basque, with a gift attached!

Hey there cutie!

I went on a shopping trip at the next town over, and I found this and thought of you. I'm sure you'll look absolutely adorable in it!

Enjoy!

- Basque

You unwrap the gift right then and there. It's a headband, with little teddy bear ears sticking up out of it! You immediately replace your brown hairpin with it, your heart all aflutter. She was absolutely right: you look *adorable*.

You set off looking for Basque, so she can see you wearing it! You discover that the lights are on in her house, so you head straight inside.

She has such a cool sense of decor. The pattern on her carpet looks like a horde of gold coins and jewels, and her wallpaper looks like the inside of a dark cave. She has posters of death metal bands hung up on her walls, and her sound system is blaring "D.B. Deathgrowl". She's just pattering about in the middle of her room when you go up to talk to her.

Basque 😊

Oh hey, cutie! Welcome to my lair, toasty!

Basque 😊

Hands off my treasures though, or I'll gobble you up! ... 😊 Just kidding!

Basque 😊

So! What can I do for ya, toasty?

Well, she didn't react to it immediately. Maybe if you chat with her?

- ▶ Let's chat!
- Got a gift for you!
- Never mind.

Basque 😊

Oh! Come to think of it, there was something I wanted to talk to you about, toasty.

Basque 😊

Last time we talked about it, you said you wanted me to call you **cutie...**

Basque 😊

But I've been thinking about what you said about **kiddie** clothes — how wearing them shows off how you feel inside.

Basque 😊

If that's the case, how would you feel about me calling you **brat** from now on?

Your heart throbs. Just looking at the word is filling your belly with butterflies. *Brat*. If you say yes, she'll call you that everyday. *Brat*. Your favorite villager, calling you that every time she greets you. *Brat*. Basque with her piercings and her leathers and all her big sister vibes, you in your teddy bear dress or your corduroys or... that *other* outfit you like. *Brat...*

- ▶ Go ahead!
- Please don't.

Basque 😊

Sweet! I was worried you might get put off by that — but it looks like you're loving it too!

Basque

All right then, **brat**. Make yourself at home, why don't ya, toasty?

You do just that! You sit down on Basque's bed and kick your feet, while the red dragon wanders around this way and that. You love just hanging out here with her — her, so cool and mature and beautiful; and you, sitting there in your babyish little teddy bear dress, a cute, kiddie little *brat*.

You completely forget that she didn't respond to your new ears.

~ April 25th ~

It's been a few days since you put together that teddy bear outfit, and you've worn it everyday you've played the game since. You've loved showing yourself off around town, just being the cutest little brat you can be. But today, you're in a different mood. Your outfit is a lot more subdued; vanilla, even. A white T-shirt with a red designer logo across the chest, a blue denim jacket, dark blue jeans and black boots, a neon pink clip in your hair for a bit of flair. You're still holding onto the teddy bear purse, though.

You've got your bug net equipped, because you're on a mission today. You want to catch all the birdwing butterflies you can while the sun is up, so when Boo the bugbear shows up tomorrow you can sell them all to him! (And possibly shake a few trees while you're at it — you've gotten pretty good at catching bees when their hives fall out!) With nothing in your inventory but a few bottles of medicine, just in case, you head down the road toward the wooded zone, where you've made sure to develop as little as possible just to 'keep things wild.'

As you pass by the shop, you hear the ding of a villager seeing you. Basque has just stepped out of the building, and when she notices you, she hurries straight to you!

Basque 😏

Hey there, **brat!** What's going on? What happened to that **kiddie** outfit you were wearing?

Basque 😏

I thought you said that was an expression of who you are. So what's up, toasty?

- I forgot.
- I lost it.
- I sold it.
- I didn't feel like wearing it.

Well, no need to lie to her, right?

► I didn't feel like wearing it.

Basque 😏

Is that right? Hmm....

Basque 😏

Nope. I don't buy that. Come on, **brat**, let's get you changed.

Basque takes you by the wrist, and she starts leading you back down the way you came! You can't move away, you can't open your inventory, you can't do anything — when you try to move, you

just shake your head and wiggle uselessly, while Basque holds you tight and drags you all the way back to your house!

Right through the door both of you go, into the foyer of your giant playroom.

Basque 😊

All right, **brat**. You go get changed into something more **kiddie**, and lemme have a look when you're done, okay?

Basque 😊

I'll be right outside, toasty. Don't keep me waiting too long, now!

And with that, she heads right back outside, leaving you standing there stunned.

This is not a thing that you thought could happen in this game. You've had villagers comment on your fashion, sure, and you've had villagers show up to visit you in your house a few times. But a villager forcing you back into your house, because they don't like the way you dressed? You're pretty sure you've never even read a post about that happening to someone else.

You wonder what would happen if you just walked right back out without changing anything. And before you can wonder for too long, you're already doing it.

Basque is standing just outside the doorway, just like she promised, and you're locked into a conversation with her immediately.

Basque 😊

There you are! Let's have a look at... 😊 um.

Basque 😊

Hey, **brat**. This is the outfit you were just wearing. You didn't change a thing, did you?

Basque 😊

Back inside with you, toasty. Try again. Or do you need me to come in and help you dress?

- I can do it myself.
- Dress me, please.
- I don't need this from you!

The first option is obviously just going to keep you stuck here, and you don't want to deal with the consequences of the second one. Will the third option get you out of this situation? It sounds like it might make Basque mad... but maybe you can send her some nice gifts later so she doesn't get too upset and move out. And in any case, you've got butterflies to catch.

► I don't need this from you!

Basque 😏

WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!

Well, you were right about one thing.

Basque 😏

Well! I think I know what you DO need from me, toasty! Back inside, brat!

Basque grabs you by the wrist and drags you into your house, just as easily and unstopably as she brought you here! While you squirm and kick in your vain attempts to move, she pulls you all the way over to the couch, where she takes a seat — and then pulls you down over her lap! Try as you might, all you can manage is some useless wiggling of your fists and feet, while Basque pulls your jeans and your underpants down to your ankles! And then, without another word, she raises her hand high, and brings it down right across your bare butt! *WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!*

She's spanking you! Basque is giving you a *spanking!* And there doesn't seem to be anything you can do to stop it!

Basque 😏

See what your attitude gets you, brat?!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! On and on she spans, until your feet are flailing all on their own and tears are gushing out cartoonishly from your eyes — and even more after that! *WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!* She must have landed about fifty swats before she lets you back up onto your feet, your pants and undies still pooled around your ankles. Your bottom is *bright red* — almost as red as Basque's scales.

She wags her finger at you, while you stand there rubbing your red butt with one hand and wiping your tears away with your other arm.

Basque 😏

All right, here's how we're gonna do this now, brat. You're gonna stand in the corner and have yourself a little bit of quiet time.

Basque 😏

Meanwhile, I'm gonna pick out your new outfit. And I don't wanna hear any complaints out of you. You understand, toasty?

- ▶ Yes.
- No.
- Stuff it.

You think you've gotten yourself in enough trouble with her today.

Basque 😏

Good! Into the corner with you then. Chop-chop, toasty!

Only now do you get control back — it's almost like a joke. The only place you can think to go is straight into the corner, just like Basque ordered. You position yourself carefully, to make sure the game won't mistakenly think you're not facing the wall. You stand there for about a minute, while Basque rummages around in the drawers of your changing table.

Then, a lightbulb pops up over her head, and she makes her way over to you.

Basque 😊

All right, *brat*. This is what you're gonna be wearing today. And don't you dare try to change out of it.

You do a spin, and the air sparkles around you. When your feet are planted on the floor again, your face flushes as red as your bottom as you look over yourself. You're wearing *that outfit*. A pair of hair bobbles with pink marble-sized beads; a pastel blue pacifier in your mouth; a periwinkle T-shirt with a rainbow across the chest, short enough to bare your bellybutton; a pair of thigh-high socks with pink and blue stripes; a pair of baby blue sneakers with velcro straps... and on your hips, a thick cloth diaper, covered in pink plastic pants with white polka dots!

Basque 😊

There! Now there'll be no mistaking who you are inside.

Basque 😊

Now, no more tears, okay? Big Sister's not mad at you anymore. Long as you've learned your lesson, toasty.

Basque 😊

Come on, let's go do something fun. You wanna go play in the woods for a bit?

- ▶ Yes.
- No.

Basque 😊

Awesome. Lead the way... but don't run off too far, okay?

At last, you can leave your house again. You head out the door and back down the road to the woods, face steaming red, crinkling and rustling as you waddle along in the most babyish, cutesy-wootsy outfit you own, with Basque following you at a few footsteps' distance, all smiles.

You catch so many dang birdwing butterflies you can't hold them all.

~ April 27th ~

You pop into Magnam's Horde, the one general store in town, to sell off some fruit you gathered and check out what furniture they have in stock today. You're wearing your teddy bear dress and your matching purse, and you've swapped out the ear headband for a cute cream-colored ribbon. You've learned your lesson from two days ago.

The stately dragon, dressed in a white button-up shirt and a dark brown tie, smiles as he approaches you, and he gives you the usual greeting.

Magnam 😊

Hullo hullo! Welcome to Magnam's Horde! We've got what you need, and you need what we've got!

He pauses and raises his eyebrow at you.

Magnam 😊

Hmm? Come here all by yourself, have you? Out running an errand?

Magnam 😊

Well, take your time looking around. And if you have any questions, go ahead and ask. No need to be shy, now!

Weird. He's acting like this is the first time he's seen you in the shop, even though you been playing since last year. Heck, he was the one who gave you your house, and the massive bill that you spent so much time grinding to pay off. And what did he mean "come here all by yourself?" Of course you have, when haven't you?

You go to check out the furniture, and you see that they've got a race car bed on sale! You wonder if you can fit that anywhere in your house right now... While you're thinking about that, you notice that Priyanka the garuda is in the shop with you too! She's just sort of bobbing in place as she stares blankly at a refrigerator, as if she's planning on buying it. They never do.

You go chat her up.

Priyanka 😊

Oh! Fancy seeing you here, hatchie!

Priyanka 😊

And all by yourself too! Looking for some new toys, kra-kaw?

Priyanka 😊

I'm just thinking about getting this refrigerator, myself. My old one's making funny noises, kra-kaw.

Her too...? Whatever. You go to buy the race car regardless; you'll think of a place for it later. And while you're here, why not, you pick up that green tile floor — it might look good in your bathroom. You offload all the pears you shook off of the nearby trees, and then you head for the door.

Only to be stopped by Priyanka.

Priyanka 😊

Oh! You're heading out already? Here, why don't I walk you home?

Priyanka 😊

No no no, it's no trouble at all! Best to make sure you stay out of danger, kra-kaw!

Magnam 😊

Yes, yes, jolly good. Thank you both for your patronage!

Without even the chance to offer a word of protest, Priyanka takes you by the hand. Out the store you go with her, back onto the road, and she whistles a happy tune as she leads you back to your house. Just like with Basque a few days ago, you can't move or do anything — all you can do is walk along with her, hand in wing.

About halfway back to your place, you hear that old familiar ding. Basque comes running over — this time, to greet Priyanka instead of you.

Basque 😊

Hey there, Pri! Taking care of our Relations Officer?

Priyanka 😊

I just ran into them over at Magnam's Horde. I figured I'd walk them home so they stayed out of trouble!

Basque 😊

Great call, Pri. They have a real knack for finding it!

Basque 😊

And hey, if they give you any trouble, you just bend them over and give their bottom a few good smacks. That'll straighten them right out, isn't that right, **brat**?

- That's right.
- That's **WRONG**.
- Please stop...

You hover over the selection for a long time. Your face is so red; you even feel your ears burning. Everyone in town is treating you like a little kid. And they're all so casual about it, too. It's like they don't even see you as an important government official, or even a fellow villager, just a helpless little brat who needs to be looked after. It's just a game, but it's so embarrassing... You don't think you can keep playing like this. Whatever series of decisions brought you along this path, you've got to try to undo it. You're not even sure if that third choice will even make it stop, but... this is too weird, too embarrassing. You've got to stop this. You've got to.

You have to make the choice. With firmness, and with conviction.

- That's right.

Basque 😊

See? Even they know! Now, **brat**, you be nice for Cousin Priyanka, okay? Because if she doesn't spank you for sassing her, then I will!

Priyanka 😊

Oh, dear! I really don't think that warning will be necessary, Basque! ...Though I do have a pret-ty tough wing, kra-kaw...

The dragon and the garuda wave goodbye to each other, and Priyanka goes on walking you home. At the pace that she's going, you have plenty of time to think about the difference between "I ought to" and "I have to."

~ April 28th ~

Mr. Skells 😊

Yo-ho-HO! Well, rattle me bones! This is a **Gae Bolg haft!**

Mr. Skells 😊

Which means... the legendary weapon **Gae Bolg** is complete!

Mr. Skells 😊

I can tell you all about the legend behind this armament, if you like. Do you want to hear it?

- ▶ Yes.
- No.

Mr. Skells 😊

Fibulous! Now, let's see...

Mr. Skells 😊

The **Gae Bolg** is a mighty spear, once wielded by the Irish hero Cu Chulainn. It was given to him by the warrior witch Scathach, who trained him in the art of war.

Mr. Skells 😊

It's said that the spear was forged from the bone of the sea monster Curruid, after its fatal encounter with its enemy, the Coinchenn.

Mr. Skells 😊

The wounds it left behind were gruesome: on impact, barbs would shoot out from the head, and the spear would have to be cut out of its victim! Ughk!

Mr. Skells 😊

Apparently it had to be wielded between the toes for maximum potency. I'm not sure I could even wield it with me hands... even if I had all me muscles! Yo-ho-ho!

Mr. Skells 😊

In any case! Another priceless find from our intrepid explorer!

Mr. Skells 😊

Is there anything else you wish to donate today?

• Yes.

► No.

Mr. Skells 😊

I see. Well, feel free to keep "skull"-king about! Yo-ho-ho!

With that, the museum's collection of the legendary weapons is so close to completion! Well worth all the digging you did today — even if you had to do it all in your cute little teddy bear dress, worrying what might happen if Basque or Priyanka saw you getting it all dirty and dusty! Regardless of all those worries, you're feeling pretty good about your achievements. Might as well keep the good times going. You depart from the skeleton docent, and you head up the stairs to the cafe.

Old Man Lappert stands behind the counter as usual, drying off coffee cups with a towel. A wizened old gray dragon with spectacles atop his snout, dressed in a button-up shirt and a forest green apron. His establishment is cozy, but classy, and soft jazz plays in the background all day.

You make your way across the hardwood floor and over to the counter, and you take a seat on a stool. Lappert barely even bothers to look up at you as he greets you, but you can sense the warmth from him all the same. That's just the kind of man he is.

Lappert 😊

...Welcome back.

Lappert 😊

A cup is **100** Gems...

► Sounds good!

• Not right now.

Lappert 😊

...One moment, please.

You always love watching Lappert work. He's so gentle, so deliberate, so focused. Meticulously measuring out the beans, grinding them to just the right coarseness. Tapping out the grounds into a filter, carefully drizzling water into them to create a piping hot brew.

Only, this time he doesn't seem to be doing any of that. He's focusing on a very different process right now. He starts with a grater in one hand, and a bar of milk chocolate in the other. He grates the chocolate into slivers, and he gathers them up and deposits them into a cup. A spoonful of honey goes on top of that, then a little bit of cinnamon, and a little bit of nutmeg. He pours some half-and-half into a silver cup and runs it through the steamer. He slowly pours the heated milk and cream into the cup with the other ingredients, and mixes them up with a little whisk, till everything blends up nicely. Another quick blast with the steamer, and then he pours the blend into a ceramic cup, on a saucer, which he passes to you.

Lappert 😊

...A fresh cup of hot chocolate... Enjoy.

You didn't even know Lappert *served* hot chocolate. It looks like the game accounts for this too:

- Thank you!
- ▶ But I wanted coffee...

Lappert 😊

...Coffee's a little... grown-up for you.

Oh *lord*. Lappert, too?!

- ▶ I AM a grown-up!
- I understand...

Lappert 😊

...Stop shouting.

- Not till I get my coffee!
- Gulp... sorry.

You swallow. You've never seen Lappert actually express anything approaching anger. How far is the game going to let you push this?

- ▶ Not till I get my coffee!

You stand up from your seat and bang your hands against the counter as you make your demand! The old wyrm does not look impressed.

Lappert 😏

...I'll show you what you'll get.

Lappert raises up a slat in the bar, and he comes out from behind the counter. Before you can do or say anything, he has you by the wrist, and he yanks you up from the stool! He raises both your arms up over your head, grips both your wrists with one hand, and with his other, he gives the seat of your teddy bear skirt a firm, loud *slap!* And another, and another, and another — *slap, slap, slap!* You twist and squirm and whine, but the old man's grip on you is like iron. No matter how much you fuss and moan and stamp your feet about it, you will not be getting away until he's given you the spanking that he's decided you deserve!

He gives you two dozen spanks before he lets you go. You're only lucky that no one else came into the cafe right then! While you're fuming and rubbing your tush, he goes to grab a paper cup, and he pours the hot chocolate into it and secures a plastic lid onto the top. He pushes the paper cup into your hands, then takes you by the shoulders and ushers you out the door.

Lappert 😏

...You're welcome to come back later. After you've settled down...

He gives you one last hard *slap* on the bottom to drive you out, and then he closes the door behind you! Automatically you rub your rear end for a moment, before you're allowed to turn back and check the door again. It doesn't open, but Lappert speaks to you from the other side:

Lappert 😏

...It's not 'later' yet, **brat.**

Cheeks glowing, face stuck in a pout, you huff and march away. Without thinking, you bring the cup to your lips and take a sip. It's delicious. Sweet, rich, and perfectly spiced.

~ April 30th ~

You swear you're so close to making your town a five-star town. You're at the point where you need to start checking in at Town Hall every day to figure out what you're missing. You pop into the old building to check in with your helpful assistant, Cornette: a human girl with wavy red hair, freckled cheeks, and a sunny smile; only, a pair of sharp horns stick up from her brow, and her neck and arms are covered in the scales of a yellow dragon.

Cornette 😊

Good morning! How can I help you help our town today?

- ▶ Check town status.
- Discuss town features.
- Discuss residents.
- Never mind.

Cornette 😊

Right now, our town is a **4-star** town!

Cornette 😊

Here's an anonymous message from one of our residents:

Cornette 😊

"I love this town! Our Relations Officer is doing an awesome job keeping this place beautiful and lively."

Cornette 😊

"But I know this place can be even better. Our R.O. works hard, but sometimes they just need a little kick in the rear — or a slap on it, as the case may be!"

Wow. You wonder who could've written that.

Cornette 😊

...Actually, that brings me to something else I wanted to talk to you about.

Cornette 😊

Lately, I've noticed that the other people in this town have been treating you like a little kid. Bossing you around, dressing you up in kiddie clothes.

Cornette 😊

I've even heard that some of them have started... spanking you. Sometimes on the bare bottom, no less!

Cornette 😞

Listen. If you don't like the way that they're treating you, I can tell them all to stop. If they won't listen to you, they'll definitely listen to me.

Cornette 🙅

The kiddie treatment, the dress-up games, the spankings... I can make sure that none of it ever happens again.

Cornette 😊

Do you want me to put a stop to it?

- Please make it stop!
- I like it this way.
- Let me think about it.

You hesitate on this prompt for a long time. If there's anything in the game, save deleting and starting over, that'll let you get out of whatever it is you've done to your save file, this must be it. You believe what Cornette is telling you: if you tell her to make it stop, none of this weirdness will ever happen again.

No more being forced to wear kiddie outfits when you don't want to. No more being treated like you're a little brat who can't look after themselves. No more being marched around, bossed around, told you're too little for this or that. And most of all... no more spankings.

You think back to the first time, when Basque took you over her knee and bared your butt. When she told Priyanka so plainly that you need a good spanking to keep you in line. You think back to Lappert's strong hand around your wrists, his other impressing a firm lesson onto your tush. You think even further back, to when Basque asked you why you dress the way you do... and you remember the fluttery feeling in your belly, on each and every one of those occasions.

You're going to have to admit it to Cornette. You're going to have to admit it to yourself.

► I like it this way.

Cornette 🤖

Really? I mean, if you like the way they're treating you, I won't bring it up again, but... are you sure?

Good of them to give you a chance to take it back. But, no. This time, you're determined.

- ▶ I'm sure.
- Wait... let me think.
- No. Make it stop, please.

Cornette 😞

Well, okay, then... if this is really what you want.

Cornette 😞

...I mean, if you REALLY like things being this way, then maybe...

Cornette 😞

...No, forget it! It's nothing.

Cornette 😞

But, um, do you think you could come back tomorrow? I just remembered there's something else I wanted to talk to you about.. but it'll have to wait till tomorrow. Okay?

Cornette's such an awkward liar. It's one of the things you've always found cute about her.

~ May 1st ~

After you're done bringing artifact pieces to the museum, then visiting Magnam's Horde to sell off the duplicates, you return to Town Hall to discuss that matter with Cornette. Your assistant greets you with a smile, and asks you to come behind the counter to discuss town ordinances — unless you have any other business at the counter. You quickly confirm that your town still sits at four stars, then head behind the counter and take a seat at your desk. Cornette shuffles over to stand by your side, hugging a clipboard to her chest.

Cornette 😊

What town business would you like to discuss today?

- ▶ Discuss ordinances.
- Discuss zoning.
- Discuss public works.
- Never mind.

Cornette 😊

Of course! Which ordinance would you like to discuss?

- The Brat Code.
- Early Bird / Night Owl.
- Big Business.
- Next page.

Your eyes widen at the first item on the list. Your cheeks flush, your heart pounds. You pick it immediately.

Cornette 😊

Oh, yes! The **Brat Code**! This is a new ordinance I drafted, after that discussion we had.

Cornette 😊

It's pretty simple. If we enact this ordinance, then starting tomorrow, you will officially be designated as the **Town Brat**!

Cornette 😊

Don't worry — you'll still be our Relations Officer, with all the powers your office provides! You don't have to worry about that.

Cornette 😊

Only, there will be some... significant changes in your daily life here.

Cornette 😊

First off, you'll have to follow a **dress code**. You'll only be allowed to wear **kiddie** outfits.

Cornette 😊

And if any villagers catch you in anything else, they have the power to send you home to change — or change you themselves!

Cornette 😊

Second, you'll need to take **mandatory breaks**. Every hour of business in town, you'll have to take a break for at least **15 minutes**.

Cornette 😊

And at least one of those breaks per day must be over **30 minutes**. We'll call that your "**nap time**."

Cornette 😊

Third, you'll have to obey a **curfew**. That means no running around town after **8 p.m.** Certain holidays and special events exempted, of course.

Cornette 😊

And lastly, if anyone in town catches you breaking these rules, or otherwise misbehaving...

Cornette 😊

They are fully deputized to give you a good, hard **spanking** for it!

Cornette 😊

So, what do you think? Shall we enact the **Brat Code**?

- Yes.
- No.

The Brat Code. Signing your status as a brat into *law*. Every villager deputized as a babysitter, a brat-watcher, a disciplinarian, for *you*. You can already foresee yourself straining against these restrictions on your gameplay, fussing about wanting to play longer, to play more, to do more than the new rules allow — and being punished for it. Being scolded, being spanked, being changed, teased, belittled, by every villager in town. And with it all, the knowledge that you brought it upon yourself. That you were given the opportunity to make this all go away, and you chose not to. That you *wanted* this.

The choice is obvious, isn't it?

~ **May 2nd** ~

The second you start up the game and step out of your house, Cornette is there to greet you. She tells you that there's an inauguration ceremony being held in your honor, and that you need to come to the town square immediately. She doesn't tell you what it's for, specifically... but you know.

When you arrive, a stage has been set up in the middle of the town square. Everyone in town is gathered in front of it — not just all your villagers, but also the shopkeeper, the tailors, even Mr. Skells and Lappert from the museum! Your assistant brings you up onto the stage, where the two of you stand

on either side of a wooden bench covered in dark green padding — with another padded portion closer to the ground, where one can rest their knees. Your heart races at the mere sight of it.

Cornette 😊

Thank you for coming today, everyone!

Cornette 😊

We have a very important announcement, concerning our Chief Officer of Human-Monster Relations.

Cornette 😊

As of today, a new ordinance has come into effect — which officially designates our Relations Officer as the new **Town Brat!**

Cornette 😊

This means that every one of us is now tasked with taking care of them and keeping them out of trouble.

Cornette 😊

Making sure they're always properly dressed, making sure they're not working too hard and hurting themselves — and making sure they always maintain a positive, helpful, and respectful attitude!

Cornette 😊

And failing that: providing them proper discipline to help them get back on the right path!

Cornette 😊

Our Relations Officer has done such a great job looking after our town. Now, it's our turn to look after them!

Cornette turns to you with a warm smile.

Cornette 😊

Now, I'll let our Relations Officer have a few words, if they please.

- **Thank you so much, everyone!**
- **I'm in your hands, everyone...**
- **(Stick your tongue out at the crowd.)**

You take a deep breath, as if about to start a speech... then you scrunch up your face, lean forward and gives everyone the biggest raspberry you can muster! The audience gives you a wide-eyed stare of astonishment, then breaks out into good-natured laughter.

Cornette 😏

Well! That's our Town Brat for you, isn't it?

Cornette 😏

Now then. Everyone, please take out the item that was handed to you when you arrived.

You watch as each member of the crowd, nearly in unison, produces a thick ping-pong-style paddle with rubber padding from their pockets. You gulp.

Cornette 😊

Our Town Brat will now take their position on this bench and present their bottom. I will call you each up onto the stage by name, and you can come up and give them up to ten spanks with your paddle.

Cornette 😊

Let's all give our best and welcome our beloved Relations Officer into the new phase of their town life!

Cornette 😊

Starting with... **Basque! Could you come up to the stage, please?**

Cornette takes you by the hand and brings you up to the padded bench. She bends you right over it, belly down and bottom out, and she makes sure your knees are resting comfortably on the cushion below. Then, she flips up your teddy bear skirt and wiggles down your cute little pumpkin pants, till your silly bare bottom is on full display for the crowd!

Meanwhile, Basque swaggers up onto the stage with paddle in hand, looking as cool and confident and beautiful as ever. She takes her position right by your side, and she places a firm but gentle hand on the small of your back.

Basque 😊

You're a brave kid, you know. You were brave to tell me about this before, and you're real brave to be up here right now, toasty.

Basque 🙄

I'm really proud of you, **brat**. I and everyone else are gonna take such great care of you. Don't you worry about a single thing, toasty.

She raises the paddle up high, and she smiles as she swings it down onto your bottom, hard and firm and loud as gunfire! *WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!*

Cornette 😊

Thank you, Basque! Next up... **Eiffel!**

Basque leans over and tousles your hair, while you lay there sniffing and blushing, your bottom taking on a rosy warmth. She hands her paddle back to Cornette and heads off of the stage, while Eiffel the cyclops — your silliest villager, a muscular humanoid who always wears torn-up jeans and no shirt — hobbles up to take her place!

Eiffel 🙄

Hey there, **brat!** You know, I always thought you dressed kinda funny, but I never woulda thought you were this kinda human, see.

Eiffel 😊

Well, you're still my friend! Even if I gotta treat you like a little kid and spank your butt from time to time — like this, see!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! Just like that.

Cornette 😊

Thank you, **Eiffel!** Next... **Gordon! Gordon,** please come up to the stage.

Eiffel gives your back a hearty pat, hands his paddle back to Cornette, and flexes before he gets off the stage. Next comes Gordon, a burly manticore dressed in plaid, with a bushy black beard on his chin and a long scorpion tail sticking out from the back of his jeans.

Gordon 🙄

Hmmh. I can't say I ever expected you to be in this position.

Gordon 😊

In any case, it's good to know that we're still treating little brats the way we did back in my day, harrumph. Lemme show you how it's done.

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Each one of the villagers gets a turn on your bottom: Graham the bulette, Laurel the alraune, Laywen the faerie dragon, Priyanka the garuda, Saltstraw the dragon turtle, Skrink the goblin, Zola the gorgon... by the time the lot of them are done, you've gotten a full hundred spankings! Your butt is glowing, and throbbing, and your tears are flowing free.

But you're still not done. Each of the shopkeepers are still waiting for a turn.

Cornette 😊

Bruvelle and Bruvanni, of Bell and Bunny Tailors! Please come onto the stage.

The twin blue dragons in their cute gingham dresses come up onto the stage together, hand in hand, twirling their paddles as they step up onto the stage. Bruvelle stands on your left side, and Bruvanni goes to stand on your right.

Bruvelle 😊

Well! Looks like we're going to have to be careful what we sell you from now on, isn't it? What a shame.

Bruvelle 😊

Oh well. I'm sure we can come up with plenty of designs that are appropriate for a little brat like you! Can't we, Bruvanni?

Bruvanni 😊

Oh, certainly... I've already got plenty of ideas. Come by the tailor once your butt's cooled off. I can show you some of my sketches...

And then, the two dragon sisters take turns landing sharp, driving swats right on your sit-spot! A full twenty swats, while you squirm and kick and holler and wail!

Cornette 😊

Magnam, of Magnam's Horde!

The well-dressed gold dragon strides up onto the stage, a wry smile on his face as he looks down at you.

Magnam 😊

I have to admit, I'm not entirely sure why all this is necessary.

Magnam 😊

After all, you've already proven you don't need the threat of a spanking or anything to pay off your debts. Though I must wonder if it would've expedited the process! Ho ho!

Magnam 😊

In any case, I look forward to our continued relationship. Just make sure to bring an adult with you next time you visit the shop!

WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Cornette 😊

Mr. Skells, of the Musuem of Arts and History!

The eccentric skeleton clatters up onto the stage, tapping the flat of the paddle against his bony palm.

Mr. Skells 😊

Yo-ho! Looks like our intrepid little explorer dug up a little more trouble than they bargained for!

Mr. Skells 😊

It's simply too bad we can't accept that as a donation! It clearly makes for a wonderful display, after all!

Mr. Skells 😊

Well, I'd show you what these old muscles can do... only I lost them ages ago! Yo-ho-ho-ho-ho!

He quickly proves he doesn't need them. *WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!*
WHAP! WHAP! WHAP! WHAP!

Cornette 😊

Lappert, of Coffee Amat!

The old barista steps slowly, but confidently, onto the stage. He takes a look at the paddle in his hand... then quietly tosses it back to Cornette. He tightens his right hand into a fist for a moment, to limber up the joints, and then he lays his left hand down on the small of your back. He presses down, firm, stern, but assuring.

Lappert 😊

...Come to the cafe once you're all cleaned up. I'll make you the best hot chocolate you've ever had.

He raises his hand up high, and swings down hard — he proves to all in attendance that he has no need for a tool to give an impressive spanking. Not that *you* need that proof — but darned if you're not getting it too! *SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!*

Cornette 😊

...And finally... yours truly, Cornette, from Town Hall!

Cornette picks up her own paddle and twirls it in her hand, a self-satisfied smile on her face as she strides up to you, sniffing and blubbering, your bare butt trembling and shaking and glowing so hot and red. She leans in and speaks softly.

Cornette 😊

I'm looking forward to continuing to work with you. Not just as officer and assistant, but also as brat and caretaker!

Cornette 😊

I've got plenty of ideas for how we can make the town more livable for a big brat like you. New playground equipment, a daycare, diaper changing facilities...

Cornette 😊

I'm even thinking we can make room for a playpen next to your desk! But we can discuss all that later.

She raises her paddle up high, gives it another twirl and turns to the audience.

Cornette 😊

All right, everyone! This is going to be the last ten swats of the set — so I'd like everyone to count them off with me, if you'd please!

And then, she swings the paddle down and pops your aching hiney, just as hard as her toned half-dragon muscles will let her! *WHOP!*

One! The crowd starts counting aloud in unison!

WHOP! **Two!**

WHOP! **Three!**

WHOP! **Four!**

WHOP! **Five!**

WHOP! **Six!**

WHOP! **Seven!**

WHOP! **Eight!**

WHOP! **Nine!**

WHOP! **Ten!**

Cornette 😊

And one for good luck...!

WHOP!

Cornette 😊

...and one to grow on!

WHOP!

The crowd cheers and applauds in an outpouring of love and appreciation for you, their cutest, naughtiest, most spankable little brat! Their cheers are almost enough to drown out the sound of your sorry, blubbering sobs! Cornette stands you up and turns you to face the crowd, so everyone can see what a well-chastised little brat you are, quivering and sobbing and rubbing your wet and snotty face!

Cornette 😊

Thank you so much, everyone!

Cornette 😊

Now, our Town Brat is going to stand outside Town Hall for **30 minutes, facing the wall with their hands on their head, so they can think about what a naughty little brat they are.**

Cornette 😊

Everyone, let's make sure they stay there for the whole half-hour, without moving, rubbing, or covering their butt! And if they don't — you all know what to do!

Cornette 😊

Thank you all for coming! Have a lovely rest of your day!

The stage is cleared away with speed. All that remains in front of the Town Hall is you — naughty, sobby, sniffly, red-bottomed you, your hands on your head and your nose against the bricks, your skirt pinned to your back and your bloomers around your ankles so the whole town can see how thoroughly, soundly *spanked* you are. The villagers mill about the town square, enjoying the outdoors, chatting with each other, occasionally glancing your way to make sure you haven't moved until your sentence is complete.

You don't know if the game will let you move, and you don't want to test it. You know what will happen if you do. You know what will happen if you misbehave in any way. If you sass any of the villagers, if you try and sneak out of their supervision, if you fuss or fight about them dressing you, if you don't drink your hot chocolate and be grateful for it, if you wear the wrong clothes, if you play for too long, if you play too late, if you do *anything* to suggest that you're not just the most well-behaved little Town Brat you can be.

You have the feeling you're going to enjoy the rest of your time with this game a whole lot more. You probably shouldn't let anyone else see your save file, though.