# Long Arm of Discipline

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### Published on Lush Stories on 23 May 2010

*He had no right to do this to me, but I'm glad he did.*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/long-arm-of-discipline.aspx

My parents keep telling me that I'm hanging with the "wrong crowd". I keep telling them that there is nothing they can do about it. I'm 19 years old and I can do whatever I want. Of course, they say "you're living under my roof…" Well, you know what they can do with their roof? I'm tired of their ultimatums and threats. I'm not a child anymore and I'll be damned if they're going to treat me like one.

So, this afternoon I go to a rock music festival at Southern City Park. They don't know I'm there- they don't have to know everything I do. My friends and I get some drinks –I got a fake ID (works every time) and we get to the park and hang out. When we get there, I make out with my guy friend under the tree. I let him pull up my top and suck my tits under the blanket. I say "guy friend" because he's not my boyfriend or anything- he's a friend with "benefits". We make each other "feel good". I'm sure you get the picture.

So, how the hell did I find myself at the police station?

Here's the short of it:

There was a "disturbance" at the park that I wasn't exactly a part of, but I was there. The situation was blown up out of proportion and me and a few of my friends were detained. If that doesn't fuck up your day, I don't know what will. But there I was sitting in a bland, gray interrogation room waiting to be questioned. Me - the definition of non-conformist, waiting for some asshole cop to arrive.

My wait was shorter than I thought when this guy about like 35 years old with slightly graying hair comes into the room. He introduced himself as Det. Chang. He looks at his file and says "Kaitlyn Baker, 19 years old…"

"You're right so far," I said, disinterested.

"Look, we can do this the easy way, or I can make things very difficult for you. I'm giving you the

opportunity to choose…” he said, becoming agitated.

I cut him off.

“Is that the standard line you give to everyone you question?”

He stood across from me with his hands on the table. “Look, Kaitlyn- I don’t have time for your games. Now, just tell me what brought you here and we’ll go from there.”

“I’m not here to play games, *sir*. It’s a huge mistake that your guys made. If anything, I don’t have time for *your* games.”

“You’re a sassy one, aren’t you?” he asked mockingly.

“I can handle myself,” I replied.

“We’ll see about that,” he mumbled.

“I’m giving you one last chance to tell me what happened,” he demanded as if he expected me to be threatened by him.

“I have nothing that I want to say to you. Besides, I don’t have to talk to you if I don’t want to. I know my rights".

“Yeah, you’re just a know-it-all, aren’t you?” he said as he closed the file.

The look he gave me was chilling. I might have pushed his buttons or something, I don’t know, but he wasn’t happy.

“Well,” he said as he got up from his chair, “I can’t make you talk. You’ve given me no reason to keep you here. On the other hand, you give me no reason to let you go either.”

“So what are you going to do, throw me in jail?” I asked.

He pulled out his chair and moved it to the front of the room. Then he walked towards the door and locked it.

“I’m not going to put you in jail,” he replied as he took off his jacket and hung it on the back of the chair. He rolled up both his sleeves, shaking his head as he was doing so.

Now, I’m getting a bit concerned.

He sat down. “Come here.,” he said.

“Why?” I asked nervously.

“I said ‘come here’. What part did you not understand?”

“What are you doing?” I asked.

“You’ll see. Come here.”

I walked towards him and I got the feeling something wasn’t right. I tried to keep a “safe” distance.

“Come closer,” he ordered.

“Why?” I asked.

“Because you’re going to get a spanking, that’s why.”

I couldn’t control my laughter as I grabbed my mouth and clutched my stomach in amusement.

“Yeah right, I’ll let you put me in jail first before I let you spank me.”

“You have no say in this,” he said in a matter-of-fact tone. "Now, come here like a good little girl."

“I am NOT a little girl!! And there is no fuckin’ way that you’re going to spank me!”

In one quick motion, he grabbed my arm and flung me over his knee. I could feel him hitting my ass and my upper legs with a hard, rapid motion-whack-whack-whack-whack.

“What did you say about not getting spanked?” he mocked.

“You can’t do this to me!” I yelled.

“I already am!”

I had the palms of my hands on the floor as he held me in place. I closed my eyes trying to forget

where I was and what was happening.

“You need to learn to respect authority,” he said, not letting up in intensity.

“Do you understand?” he asked.

I didn’t respond.

“I take that as a ‘no’,” he replied as he continued.

He stopped for a moment, putting his hand on my ass.

“Now get up!” he ordered.

I got up off his knee and stood before him. I was rubbing my backside from the discomfort.

“I’m not done with you. There’s more,” he said.

“Is this going to hurt?” I asked, whimpering from the shock and stinging.

“Yes it will, but your pride will hurt more. Take your pants downn” he said.

“Please, no!” I whimpered.

“Take them off. NOW!!” he demanded.

I closed my eyes and pulled my pants down. I was too embarrassed to see his reaction.

“And those too,” I heard him say.

“Please no, detective,” I pleaded. I could not hide the shame in my voice.

“Take them down, Kaitlyn,” he said gently, but sternly.

Still keeping my eyes closed, I took my panties down. It was the most humiliating moment of my life standing here half-naked before this stranger. My eyes felt as if they were sealed shut. It was my only defense against the shame.

“Very good,” he said as he put me over his knee again.

He resumed the spanking against my bare skin. This time, it was more erratic. I didn't know when the next strike was coming or how hard it would be.

"What was I thinking?" I asked over again in my mind.

"Do you act like a brat at home?" he asked as he continued punishing me.

"Yes—um, I mean, 'no'," I replied as the tears flowed down my cheeks.

"Which one?" he asked again.

"I mean, I used to, but no more." I said.

"So, you're going to be good?" he asked.

"I will sir, yes, sir. I mean yes detective," I replied.

He rubbed my behind which was stinging and burning at the same time.

"Should I believe you?" he asked.

"I hope so!" I cried.

I can tell he was hiding a chuckle from my response.

He motioned me off his knee and I stood up. I immediately put my hand over my girl-part.

"Put your hands at your side….I already saw it. Now go to the corner and face the wall," he instructed. I obediently did as I was told and without question. He walked towards the desk and picked up the folder. As I faced the wall, with my stinging backside in full view, he pulled his chair up behind me and sat down.

"So… do you want to tell me what happened now?' he asked.

I told him everything I knew.