Spanked at the Dance

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Getting caught in a lie can hurt more than your pride

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I spent all morning trying to call him and I wouldn't give up until I spoke with him. Relentlessly, I hit the "redial" button on my cell phone until I finally reached him. After 3 full hours of futile attempts, my efforts finally rewarded when I heard the phone ring.

"Homicide," the man answered.

"Liu, please reconsider and go to the dance with me," I begged.

"What part of 'no' do you not understand? And why the hell are you calling on my desk phone?" He asked angrily.

"It's because I couldn't reach you on your cell phone," I replied.

"I turned my cell phone off, Kait. Some girl keeps begging me to go to her school dance," he said sarcastically.

"All the other girls will have their boyfriends there. Why can't I?"

"Because your boyfriend is 40 years old and I'd look out of place at a school dance," he explained to no avail.

"I think it's that you don't want to be seen with me," I told him.

"That's not true Kait, I'm just too old to go to the dance with you," he said again.

"I wanna go to the dance!!" I pleaded with him.

"Do I have to turn you over my knee and spank you again?" He threatened as he lowered his voice.

“Oooh yeah, that would turn me on,” I said seductively.

“I promise you that you won’t enjoy this spanking,” he said.

My pussy tingled at the thought of him carrying out his threat. I loved when he spanked me and I was always finding reasons for him to do so. However, he quickly caught on that I liked it, so the real punishment was when he didn’t spank me.

“Kait, I have to go. Either go to the dance by yourself or don’t go at all. I really don’t care.” With those words, he hung up the phone.

This sucked a ton of shit. Here was a big dance at my school, all my friends and their boyfriends were going to be there and my boyfriend refused to go. Life is just not fair.

A few minutes later, I sent him a text message that read, “if you’re not going to take me to the dance, I’ll go by myself.”

He didn’t reply.

The next day, my parents gave me money to buy my dress. I was determined to get the hottest, sexiest dress I could find. After trying on dozens of dresses, I found the one I wanted. It was a silver-colored strapless mini-dress and it barely covered everything. When I bought it home, I tried it on for Liu to show him exactly what he was missing.

“I arrested hookers that dressed like that,” he told me in a disgusted tone.

“You think I look hot?” I asked.

“You look like trash. You’re not wearing that to the dance,” he said.

“How will you know, you won’t be there!” I told him.

He lit a cigarette and shook his head.

I could tell he was upset. “Ok, I won’t wear it, I’ll find something else to wear,” I said.

“Good girl. Now bring that dress back to the store and find something more respectable,” he said.

“Ok, I will,” I replied.

I lied.

The following Friday was the night of the big dance. As promised, Liu didn’t go and I had to go alone. Since what he didn’t know won’t him, I wore my dress to the dance. I got a lot of attention from the guys. Some wanted, some not, but my boyfriend wasn’t going to tell me what do to and get away with it.

I had fun dancing with a few guys and my friends. I would have had more fun if Liu was with me, but I tried to put him out of my mind – no such luck. I had to remind myself to pull my dress down, as it didn’t take much for it to creep up my hips. Since I didn’t wear panties, I knew this could be a bigger problem.

I was dancing with my friend Melinda and her boyfriend Jason when I felt a hard tap on my shoulder. I turned around to see Liu. I was so happy to see him, but he didn’t feel the same way.

“What did I tell you about that dress?” He scolded over the music.

I pretended not to hear.

He leaned into my ear. “I told you not to wear that dress!” He yelled.

Mentally, I was trying to scramble a response in my head, but I couldn’t think of anything. “Sorry” might have been a good choice, but I don’t think he wanted to hear that. Liu took me by the arm and led me to a corner in the room.

“You said you weren’t going to wear that dress!” He yelled.

“I wasn’t going to, but I changed my mind the last minute. I didn’t think you’d show up,” I said.

“I wanted to surprise you, but instead I got the surprise,” he said.

“I guess you’re going to take me home,” I said remorsefully.

“No, we’re going to be here for a bit longer,” he said as he pulled up one of the chairs and sat down.

“Get over my knee!” He ordered.

“Oh no, you are not going to spank me. My friends are here,” I pleaded.

“You should have thought about that before you lied to me. Now get over my knee,” he said as he rolled up his sleeves.

“Liu, please anywhere but here, please don’t, not here, please!” I begged.

He wouldn’t hear of it. With one motion, he pulled me over his knee and lifted my tiny dress.

“Where are your panties?” He asked.

“I didn’t wear any,” I replied.

“Yeah that’s obvious,” he said as I felt the first hard spank.

“Ouch!” I yelped.

“There’s plenty more where that came from,” he said sternly as he spanked my ass quickly and hard.

“You are going to learn to listen to me, do you understand?” He said, his hand not missing a stroke.

I didn’t respond.

“I’m talking to you, Kait. I said you are going to learn to listen,” he repeated.

“Yes, ouch, I am,” I said as I started to squirm on his lap.

“Stay still!” He ordered as his hand slapped my thighs.

“I can’t. It hurts,” I pleaded with him.

“It’s supposed to hurt,” he said deadpan and continued with the punishment.

I could hear people around us and I can tell they were watching. “How was I going to explain this?” I thought.

I turned and looked up at him with tears in my eyes. “I’m sorry, Liu, I really am. I learned my lesson,” I cried.

“No you haven’t,” he quipped and continued.

The burning, pinching and stinging pain on my behind made me wished I had listened to him, but it was too late now. He was proving a point and I was paying the price.

He placed his hand on my ass and rubbed it for a few seconds before starting again. My squeals were a bit louder, my pleas, stronger, yet he did not listen.

“When I tell you not to wear something, you don’t. Do you understand?” He said.

“Yes, sir,” I said hoping he was satisfied that he made his point.

“I’ll never disobey you again,” I said and I almost meant it.

He gave my ass a few more hard slaps before motioning me off his knee. We attracted a crowd of on-lookers who were either amused or in shock by what they saw.

I tried to pull down my dress, but my ass pinched too much. Besides, the cool air on my tender skin was a welcome relief.

Liu escorted me out of the party and into his car where I had to sit and endure the stinging pain.

“I’m sorry,” I said again meekly.

“You should be,” he replied as he started the car.

“I’m just so glad that the spanking is over,” I said as I wiped tears from my eyes.

“Who said it was over?” He asked.