

Long Arm of Discipline -Part 2

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Kaitlyn gets more than she expected.

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I left the police station furious of what that cop did to me. I was so pissed off; I could feel my blood heating up. I vowed I was going to take revenge on the fucker. I'll sue the Southern City Police Department if I have to. He hasn't heard the last of me. My mind was spinning out of control and I needed something to soothe my brain, among other things. So, I stop at the liquor store and get some "spirits". I present my phony ID to the store clerk and he nods when he reads it and makes the sale. I won again. People are so gullible- so very gullible. I put the bag in my tote and I'm on my way home. When I get there, I'm going to look up this "Detective Chang" and find out exactly where he lives. It may take awhile, but when he least expects it; something is going to "happen". I don't know what exactly, I haven't thought enough about it. He's going to pay for what he did one way or another. Mark my words. I finally arrive home when my mom immediately takes a tone with me. "Kait, is that you?" she asks. I can tell that something pissed her off, but I pretend not to notice. "Kait, I just got off the phone with a detective from Southern City," she added. "Yeah, it was, um a misunderstanding. It got taken care of. I'm going to my room now." "Not so fast!" My father said, as he walked down the stairs. "The officer said that you were very rude and uncooperative with him," my father began. "I suppose you believe him, dad," I replied. "After all, you'll believe anyone before you believe me." "Well, maybe if you told the truth, I could believe you!" My father exclaimed. "I just walked in and already the both of you are attacking me!" "There she goes again with her exaggerations!" My mother said to my father. "Kait, you're 19 years old, we aren't responsible for you anymore. If you think you're so smart, then move out. No one is forcing you to stay here." "Believe me, dad, if I could, I would. I don't want to stay in this hell-hole any longer than I have to!" The yelling continued until it got to a point where no one knew what they were yelling about or who they was screaming at. It was another typical day in my house. My father's face was red with fury when he grabbed me and yelled, "How did you turn out like this? What the hell is wrong with you?!" "I HATE YOU!!!" I screamed to the both of them. I stormed upstairs to my room and locked the door. My father ran up the stairs after me, but he was too late and I was finally safe. I grabbed my cell phone and called my guy friend to pick me up. I got his voice mail and left him message. "I don't care where we go, just get me the fuck out of here!" I put on my iPod to drown out the noise from the drama downstairs. As I lay on the bed, I thought about my next moves: a place to live and revenge on the cop. About an hour later, I hear a car pull into my driveway. I

quickly grab some belongings and go downstairs. My father glares at me, but I ignore him. The doorbell rings. "I'll get it!" I say as I run towards the door, but my mother got there first. She opened the door. "Hello Detective Chang", she said. My mouth and stomach dropped at the same time and I quickly darted to the sanctuary of my room. I was barely half way up the stairs when I heard my name. "KAITLYN, COME HERE!!" Detective Chang yelled. I turned around and looked at him. My legs started to feel like lead. I nervously walked towards him. I looked at my mother, but she didn't return my gaze. There was a moment of uncomfortable silence which was quickly broken. "Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. Baker. I'm pleased to meet you in person," he said. "Same here, Detective," my father said as the two men shook hands. "You can call me, Liu," the officer said. "Liu, I don't know what we are going to do with Kait. She doesn't listen, she is rude and obnoxious and she has an answer for everything. We thought it was just the normal growing pains, but its getting worse by the day," my mother explained. "Oh my God mom, what is wrong with you? You keep telling..." "Kaitlyn, you do not speak unless you are asked to. Do you understand?" the cop said. I rolled my eyes in frustration. "Yeah, Liu, I understand." "You are to refer to me as 'Detective' or 'Sir'. Did I make myself clear?" "Yes, Detective," I said, trying to appease him. "Please go on, Mrs. Baker...." Chang said. The three of them were talking about me as if I wasn't there. My parents probably dredged up every bad thing I ever did since I was 13 years old. I could see Chang getting disturbed by what he was hearing. As my father was continuing with his viewpoint on the matter, my mother picks up my tote bag that I left on the kitchen counter. She takes out the brown paper bag with my "spirits". "What is this?!" she asks. "Shit!!" I thought to myself. "My friend bought it, it's hers," I said trying to come up with an excuse. Chang takes the liquor bottle out of the bag. He reaches in the bag and looks at the receipt. "This was bought on a credit card. Who's card?" he asked. "It was my friend's credit card." My father took the receipt and read it. "No, this is Kait's credit card. The one we gave her for emergencies." He looked at the detective. "Kaitlyn, you are under the legal drinking age. How did you get this liquor?" Chang asked. "I got a fake ID." The officer exhaled in frustration. "Turn over the ID," he said sternly. I reluctantly reached into my pocket and gave it to him. "The ID isn't the only thing that's going to be turned over tonight," he said. Chang looked at my parents. "Remember what we discussed on the phone? About the spanking?" he asked. They both nodded. "I think it's time to do it." "No, no, wait!" I pleaded nervously. "You're not going to take me back to the station and do that to me again are you?" "I'm not going to take you back to the station," he replied. I let out a small sigh of relief. "I'm going to spank you right here," he declared. I looked at my parents for help, but they agreed with Chang. I pleaded with them to give me one more chance to prove to them that I'll be a better person, but my father told me I was "all out of chances". I felt tightness in my throat as I watched Chang roll up his sleeves. "Please, please don't do this!!" I nervously pleaded to him. "You heard your father, you're fresh out of chances," he replied without expression. "Daddy, don't let him do this to me!" I cried, hoping for forgiveness. "She's in your hands now, Detective," my mother said calmly. "This isn't going to be pretty, but it's very necessary," Chang told my parents as he walked towards the sofa. "Kaitlyn, remember the spanking I gave you earlier today?" he asked. "Yes, sir," I said meekly. "Well," he smiled sarcastically. "You'll remember this one even more". He pointed to the sofa and ordered me to

bend over the arm rest, but not before he had me pull down my jeans and panties. Inside, I was dying from the shame, but I quickly forgot my modesty as he spanked my already sore ass. I looked at the cushion of the sofa as tears dropped from my face. His strikes were relentless. I reached behind me to block his hand, but he only made things worse. I couldn't bear to look at my parents and they did nothing to intervene. Finally, Chang paused and the room was quiet except for my soft crying. I prayed that it was over, but my prayers weren't answered. He resumed spanking me again, this time even harder. My soft cries were replaced with wails of pain as I desperately needed him to stop. I screamed "I'M SORRY!! I'M SORRY!!" but he continued carrying out the punishment. I flinched after every whack of his hand. My body became stiff in readiness for each merciless stroke. He was determined to make sure I learned my lesson and he was a very convincing teacher. My tears could not buy me sympathy as Chang did not let up in intensity for one second. Finally, the spanking stopped. I looked up at the ceiling as I remained in a vulnerable and embarrassing position. He walked over and stood before me. "Please, no more, Detective. I'm sorry, sir," I said as I looked at him through my tears. "Am I the one you should apologize to?" he asked. "Yes. I- I-I shouldn't have treated you like I did. I'm sorry, sir." "You can stand up now, Kaitlyn," Chang said. I slowly stood up and put my hands on my very painful backside. I walked as quickly as I could towards my parents and hugged them. All I could say was that how sorry I was for how I treated them. I couldn't tell them enough how much I really do love them. Chang looked on and nodded in approval. "You can go now, Kaitlyn," he said. Grimacing in pain, I gingerly walked upstairs and back to my room. I was lying on my stomach, still bare-assed, feeling the air soothe the persistent burn from my punishment. Downstairs, I could hear my parents talking with Chang. I couldn't understand everything they were saying, but the conversation seemed to have a pleasant tone. Maybe they thought of him as a new family friend? As the night wore on, I was thinking of him too--but as something much, much more.