

# Over The Knee

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*The sign read "No Trespassing" and it meant "NO TRESPASSING".*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/over-the-knee.aspx>

I sat in the police station, wrapped in a blanket, drinking a cup of hot tea that the nice policeman made for me. All the while, I was reliving the events that brought me here. I stared blankly at the beige colored wall before me, thinking about how I almost drowned a few hours ago. Truth is, the waves didn't look that bad. I thought I could handle them. That being said, who really cares whether or not there was a lifeguard on duty. Once again, my stubbornness gets the best of me. Lucky for me, a passerby, who heard my screams for help, jumped in after me and brought me safely to shore. As we sat on the sand, I thanked him repeatedly. It could have all ended right then and there, but as fate would have it, a policeman was making his rounds on the beach in his patrol car looking for "unusual activity". He stopped the car and exited, asking us what was going on. Foolishly, I explained the entire story to him. "What does 'no trespassing' mean?" The officer asked me in a pissed off tone. "Sir, she's fine. She just panicked in the water," the man who saved me explained. "I wasn't speaking to you," the officer replied to him. "I just wanted to take a swim and see how far I could go, the waves were stronger than I thought and I had a difficult time getting back," I said as I reiterated my story. "Miss, that wasn't my question,. I asked you what does 'no trespassing mean'," he asked again. "It means I shouldn't have gone in the water in the first place," I answered meekly. "That is correct. Come with me," the officer said as he helped me off the sand. The wet sand was clinging to my skin and my small bikini bottom. He wrapped me in a blue blanket and helped me into his patrol car. The drive to the police station was very short- about five minutes at most. As the cop brought me to the station, he announced to the desk sergeant, "Sarge, I want you to meet Kait. She's 17 years old. She's not an Olympic swimmer and she reads but does not obey signs. She almost drowned at high tide." "Is that so, Kait?" The sergeant asked me. I shivered before him and replied, "yes sir, I'm afraid it is," I had no intention of making matters any worse for myself. He shook his head in disappointment. "Have a seat, Kait and Officer Cooper will get you a hot cup of tea.." "Thank you," I replied. I slowly sipped the cup of tea, hoping that the police wouldn't call my parents. All I wanted to do was go home and burrow in the safety of my bed. In reality, I knew my day was far from over. "Kait, we will need to take down a report and have you answer a few questions before we contact your parents," the sergeant explained. I nodded to him as I sipped some more of my tea. "We will have one of our detectives take down the report. If you cooperate with him, you'll be out of her in no time," he added.

“OK,” I replied. A few minutes later, a man entered the room. He was an Asian man about 40 years old with graying hair. He wore a blue suit with his shield secured to his belt. “Kaitlyn? He announced. “That’s me,” I replied. The man approached me. “Kaitlyn, my name is Detective Chang and I need to ask you a few questions about what happened earlier.” “Yeah, I know,” I said as I put down the tea. “Please step into my office.” I followed him into his office, where he gently removed the blanket I was wrapped in. I felt a bit self-conscious as my hard nipples pressed against the thin fabric of my bikini top. “Kait, I’m going to get to the point. You had no reason to be in the water as there was no lifeguard on duty with a sign that read “no trespassing”. Which leads me to my question, what the hell were you thinking?” “It’s like I said, I didn’t think it was dangerous.” “But you found out otherwise, didn’t you?” “Yes, sir, I’m sorry. I learned my lesson. Please can I go now?” “You haven’t learned your lesson, because you haven’t been taught a lesson...just yet.” I rolled my eyes, not out of disrespect, but out of frustration. “So what’s next for me, a fine, community service, jail time?” I asked, my annoyance becoming evident. “Oh you will be fined for this. Violations of this nature carry a fine of \$200.00,” he explained. “Shit!” I exclaimed. “Watch your mouth, young lady!” he chastised. “You just told me I have to pay \$200.00, I think I can say what I want at this point.” “Not in MY office,” he reminded me. “Can I go now?” I asked as I became more uncomfortable with my situation. “No you cannot,” Detective Chang replied sternly. He got up from his chair and removed his jacket. Slowly, he rolled up his sleeves. He looked pensive, determined, calculating. I knew I was in trouble now. “Bend over my desk, please,” he asked. “For what?!” “I’m going to give you a spanking for your disobedience,” he said matter-of-factly. “I am NOT bending over your desk!” I yelled. “Would you rather be over my knee?” He asked sarcastically. “No!” “Look, I’m give you a choice. Make a choice or I will make one for you.” “You are a sick fucking bastard!” “And you will be thinking that every time you try to sit down.” I figured there was no way out of this one and I might as well make a choice. The quicker I chose, the quicker it would be over with. “Over the knee,” I whispered. He pulled his chair up by the open window and sat down. I looked down as I approached him and placed myself over his knee. He pulled up my bikini bottom, exposing my ass cheeks and spanked me with his bare hand in a slow and steady rhythm. I winced in discomfort and humiliation as I saw the shades were pulled up and anyone who wanted to watch would easily be able to. I looked down at the floor, then turned to see his face. He was in control of the situation and in greater control of my behind. “Maybe next time you won’t be so quick to disobey signs,” he said breaking the silence. “No sir, I won’t,” I replied, hoping he would stop. My face was flushed with embarrassment as my behind was literally taking the heat for my poor decision. The detective was showing no signs of slowing down. If anything, his swats were getting both harder and faster. “I trust, I won’t have to do this again,” he said. “No, no, never. I won’t trespass again,” I pleaded. “Good,” he said as he motioned me off his lap. I stood up, gently rubbing my bottom. “Thank God it’s over,” I sighed. “Who said it was over? You have more coming to you.,” he replied as he stood up and pulled his chair away from his desk. “Take down your bottoms and bend over my desk,” he instructed. “You’re kidding me!” I replied in disbelief. His stoic look told me he wasn’t. Quickly, I pulled down my bikini bottom and bent over his desk. He picked up right where he left off, as the only sound in the room was his hand slapping repeatedly against my

bare bottom. I held in tears of shame, as I whimpered from the stinging sensation. It was so uncomfortable ..and pleasurable at the same time. Through my tears, I looked out the open window, and I could see the sign that I disobeyed far in the distance. The sign in front of me and the consequences behind me. Detective Chang showed me a slice of mercy and ended my punishment as my whimpers turned to crying. "I think you've had enough," he said and the spanking ended. Shamelessly, I faced him. My face flushed by tears and humiliation. He walked towards me and gave me a distant hug. "I'll never disobey again, " I vowed. "I know you won't," he said with a wink. He had me stand in the corner, my face towards the wall, my bare behind exposed, displaying the punishment I received. I stood there, occasionally rubbing my sore, red bottom, as he softly chuckled. "One day, you will thank me for this. One day you will," he said. I do thank him because every time I masturbate - I think of him.