**Michelle's Last Spanking**

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*From Michelle's notebook...*

I was spanked any number of times when I was growing up. I'm going to share the last of those spankings with you. It happened in July of the summer after I graduated from High School. I was eighteen years and three months old. There's no reason why I should have been spanked and no reason I had to put up with it.

But I was, and I did.

I'm a little fuzzy about the incident for which I was punished. It's strange but typical. Often a spanking overshadows the events that led up to it to the point where I don't remember them clearly. I remember the punishment but not the "cause".

We had been at my aunt's house for lunch. Somewhere along the way, I managed to disagree with my parents about something, I don't remember what. It was just the four of us and it never occurred to me that my parents would get upset about it. It wasn't like I was yelling at them or anything.

The problem was that my Aunt agreed with me and said so. When that happened, my mom went cold. We left pretty soon afterwards. I went straight from my Aunt's to my job in one car while mom and dad took the other one home.

A few hours later I drove home, having temporarily forgotten about the "argument". Walking in the back door, I immediately entered the kitchen. They were waiting for me. They'd probably heard me in the driveway.

Mom was sitting on one of the kitchen chairs, facing the right side of the room and Dad was standing next to her. It was instantly clear that they were planning on spanking me, right then and there.

"Get over here young lady!" It was typical of my mom's attitude, expecting me to do whatever she told me without question, regardless of the fact that I was an adult. Dad was equally stern but quieter.

For a split second, I thought about telling them "no" and giving them a piece of my mind - but maturity kicked in. I decided to just cooperate, bend over and take the spanking that they were obviously there to deliver. I didn't want to cause a scene.

It hurt my feelings that they felt they needed both of them to do it, as if I was going to kick and scream or something. I hadn't done that since I was eight. No, I walked over to her and was prepared to lie across her lap without any trouble. As humiliating as it was going to be, it was the end of a long day and I didn't have the energy to fight with them.

Of course, I knew that I didn't deserve it and that they had no right to do it, but amazingly enough, I loved them and I was willing to go along - because they wanted me to. After all, it wasn't like I had never been spanked - although it had been at least two years. I wasn't afraid. I knew I could take it.

They didn't give me a chance.

When I got within range, Mom caught me by surprise, grabbing my left wrist and pulling it across her to her left side. I lost my balance and tripped over her lap, landing on her thighs. My chest was hanging over the side of the chair and I was looking at the floor.

They started talking about me as if I wasn't there. "Help me slide her farther over." Dad grabbed my ankles and pushed me so that my behind was almost over Mom's left leg and I was falling forward. I quickly put out my hands to catch myself and they hit the floor. Most of my weight was on them and it felt like I was doing some kind of weird push up.

My boobs, of course, rode up toward my face, although they were "tight" enough back then that they didn't smother me.

The position was very awkward for me and it was intended that way. They didn't allow me one shred of dignity.

"Hold her still," Mom said, as she put her hand firmly in the middle of my back. Dad still had hold of my ankles and pushed my legs down toward the floor, jackknifing me.

The blood was rushing to my head and it was already a little hard to breathe. I needed both hands to keep from falling over so I couldn't use either of them to block the spanking. Not that I was going to, but they were making sure of it. It was humiliating to be treated as if I couldn't hold still for a spanking or that I would struggle and fight them.

If they had simply asked, I would have bent over whatever they wanted and would probably have pulled down my jeans and underwear for them. Instead, they missed the chance to have me submit to them voluntarily. That was their loss.

I relaxed and reminded myself that it was going hurt but that I could take it. Long ago I had learned that being scared made a spanking a lot more torturous. If I was afraid of it, afraid of how much it was going to hurt, I would be terrified and the terror was a lot worse than the physical pain.

"Now, young lady", it was Mom being indignant again, "you are going to learn to show respect to your parents and not contradict us in public."

I thought to myself that the home of my Aunt, my godmother, was hardly "in public". It didn't matter.

It started almost immediately. The first spank was a bit of a shock, even though I was expecting it. It was a hard slap and it stung. She continued to spank me hard with her open hand on my jeans, as fast and as hard as she could, on the middle of my bottom. Dad held me firm.

It hurt. It stung like hell, but I wasn't scared. I knew it would hurt and I knew how much it would hurt. I let the pain flow through me and didn't cry. As long as I didn't let the pain "get to me", I was OK. I wouldn't panic. The terror wouldn't set in. I could take it... and I wouldn't humiliate myself.

That was the problem. For them, the whole point of the spanking was to get me to cry - to scream and beg for mercy. In their minds, I was supposed to humiliate myself. Somehow, I had hoped that we could avoid that particular aspect of my punishment this time around. But... no such luck.

They got mad.

"It's not working," she said.

"Swing harder," was Dad's reply.

"I'm already hitting her as hard as I can."

"Do you want me to do it?" he asked.

"No," she growled, spanking me non-stop the whole time, "I'll get this defiant little brat to cry if it's the last thing I do."

Re-arranging me on her lap, Mom started spanking on the tops of my thighs and on the "crease". It hurt more. In fact she was now hitting me on the most sensitive part of my bottom. The pain of each spank demanded my attention but it still didn't make me cry.

It was a dilemma. If I let the terror get to me, it would be awful, but if I didn't cry... if I didn't start crying soon, Dad would take over. He might pull my jeans and underwear down. He might even use his belt, which he had threatened several times but done only once before.

They seemed that angry.

If he used the belt on me, I would loose it and would spend several minutes in Hell.

Even that didn't frighten me enough to cry. I tried to cry and I couldn't. I wasn't able to give in to the fear without surrendering to the panic.

And the tears wouldn't come.

I closed my eyes. I needed to let my emotions get to me. Something other than fear. It didn't take long to realize that my other hurt feelings would do the trick. I felt betrayed, unloved, lonely. I hated what they were doing to me, the way they were humiliating me.

Then I found it.

No, I didn't cry from the spanking, but I did start crying. The sadness did it. Sadness that my parents really didn't care about me, didn't respect me, didn't love me; that I was alone in the world. That got to me. It was enough to make me cry but not send me into a panic.

The tears flowed. The sobs and crying followed quickly. Once I got started, the spanking itself helped it along.

"There we go," she said, "moving down on the leg finally did it. I knew she wasn't going to last too long with that kind of punishment."

She was a fool, and so was he. With that spanking, they were breaking whatever tenuous bonds we may have had left between us. That was the moment that I started hating [I]them[/I] instead of just their behavior.

They didn't let up once "they" got me crying. They just kept hurting and hurting and hurting, holding me down at both ends. It went on for a long time. She was enjoying it. She began to alternate sides, a few slaps on each side before switching to the other. That was another "traditional" part of my punishments.

Eventually, my nose started to run and my sinuses filled up from the crying. Between sobs, I cried, "I can't breathe!"

"Tough!" Dad barked. Don't ever let it be said that it was all Mom's fault. He was no bystander. He was just as bad as she was. That particular day, she hit me and he held me down for it. But even when he didn't help out, it all happened with his blessing.

I didn't care any more about breathing. What was the point if my own parents didn't even love me? It wasn't just this one spanking and it wasn't only the spankings either. I had been trying all my life to live up to their impossible expectations and be a "good girl" whenever I could. But that day, I stopped caring.

The spanking lasted a while longer. The rhythm of sharp thumping slaps kept time with my body being bounced forward and back. And my bottom really hurt. It was getting sore from the prolonged attack.

She kept going until I started choking.

Then she said, "ten more". She took her time; savoring the finishing touch, slowly hit me with ten of the hardest hand-spanks of my life (to that point). Somewhere along the way, I got light-headed and dizzy. I remember counting all ten spanks in my head and I didn't blackout, but it was fuzzy near the end.

They let me up and told me to go to my room, just like a little kid. I did, not even bothering to stop and wipe my face or clear my nose. I went straight upstairs, lay on my bed face down and cried into my pillow for a long time. My only comfort was the fact that I wouldn't be living with them for much longer.

Six weeks later, I went off to college and have never lived with them since. Sure, I visit every couple of years but that's about it. Even then, I can only stand them for a couple of days at a time.

The empty feeling didn't last long. Within four months of leaving home, I had met the man of my dreams and fallen in love. No, he wasn't the first guy I met and he wasn't just any port in a storm. Hubby is special.

If you've read my stories, you know that he spanks me too. It may sound like I went from one abusive home right into another, but this is different.

He's the opposite of my parents. Where they wouldn't love me no matter what I did, he does, without condition. I yell at him all the time, every once in a while in public, and I can still count on lots of hugs whenever I need them.

Of course, my parents didn't approve of him. That was comforting in a perverse way. He wasn't "our kind of people". He was only after my body or my income; I don't think they ever decided which it was. Either way, our marriage would never last. (I wonder if eight happy years still qualifies as "not lasting").

It's a completely different existence. I love life now.

If my parents had loved me, I would have done anything for them: pulled my own panties down and bent over the rail at the entrance to Disneyworld if they had wanted. I might have even gone to college near my hometown, instead of a thousand miles away.

Instead, hubby gets the rewards. I constantly go out of my way to enjoy him and make him happy. Even after ten years of being in love it's fun to do anything with him. I slide under him, lie back for him, bend over for him, take it in the ass for him, whore myself to him any way he wants it. And I love every second of it.

I gladly throw myself over his lap (or over anything else), and take spankings five times worse than anything my parents ever dished out. I even beg him to do it sometimes.

And that's the point. The only reason my husband started spanking me was because I asked him to. No, not in the sense of "she asked for it, she had it coming". I mean I quite literally told him that I wanted to be spanked.

It took a while to get him to try it at all and at least a year or two for him to work up to the intensity that I need - but he understands. Once he got comfortable with it, he was able to enjoy it. He's a guy. He gets turned on by giving a spanking to the woman he loves. Who knew?

Early on, I used to lay awake in bed with him the night after a spanking and tell him if it was too hard or not hard enough or how I liked or didn't like the style of spanking. Now, I maybe do that once or twice a year. It's been at least three years since I said, "That one was too hard."

There's another thing. I tell him the stories, all the stories of all the spankings I ever received from as far back as I can remember - as I stroke him. At some point or other, over the past ten years, I've whispered every single spanking into his ear, most of them several times. He's had a mind's eye view of all of them.

Sure, it hurts to talk about it sometimes, but not very often, not anymore. The telling - and his reaction to it - helps to blunt the memories. Mostly, recounting my spankings to him is a reminder to me that things are so much better than they ever were without him.

This incident is one of his favorites. The deep sense of betrayal really touches him. So does the fact that even today I can't talk about it without crying... and needing lots of hugs and kisses from him afterward. Yes, I'm crying even as I write this.

What really does it for hubby is thinking about me "in position": jackknifed over a lap in a nice tight pair of blue jeans, all ready for a spanking. Sometimes when I tell him this, he doesn't last long enough to hear about the spanking itself.

If my parents only knew how often I think about their spankings and the purpose that those memories serve...