**Panties in Football! / Strange Days in Sports!**

by Catwoman

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**Chapter 1**

The Regional’s in the NCAA Division One Football playoffs were not going well. The field goals I kicked and even an extra point had been missed during the first half of the game. My kicks were bouncing off parts of the goal post. In past games for the most part my kicks had been ‘money’ and important points had been added to the scoreboard. Over and over I was a proven game changer during the Pandemic shortened season and had been especially a valuable asset in our Division One NCAA playoffs.

“You’ve Come A Long Way Baby!” Two months ago I became only the second female kicker in the entire south and first at the age of nineteen years-old in our conference. The men made fun of me and told me to go back to being a flag girl with the band. However, now they all cheered for me and my kicking accuracy inside the forty yard line. That’s why I was featured on WROL TV where my mom was a weekend sports anchor and game night reporter. Television stories about my journey for soccer star on the girl’s team to the first string kicker on the football team was broadcasted throughout the state. My mom who had broken down barriers herself was my role model and inspiration.

The more kicks I missed the more perturbed I got. I started not taking my time, altering my kicks and not following through the way I knew I should be doing. This lack of discipline frustrated my coach and my teammates. However, my mom the sports anchor who had highlighted my story was mad! Mad that I was blowing it. A Chiron had run across the screen during the segment featuring me in the newscast. ‘Girl Kicker Leads Team To Championship.’

I just couldn’t figure out why my accuracy tonight was off. All our mill- town’s people had driven three hours to support the team excited to have an outlet from their post pandemic era jobs. As I looked over in the stands I could see the disappointment in their face and heard their groans as I missed an easy field goal. One I made all the time. The week had been filled with college scholarship talk and I was feeling invincible before the game started. Now, I was having trouble making not one, but two field goals and they were both high percentage kicks.

Instead of my team best percentage of 76% or around two out of three success rate for the season. And, then there were the dumb kicks that I knew better than to even tell the coach I could try. I tell you I was becoming a frustrated football special team’s player stomping my foot and yelling at my teammates instead of calmly running the ‘kick routine.’ While I was not scoring points I was not gold bricking either. My uncontrollable nerves led to sweat that permeated my white football pants. I felt eyes on me from the crowd who could see my visible panty line from the stands due to the bright lights of the stadium. Proof to the men, I was just another female who had gotten my position in the courts. And, the women booed too as their men studied my lined butt.

Finally the buzzer sounded on the scoreboard for the end of the half. We exited the grass field as team. After I left the playing surface, I could see the frustration on my coach’s face and he had a message for me. I was told instead of joining the team in the locker room, my mom wanted to see me out back in the press trailer. I jogged out to the travel trailer in the parking lot and entered the deserted press trailer. There was no one there, but my mom and she looked mad. She waved the stat sheet with the pitiful figures which denoted my horrible kicking in the first half in black and white. Mom told me I had let my success go to my head. I nodded my agreement embarrassed about my performance and stomping my foot on the field.

Mom said I had shown poor leadership and sportsmanship and she was going to use the newspaper to settle me down. He rolled up a copy of the newspaper with my picture on the front. She told me I needed a newspaper reminder to focus me reach down and find my shooting motion. He said the workers of our town had sacrificed to come support the team and I was playing like a prima donna. Raising his voice slightly and putting a tinge of steel in his voice, it became apparent before I rejoined my teammates I would be sporting a shiny red sore bottom rivaling the lacquered shine of the football field under my football shorts. That is how I would play the second half.

I wondered what mom meant by settle me down. I got my answer soon enough as I watched him tightly roll up the newspaper and put rubber bands around it. I looked up at her wiping my long brown hair out of my face and hitting her with a wounded look. That really did not make a difference as she grabbed my wrists and pulled one shocked football player, all five foot eight inches over her lap on the trailer’s couch. It now dawned on me mom’s motivation technique was going to be a spanking.

However, I did not have much time to think about the last time I was spanked when I was ten as I felt a hard spank from the rolled newspaper, quickly followed by dozens more. Mom was using the elastic seams across the seat of my shorts to color my butt with her improvised spanking implement. The swats kept coming and my shocked bottom was beginning to heat up. She lectured me about believing my own press as she kept spanking me even harder!

Mom stopped just long enough to pull my football pants and panties down and then really laid into my ass. I could feel the heat in my seat and tears fell down my face more in disappointment of letting my team down more than the fiery remnants pain of my spanking. One particular swat across the top of my butt crack sounded like a gun shot taking me farther into my veil of tears which cascaded down my face as my legs spread and my tampon string shared with my mum although she was heating my bum up, I was on my period. Moody or not she was giving my already hot-bot a really hard time!

It filled my bottom with a new extreme burn. It was obvious this last volley of spanks all in the same three spots up and down the crack of my bottom was meant to drive the message home, not to believe my own press. Well, these landed with a thud and drove the spanking implement deep into my butt tissue. Any one who thinks a rolled up newspaper spanking is no big deal, can come take my place. Sounds came from not just my open mouth, but my butt, farting! It happened when I could no longer deal with the pain.

Mom ignored the whimpers I made as my spanking came to a blistering conclusion. She rubbed my hot, red butt, patting it and telling me she knew I could do it. She said I had handled my spanking like a winner. I felt like a championship finish was now in my wheelhouse. The spanking had calmed my nerves, addressed my lack of discipline kicking game.

I was ready to make my mark on the football field although I sported red marks on my hot bottom from the stern newspaper reminder. Lovingly mom pulled up my panties and football pants popping the elastic around my waist. She swatted my sore butt and urged me to act like I had some smarts. I rejoined my team with a throbbing reminder and a new attitude. “Mom, are you going to spank me again at home if we lose the game?” Mom held me by the chin. “Dear, only if you don’t follow through on your kicks.” I smiled and hustled back to the team’s locker room, so I could run out with my team to play the second half.

Back on the field the shine of my smile was as bright as the one across my butt. The whole team was behind us and stood up to cheer encouragement whenever I kicked in the second half. Each of my teammates gave me a swat across my butt and said, “Lisa, you’re a winner!” They were not aware of the red state of my bottom. This was there normal routine to encourage me as their special team’s offensive leader. The swats on the butt bonded us together to go on the field and complete my mission to kick either an extra point or field goal. Only now I used the same follow through discipline that had gotten me the starting position in the first place. While our team was victorious that night, it was the lesson I learned over my mom’s lap that served me well in the future as I got in my silver Camaro for the pain-seated ride home.

**Chapter 2**

Red For White-No White For Red

That’s the ticket.

At the heart of the matter was the natural tendency that girls especially of eighteen like Lisa were want to show off their feminine charms in a careless manner and that’s where the trouble came into play.

Play, more specifically the band playing and she marching as a majorette. But, with the wearing of the majorette uniform came great responsibility. Lisa unfortunately had forgotten that and when her mom saw her wearing the panties which were part of the majorette uniform in an incorrect and indecent way, well the rest was history.

In part, the thing that set her mother off more than anything else was when she saw her teen daughter in public with the seat of the fabric stretched too hard across her hiney which had led to cheek creep. White exposed skin more of her bottom than was descent in parades marching in front of impressionable boys and their bug eyed fathers. The naughty buggers thought the mom, sportscaster! The bottom line was she was getting hot under the collar and it was not just a bet, but a guarantee that another part of her daughter’s body was going to be heating up after the parade.

“It’s high time you girls feel the consequences of blatantly flouting the school’s rules wearing your majorette uniforms improperly in public!”

Lisa was escorted into an empty classroom accompanied by the once curvaceous majorette who had sparkled wagging her butt down the middle of the street. However, there uniforms consisted of a very short red flouncy dress with matching red panties which were meant to be seen by the public.

Not to mention the pain already imposed on Lisa’s hiney. The contrast between her white thigh and crimson bottom red a the panties the late teen-aged former majorette had worn and felt would be more suited for today’s majorette. A paddling for not correcting her hind cheeks which oozed out from under the panty elastic seams. Basically a white skin tight leotard covered with sequins that sparkled and further emphasized the portion of her bare hind cheeks Lisa had failed to snap the uniform panty back in place. Her cheek exposure was bound to be fueling fantasies from red blooded men up and down the parade route.

Lisa’s lack of modesty had not gone unnoticed by the prim and proper who had been a fine majorette in her day. Her color guard advisor and college teacher intended to illustrate to Lisa that she may be basking in her glory as the game winning kicker, she was now a majorette in the parade and what she had done displaying herself as she did was wrong for school even if it was college and that behavior could and would affect her sitter.

Her leotard especially the panty portion of her majorette uniform was noted for indecent cheek exposure. She should have been aware of her still baby fat fleshed rounds which had spilled out her panty and could be seen by parade goers. She was aware a teacher could use a paddle for they dual panty infractions. And, Ms ... felt that Lisa had flouted the rules.

Lisa had a panty violation according to the wording of the school’s rules.

However, there was another issue with Lisa’s white sequined majorette uniform. She had a panty violation according to the wording of the school’s rules and if she didn’t continue to march in the parade her scholarship could be voided and her expelled.

The heat permeated her majorette uniform with a burn that made her complain as she marched down Main Street in the homecoming parade. “Oh, my hiney!” Ingenuously the school advisor for the color guard had made Lisa where a red leotard now.

Indeed her pretty hine end quarters had steam coming off them as she lifted her knees up and shared her red crimson cheeks to the parade goers.

However, it was when Ms. Primrose coated Lisa’s already paddled hiney further for her exhibited unladylike behavior with an after the parade that she put her own behind on the hot seat. The old fart had observed and documented with her Brownie camera as Lisa picked the panty portion of her majorette uniform out of her crack. Ms. Primrose had been close enough to hear a snapping sound as the leotard popped against her rounded hiney.

“I hate to spank you again Lisa, so soon, but picking the back of the panty part out of your lady parts is unacceptable!”

“I did not do it, Ms. Primrose!”

“Lisa, care to amend your statement.”

Ms. Primrose showed her the developed photos from the one hour photo at the Photo Mat kiosk.

“Did you see me do it?” Lisa asked in a shaky voice that did not exude her earlier confidence.

“So, now we have two actionable infractions!”

“And, then ten special swats for lying to me all striking your hiney for not owning up to what the photos clearly show you did in view of the assembled at the parade.”

Lisa switched tactics desperately trying to avoid a spanking on a hiney that would be char broiled like a hometown Hardees Hamburger.

Lisa stomped off rather mad, no make that perturbed at her mother for being a turd! Nah, not really, she just was feeling the remnants of her star spangled blazing spanking she had gotten when she got home from the parade.

“Hey kid-o, let’s go in the back yard and kick some extra points over the goal.” The basketball goal, no coach got permission for the two of us to work in our practice facility on my mid-range kicks we are going to need to win the championship.”

“Why do you want a chance to spank me again.” “Oh yeah mom light her up,” her brother said encouraged his mother.

“Shut up, you booger.

“Mom, Lisa called me a bugger!”

“I did not, you turd.”

Lisa left damn quickly, he hiney still hurt. So, she left the re-warm up spanking behind.

But, in the car as she drove the green Maverick to the college’s practice field, she slammed her hand against the steering wheel in her version as a temper and even cried as she parked at the desolate practice field facility hidden from the public’s view.

“Coach my mid-range accuracy sucks.”

“Yes, I know, but you sure came back and performed well after you came back from your mom’s broadcast unit.”

“I was on fire. Coach!”

“I know, Lisa. With you on track they couldn’t beat us!”

“No pain, no gain, coach!” Lisa sheepishly answered with a touch to her butt and a somewhat coy pained smile.

**Chapter 3: New Flag Girls**

There were two exceptionally color guard team members which had been selected for a new feature. They would soon wave, whip and crack big red and white flags in the air. They would run down the sideline and into the end zone to create excitement up and down the green grassy field.

However, the reluctance for performing the new activity was overcome by a stimulus. In this case a dual-paddling would help each overcome any doubts or inner fears as they contemplated their fates as their rears were roasted a bright red. That concept spoke volumes about the ins and outs of ‘pain and pleasure.’

Two smart eighteen year-old girls would come to recognize what in practice they dearly needed in the end. Such self-awareness came with a price and that was a lasting burn imparted by a wooden implement whether you called it a hiney or a butt, a spanking with a paddle would definitely be no picnic.

First up, was the lace in the panty band wearing bitch whose bottom had already been introduced to the brush. Not like her past algebra teacher who had used her special red wooden paddle. Now, out of college and married, Lois Layne the reporter by trade gleefully alerted their former algebra teacher. So, several years later the paddle she had used which was the same damn one she had taken out of her math classroom middle desk drawer back in school.

It remained still as they both strangely fondly remembered it. Red made of wood and was ruler length with a thickness of an index finger. She had never forgotten the grim smile from the pretty brown-haired algebra teacher before she had received her paddling for talking and lack of attention.

All at their teachers request she gave the school girl in the front row the red ruler length wooden paddle. It was not heavy or hefty in the math teacher’s hand. She ran her small soft fingers over the smooth surface of the wood-back of the paddle. Then lifted the instrument that was about to punish each of the girls bare bottoms and her butt cheeks tensed involuntarily in her seat, As she imagined it being used against their bottoms. A period piece: The sub teacher’s required notes written in the girls own hand which stated she had received a paddling at school. This was a real gem because the girls were bound to be spanked again that night at home.

Juli told Gwyn green her four-door Ford didn’t have the trunk width necessary to carry the bundles of long tobacco sticks. The two pretty cheerleaders were going to move them from the A&P to the nearby school. There length was important as they would be re-purposed and combined with red and white fabric donated by Burlington Textile Mill. All, so a poor college could add flags by two of their cheerleaders. Flags they would proudly wave in the air and rotate around their hips. It was sure to be a real crowd pleaser and bring more fans, thus more dollars to the college’s coffers.

Juli’s contribution of the farm’s tobacco sticks had been enough for the blonde-haired snooty cheerleader to invite the brown-haired girl to join the squad. Soon the two would have ‘fun with flags.’ As an act of friendship Juli offered Gwyn a peanut butter and jelly sandwich before they transported the sticks. “I hate peanut butter!” The blonde exclaimed to the newest cheerleader. Juli put that in her memory banks to share with Bret, so it could be used, later with Donna and provide leverage with ‘miss goodie two-shoes!’ when it would make a difference.

What Juli needed and had a desperate need for was a fixer-up car. One located near her red brick home. In dire need of transportation since there was no bus that went by the farm to the college town. She needed a car that was both safe and reliable. However, due to her vanity it must also be presentable for her to put her butt in it and be seen by her peers at the college. An automobile she and her mechanically minded cousin could get running and road ready for no bucks on her part.

Juli’s bottom line was she needed a gas guzzler and since the country was smack, dab in a gas war the Mercury Marquis fit the bill. A Bondo special Juli picked up for a song. Poor and frustrated, she was determined to find a way. She was smart, this was a problem and there had to be a solution. With some encouragement Bret would stamp on the ASE certified sticker on the inner door that the state required for the silver Mercury Marquis to be road worthy.

The solution came to her. Juli and Bret, had a conversation where her cousin revealed his fantasy having to do with a specific body part possessed by a certain young school teacher. As a red-blooded male, he thought with his penis! In his case he had a raging desire to spank lady bottoms.

In a capricious move Juli suddenly squatted and dove across her cousin’s lap. Unceremoniously he gave her a buck and the late-teen landed hard on her butt.”What’s up you said you wanted to spank a lady!

“Not my cousin!”

“I’ll even pull down my shorts and panties and then you can spank me as hard as you can, if you will only fix this mess of a car I bought to drive to school. “I’m not interested in the least in seeing the flesh of my kin, much less paddling it.”

Juli decided a new tack was needed to achieve her objective. Bret had told her how it had been him secretly been inside the Uncle Sam suit and had managed to spank Gwyn with a paddle-like hand. She knew full well that he had a roaring crush on Gwyn.

“Bret, you’re smart and make art with your mechanical and body skills, Juli said.

“I can argue with you there, cousin, Bret answered as he puffed out his chest.

“Now look some of this is going to sound funny to you.” “Just keep an open mind.”

“Okay, shoot.”

“Everyone knows you have a thing for Gwyn.”

“Yes, I do, hmm, especially her hiney!”

“And, her best friend Donna was suppose to be in the Uncle Sam suit. She really floats my boat!”

“Okay, so I will set Juli up for you to spank and in exchange you get Donna on board to paddle some heat into my cheeks. Deal?”

“Deal, Bret said in agreement.

A Plan Evolves:

“With a paddle, Juli asked.

“No, it has to look like their paddlings are happenstance.” Wait a minute, we could use the tobacco sticks Gwyn needs for our flags.”

“Brilliant, Juli. Donna is going to want something in return.

“What?”

“Your butt,” he said as he pointed to her pert butt.

She rolled her eyes. “Oh bugger,” Juli said and smiled and got a case of the vapors.

The farm hand dropped the tobacco sticks off in the back alley of the A&P. Juli had driven her silver Mercury Marquis behind the store near and parked by the rear entrance. She got out of the car and opened the large trunk. “You think this will fit?” \*Gwyn asked from nearby... “Sure, just grab the other end of the bundle, scoot forward and we will lay them in the Marquis’ trunk.

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There was Gwyn with golden-blonde hair and Juli with light brown hair. Both had strands that touched their shoulders. Each, had athletic colt-like short legs and similarly stood around five foot, three.

The chance to get at a certain ‘hot-bot’ whom had long been on her radar insured quickly that Donna was on board. As for Gwyn, she and her hiney had been in fellow band member’s field of vision, especially her visible panty line across her bottom since the sixth grade. And, speaking of boards, tobacco sticks in two long bundles would add to the believability of why Juli would need help from Gwyn to carry and place the long stick bundles to be repurposed as post for the flags deep into the trunk.

A hard wind blew the heavy lid down across their lower torsos. The rust on the pins kept them inside the Marquis’ trunk. The cheerleader’s heads and backs were trapped in a state of bondage. The weight of a telephone ladder courtesy of Brad along with their lack of leverage to use their short legs and made the task impossible for the two eighteen year-olds. But, boy could they kick and buck.

They even managed to have their panties fly through the air. The twin cube- yardstick sized tobacco sticks targeted their rears hanging out side by side. The girls remained stuck half-way and half-way out in the large and deep Mercury Marquis trunk. Juli’s small pert butt was on the far side from Bret. He had told her when she had tried to win him over to fix the heap for cheap that he didn’t mess with ‘kin skin.’

So, he did the honors with Gwyn. He tore up the fleshier cheeks seen below the blue denim panties of his long felt heart throb with a vengeance. He used a Neanderthal slice stroke technique with no wrist-action. Before he finished he pulled her thin panties down to burn her hiney to cinders. Bret almost felt sorry for the poor thing!

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Meanwhile, Donna who stood to the side of Juli had a secret lesbian crush on chipmunk-cheeked brown-haired with the Gibson hair-do so when she took swings at the smaller, more rounded, pert butt a flick of wrist insured a burn in each stroke. Donna, also took a moment to address to further undress Juli and pulled her diaphanous panties down off her red butt. After that the swats felt like she was being branded on the spot.

Each, dear cheerleader bleated incoherently from the stuck trunk which spoke volumes for the effectiveness of both paddlings which left them both a blotchy red mess.

There were two distinct styles of giving a spanking, brawny vs. finesse. Bret whacked away like a Neanderthal, while Donna used physics to get the most out of the beating. However, in the end far too many female adult spankees failed to understand the spasms coming from their vaginas. A good, hard paddling given near the dear cheerleaders sex parts could be a good thing. Each learned they could hate to be spanked and still enjoy the aftermath.

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Juli told Gwyn to take the vinegar and she the oil and use the nozzle to work the ingredients in to work. Then they would switch decanters which had been handed through the crack left in the partially closed trunk. The idea was for each girl to use her arm closest to the trunk lid to squirt the hinges on her side.

Gwyn knew was her hiney was hot and Juli too could attest to the burn in her bottom. Plus their butts still hung out the rear of the car ... The rust in the hinges was the result of corrosion years of not being oiled. The importance of going at it slow and giving the vinegar and oil time to work their magic on the rust was stressed to her fellow cheerleader. The vinegar and oil did the job and the trunk lid completely opened allowing their escape position.

It was not until Gwyn and Juli were extricated from the trunk and standing again on their short legs, that the burn in their butts consumed them.

“Oh, my hiney,” Gwyn complained and rubbed her behind back and forth in a vigorous manner.

“My ass is burning up too,” Juli added with her rendition of comical rubbing, only in her case was in an up and down motion across her very red butt crack.

Juli took control of the ‘sting!’ For the farce to work it was up to her to convince Gwyn that Bret was the man and master for her. However, unknown to her it was Donna who recognized the chipmunk-like cheeks and lowered head that yelled, submissive and took Juli in hand.

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Bret and Donna left their behinds flagging in the wind. However, each in turn did have the decency to pull up their blue jean short-panties over their still-swelling cherry red bottoms. There was air from the wind getting in the trunk, so there was no chance of either Gwyn or Juli passing out.

The task took a little time, in a few minutes, together Gwyn and Juli managed to free them from inside the Mercury Marquis trunk. The light tan van with Carolina Telephone on its door in orange blocked any view of the back alley from the north. The A&P tractor trailer with the driver inside conveniently blocked the sight line from the south.

The cab-over tractor’s diesel engine started and filled the air with fumes ... Two shapely check-skirted bottoms looked like they were putting groceries deep in the Marquis’ trunk. However, if he had looked closer he would see their lower bottom cheeks were as red as the cab of his truck.

Long gone was Bret’s Carolina Telephone ladder as well as Donna now part of the foursome. After all the stakes were might high if the two female adults chose to show their bright colored bottoms to the authorities. It was unthinkable either one would press assault charges. Those who have served in the military service had a saying for when such a harmless prank meant trouble. FUBAR, Fk’d Up Beyond All Recognition. Juli had done a fine job and sold the sting well, hook, line and sinker to Gwyn.

No blue lights flashed or sirens sounded in the night. The meet was set at FUBAR, a lounge near Mansfield. Gwyn and Juli were not sitting pretty atop the matching mechanical bulls. It was quite comical as their small stature made such a ride a possibility.

Neither Gwyn nor Juli got the laugh as one after the other their ass went up and down. Then with a sudden buck they landed hard on the air bag. “Ouch!” Bret and Donna sat down after yanking the two sore cheerleaders up by the arm and pushing them down on the hard wooden bench.

“It’s quite simple you have been snookered. You will serve as a submissive to all of Donna’s needs and be hers to punish as she sees fit.”

“And, if I refuse?”

“Then Donna, me and Gwyn will turn ourselves in and turn states evidence against you and testify that this sting and unlawful kidnapping was all your idea! And, when you are found guilty you will be breaking rocks at Leavenworth.

“Really?” Gwyn answered in exasperation. However, there was a hint of panic in her soprano voice “No, that’s just a metaphor. Trust me you don’t want to be a ‘baby doll’ like you in prison!”

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It would be fair to say that in the end a relationship that had began with incognito skit of the spanking Uncle Sam against Gwyn’s hiney was a striking success.

“Let’s be crystal clear here, Juli. I will be completely in charge as your mistress, mentor and when needed as keeper of the paddle me the punisher. No nonsense. No excuses. You earn it. You get it, period. Do I need to show you what happens when you get out of line? Juli had been a good girl and wouldn’t need to be spanked, damn it!

And, equally fair was the fact that, Juli and her new dominant mistress would soon have the ability to keep her butt in a near constant state of red as her subservient house slave. The chipmunk-cheeked brown-eyed girl got her due. And, Gwyn had finally found the man of her dreams. The thought that teachers had a hankering to have their panties taken down and spanked with a wooden paddle much like the one they used on butts in their classes was an eye opener.

However, if he could rid her of her considerable mental anguish by leaving some sear searching sizzling pain in her hiney as Gwyn called it. Bret would go along with the juvenile lingo since that was her wish.

Juli she was as happy as a mutt in the mud, because in her heart she would always be a farm girl who needed guidance and take it on the butt!

“Hey, Donna, nice ass” Bret said.

“Thanks a lot, “Juli looked back with her butt cheeks rounded while a visible panty line was suggested across her tight blue jean cut-off shorts.

Donna wanted to make sure Gwyn didn’t feel left out complimented her willing slave.

“Look at the hot hiney I had to discipline for refusing to eat the peanut butter! Gwyn freshly spanked had managed to pour her flesh into her old majorette sparkle-studded white one-piece majorette uniform, only her hiney cheeks touched each other in red art work from the wedgie.”

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The new color guard team members with flags was a smashing success. They were both short stature wore matching red and white checked short skirts, white shirts and blue jean panty shorts for the occasion. The hem line hit right under the bottom presentable, but with just a hint of bare cheeks. One thing was for sure, no red-blooded man would be caught with their heads down reading during the blonde and brown-haired girl performed on the field.

The pretty girls whipped and cracked their red and white flags in the air and snapped the flags in the wind. It sounded much-like the sound of a whip popping against a bared bottom. Add to that the swift movements of their hips as they spun the flag around their waist as wood touched butts.

And, so they spent their lives’ bonded together by their common interest. As a foursome they continued their fantasy-filled lives and lived happily ever after.

Schoolgirl Spy It had all started with an online lie. Elizabeth was a very pretty lass Kenny, being a busy spy, he wasn’t always there when his daughter Elizabeth needed a firm hand. He didn’t micro-manage every aspect of Elizabeth’s life. Kenny had to admit as he flew around the world keeping the homeland safe, that it was true when it came to his ‘Helicopter Parent’ approach which perturbed Elizabeth’s mom as she carried out her duties as Elizabeth’s mother. She wasn’t Kenny’s little girl anymore! That fact was now perfectly clear after the disturbing conversation he had just had with the ‘head of school.’ Kenny had rarely scolded Elizabeth and barely spanked her the last time being when she was eleven-just turned twelve. her and that had been when her actions had endangered her life, but this time the eighteen year-old had really screwed up and according to the ‘head of school’ Elizabeth would be expelled unless he put himself out there to intervene and there was no way out to get her butt out of trouble. On the other hand if he failed to carry out the unpleasant mission Elizabeth would have to expel, even after the dirty deed admitted. There was fury in Kenny’s fire in his eyes and fury in his mood. It was unbelievable that Lizze, his talented grown daughter had capriciously chosen to go online behind her father’s back and now the shit had hit the fan! Kenny sped towards the school heading across the Key Bridge over the Potomac River with the Marriott towering to the sky in the background. he was on a mission to save his naughty teen daughter from being expelled. Kenny headed for the exclusive private school for filled with captains of industry and doting diplomat fathers. It was a favorite of the state department and numerous embassies. set in a valley among the grassy hills of rural Virginia. Elizabeth had pouted and carried on before, but never lied about her age. Kenny had made up his mind that no matter how unpleasant he would carry out the prescribed punishment at the direction of the school. would be more than a scolding moment and that more juvenile methods were going to be employed. There was fury in Kenny’s eyes and ferocity in his step. It was unbelievable to Elizabeth, Kenny was taking the Head’s side, but it was crystal clear to Elizabeth, the ill-advised online lie about her age was going to haunt her bottom. Meanwhile, deep in the boughs of Virginia Horse Country inside a prestigious girl’s academy a certain pretty reporter who had managed to hide her true identity hidden from staff and administration. Undeniably who had foolishly gone online under the cover of a playing out a farce as a college girl on the internet. If the conservative citizens of the small town had known what was going on behind the tall, Kenny, brick walls which lined the campus they would have been aghast. Elizabeth was there to learn a ‘lesson of life,’ taught in the time tested still good for a budding daughter who had become an adult. After al she had left globs of yellow egg on teacher doors, dean of discipline and the president’s residence. The Highland School provided for parental use its well-used infamous Kenny painted long wood paddle for application to poor unfortunate deserving female bottoms. Elizabeth stared at her Kenny in disbelief. She had foolishly looked for relief from her globe-trotting father, yet to her horror found absolutely none. Elizabeth wished she had treated her new teacher just a little better, in fact, a lot better, but that was the past and this was now. Kenny opened the Belk bag he had carried into the room and as the heavy plastic bag made noise he pulled out a ruler length varnished paddle the school had given to him at the outer office counter. Elizabeth’s eyes went wide when she saw the exclusive school’s wicked wooden paddle. “Kenny, surely you can’t be serious about using that wooden paddle on me!” Elizabeth looked frantic and pleaded for a reprieve, but none came. “This is so not fair, Kenny!” The astute undercover student had let her curiosity override her common sense as she threw caution to the wind and lied about her age on an adults only story site. Now, her bottom was going to be bright! Eighteen or not the pampered teen’s excuses for going through with her lie that violated school rules and could endanger her life. Elizabeth’s pert bottom trembled under her school uniform skirt as she listened to Kenny. Kenny sat and guided Elizabeth toward his lap. “There is a benefit to you being paddled. All your college recommendations will be restored if I paddle you, and that is a generous offer considering your deceit. Liz, without a good college there is no Female FBI Agent in your future!”

“But, Kenny, do I have too?”

“Your own behavior brought this on and you can only blame yourself. Your teacher saved you once when she caught you ion a lie of omission and you did not appreciate her efforts. So, Elizabeth we deal with your deeds in the manner the school has prescribed.” Nodding sadly Elizabeth accepted her fate and soon found herself bent over Kenny’s lap. She found it very comfortable, but the reason for being on it was not comfortable at all. The eighteen-year old was sorry for lying online, not only once, but twice, and for not showing respect to her new teacher. She felt her stone -white skirt rise above her bottom and she knew she was in real trouble. Her pert round white butt could be seen through the tint of her tan pantyhose and thin white panties with large flower in blue and pink colors worn underneath were now on display.

Elizabeth shuddered and felt goose bumps developing on her skin under her pantyhose and wafer thin panties as she felt Kenny’s hand slide under the elastic bands holding everything in place. Her dad tugged her pantyhose and brief flowered wafer thin panties down and off her legs.

The eighteen year-olds bare bottom wiggled as she kicked her legs and waved her hands about in mid-air. She started to display a strong burst of independence by pushing herself up and off her Kenny’s lap even though she knew it would only make her spanking worse.

Kenny dealt with her nonsense directly, pushed her down and grabbed one of her wrist, trapping it and placed it up in her back out of harm’s way and his too.

“Wait a minute there Missy, just a minute. You hold your horses. I mean it stay right where you are, young lady. Where do you think you are going? If you continue to struggle, I guarantee this will be much worse then what I have already planned for your Halloween Night. However, you’re in for a real ‘hot ass’ fright.”

“Okay there Kenny, you’ve got me bare with my skirt up and my panties down. I will stay down!” An undercover reporter posing as a schoolgirl in a posh finishing school.