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

by Catwoman

**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.