

## Lisa Gets It

(By: )

Non consensual spanking F/f rated pg13. This is a work of fiction and by no way true. The author doesn't believe in the spanking of real children!

Lisa knew she was in trouble as soon as she walked in the door. Her mother was standing there with that what have you done look on her face. Lisa went cold the blood left her face and pooled in her legs which felt like heavy weights. She tried to ignore the uncomfortable feeling, and her mother, setting her books down on the kitchen table she started to walk toward her bedroom...

"Lisa where are you going?" she asked

"Up to my room to change" was her reply. Although she knew her real reason was to escape. Escape from her mother's questioning. She always has ways to find things out and that means punishment.

"No, not yet you're not" she said in a cool voice that she thought hid her anger quite well. Lisa's mother stood there staring at her daughter. The thoughts that raced in her head just made her more angry. Why could she do this, I thought I was raising a smart daughter, one who knows right from wrong.

"How was your day today?" she asked wanting to here her daughter say it with her own two lips. She wanted her to take responsibility. However in her mind she knew she would lie.

"Good, can I take off this uniform the skirt itches" she lied hoping the itches excuse would cover up her uneasiness.

"No problems today?" she asked. Again she was trying to give her 12 year old daughter a way out.

"No it was fine" she lied again

"That's not what Mrs. Williams said!" her mother retorted her anger starting to show. "You were caught cheating in class today Lisa, and now I caught you lying about it. That is unacceptable" she added.

"It wasn't a big deal it was a spelling test and I couldn't spell affirmative" she spoke with an I don't care attitude.

"No big deal? That is a Zero on a test and you, young lady, can not afford to get a Zero on anything right now."

Lisa looked at the floor trying not to look in her mothers angry eyes.

"Then you lied about it not once but twice" she added close to the end of her rope. "You know what to do!" she said exasperated, looking at her daughter. She was filled with disappointment and hurt.

"NO! I'm sorry I will make it up" Lisa pleaded

"Oh you will make it up.... after your punishment... I can guarantee that" was her mother's stern reply. Mater of factly and to the point she added "Now Take off you skirt, drop your panties and bend over the chair" as she took the wooden spoon out of the drawer.

"No please can't I be grounded or something" she cried, the tears starting to come out of her eyes as she saw the well-worn spoon. The spoon that had marked her behind several times before since she was very little. She knew when the spoon came out there was no turning back. She could beg and plead with her mother up until she grabbed the wooden spoon, then no amount of pleading would change her mind. Yet she tried again bouncing up and down on one foot then the other with her hands behind her back guarding her bottom.

"Noooooooooooo I'm sorry"

"Sorry for what cheating, lying or getting caught. Drop them now or it will be worse"

Her hands trembling she unbuttoned her skirt letting it drop to the floor. "Can't you just spank me on the underwear I will hurt enough" she tried pleading

"Drop your underpants and bend over I don't have time for this!" was her mother's answer.

She slid down the panties to her knees exposing he small white bottom to her mother for the torrent of smacks that it will receive. She then slowly bent over the back of the kitchen chair putting her hands on the seat. Her mother made her wait.

"This isn't the only punishment you are getting so don't run off when I am done. Or you will be bent over for another round. I hope this shows you how disappointed I am in you cheating. I would rather you got a `D' on your own than an `A' by cheating"

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

Four in rapid succession 2 on each cheek sent Lisa's head up and back arched.

"OOOOHOWWWWWW" she screamed

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

Four more and she sent her hand back to protect her bottom. Her mother grabbed her arm to move it out of the way and gave her 8 more very quickly as to prevent her from anticipating them.

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

"OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHOOOOOWWWWWWWWKKKK" she screamed as the tears were running down her face in streams.

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

SWICK....SWICK... SWICK....SWICK

"ooooooOOOOOOoooooo" she sobbed.

Her mother knew when Lisa had enough and stopped. Her bottom was a bright red where the legs meet the butt, an area that she herself remembered having had smacked on her own bottom when she was a child. She then told her daughter "stand up hands on your head that is for the cheating. Now for the lying" Her mother walked over to the sink grabbed the bar of soap and walked back placing it in her daughter's mouth. "You will stand there while I make dinner and if I as much as se a hand go for that bar of soap or for your butt. You will get the hairbrush! Do I make myself clear?"

"Ummf" she said as she nodded in agreement.

For 30 minutes she stood there watching her mother make supper. The sting increasing more and more, she wanted so badly to touch her butt to make the hurt go away. But she followed her mother's orders and stood there not moving an inch. The sting of the soap on her tongue matched the pain in on her bottom. The whole time hoping and praying none of the neighborhood kids came around wondering if she could come out and play. She was then told to let her hands down put her clothes back on and get cleaned up for dinner. Lisa ran to the bathroom as soon as she was covered up and rinsed her mouth out several times before joining her mother at the table. She looked across the table and wondered if her mom was married would her dad have used the belt? She wondered if the belt hurt more than the wooden spoon or less? She would find out soon enough.

