Jenny's Punishment Letter Ordeal - the Finale

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Jenny goes across the maternal lap again

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/jennys-punishment-letter-ordeal-the.aspx

This story continues with Jenny arguing with her Mum and suffering the consequences

Jenny had spent a glorious hour on her bed with her vibrator giving herself several more orgasms. Now it was time to telephone her Mum, although by now the old Jenny returned, lippy, unthinking, and quite furious that her Mum had brought the additional caning on her without even telling her to expect it.

Her Mother answered, and Jenny blasted off straight away,

“How dare you Mother, asking her to cane me again, and she added to it, I’ve just had twelve more strokes Mum, twelve, and it’s all your fault.”

She ranted on for a while then was conscious that her Mother hadn’t said anything. That wasn’t good, so she stopped.

“Have you finished dear?” her Mother asked, “Because I believe you have another letter for me?”

“Mother,” Mrs. Howe exploded, “I don’t think you are listening to me. I have been caned again.”

“I know dear, and you will be spanked again.”

“You are joking Mum,” Mrs. Howe shot back, not relishing another trip across her Mum’s lap although knowing she will accept it. She just couldn’t control her tongue and was about to apologise when her Mum said flatly,

“Suit yourself dear, but you have to hand the letter back sometime so if I don’t sign it you will be getting another twelve strokes plus extras,” and then she hung up. The 63 year old chuckled knowing her daughter will phone back very soon. She wasn’t disappointed.

Mrs. Howe stood there staring at her phone. Quickly she realised the impact of what her Mother had said as a direct result of her rudeness. Mrs. Denver would cane her again. Not such a bad thought, but then she would have to be caned every day until her Mum signed her letter. That would be far far too painful. She had no choice but to submit to her Mum’s spanking. Anyway, on reflection, it was so deserved as she had been rude to her.

Slowly she dialled again and after five rings her Mother answered. “Yes?” is all she said.

“Sorry Mum,” said a now conciliatory Mrs. Howe. “Can I come over now Mum. Please.”

“To be spanked dear?”

“Yes Mum, for a spanking.”

“Are you sure you don’t want to leave it a day or so?

Jenny just wanted to get it over with so took a deep breath and replied, “Can you spank me today Mum, please?”

“OK dear, but let’s say this afternoon, at 6 O’clock?”

Jenny wasn’t happy about that, but saw nothing to be gained by arguing anymore.

“Thanks Mum, I’ll see you at 6 O’clock."

“Of course dear, I’ll have the chair and hairbrush out ready for you.”

The recollection of the hairbrush caused Jenny to shudder but she just managed a weak, “Thank you Mum.”

Jenny put the phone down, and wondered how she was going to spend the next few hours. It gave her time to think she supposed, about the spanking she will be getting.

Back at Grandma’s the doorbell rang. It was Olivia.

“Hi Grandma,” the 17 year old said lightly.

“Hullo dear come in,” Grandma and Olivia walked in to the living room. Grandma looked at her 17 year old Granddaughter waiting for her to speak.

“I’m sorry about lying to you Grandma.”

“Well you got spanked for it, so you paid the penalty.”

“I guess, but it got me thinking Grandma, about discipline you know.”

“Really?” Grandma was really surprised. She didn’t know, couldn’t know, that Olivia was turned on by watching her Mum get spanked, and by the spanking she had been given.

“Yes Grandma. I think it did me good you know.”

“It’s supposed to dear,” Grandma said carefully.

“Yes, so I was wondering whether I should be spanked in future when I get a letter from the Academy and also when I’m naughty.” She reckoned her Grandma would resist, and tell her to speak to her Mum. The reply though wasn’t at all what she expected.

“Wait a minute dear I thought your Mum did spank you if you were disciplined at the Academy.”

Olivia realised she had made a bad mistake. She had forgotten her Mum told everyone she already spanked her when she brought home a punishment letter from the Academy.

“Well, erm, not every time Grandma.”

Grandma guessed the truth and said sharply,

“Not ever more like isn’t it?”

Olivia groaned knowing she had landed her Mum in trouble and said quietly, “Yes.”

“I see,” Grandma replied now very annoyed again.

“So another lie Olivia? How many more lies are you going to tell?”

Olivia licked her lips, unsure what to say, nervous at her Grandma's sharp tone.

"No more Grandma, I promise."

"You are so naughty Olivia. What is to be done with you my girl?"

Olivia said hesitantly, "Well Grandma that's why I asked you to spank me in future, to teach me."

Her Grandma asked, "You want me spank you in future dear is that it?"

Olivia perked up. "Yes Grandma, that's it."

"OK, I agree. Next time you get a letter bring it to me. I'll certainly spank you before signing it."

"Well actually Grandma I'm in detention on Thursday so will get a letter then. Can I bring it here for you to sign after giving me a spanking?"

"Of course dear, that is a perfect start."

"Maybe I'll get all better behaved if I know you will spank me when I'm naughty."

"OK Olivia, if you promise to accept my discipline in future I won't punish you for lying before. Just understand I'll be sure to give you long hard spankings from now on because that is the best way to teach you." She knew Olivia wasn't to blame for not being spanked before, but her Mum was the real culprit.

"Thanks Grandma." Olivia went over to her Grandma and gave her a hug and a kiss. This had been easier than she had thought. Much better than just being spanked the once for lying which is what she had expected. She got quite goose bumpy at the thought of being spanked again and again by her Grandma.

Olivia said her goodbyes and walked home. She had lied she knew. She wasn't yet in detention but the class was told anyone who didn't hand in their homework tomorrow will get detention. She has completed it but now won't hand it in. That will get her a detention but more important the punishment letter and her next spanking from her Grandma. So cool.

Jenny spent the afternoon thinking about her own attitude. She had been so rude to her Mum. How did she put up with it? She needed to apologise to her Mum for sure, and maybe discuss going to some anger management class to control her lippy attitude.

Soon it was nearly 6 o’clock and time to make her way to her Mum.

Olivia arrived home as Jenny was almost ready to leave.

Olivia beamed a smile. “Hi Mum, Stephanie told me you were caned again.”

“Yes,” she replied blushing.

There was a pause then Olivia said, “Look Mum, I’ve just been to Grandma. I’ve asked that she signs my punishment letters in future.”

Jenny said surprised, “But she will actually spank you before signing it.”

“I know Mum. It’s just, well, I think I need it. I have to grow up some time and I reckon answering to Grandma will help.”

“She won’t give you any leeway. She will spank you every time.”

“I know Mum.” She didn’t tell her Mum how she was going to use her vibrator after being spanked and have orgasm after orgasm.

“Your choice Olivia so that’s fine with me. Anyway I have to go to Grandma again as I got another punishment letter.”

“Oh dear,” Olivia said sympathetically but getting aroused at the thought of her Mum across Grandma’s lap again. She was about to ask if she could come and watch but thought better of it. Anyway she wanted to get to her bedroom and use her vibrator.

“I better go Olivia,” Jenny said to her daughter and she turned and walked in to the kitchen.

Olivia went upstairs waited for the front door to close and then lay on the bed. She opened her drawer and took out her vibrator. She slipped her panties down to her knees bent her legs and ran her finger along her already moist pussy, edging inside and finding her clit. Her breathing became heavy as she moaned and groaned in pleasure before switching on the vibrator and again massaging her clit until she came with loud unabated groans of delight.

Jenny closed the front door behind her thinking about Olivia’s decision. She got to the end of the path before suddenly remembering she had left the punishment letter on her bed. Quickly she let herself

back in the house and went upstairs. She was passing her daughters bedroom when she heard the groans from within and knew Olivia was masturbating. She shrugged her shoulders and went in to her bedroom picked up the letter and walked back past Olivia's bedroom just as the buzz of the vibrator started.

Momentarily Jenny wondered if her daughter was turned on by being spanked. Not so strange maybe as she was so turned on herself by being caned.

Jenny left the house again this time with the all important letter. The conversation with Olivia made her think though. As she walked so she thought that maybe she should also tell her Mum to discipline her if she is rude or the like. She laughed at herself at the thought but a minute later she wondered whether that might be the answer for her as well after all. Seriously.

Was she really worried about her Mum exercising disciplinary control over her? Sure she is 42 years old, but maybe that is just what she needed. She was fed up always arguing with her Mum. Maybe having to answer to her would do her good as well.

Was Olivia right, and if being spanked was a useful reminder for the 17 year old could that also work for a 42 year old?

She had been caned twice and sure the orgasms afterwards were great but one thing for sure was the caning itself hurt like crazy and that in itself showed what an incentive it was. She was always rude and abrasive to her Mum, which was uncalled for really, and yes she still lied a lot, almost without thinking now. Maybe it was time for her own behaviour to be sorted out? She needed help to do it, that she also knew.

She thought again about the cane. After all those years of wondering she now knew exactly how it felt. It was incredibly painful. Still, as she pondered so she felt the tingling of her bottom from the caning Mrs. Denver had given her and it wasn't so bad now, warm and exciting and even arousing, even the challenge to sit down on anything other than a thick cushion had its funny side, so she started to wonder what eighteen strokes might feel like. Mrs. Denver had promised her more strokes if she kept lying. Her knickers were damp at the thought of all the pain and the crying but still she wondered. Maybe being spanked by her Mum will give her the same feelings. Why shouldn't it in fact? So she decided during her walk that she would ask her Mum to spank and cane her whenever she deserved it. She felt relieved at her decision and nicely tingly in her pussy.

Five short minutes later with her knickers still damp from anticipation she knocked on the door and her Mum answered.

“Come in and go through,” her Mum said. She sounded as though she was still annoyed.

Jenny walked towards the living room.

She entered the lounge, walked over to the chair and without being asked stepped out of her skirt and knickers, and stood next to her Mum as she picked up the hairbrush from the seat and sat down.

“Mum, I am sorry about being so rude to you.”

“Are you really?” she asked sarcastically but hoping maybe at long last her 42-year-old daughter wanted to grow up.

“Yes Mum, I was thinking on the way over, maybe I do have a behaviour problem, and maybe you can help.”

“The only help you need my girl are more spankings like the one you are going to get now.”

“Yes Mum, I know.”

“Are you serious?” Her Mum really was surprised.”You want me to discipline you?”

“Yes Mum. Really.”

“When I decide you need it, and you won’t argue?”

“That’s right Mum. It’s the only way I guess.”

“What about you’re constant lying? I’m not sure a spanking is enough for lying. The cane is what you need for that. I know Mrs. Denver disciplines a number of parents, and I am sure she will agree to cane you if I catch you lying.”

“Well Mum, I was thinking about that as well. I know I lie and right now it’s just too easy, so, yes, I think getting the cane is the best for me, but can’t Mrs. Denver come here and cane me in private?”

“I don’t think so dear."

“Well, can you cane me then? I can buy some canes and you can keep them here and I promise I will take the caning from you.” Jenny had quite convinced herself she wanted to be caned again, that the pain of the caning itself would be more than justified by the joy of those post-caning orgasms. She

just wanted it done in private.

Her Mum was getting annoyed with the argument, and said insistently, “It’s a punishment and you don’t get a say on it. You obviously won’t want to be caned, but if you do lie you need to go and see Mrs. Denver in her Study.”

Jenny knew it would be so stressful to report to Charlotte. She will have to queue with students for her turn to be called in to the Study and any student in Charlotte’s office will hear her cries, and of course when she left the Study it will be obvious to everyone she had been disciplined. Her red eyes and eagerness to rub her sore bottom will be easy giveaways. However her desire to be caned outweighed the certain embarrassment so she had to agree, humiliation or not.

“OK, Mum,” she said quietly, “I will go to the Academy. How will Mrs. Denver know what punishment I need to be given?”

“Go and look in the top draw of the cabinet,” her Mum said smiling.

Jenny opened the draw and took out a dozen punishment slips, like the one Stephanie had, except it had the word “Parent Only Scheme” at the top. Jenny remembered seeing this when she signed up for the parent discipline scheme with Olivia. The original concept was that a parent suffers the same punishment as their son or daughter if partly to blame. However Mrs. Denver realised there were some circumstances where the parent was more to blame than the student and disciplining the parent alone was the correct thing to do, to teach the parent to improve their own ways.

“Oh I see,” Jenny said. She read the form quickly and saw plenty of tick boxes for different types of punishment, but her eyes were drawn to the section on caning. Not only were there boxes for six and twelve strokes but it had eighteen, twenty four and right up to forty eight strokes as well, and a final box said “Punishment Letter Home.” Would she ever get forty eight strokes in one go she wondered? Maybe.

“OK Mum, that looks all right.” She couldn’t stop herself rubbing her bottom as she thought about the consequences of agreeing to her Mum’s demands.

Her Mum emphasised, “When I catch you lying I will complete the punishment slip and send you off to see Mrs. Denver.”

“Right Mum, I’ll try not to lie though.” Jenny smiled to herself knowing even that was a gross lie, as she had every intention of being sent to Mrs. Denver.

Her Mum was satisfied though.

“Good,” her Mum said acidly, then added, “You know Olivia wants me to be the one signing her letters in future.”

“Yes Mum I know,” Jenny said.

“You see Jenny, Olivia has decided being spanked is just the incentive she needs to behave better.”

Suddenly it was clear. This sudden request from her daughter to be disciplined was not that at all, but was because she felt aroused by being spanked. She will ask Olivia tonight. Did her daughter get aroused by being spanked? Maybe she was thinking the same. Was she?

“So are we settled dear? Mrs. Denver canes you if you lie and I spank you when I decide?”

“Yes Mum, we’re settled.” Jenny felt like she wanted to use her vibrator right now, and was even looking forward to her spanking.

Grandma picked up a Parent Only Scheme punishment slip and started to write. Jenny looked on bewildered but stayed silent.

“So, let’s give you time to think about it, so, erm, Thursday I think …. Let’s say twelve strokes shall we … no eighteen as it is a series of lies … and a letter home as well for good measure.”

After signing her name she handed it to Jenny who read it and exclaimed horrified, “Mum, why!”

Her Mum snapped, “Olivia told me you never once spanked her when she brought a punishment slip back. Not once. That is lying in a major way my girl. So you get sent to Mrs. Denver for lying.”

Jenny gulped at the thought of having to go back so soon to see Mrs. Denver in just three days time and suffer the embarrassment of the Students who were in the outer office hearing her screams. Surely that wasn’t fair.

Jenny winced. Eighteen strokes of the cane. Oh my goodness. There was also the letter to be signed afterwards so another trip across her Mum’s lap was already set. She felt quite queasy. Maybe this wasn’t such a good idea.

Panic though subsided as Jenny calmed down and thought well maybe though it was fair. She had lied. She had just agreed to be subjected to her Mum’s discipline and here was her first decision.

Harsh but actually fair. Jenny felt a quiver in her pussy as she pictured herself bent over waiting for the cane.

Jenny was brought out of her thoughts by the strict tone of her Mum who commanded, “Now let’s deal with you shall we my girl?”

She looked at her 63 year old Mum sitting on the upright chair, hairbrush in hand, sleeves being rolled up as she watched, her skirt already pulled tightly across her lap, her Mum ready to give her a spanking, and Jenny now ready to accept it. She actually felt a sudden thrill as her Mum took her by the arm and guided her across her lap. She looked at the floor and whilst before she felt humiliated now she felt anticipation. She was expecting it to be painful and was now looking forward to the pain, having to submit and be spanked hard by her Mum. Being disciplined by her Mum was now going to be as stimulating as having to face Mrs. Denver.

The 42 year old looked at the floor and at her Mum’s legs waiting for them to tense as the tell tell sign her hand was raised and ready to be brought down hard on her bare defenceless waiting bottom.

As though to extend the tension her Mum rubbed her bottom and ran her fingers along several of the fresh weals she said to her daughter,

“Olivia is in detention on Thursday so you can both come together and watch each other being spanked. OK dear?”

“Yes Mum,” Jenny replied, not aware her daughter was in detention. She normally told her when she was. Still, if that is what she said it must be true. Jenny wasn’t so sure about wanting her daughter watching her being spanked again, but Grandma held sway now so had to be obeyed. Jenny quite liked being told what to do in fact.

Her Mum continued to rub Jenny’s bottom, adding,

“It’s really going to hurt when I spank you,” her Mum said half sympathetically, then added more sternly, “But I suppose you will need to get used to being spanked by me.”

Jenny was relieved and excited thinking she rather liked the idea of being 42 years old and unable to sit down because of a newly caned then spanked aching smarting throbbing bottom and thought again about the cane and the gorgeous stingy sensation she had when walking to her Mum. She knew it wasn’t about being better behaved. She wanted to experience that pain again, even more eagerly than before. Well, she thought, she has given unquestioned authority to her Mum to discipline her and her Mum is strict, very strict. Just as Olivia was thinking she rather suspected.

Jenny knew she will lie on purpose sometimes so she can feel that cane on her bottom again. She will definitely get eighteen strokes tomorrow, and will one day hopefully find out what twenty four strokes of the cane will feel like. She felt a dampness between her legs as she pictured herself taking down her knickers and bending over watching Mrs. Denver walk to the cane cupboard and take out her wicked looking senior cane knowing eighteen very hard strokes of the cane were about to be given by the disciplinarian. Even now thinking about all that unbearable pain sent a quiver through her pussy as she thought of the sensational orgasms she will have after all those cane strokes.

Her thoughts were tersely interrupted by the firm tone from her Mum.

“Now my girl, let’s hope you start to learn your lesson shall we although I rather expect this to be the first of many trips you make across my lap.”

Jenny was brought abruptly back to the present. She knew this would without doubt be the first of many times her Mum puts her across her lap to be spanked. Maybe 42 years old is late in life to be back under maternal discipline but better late than never for sure. She had given her Mum authority over her as wonderfully painful as it was bound to be.

Jenny stuck her bottom up slightly inviting her Mum to spank her and as though her Mum read her daughters thoughts she tensed her legs as she brought her hand down powerfully on to the 42 year olds bare bottom and the spanking started.

Will being disciplined help her behave better? Well, maybe after she has been given the cane again in three days time by the so strict Mrs. Denver and spanked afterwards by her Mum. Of course she would bring herself to orgasm after orgasm as she lay on her bed afterwards, her bottom stinging and her sex nectar smothering her fingers.

Olivia must feel the same she was sure, and Jenny hoped they would be happy to discuss their respective spankings with each other. It will be something they have in common. Mother and daughter both spanked by Grandma, and on Thursday both spanked one after the other.

Jenny’s eyes filled with tears after only the first few spanks had landed on her bare bottom and as even the hand spanks stung when landing so hard on the new weals she knew the hairbrush will be much worse when it comes. It was going to be a very long time before she was going to sit down comfortably, that she knew for certain, and as she dissolved uncontrollably into tears and squirmed around on her Mum’s lap gasping and moaning as each spank hit her bouncing bottom she knew her nipples were as hard as they could get and her pussy was quivering and aching in a way she only knew before when close to an orgasm. She stuck her bottom up again to urge her Mum to spank her

harder and gasped and shrieked as much in pain as in pleasure as her Mum readily obliged.

42-year-old Jenny now understood that being spanked and the almost intolerable but oh so erotic stinging of the cane was her route to orgasm and willingly surrendered to it.

If you enjoyed this story then start at the beginning - Mrs. Denver