Nina's Discipline Spanking

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Nina is disciplined by her Mother

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/spanking/ninas-discipline-spanking.aspx

“I don’t ask three times my girl and I don’t suffer rudeness” Mum snapped. “Go to your bedroom and stay there until I take you to the spare room where I will give you the discipline spanking you have earned.”

Mum was right. I knew the rules. She will ask twice but never a third time. I had had a hectic day at the office, but a successful one. My team had secured a great new contract and I was brimming with happiness. I half heard Mum ask me to clear away the dinner things but I was sending a text to my friends arranging to meet up for a drink. I sort of remember saying “yes Mum in a minute.”

You would think that with me being 38 years old I would know to concentrate more if I knew a spanking was in the offing, but maybe you would also think that I shouldn’t be spanked at my age. You would think that wouldn’t you. Even so, I didn’t particularly hear the second time of asking as I was concentrating on the text still, but did hear her tell me I was set to see her in the spare room. Boy did I hear that all right.

This is part 3 of the Nina series. If you like this story please check out the first story already on the site

Mum started to clear up the things so I jumped up and said “no problem Mum, I’ll do it” and I grabbed a couple of plates. Mum stood back and when I looked around she had her arms folded and just glared at me.

“I didn’t hear you Mum. You should speak louder” I snapped.

“Really?” she said quietly.

“Yes really” I said very sharply. After all I was a senior account manager and was used to being sharp with staff who didn’t perform. I was speaking to Mum as I would an office junior. “If I had heard you I would have done as you asked wouldn’t I, but you mumbled so what do you expect?”

Again she just glared at me and suddenly I realised how rude I had been. I was still hyper from the success at the office and forgot who I was talking to. I was so authoritative at the office and pretty much laid down the law, the exact opposite of at home. Office mode doesn’t work with Mum. My

whole attitude changed. Gone was work mode. Back was home mode, where being obedient was a given.
“I’m sorry Mum, I mean”
She put her hand up to stop me and I could see from her face she was livid. “Is this lucid enough young lady,” and she said quite clearly “we will discuss this in the spare room later on.”
The spare room. Being spanked for not doing something on the second time of asking is bad enough. A spanking in the spare room is much much worse. Discipline spankings are always carried out in the spare room. It is a tradition. It was there I always received a full discipline spanking. I hadn’t had one of them for a couple of months. And tonight of all nights as I had just made arrangements to go out.
“Please Mum, I’m sorry” I begged.
“Tell me Nina, what always comes too late to stop a spanking?”
I looked at the floor knowing the answer and what it meant. “Saying sorry” I replied. As usual my pleas were to no avail. She was going to discipline me and that was that.
In fact I knew she was right as over the last couple of weeks I had become more abrupt with Mum, more concerned about what I was doing rather than what she wanted. I had taken life as a teenager too literally for Mum’s liking and whilst I had been trying to be more adult again there was too much pressure at work and I wasn’t focussing properly at home. I guess Mum had given me a chance to improve my attitude but must have come to the conclusion my behaviour wasn’t going to improve without a “nudge.” If nudge was the right word. A discipline spanking was more like a left hook.
“Now go to your room and get ready for me” she ordered, quite calmly but forcefully now as always once the decision had been made.
I went upstairs to my room. I would have to wait to be called which I knew was never less than an hour. Thinking time Mum said. Thinking about what I had done wrong and the punishment I was going to receive.
I thought all right. About how much the spanking was going to hurt. Mum only gave me a discipline spanking when she decided other measures haven’t worked, and I have ignored all her attempts. I never enjoyed them. Never.
I got undressed. I removed my business suit. I loved my business clothes. I looked so smart, so successful. A long way from the naughty girl put across my Mother’s lap for a spanking, or worse across the stool for a discipline spanking.
I undid the three buttons of my dark grey business jacket and hung it carefully on the hanger. I unzipped and slipped off my matching skirt, undid my tulip neck stretch shirt with three quarter sleeve, and unhooked my silky oh so expensive bra. I looked at myself in the mirror, standing there in only my knickers. My Victoria’s Secret knickers perhaps but still only my knickers. Finally I took those knickers off because I had to wear my standard knickers for when Mum came to collect me. Blue schoolgirl type knickers.
I looked one last time in the mirror. Nice breasts I thought. Nice legs, a flat stomach earned by regular visits to the gym. I turned and saw my smooth white bottom through my skimpy knickers. It won’t be white afterwards, far from it. I removed my knickers and put my spanking knickers on. A constant

reminder as I sat there, waiting. Waiting was part of the punishment. It didn't hurt, but it always set my heart pounding knowing what was to come.
I can hear Mum in the spare room and she always leaves the door open whiles she gets things ready. She lets me use the bathroom whilst I am waiting, so long as I call out first and she says yes, but I think as much because I have to pass the spare room when going to the bathroom and can see the leather and chrome bar stool placed in the middle of the room with the leather strap, leather horsewhip with the wrist loop and wicked leather tongue, as well as the crook handled cane, all lying neatly on the floor next to the stool. The three implements that will be used on my bare unprotected bottom were still always there when I walked back.
I looked at my clock. Only ten minutes had passed. The time was dragging and all I could really think of was how very painful it was going to be. It was always at the forefront of my mind that Mum never does light. It has to hurt to be meaningful is what she says.
And when given a discipline spanking I was always sent to bed by 8.30. I actually had to be in bed with the light out. 38 years old and sent to bed early. Keeping that from my friends was even more difficult than not letting them know I get spanked but thankfully it was still a secret between me and my Mum.
I looked at my clock again. Time was still going ever so slowly.
I suddenly remembered about my friends. I needed to cancel. Still sitting on my bed I sent the text to my friends saying I couldn't go out after all. Fran rang me and asked how come as I had only arranged it a few minutes earlier. She is the one friend who knows I am spanked.
"Sorry Fran but I am going to get spanked."
"Oh dear, sorry hun. What shall I tell the others?"
"Just say Mum wants me to stay at home" I answered.
"What, shall I tell them she isn't well?" Fran asked.
Well, I couldn't have her say she wanted me to stay at home so she could thrash my butt.
"No, just say she wants to discuss some things and so she needs me here."
That's the truth. Mum needs to tell me off and then discipline me, so I have to be around for that. Fran said she would do as I asked and hoped it wouldn't hurt too much. She giggled because she knew how erotic I found being spanked, and I chided her in a friendly way, but really wasn't looking forward to this spanking.
I put the phone on my side table. Nothing else to do now but wait. I sat on my bed and waited. A 38 year old waiting for her Mother to thrash her bare bottom. I felt aroused, although knew as time moved on so I would become more anxious, knowing that what lay ahead was going to leave me so red and sore and crying my eyes out yet so aware, now, that I had fully earned this spanking.
I heard the doorbell. Oh no, not visitors, please not visitors. If it's one of Mum's friends then they will get to watch. Please not that. I tried to listen through my closed door. Yes, it was Jennifer. I recognised her voice. She has seen me spanked before now. I suppose watching me again won't be so bad. I just prefer it if no one watches as it is just so humiliating. It's not my age. I accepted being spanked years ago and so even at 38 that's not it. No, i have always felt humiliated when one of

Mum’s friends watches, and even more so when they are given the chance to discipline me as well. Just then I heard another voice. A younger one. A much younger one. Who could that be? I didn’t have to wait long to find out.
After what seemed forever Mum opened the door. No knocking first when I was being disciplined. She looked at me and saw I was in my school knickers, nothing else, the standard attire for when I was waiting. She looked so stern, so furious. She will have thought constantly about how naughty I had been for the same hour I thought about my punishment, and as always she will be ready to mete out a punishment to fit my disobedience.
“10 minutes left so face the wall and put your hands on your head” she snapped. That always upped the tempo for me. Time was going quicker now. Too quickly as the punishment was soon to start.
Mum said before leaving “oh by the way Jennifer is downstairs and I have asked her to stay for supper so she will be watching. She has her 21 year old niece with her, Carla, and so you will see her in the spare room as well when you get there.”
I was dumbstruck. Not just Mum’s friend but a girl who is years and years younger than herself, and she will be watching as well.
Mum came back. Stood behind me, ordered me to “Turn around” and as always she took me by the upper arm to lead me to the spare room. That gesture, taking my arm, always transferred final control to her. She held me firmly and led me along the hallway and in to the spare room. My 62 year old Mum leading her naughty 38 year old daughter by the arm, no force needed because there was no resistance, just Mum’s control and my obedience.
We entered the spare room, Mum holding my arm firmly. I saw Jennifer immediately. She was sitting on a high backed chair, just like the spanking chair. Then across the room I saw Carla. She looked so young, and attractive mind you, with a real Cheshire cat grin.
“Hullo Nina” she said still smiling. She looked as though she was going to enjoy my suffering, and may be add to it I wondered?
“Ok my girl, knickers off” Mum ordered.
Discipline spankings were always carried out naked. It didn’t matter because I had to go to bed straight afterwards anyway. Being naked was another humiliation of course. Mum liked me to take my knickers off in front of her as a form of submission, and as I did she slowly rubbed the palms of her hands together, a motion that always made me wince. She was getting ready to turn my 38 year old butt in to a burning cauldron.
“What do you think Jennifer?” Mum asked her friend.
“Well deserved I would say” she replied.
“Aunt Jen tells me your Mum gives a hard spanking so I guess you won’t be enjoying this Nina?”
I groaned. Mum came up behind me and gave me a hard wallop on my bottom. “Answer Carla my girl” she snapped.
After a gasp I said “Probably not Carla. I’ve been naughty and so will be paying the price.”
Carla giggled. That was worse than a flippant comment I reckoned.
“Over the stool my girl” Mum ordered. I walked over to the stool and bent over it, grabbing the cross

bar just above the floor. My feet were dangling on the other side and although upside down I could see Mum pick up the leather strap and walk around the room smacking the strap in to her open hand. I watched her as she slowly moved around the room and the slap caused me to shudder. 38 years old with my bare bottom presented across a backless bar stool, my Mother getting ready to thrash me, in control, making me wait for her whilst I was naked. Mum was already focussing on my bottom. My bare unprotected bottom.

I turned my head and saw an upside down Jennifer and a still smiling Carla looking at me, making out they were sympathetic but I knew they were looking forward to me being thrashed much much more than I was.

Mum stood behind me and I watched as she raised her hand and brought it down hard on each bottom cheek in turn, giving me six on each cheek. Just warming up.

“So my girl, what don’t I ever do?” she asked.

I knew I had to wait as my Mother raised the strap and brought it down hard on my bare bottom. I gasped and then said quietly “ask me three times to do something Mother” I answered quickly. I just had to bat back the correct answer.

I looked at Carla who had a hand over her mouth, her eyes were wide open, as though even she was shocked at the severity of the spank. Well, she hadn’t seen anything else I knew.

“What happens if I do have to ask you a third time?” Mum asked.

The strap was raised and brought down again. It was like this every time. Each question interspersed with a stroke of the strap. I couldn’t look at the visitors. I was having to focus on Mum, and her questions.

“I get spanked Mother.”

“How?”

Another spank and another gasp.

“You make me bend across the stool and spank my bare bottom Mother.”

“Do you know you earned yourself this spanking?”

Another spank and this time a small sob.

“Yes. Sorry Mother.”

“Oh you will be my girl, you really will be” she said firmly. I knew she was right.

Another spank which landed on the top of my leg which I raised as the sting lasted longer than before. I could see Mum, upside down, with a small smile. She was already getting through to me she knew.

“Why am I giving you a discipline spanking my girl?”

She was standing behind me now and held out the strap so it rested on my bare bottom. I knew she was going to give me an even harder spank, to emphasise her authority. Sure enough she lifted up the strap and brought it down much harder on my bottom. I gasped as it bit in to my flesh. I knew my bottom will have wobbled as a reaction to the strap biting in to my bottom cheeks. I could just see my Mothers face, smiling, satisfied she had achieved an even louder gasp that told her I was feeling each hard spank.

I had to answer through the pain. “Because I spoke to you rudely Mother.”
“Yes my girl, you were very rude.”
She stood to one side and looked at me, and from my upside down position I could see her again raise the strap and bring it down across my bottom cheeks, and she was again rewarded with a loud gasp.
I hung on the bar stool to make sure I didn’t try to get up. 38 years old, being spanked with a leather strap, and I had to lie there and take it. I didn’t dare move actually because my Mother would simply double my dues. 36 spanks with the strap, 24 spanks with the horsewhip, and 12 strokes with the cane is the standard spare room spanking fare. That was bad enough. I have received double quite a few times over the years but I try to be careful to avoid it.
“So at least you know you were rude, that’s something I suppose.”
Yet again I watched her raise the strap and bring it down across my buttocks, and she was again rewarded with a loud gasp.
“Yes Mother, I do. I’m so sorry Mother” I gasped. This was starting to really sting.
That was the apology she always expected. My admission that not only did I earn my punishment, but knew I earned it. The strap was brought down again followed by another loud gasp.
“What do you deserve now my girl?”
The next even harder spank was delivered.
“A thrashing Mother good and hard with no leniency to teach me a lesson.” These are the words I have had to say each and every time I have a spare room spanking. The thrashing proper was now going to begin.
“Right my girl, then thrash you I will” she said as though she was doing me a real favour.
Mum added “ask our visitors if they are happy to keep watching you?”
My bottom was stinging but I knew I had to look at each visitor through tear filled eyes. “Jennifer, are you happy to keep watching?”
“Don’t you worry about me dear.”
“And you Carla?”
“What’s that Nina?” she asked.
The cow I thought. She is really enjoying my discomfort. “Are you happy to keep watching ?”
“Oh yes Nina, it’s fine. I was thinking though, your bottom looks awfully red. Is it sore?”
Tears welled again and I said a wet “yes, it is.”
“Thought so. Anyway, don’t worry about me on little bit.”
I was dying to say I won’t be worrying about you at all, when Mother moved in to position. I could see her legs, she raised her skirt slightly as she bent her knee, I could make out the movement of her arm and then heard the whoosh of the strap, felt the leather bite home, the pain spread across my bottom and the shriek I could not stop. One hard spank followed by hard spank after hard spank until all thirty six spanks had been delivered. No gap. Just spank after spank.
I was sobbing well before the last spank was delivered. Mother put her hand on my bottom and squeezed each buttock, to get the blood flowing again, so she could hit me even harder with the

horsewhip.
She threw the strap on the floor in front of me which I saw through tear filled eyes. I moaned as she picked up the horsewhip and she rubbed it across my bottom before holding it right in front of me. I closed my eyes, knowing how much it was going to hurt.
Mum disappeared behind me and then I felt the horsewhip rest on my left bottom cheek. I know she raised it up and then another whoosh and the whip thrashed in to me and there was nothing I could do about the even louder gasp, almost a shriek.
“I bet you are really sorry now aren’t you my girl?” Mum asked.
“Yes” I sobbed, unable to say anything else, struggling to hold back the tears I knew would come soon enough.
I saw Mum’s legs tense and next moment the searing pain was back as the whip hit me again. This time there was only a short gap before her legs tensed again and the next spank of the horsewhip lashed home followed by the next and the next on alternate bottom cheeks. I stopped counting as the onslaught continued. Mum knew each spank would cause me more and more pain until I couldn’t hold back the tears which I felt running down my cheeks.
The pain stopped and Mum allowed me to recover my composure as she paced slowly up and down, rubbing my bottom with her hand, until my sobbing subsided.
I saw the horsewhip land on the floor in front of me, next to the strap, and watched as she picked up the cane. This was the hardest part by far. Mum delighted in touching the cane to my lips, insisting I kiss the flexible wooden implement. A kiss for the cane which will now plaster my butt with kisses, and red weal’s.
Mum tapped my bottom three times before there was a gap followed by the most wicked of whooshes, the thwack of the cane striking me, and the loudest shriek so far. Full across my butt. I knew there would be a line when I looked next, one of several that will be drawn across my butt. The crying started again as I held on to the cross bar of the stool, not daring to let go, desperate to ensure I do not earn a double punishment.
The second stroke followed quickly enough, and the third. She stopped after six hard strokes, rubbed my bottom for a few moments, made a comment about how the lines look really red and she reckoned I was really really sorry by now, before giving me the final six hard strokes.
I was a sobbing crying wreck by the end, I always was.
“Do you want to give her a couple Carl?” Mum asked.
I looked across her the 21 year old in a panic. Surely not?
“Oohh that sounds like fun. Yes please.”
Carla stood up and took the cane from Mother and stood behind me. This was even worse. She raised the cane and then in what must have been a practiced stroke she brought it down hard on my bottom with about the same strength as Mother. She had done this before I reckoned. Then the second whoosh was followed by another searing pain across my bottom.
I heard her say “shall I give her one for luck then?”
“Of course you may” I heard Mother say and the whoosh and pain spread again.

The cane was thrown on the floor and my Mother said “right my girl get up when you want and get ready for bed. Think hard about what you did because if you do it again I will have to punish you again.” She was speaking to me as though I was a naughty teenager, not a 38 year old, but I took it. Mum Jennifer and Carla left the room and I stayed where I was, still clasping the cross bar of the stool, crying, feeling the tears run down my cheeks. 38 years old but crying so much I could not move. Ages passed before I slowly edged myself up. I ran my fingers lightly over my bottom and felt the weal’s. I gasped at the feel of them. It was now I always promised myself I would be well behaved, always. Strangely I never said I am 38 years old and wouldn’t ever accept another thrashing, because I wanted to be, needed to be. I preferred normal across the knee spankings but also knew if I earned a discipline spanking now and again it would do me good. They always did. I would soon get aroused I knew, and looked forward to getting to bed. The very reason Mum sent me to bed early after a discipline spanking in fact. She had done what she needed to do, which is to thrash me until I know I have been naughty and beyond. Once that lesson has been taught then she doesn’t mind me sorting myself out. Not after a discipline spanking. The logic was there anyway.
I slowly picked up my knickers and walked back to my bedroom, rubbing my bottom gingerly, still sobbing. I had to walk passed Mum’s room and as always she stood by her door with her arms folded, staring at me, shaking her head. Jennifer and Carla stood on the other side of the landing and gazed at me as I made what was now the walk of shame back to my bedroom.
I looked at Mum through my tears and she said “I will see you before you go to work tomorrow morning so set your alarm 30 minutes early my girl.”
I knew what that meant but put it to the back of my mind. I was going to bed and looked forward to being by myself.
I walked in to my bedroom, closed the door behind me, and walked over to my mirror. It never ceased to shock me. Line after line, straight, and red. I sniffed.
I lay on my stomach on my bed, took the cold cream and rubbed it on my bottom, gently at first but as the cream took effect so I rubbed harder, in large circles around my bottom. Eventually I moved away from my bottom, still on my stomach but raising it to give me room to slide my hand between my legs, slowly rubbing my thighs, opening my legs, spreading them apart, edging towards my pussy, feeling the wetness, losing myself in the sensation. Suddenly I was alive, picturing myself over the stool again, seeing my Mother stride around the room, telling me off, thrashing me with the strap and the horsewhip and the cane, I was relishing that vision, believing I wanted to feel it again, stroke after stroke, my bottom bouncing to the tune of each implement, wanting her to thrash me again and again harder and harder, until I brought myself to orgasm, and a second time.
Slowly I turned over, lying on my back, and again my fingers went between my legs, I was even wetter now, and easily brought myself to another orgasm. This was the time I enjoyed the most. I feared a spanking in the spare room more than anything else because it always hurt so much, but the after sensation was equally the best.
I dozed for a while until the throbbing of my reddened bottom woke me. My fingers were already between my legs and another orgasm was on the way, and another, until I fell in to a deep sleep,

dreaming clear pictures about the thrashing, telling my Mother to hit me harder and I dreamt of getting orgasm after orgasm whilst across the stool.
Not like the real thing of course as I never shed a tear in the dream. Not like the real thing at all.
I didn’t hear Jennifer and Carla leave.
The morning came too soon. The alarm sounded and as soon as I saw the time and the fact it went off 30 minutes earlier than usual I groaned. I got up and looked in the mirror. My bottom was bright red with deep red weal’s across it. Yet I knew my punishment wasn’t over.
Mum knew I will have masturbated last night. She didn’t mind so much about that but always ensured my lasting memory was her punishment and not my masturbating.
I didn’t get dressed but after going to the bathroom and getting washed and ready for work I went downstairs in to the kitchen, still naked, carrying my work clothes, conscious of my throbbing buttocks. The chair was there already set apart from the rest of the chairs. I knew what it was there for. I will have to bend over and grab its seat soon enough. The cane was already hanging over its back.
Mum served me my breakfast which I ate in silence, always conscious of the chair, waiting for me. When breakfast was over she said “take your position young lady.”
I stood up and went to the chair bent over and grabbed the seat.
“Twelve strokes” she said.
I knew why of course. I wasn’t going to have the privacy of my bedroom afterwards. No. Straight afterwards I was going to get dressed and leave the house. I will have to stand at the bus stop and wait for the bus. My bottom will be sore all over again. I won’t be able to rub myself as people will be around, strangers who will wonder why a woman in a business suit was rubbing her bottom.
I will have to sit on the bus as no standing is allowed. The bus will bounce over the ruts in the road and I will have to make sure I don’t gasp. Why should someone gasp when bouncing around after all? At work I will have to sit down, talk to people, and hold Client meetings, all with the sorest of bottoms. That was the punishment I remembered and sure enough during the day I will tell myself again I mustn’t be naughty again. Ever again.
I felt Mum move and the sound of the whoosh and the cane thrash in to me. I howled. This hurt much more than last night. Much much more. The tears ran down my face again. I will be able to wash them away but not those weal’s. I will know there are twenty four weal’s across my bottom, and the pain will last all day, tonight and in to tomorrow. I will remember I had been disciplined all right.
When the last stroke hit me Mum told me to stand up. I got up still crying and as always she gave me the biggest motherly hug you can ever have. I had been disciplined but I was now her good little girl again. She always hugged and kissed me on the cheek to show how much she loved me and repeated that disciplining me was just part of being a good Mother. And I hugged her back because I knew she was always the best Mother in the world.
After the long warm hug I walked to the sink. I washed my face but was not allowed to rub my bottom. That was the rule. No rubbing so I will remember the spanking the whole day. Once the tears finish I apply my makeup under my Mother’s watchful eye.

I then return to my office mode. Mum watches me get dressed in my business attire and sees the transformation in my perspective back to the 38 year old successful business woman. I put on my smooth silky bra and then my matching knickers, gingerly it has to be said as it stings when my bottom burns like it does now, then my beautiful fresh scoop neck white shirt, my knee length skirt and finally my matching woollen five buttoned jacket.
Yes, I look the successful business woman although of course feel like a chastised teenage girl, so so sore, knowing I am going to find sitting down very difficult.
When I am finally dressed I go over to my Mother, give her another hug, and say “sorry Mum, I know I earned it.”
She answered “I just hope you learnt your lesson, but don’t worry though, I am quite prepared to discipline you again if needs must. And I can always increase the number of strokes if I think you need it.” She was smiling though, knowing how hard she had disciplined me and how much it hurt. Ouch, I hope not I thought.
I kissed her on the cheek and she said “Now go to work, think about what you have done, and learn from it. That’s the important thing after all.”
“I know Mum.”
I smiled, kissed her again on the cheek, picked up my case and left the house for what is always an uncomfortable trip to work, but as I walk so I smile to myself. My bottom is sore but I look at people as I pass them and think to myself how none of them would imagine for one second they are looking at a 38 year old woman who has a sore bottom because her Mother has thrashed her. Nor how I had masturbated all night because of that thrashing.
When I got to work I think the same. Colleagues smile at me, my team members look at me with respect, worried they will upset me, intent on doing their job as well as they can. I wonder whether they would be like that if they had a sight of my bottom? I reckoned not. But they never find out. I’m back in work mode, organised, in authority, running the show. My bottom is still sore, and I stand as much as I can, my knickers are wet for most of the day at the memory of the thrashing, but I can’t satisfy myself now. I have to wait to get home again and disappear to my bedroom and lie on my bed.
My assistant asked me “how’s your Mum Nina? I have such trouble with mine, always telling me what to do still. I’m 23 years old so you would think she would leave me alone. We are always arguing. She can be so difficult sometimes, always thinking she knows best”
I smiled and said “my Mum’s fine thank you. We don’t have that kind of argument really, or if we do they don’t last very long. In fact we get on really well. Who is in charge is one thing I never have to think about. It just happens in our house, just happens” I said thinking about the discipline spanking I had received.
“Lucky you” she said, “maybe we could swap Mums for a while” she added laughing.
“That would be interesting” I said smiling whilst picturing my assistant across my Mother’s lap bawling her eyes out as she was having her bottom spanked. I was getting wet just thinking about it.
Still picturing it I called Mum at lunchtime. “Mum, just called to say sorry. You knew I needed to be brought back in to line and you have.”

“Thank you dear. It’s what Mum’s are for you know.”
“Well not all Mum’s, just the strict ones who care. You know when extra discipline is needed and give it even when I hate the thought of it, or maybe because I hate the thought of it.”
“Don’t worry dear, what you want has never come in to it at all. It’s what you need.”
“Did Jennifer or Carla call you?”
“Yes dear, well Carla did. She thought I did a very good job disciplining you.”
She would I thought. I had got over the humiliation though, somehow. A 21 year old who not only watched me being disciplined, but gave me three strokes with the cane to boot.
Even so I went back to work with a new vigour. I can’t wait to get home and I was really looking forward to bed time so I can masturbate again. This time Mum will let me use my vibrator. Heaven.
Always in my mind is the knowledge that I will be spanked time and again and for many years to come, whilst of course Mum will know when I need another more forceful reminder, another nudge, my next discipline spanking.