Emily Watches Nina Being Spanked

By Peter242

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Emily watches her Mum getting spanked but that isn't the end of the day's events

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37 year old Nina was now reconciled to the knowledge that she had told her 17 year old daughter Emily that she still got spanked, and knew Emily was going to watch the next time.

Nina tried her best to be well behaved so maybe she won't get spanked before Emily left to go back to her father, and for five days Nina was successful. Then her Mum asked her to wash the plates up after dinner. Nina had had a particularly difficult day at the office and just wanted to flop at home. She was lying on the couch watching the TV so didn't pay much attention to her Mums request to wash up and was quite offhand when she replied, "Yeah right, Mum, look I am all in, can't you just be a good Mum and do it for me?"

"How dare you young lady," her Mum snapped.

Nina realised too late her mistake but said a quick "Sorry Mum, I wasn't thinking."

"As usual." Her Mum looked stern, walked up to Nina, took her ear between her thumb and index finger and even though Nina gasped led her 37 year old daughter in to the hallway. When there she called upstairs, "Emily, you wanted to watch me spank your Mum, so you should come downstairs."

Nina gasped as she heard hurried footsteps upstairs as her Mum pulled her ear and led her in to the kitchen and the sink full of dirty dishes.

"See this young lady?" Nina's Mum was furious.

Nina looked and didn't answer but knew what was going to happen as her skirt was lifted up above

her waist and as she tensed knew any second now, and yes, she gasped loudly when her Mum’s hand spanked her bottom, then again when her Mum again spanked her bottom cheek.

“I am going to clean this lot up for you, but you are so rude you know what you will get afterwards. Now go and face the wall and get your skirt and knickers off immediately.”

Nina quickly lifted each leg and slipped her knickers off and was unzipping her skirt when Emily ran in to the kitchen. Nina blushed and looked at the floor knowing how much she had dreaded this moment but here it was, her 17 year old daughter was about to watch her being spanked.

Once Nina had taken her skirt off she went straight over to the naughty spot, pressed her nose against the wall and put her hands on her head. Her Mum came up behind her and said to the back of her head, “No matter how tired you are from work you will remember who I am and you will not be so flippant with me, my girl.”

Nina felt her Mum's open palm on her bottom and whilst she felt her Mum rubbing her. It wasn’t so bad but as soon as her Mum pulled her hand back Nina knew what would happen. She tensed her bottom and gasped as her Mum’s hand spanked her bare bottom cheek hard, then spanked her other bottom cheek, repeating the spanks on alternate bottom cheeks six times.

Emily was smiling as her Mums’ tummy flattened against the wall in a silly bid to avoid her Grandma’s open hand.

Nina’s Mum went over to the kitchen sink and started to wash up. Emily wondered if she should offer to help but her Grandma seemed quite content to do it herself and she was enjoying the sight of her Mum facing the wall with her bare bottom on view.

Once the washing up was finished her Mum went over to Nina, squeezed her ear again and this time led her to the living room and over to the sideboard. She opened the drawer and took out a hairbrush, closed the drawer again and with Emily following led Nina by her ear to the dining chair, angled it in to the room and sat down. Nina was forced across her Mum’s lap, naked below the waist. Her Mum let go of Nina’s ear which throbbed and Emily smiled at her Mum’s clear discomfort.

Nina looked across and saw Emily’s legs and felt the humiliation of being pulled by her ear and now being across her Mum’s lap in front of her daughter. In fact Nina’s ear was still smarting when she felt her Mum’s hand again rubbing her bare bottom.

Emily had seated herself just across from Nina and her Grandma. Nina looked across at her daughter’s feet again and cringed thinking how perhaps it wasn’t such a clever idea to tell her

daughter she was still spanked. Nina glanced upwards and caught her daughter’s smiling face as she stared back with a wide toothy grin. Nina looked back at the floor in humiliation.

Nina’s Mum said sternly, “You will learn young lady, believe me you will learn.”

There was no hand spanking this time. Nina felt the hard back of the wooden hairbrush on her bottom and a few moments later the brush was lifted and brought down hard on her bare bottom and the first spank was followed by a stream of evenly spaced spanks, one after the other, which had Nina kicking her legs and gasping as her bottom and legs stung. The first few spanks with the hairbrush were on alternate bare bottom cheeks which Nina found bad enough but her Mum knew all too well that what really stung. Soon Nina was squirming and struggling and bawling as spank after spank fell on the same bottom cheek, and her Mum did that on different spots of the 37 year old's bottom and legs just to get her used to what would happen several dozen times before the spanking was over.

Emily watched in awe as her Grandma settled in to what she anticipated would be a long spectacle. However the spanking had only been going for a few of minutes when the phone rang.

“Can you get that please Emily?”

Emily walked to the phone but kept watching as her Grandma continued unabated to spank her Mums bottom even as she lifted the phone to her ear.

“Emily speaking, who is it please?”

Emily listened and was unhappy when she put the phone away from her ear and said to her Grandma, “It’s Monica. She says the card game is starting in a few minutes and would like you to go straight over.”

Grandma looked annoyed, but said, “Right, please tell her I will leave in about three minutes.”

Emily was rather upset when she said down the phone, “Grandma will be leaving in about three minutes, is that OK?”

Emily put the phone down and looked at her Grandma. “Will you be finishing off Mums spanking later Grandma?”

Her Grandma said, “Well, yes, but I want to give her something to really think about before leaving.”

Emily was surprised. “How come in just three minutes Grandma?”

“Watch.” Nina’s Mum again squeezed Nina’s ear and forced her to stand up. “Let’s go upstairs.”

Emily followed her Grandma as she pulled her Mum by the ear with the sound of her gasps filling the air. Emily sure didn’t want her own ear to be pulled like that. She followed Grandma and her Mum in to Grandma’s bedroom. She couldn’t take her eyes off her Mum’s reddened bottom as she climbed the stairs giggling to herself that there can’t be many daughters who witness their own Mum being disciplined like this.

“Get ready Nina, just like last time.”

Nina made her way over to the bed and Emily watched her Grandma go to her cupboard and her mouth dropped open when she pulled out a long cane. Her Grandma looked at her and saw the surprise on Emily’s face.

“This is why I can deal with your Mum so quickly Emily. I used this rather a lot in my Headmistress days. Were you ever caned?”

Emily was now ashen, and answered in a whisper. “No Grandma, never.”

“Oh well, you will see it first-hand.” She looked across at Nina and said sternly, “Hurry up my girl.”

Emily watched her Mum take off her shirt and unclip her bra. Seconds later a red faced and naked Nina was on the bed on all fours. Emily was still agog.

Grandma went over to Nina and slipped the cane between her legs, and commanded, “Wider Nina, I want them spread right apart.”

Nina moved her legs apart stretching her bottom whilst at the same time pushing her tummy downwards towards the bed and sticking her bottom out as far as she could. Emily was still open mouthed as she saw her Mums pussy hair and her bottom crack and her anus stretched wide open. She looked at her Grandma who stood a pace away and placed the cane across her Mum’s bottom. There was no objection from her Mum who obediently kept her bottom stuck right out and Emily could see her eyes were shut but her face showed the pain she knew she would be receiving very soon.

Grandma said, “Twelve my girl.”

Nina groaned. Her Mum tapped her bottom a couple of times and then pulled her arm back, there was a swish, the cane landed on Nina’s bare bottom and she screeched. Emily could tell it was a

hard stroke and wondered how her Mum could take such pain. Two seconds later the second swish and she saw a second fierce line across her Mums bottom. Another two seconds and a third line, then a fourth a fifth and the sixth. Nina squirmed and threw her head back as each stroke bit in to the soft flesh of her bottom cheeks. Grandma rested after the sixth stroke, Nina was clawing the sheets in pain, six horrid red lines crisscrossed Nina's bottom, tears streamed down her face, her Grandma looked stern, Emily was speechless.

"You see Emily, when I need to discipline your Mum quickly I now use this. I can give a dozen strokes in under a minute but your Mum's bottom stings for longer than a normal spanking. I don't get as much satisfaction though, in fact I feel as though she has got off lightly, but I know her bottom will throb for ages."

She paused a second, flexed the cane between both her hands, and added, "It is a good reminder for her until I am ready to give her a longer punishment, across my lap."

Against the sound of Nina's sobs her Mum took up her position again, tapped Nina's bottom another couple of times, then just like the first six gave several hard strokes with just a two second interval in between. Nina screamed out at each stroke and inside a minute had twelve red lines across her bottom, by now the sheets were crumpled where she squeezed them, tears wet the sheet as well. Nina was crying freely, not caring her 17 year old daughter was watching her, even forgetting how worried she had been Emily would watch her being spanked. This was far worse, having her daughter watch her being caned.

Emily watched her Grandma return the cane to the cupboard, look around at Emily saying as though nothing in particular had happened, "I'm off now so you girls be good."

Nina was crying huge sobs and still on all fours, her bottom facing the room as the door closed behind her Grandma. Emily wasn't quite sure what to do so waited and watched as her Mum's sobs slowly subsided and she eased herself down so she was lying on her stomach and both hands rubbed her criss-cross lined bottom. It was a while before Nina remembered Emily. She raised her head, looked up, saw her daughter still looking down at her, and let out another sob. It took a while for Nina to calm down, occasionally sobbing, but at least able to stand up.

Nina looked at her daughter and Emily saw her tear filled eyes. Suddenly the thrill and wonderment of watching her Mum caned turned to pity.

Her Mum said between sniffs, "We should talk about this tomorrow Emily."

"Why not now, Mum?"

Still sniffing Nina looked at the floor in embarrassment as she explained, “It’s after 8 o’clock and when I get spanked in the evening I have to go straight to bed, lights out.”

“Wow Mum, but you’re 37 years old.”

“I know dear, but that’s what happens. It has always happened. It’s not so bad really. Your Grandma is very good to me otherwise. She looks after me.”

“Grandma’s out so she won’t know Mum.”

Nina blushed, “No, it’s best I keep to the rules Emily.” Nina was still rubbing her bottom when she added, “Believe me Emily that is always best with your Grandma.”

Emily shrugged her shoulders and said, “OK Mum, we’ll talk in the morning.” After a few moments Emily asked, “Do I need to go to bed yet Mum?”

Nina replied, “No, you can stay up just as always.”

Emily smiled, not thinking how even the smile was humiliating for her Mum. Nina sniffed a couple times as she rubbed her bottom. Emily went downstairs and switched on the TV. Nina went to the bathroom, quickly showered, then went to her bedroom, switched off the light and went to bed, still naked as her Mum also insisted on that if she has been spanked that day.

Nina lay on her tummy rubbing her bottom, feeling the weal’s, regretting Monica had reminded her Mum that the cane was something to be used on her naughty bottom, remembering how aroused she felt when she ordered the canes on the internet, and the difference now the cane had actually been used on her a few times. She could hear the TV downstairs. Yet another humiliating situation. Her 17 year old daughter downstairs watching TV while her 37 year old Mum was sent to bed early as an added punishment and already had her light out.

Emily got downstairs and saw a note on the table. It was from her Grandma. It explained to Emily that her Mum will have gone to bed early because that is the rule and as she knows her Mum is spanked she may as well know all the rules. The first rule she read was that Emily must tell her Grandma if her Mum makes a noise or gets up for anything other than going to the toilet and even if she goes to the toilet it must be for less than five minutes. Emily read the note again and understood just why her Mum wouldn’t come downstairs. She knew Emily would see the note and have to tell her Grandma.

Emily thought about the caning. Not about her Mum, more her Grandma, as she totally controlled the

situation. Emily caressed her taut nipples between her fingers before slipping her hand inside her knickers and felt her hair mound, it was damp, she knew it would be, and slowly rubbed herself, her fingers edging inside her pussy, going deep inside herself until she found her clit. She fantasised about being caned, not by her Grandma but by her best friend Chloe. Wonderful. Erotic. Arousing. Soon Emily was groaning erotically her fingers covered in her sex nectar, until she came in powerful writhing movements of delight.

Once Emily calmed down she picked up her mobile. “Hi Chloe, guess what I just saw.” Emily related what happened to her Mum, and told her about the note, but she kept her hand on her pussy, gently rubbing herself, and when her breath shortened Chloe shouted down the phone, “Are you doing yourself? You slag,” and they both laughed.

Chloe put her hand down her own knickers and asked, “Tell me about those criss-cross lines again Emily,” and as she listened so she brought herself closer and closer to orgasm.

Nina didn’t hear the phone call. She played over in her mind the caning and the humiliation of Emily knowing she still got spanked. Then she giggled to herself. She saw again Emily’s awe-struck face as she looked at her red bottom. Nina turned on to her tummy, her hand between her legs. She pictured herself being reprimanded by Monica again, a now favourite fantasy, well, a reality that one time, and as she thought so she too ran her fingers along her pussy, and as she became lost in thought about yet another spanking from Monica so she came, waited a few minutes and came again, then after several more minutes a third time. She lay in bed, on her tummy, her hand between her sex-soaked legs, half hearing the TV downstairs and conscious her daughter was still up, whilst she was ready for sleep.

Emily was due to leave in a weeks time, seven more days, which was how close Nina came to not being spanked in front of her daughter and as sleep overtook her Nina thought at least her ordeal of having Emily see her being spanked would soon come to end, until her next visit.

It got worse for Nina though. Next morning Nina’s Mum came in to her bedroom. There was no knock so Nina knew she was still under discipline. Today was a work day so she normally got up early but a quick look at her clock told her it was well before her alarm was due to go off. “Up you get Nina. I know I caned you last night but I still want to teach you that when I ask you to wash up I mean it, so a spanking before work I think.”

Nina knew better than to argue. She had a sore bottom so often when at work that it wasn’t the issue. Nina was still naked, as she had to be after being spanked, and her Mum took her by the arm to lead her downstairs. They passed Emily’s room and her Mum pulled Nina to a halt and knocked on the door.

“Yes,” came a tired sounding Emily.

Nina’s Mum opened the door and put her head in to the room. “Emily, I am going to give your Mum a spanking before work. I think she needs another reminder of how rude she was last night so if you want to watch you should come down with us.”

“You bet,” Emily said suddenly awake. Seconds later Emily got to the landing and saw her Mum looking embarrassed and fully naked. “Oh,” Emily said, surprised at seeing her Mum still naked, not realising it was a normal consequence of being spanked. She looked at her Grandma who just nodded towards the stairs. Emily had on a short vest top that just covered her navel and very brief knickers.

They all went downstairs, her Grandma first, then Nina then Emily who watched her Mum’s bottom bounce as she walked and still wondered at the red lines still showing. They went in to the kitchen.

Grandma snapped, “Look in the sink Nina. What do you see?”

Nina looked but knew there wouldn’t be anything in it. Still she knew she had to answer. “Nothing Mum.”

“That’s right. Nothing. Did you do it?”

“No Mum, you did it last night when I refused to.”

“That’s right, you refused.” Her Mum put her hand on her bottom, pulled her hand back, and landed a hard smack on Nina’s bare bottom followed by several more hard smacks on alternate bottom cheeks.

Nina’s Mum then sat on an upright chair and it was then Emily noticed the hairbrush in her hand. Her Grandma saw the look and said, “I still like to give your Mum a good hiding with this Emily. I find the energy used in giving her a good old fashioned hand spanking and a dose of the hairbrush gives me more satisfaction than the cane, so I think this has to be done.”

“Yes, Grandma,” Emily agreed enthusiastically. Great she thought, because although watching her Mum being caned was electric it was also over far too quickly. Emily sat on her chair and got ready to watch.

“Get over my lap my girl,” she ordered.

Nina lowered herself across her Mum’s lap and once again looked at the floor she had had a close-up of so many times before. Her Mum rubbed her bottom and Nina glanced sideways, saw Emily sitting on the chair, licking her lips, for some reason Nina registered Emily was wearing a her short almost see-through top and followed her bare legs down to the floor, slim, like her own used to be all those years ago.

Nina’s thoughts were interrupted by her Mum berating her for yesterday’s rudeness and her lack of co-operation. The telling off continued and Emily watched her Mum’s face as she struggled with the answers particularly as Grandma gave Nina’s bottom several hard spanks if the answers were too slow or not to her precise liking. Nina’s bottom was getting redder and redder and her bottom was bouncing in reaction to the hard spanks.

After several minutes of being told off and Nina apologising and accepting she had been naughty and deserved to be spanked her Mum said, “Right then, I think you know what’s coming my girl.”

Emily shuffled in her chair, crossing her legs. Nina closed her eyes as she knew the real spanking was going to start. Her Mum lifted her hand and brought it down hard on Nina’s left bare bottom cheek, then gave a constant stream of spanks on alternate cheeks, and then several on the same cheek, always hard, and always Nina’s bottom bounced and swayed as her Mum’s hand landed time and time again.

Emily was now shuffling in her chair as the spanking progressed, thinking how hard it was and how much harder than she thought her Mum spanked her. Needless to say though she was still enjoying watching her Mum being spanked.

There was a short break when her Grandma picked up the hairbrush and tapped Nina’s bottom a couple of times. Emily watched as the hairbrush was lifted up high above her head and looked in dread as the wooden backed paddle brush thrashed down on her Mum’s bottom. Nina arched her back, kicked her legs, shrieked out, then her head dropped as the hairbrush was raised again and thrashed down again, once again Nina’s head rose up her face crumpled in pain her mouth opened and let out a shriek whilst her legs kicked. Emily was watching her Mum suffer pain, but she never tried to get up and that made her wonder. How come? Nina could easily overpower her Mum yet she never tried. It must be because she not only accepted her Mum’s discipline but knew it was doing her good.

Emily watched the hairbrush rise up and fall with both constant speed and power, time and time again, literally dozens of evenly spaced out spanks, no more than a second between each spank. Her Mum’s bottom was bright red and the shrieks got louder and louder. Emily looked at her Grandma’s

face which seemed to be calmer now, relaxed even, with the hint of a smile as she looked at the back of Nina's head, nodding with satisfaction that she was teaching her 37 year old daughter a lesson in behaviour, and that is what happens when you behave badly.

Nina's eyes streamed with tears and as she gasped and cried and her Mum kept spanking her and telling her off for failing to wash up her plates each and every time, so Nina shrieked, "Please Mum, I'll wash up next time you ask, just please stop."

Nina's Mum had heard it all before. "How many times have I had you across my lap and you have promised to be good. Well? Well?" She wasn't really expecting a reply and didn't even break off from spanking the 37 year old. In fact if anything she increased the pace and intensity to make her point.

Suddenly the spanking stopped. Grandma held Nina's waist as her crying filled the room. Nina still kicked a few times even after her Mum stopped spanking her. Emily watched as her Grandma rubbed Nina's bottom which calmed her Mum down. A few minutes later her Grandma said, "Up you get Nina, and stand in front of me."

Nina slowly eased herself up and as soon as she stood up both hands shot behind her and rubbed her bottom as quickly as she could. Emily wasn't sure of her emotions. She had wanted to watch her Mum being spanked and it was every bit the spectacle she had hoped it would be. Watching her Grandma being so controlling aroused her though which she didn't expect. She had been spanked several times by her Mum and just felt pain and humiliation, but watching her Grandma give such a hard unyielding spanking made her wonder what it might be like to be put across her lap. Then she shuddered as she remembered how hard her Grandma had spanked her Mum with the hairbrush. Better not go there she thought.

Nina stood in front of her Mum with tears rolling down her face. She was sniffing and sobbing. Emily saw her Mum's bright red bottom and again wondered how come she accepted still being spanked. She knew her Mum is a successful businesswoman and her staff respected her. She had been to the office herself a little while ago and whoever she spoke to spoke so highly of her Mum. Yet today she was spanked like a teenager. Then Emily smiled to herself. Yes, a teenager just like herself.

Her Grandma said sternly, in her Headmistress voice, "Do you promise to be better behaved and more respectful in future Nina?"

Nina sniffed, sobbed, and said a very wet, "Yes Mum, I promise."

Nina's Mum said wearily, "Oh Nina, you always promise and you always break your promise and then I have to spank you again. That's right isn't it?"

“Sorry Mum.”

“Well, go and stand by the chair Emily is sitting on, I won’t expect you to sit down.”

Nina went over to Emily and stood by the chair turning to look at her Mum, still rubbing her bottom, her breasts wobbling as she did so, her pussy on show, none of which worried Nina right then, it never did after a spanking.

Emily realised her Grandma had turned her attention to her when she said sternly, “Come here girl, I need to discuss something with you.”

Emily’s heart missed a beat she was sure but she quickly did as she was told and stood in front of her Grandma.

“Look at your knickers girl they have a damp stain on them.”

Emily looked down and sure enough there was a damp stain in the front and knew it was her own cum, and that she must have been more aroused by the spanking than she thought.

“Take them off girl I’ll put them in the wash.”

Emily was about to reply saying she couldn’t take them off as she didn’t have another pair down here and she didn’t want her pussy on show, particularly as her hair mound will be glistening with her sticky cum. However she took another look at her Grandma who was lifting the hairbrush and allowing it to drop on to her open palm. Emily didn’t like the look of that. “Grandma?” she asked in a questioning tone.

“Take them off Emily or shall I take them off for you.”

Taken aback, Emily slowly lifted one leg then the other, lowered her knickers, and stepped out of them, handing them to her Grandma then quickly put her hands over her pussy hair as she was embarrassed standing there naked below her navel even though it was with her Mum and Grandma. Emily had only been naked with others in the school showers, and of course with Chloe but then they were making out so that was different. She was now very tense, unsure what she had done that might have made her Grandma so cross looking. Her Grandma took the knickers and put them on the floor just to her left. Emily thought that strange, but less strange when her Grandma asked, “You told me you were going to a friends this afternoon and then to the shops. That’s not true is it?”

Emily suddenly knew where this was going and she was alarmed, worried in fact.

Her Grandma continued, “Your father phoned last night on my mobile, and told me you were going to a dance, not the shops. He gave me an address and I have found out it is a disused factory. It was in the papers a few weeks ago. It is what they call a rave, I believe. Well Emily?

Emily was breathing heavily, her legs shook slightly, she felt shivery but it wasn’t cold. She had been told so many times her Grandma hated anyone lying to her and now she had she was already regretting it. Boy that was an understatement in fact. She nodded her head and said quietly, “Yes Grandma.”

Her Grandma looked very cross. “Yes indeed young lady. I can tell you that you won’t be going to the dance this afternoon that’s for sure.” Emily blanched, then her Grandma continued, “Well I decided you should watch your Mum being spanked this morning so you will know what to expect. Right now in fact. Get across my lap young lady and expect to be there for quite a while.”

“Please Grandma, no. I mean, please don’t Grandma, erm,”

“Enough Emily. I want your top off and you across my lap or I will get one of your Mum’s canes. The one you saw me use on your Mum last night.”

Emily’s eyes opened wide in horror. No not the cane she thought, and in one stride was at her Grandma’s side taking off her top and now naked lowered herself across her Grandma’s lap. She looked at the floor as it came up to meet her and saw her knickers where her Grandma had put them, and saw the stain, her sex juice. Well, she didn’t feel aroused now. She tensed as she felt her Grandma’s hand rub her bottom, and as the rubbing continued she lowered her head. “I hate lying young lady, just as I hate it that girls masturbate. If I thought that stain was because you played with yourself I would still use the cane on you.”

“Grandma I promise, I didn’t touch myself, it just happened, when you were spanking Mum. I promise.”

Her Grandma relented but in a still firm tone said, “OK Emily, I will believe you this time but if I catch you masturbating you will be in much more serious trouble than you are in right now.”

Emily knew she was in trouble and about to get at least a hand spanking for sure, but her Grandma still had the hairbrush in her hand. She looked across at her Mum who was still rubbing her own bottom but looked sympathetic as Emily felt her Grandma’s hand on her bottom, rubbing, and whilst she found it soothing, comforting, she was well aware the soft rubbing was about to be replaced with

spank after spank. Sure enough Emily knew the hand was raised, her Grandma said sternly, “Don’t ever lie to me again young lady,” and before Emily could say anything the open palm hit her bare bottom cheek, and like she did to Nina her Grandma spanked her time and again on alternate cheeks until her bottom was sore, then spanked her time and again on the same bottom cheek until she was gasping and struggling to cope.

Nina was allowed to watch and she saw her 17 year old daughter’s face scrunch up as the hand spanking proceeded knowing there would be many more hand spanks before her Mum used the hairbrush. The spanking progressed, Emily’s legs kicked, and just like her Mum accepted she had fully earned the spanking. She also knew the spanking was far harder than any her Mum had given her and as she kicked her legs and squirmed on her Grandma’s lap she knew this was a proper spanking. Emily knew her Mum might have put her across her lap and made her cry, but it was only now she realised her Mum had been quite soft really. Well this wasn’t a soft spanking. This spanking hurt.

Emily suffered the hand spanking as best she could and was wide eyed when there was the inevitable gap as her Grandma picked up the brush, and just as she had wondered how her Mum had lay there as the hairbrush spanked her so harshly so she knew she would now suffer the same. The first few spanks with the hairbrush were so painful, like nothing she had known before, but still she lay across her Grandma’s lap as her bottom stung so much. She now knew her Mum had never spanked her really hard. Yes it hurt and yes it was humiliating to be put across her Mum’s lap and have her bare bottom spanked, but she never spanked her as hard as this.

After several dozen spanks with the hairbrush 17 year old Emily opened her eyes and her knickers were now a blur as her eyes filled and she felt the tears roll down her cheeks, just as with her Mum. Nina watched her daughter’s legs kick although later Emily admitted to her she never realised. All she knew was the pain was almost unbearable and she just wanted it to stop but her Grandma didn’t stop for ages, and wasn’t surprised when Nina told her later she was given over a hundred very hard spanks with the hairbrush before her Grandma stopped.

Nina was still rubbing her bottom when Emily’s spanking was over and she watched her daughter strive to recover which she actually did quicker than Nina expected.

“Stand by your Mum,” Grandma ordered her granddaughter.

Emily eased herself up from her Grandma’s lap and shuffled over to her Mum rubbing her bottom as she went and turned so both 37 year old Nina and 17 year old Emily faced her, both rubbing their bottoms, both with tear stained faces, both naked, both waiting.

“Emily, I will deal with your discipline whenever you stay here. Nina, I hope you will agree to that.”

Nina nodded, “Yes Mum.”

“Emily?”

“Yes Grandma.” Emily sniffed knowing her Grandma wasn’t going to be anywhere near as lenient as her Mum.

“Good, that’s settled. Nina you'd better get ready for work. Emily, you are grounded. You will stay at home all day and be well behaved. I will be doing housework and cooking and will be very annoyed if you disturb me. Understood both of you?

“Yes, Mum.”

“Yes, Grandma.”

Nina was actually happy enough as she still didn’t particularly like spanking Emily. On the other hand Emily respected her Grandma far more now because she knew she would spank her with very little cause, and she would get away with far less than with her Mum who still let her off more often than not. So both Nina and Emily were happier knowing Grandma will do all the spanking as both knew exactly where they stood, be well behaved or be spanked.

Emily had another week to spend with her Grandma and Mum and knew there was little doubt she would be spanked again and probably rather more than the once. On the one hand she dreaded the thought of it but knew her tingling bottom sent the kind of quivers through her pussy she had sort of experienced when her Mum spanked her but never were they as intense after being spanked properly by her Grandma.

Emily wanted to be alone quickly so she could lie on her bed and masturbate knowing as she tensed her thighs and pressed them together the tremor running across her wet pussy already had her on her way to orgasm and she needed her fingers deep inside herself flicking her clit to fulfil her overpowering desires. She knew she would have to wait for her Mum to go to work and her Grandma to start cooking before she dared masturbate. She had to make sure she wasn’t caught by her Grandma masturbating. Emily didn’t fancy another spanking so soon after her first one from her Grandma.

Nina went to the bathroom, washed, and went to her bedroom to get dressed. Emily was already in her Mum’s bedroom waiting for her, still rubbing her own sore bottom and when her Mum entered

Nina was rubbing her own bottom as well as she walked in. They looked at each other and laughed.

“What a pair we make Emily,” Nina said happily.

“I bet not many Mums and daughters are spanked together.”

Nina looked at her watch and knew she had to get dressed for work. She already had her clothes on the chair by Emily who looked at the undies set and picked up her knickers. “These are really nice Mum.”

Nina smiled and whilst still rubbing her bottom with one hand went to her cupboard and took out a slinky pair of silk knickers. “I often wear these after a spanking, they are loose and airy. Try them.”

“Thanks Mum,” Emily said in a more friendly tone than Nina normally got.

Nina wondered if in fact there was a new bond between them. Did her Mum spank them both on purpose hoping such a bond might happen? Nina wouldn’t be surprised if her Mum intended all of this. Either way Nina felt a closeness to her daughter, like two friends who have just been spanked together and were bravely laughing it off.

Emily said as she looked at her reddened bottom, “Grandma sure spanks much harder than you, Mum.” Emily put on the knickers and looked at herself in the mirror, no longer embarrassed in her nudity.

Nina replied, “I know she spanks very hard Emily, but at least you know where you stand with her. No half measures.”

Emily saw her Mum smiling at her in the mirror, and asked pensively, “Do you think Grandma will use the cane on me, Mum?”

Nina thought a moment and reckoned the truth was best. “Grandma is much stricter than me and used the cane when she was an Headmistress, and knows it is a real deterrent, so, yes you will probably get a few strokes before you go next week Emily. Maybe more than a few.”

“That’s what I thought Mum.” Emily looked again at herself in the mirror wearing the sexy knickers but nothing else, admiring her own breasts as her bottom tingled, took a deep breath that sounded more like a sigh, and wondered what the weal’s would look like on her bottom, and what the cane was actually going to feel like. Nina saw the distant look and was glad she had prepared her daughter for the inevitable caning.

Nina got dressed and Emily sat on the bed, lost for a while in her own thoughts, about being spanked by her Grandma, and caned, also watching as her Mum got spanked and caned, then thought of the possibility, or likelihood, that they will both be spanked together, and will again meet upstairs with red tear filled eyes and red sore stinging bottoms.

Emily knew her Grandma was strict and wouldn't hesitate to spank her when she deserved it. Being 17 didn't matter. She knew as long as she stayed with her Mum and Grandma she would get spanked and would have to accept her Grandma's decision on when she had earned a spanking and reckoned on being spanked regularly by her Grandma. That was OK. At least both she and her Mum knew that if they were naughty they got spanked. Emily decided she wanted to be spanked again by her Grandma so no matter how many times she is spanked in the coming week she will still ask her father if she can come back again in a few weeks time and not wait as long as usual.

Emily started to think about home. Her half brother was a particular pain. As much as she hated being spanked there was many an occasion she would love to see her 20 year old half brother spanked. Come to think of it she reckoned her Dad was sometimes just as bad. Maybe her step Mum could spank her half brother and her Dad. She laughed at the thought.

Emily and Nina went downstairs and over breakfast the three of them were chatting and Emily said to her Grandma, "You know Grandma, maybe I should send my half brother here to stay for a while and you could teach him a thing or two. Oh, and maybe my Dad as well."

Emily and her Grandma laughed. "No problem Emily, or maybe I should give you a hairbrush or two to take back with you next week. Your step Mum could use them on any naughty bottoms that deserved it."

Emily thought that sounded good though realised the risk as the reference to any naughty bottoms would include her own.

Nina took the conversation to heart. Maybe she could help Emily here. It just so happened she was in regular contact with Emily's step Mum through email. The exchanges to date were pretty much how sulky Emily could be, and how she spoke back to her Dad and step Mum. So as Emily and her Grandma still joked about her step mum having spanking rights, Nina sent a text message explaining Emily was now very used to be being spanked so maybe that will help deal with her sulking, and then told her what Emily and her Grandma had just joked about.

Moments later came the response, 'Tell Emily she must bring back a hairbrush next week. I will be more than willing to use it on both her Dad and step brother although of course Emily will also be

spanked when she earns one.’

Nina read the reply but didn’t tell and instead asked her daughter if she was serious about her Dad and half brother being spanked by her step Mum. “Too right,” Emily answered.

Nina asked Emily if she was worried her step-mum might use the hairbrush on her as well. Emily thought for a moment before saying, “I guess that is a real possibility, or even a likelihood she will spank me, but that’s OK Mum, at least we will all have to behave well or else.”

Nina gave Emily a hug, knowing her wish was going to come true, but still decided not to tell Emily about the exchange of messages. Far better let her step-mum sort that out. Nina would wrap two hairbrushes in nice paper and tell Emily to give it to her step-mum. She smiled to herself as she reckoned It will come as a nice ‘surprise’ when it’s taken out and used on Emily but thought it better not to worry Emily but let her face the inevitable spanking when it came rather than worry about.

Nina knew she had become close to her daughter for the first time and wanted her to stay forever but knew she would have to let her go. She was happy living with her father and had her friends there. Emily promised to come and stay for a month again during the next holidays and Nina was happy enough with that.

During the final week of Emily’s stay Nina started to mope that Emily would soon be gong home. Nina’s Mum decided she needed to snap her daughter out of her low mood before Emily left. Nina was sulking one evening which in any case annoyed her Mum so she asked Nina to make her a cup of tea after dinner at about 8.30 pm. Nina gave a decidedly curt reply, her Mum snapped at her that she was going to get a spanking for that, and with Emily watching again spanked Nina long and hard, gave her twelve strokes of the cane, and sent her straight to bed telling her in no uncertain terms she wasn’t having any more nonsense and bad moods. Emily saw the time and knew Nina would be sent to bed early and as her Grandma gave that precise instruction she also told Nina to expect twelve strokes of the cane in the morning before work.

Nina cried for a long time rubbing her bottom lying on her tummy. As she lay there in bed she heard her Mum and Emily downstairs chatting, another humiliation for 37 year old Nina as her 17 year old daughter was still up enjoying the evening. Soon enough though what with the pain and the humiliation turning her on Nina’s hand went between her legs and all she could think of was her stinging bottom and quivering wet pussy and finding her clit, flicking it, knowing her nipples were taut as she brought herself to orgasm after orgasm before knowing her moping had to end and she must carry on enjoying her life, before eventually falling asleep.

The following morning Nina came downstairs feeling happy again, back to her old self. Emily was

already in the kitchen waiting expectedly to watch her Mum being caned. Nina went up to her Mum, smiled, and said, “Thank you Mum, you are the best.”

Her Mum turned to her and said, “No more doldrums then?”

“No Mum,” Nina answered honestly, looking over at her daughter and exchanging smiles, noticing Emily was wearing a dressing gown so no risk of her Grandma seeing any damp stain on her knickers.

Nina’s Mum looked at her and said sternly, “Good, however you have forgotten that when I cane you in the morning you come downstairs undressed so as an added penalty I’ll just make it eighteen strokes before you go to work.” Her Mum snapped, “Now get undressed again.”

Nina had hoped this would be the result, a present for her daughter, showing her first hand what happens when you disobey Grandma, no leniency, just the rules enforced to the letter. Nina turned and went to the chair. She undressed catching Emily’s eye again then bent over and grabbed the seat of the chair lowering her tummy and sticking out her bottom. As Nina heard the swish of the cane travelling downwards and biting in to her bare bottom Nina knew everything was back as it should be.

The first six strokes hurt a lot but Nina coped well enough with them. She tried extra hard knowing Emily was watching. Still, six wicked red weal’s ran across her bottom as her Mum rubbed her bottom and Nina sniffed waiting for the next six strokes. The seventh had Nina bending her legs, the eighth and ninth had her lifting a leg up, the tenth and eleventh had her gasping in pain and the twelfth had her shrieking. Nina’s breathing was heavy as she waited for the final six strokes. Final was a strange feeling though as six strokes were a lot in themselves. The thirteenth and fourteenth again had Nina’s head rising as she grappled to keep hold of the chair, the fifteenth and sixteenth had her gasping and wriggling her bottom. The seventeenth and eighteenth again had her shrieking in pain. Her Mum stood in front of her surveying the tears running down her face satisfied the caning had been painful enough, hopeful it might teach her daughter to behave but on balance doubted it.

Emily was blown away and decided there and then that when her Mum was at the office she would earn herself a caning. She had to find out how it felt and her pussy was already wet at the thought. Hopefully it will be just six strokes but if it was twelve then she would take them.

A crying Nina got dressed, had breakfast, and caught the bus to the office thinking over the recent changes to her life, her daughter watching her being spanked and caned, the connection between being spanked and sex, something her daughter had shown her. She couldn’t stop thinking about being spanked. Up to now being spanked had been purely disciplinary. She did something wrong and her Mum spanked her. She cried, her bottom ached, but she got over it. She had often masturbated

after a spanking but had never connected spanking to sex. Her Mum was strict and thorough but it was just that, a Mum spanking her naughty albeit 37 year old daughter. Nina thought that bit, the need for her to be disciplined, was still the same. Something else though made it different. Emily had opened a door for her. A door of pleasure.

Nina got to work and took a while to sit down on her chair, wincing as she did, and as she sat at her desk even her assistant remarked how quiet she was. When asked why she simply said, “Oh, I have some personal issues on my mind. They’ll get sorted out soon.”

Personal issues indeed. Sore bottom more like, which was so true as sitting down even after lunch and afternoon coffee was so difficult even hours after her morning caning. Still, no one at work could possibly have guessed that the Sales Manager, 37 years old, was actually still spanked by her Mum. Who at the office could possibly know? Nina smiled to herself even as her bottom still stung. She noticed something else as she sat there and when she had her legs well under her desk she checked. She put her hand under her skirt and ran her fingers along her knickers pressing down on her pussy. Yes, her knickers were damp and just touching her pussy sent her heart racing. She was turned on, aroused by the spanking and the thought of her next spanking.

Nina looked around at her team. She felt good, except for her sore bottom. There was a Client presentation to do before going home which at least meant she could stand up for long periods of time.

Nina thought it through in her spare moments during the day at the office. Whilst she still hated being spanked she must continue to accept her Mum’s disciplinary control, and of course she knew being spanked was a natural consequence of breaking any of her Mum’s rules. Yes she moaned or even stamped her foot when told she was going to be spanked but her Mum never relented, not when she was a teenager nor now she was in her late thirtys. When Nina broke a rule she got spanked, and cried, and rubbed her bottom. Now though something had changed in her own perception. Now she will still have to accept her spanking as usual but also she was suddenly eager to learn more about sex and spanking. She was sure there was a strong connection, maybe not for everyone but there was for her. Eager to learn more one burning question matched her reddened and still sore bottom. Would an even harder spanking be more sexually rewarding? She was sure it would be.

Nina couldn’t wait to find out, needed to find out, and started to work out how she would indeed find out, no matter how much her bottom stung, no matter how long she cried, and for how long she would be unable to sit down. Not just a spanking but the cane as well. How many strokes could she take? 12 and 18 was already the norm. What would 24 strokes feel like, or more? The 37 year old knew when she set her mind to something at work she would always succeed, and she would succeed in this task as well. She would get harder and longer spankings and more and more strokes of the cane

and she would feel how wet her pussy was then. The more she thought about it the wetter her knickers were, and the more she smiled to herself. She almost came at her desk as she thought about it and enjoyed the clinging touch of her wet knickers. Roll on her next spanking. It won't come soon enough.

It was now very clear to Nina. There were benefits to her lifestyle. Many advantages. She has a Mum who will let her live her life at home like a teenager with all the consequences that has, on the plus side her ability to have teenage moods, talk back, sulk, and even have everything done for her except tidying up her room. In return she gives her Mum full disciplinary control over her, as painful as that is when she gets put across her lap and has her bare bottom spanked and of course the new punishment of being caned. On the other hand here at work once she dresses herself in her sexy knickers and bras and expensive business suits and feels so good in them she becomes a successful adult businesswomen, and continues to be a leader, her staff look up to her, she rules the office and gets things done her way.

Nina sat at her desk and continued to wonder. Yes, being spanked has it downside for Nina but when alone in bed there is only upside, a sensually stinging bottom and orgasm after orgasm as she cums again and again and then in the morning her wistful smile as she rubs her stinging aching bottom hoping she is never spanked again but longing for that next spanking to be given to her soon.

Suddenly her body shuddered and she let out a several gasps, Nina realised her hand had strayed between her legs and her knickers were wet. Her panting had been an orgasm, uncontrolled as she wasn't concentrating, at least wasn't consciously concentrating on her pussy. She looked around sheepishly but as one of the staff was on the phone talking loudly, close to shouting, and everyone was looking at him no had heard her panting. It was, though, a good lesson for Nina, to be more controlled at the office so she would keep her secret, and she smiled when it gave her one more thing.

Proof, absolute proof, of the connection between spanking and sex.

First the trepidation in the moments leading up the spanking, then the anxiety as you are put in position, maybe over the knee or on the bed with your unprotected bare bottom is presented, then the loss of control as you have no say in how long or how hard you are spanked, then the acceptance you fully deserved your spanking, then the soreness and stinging and rubbing which generate erotic feelings in your bottom, your legs and your pussy until your fingers caress yourself deep inside flicking your clit until you bring yourself to orgasm. Yes, proof of the connection between sex and spanking, not for everyone but for those excited by it then it is a wondrous erotic sensual heaven, and Nina couldn't wait to explore that world further.